



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

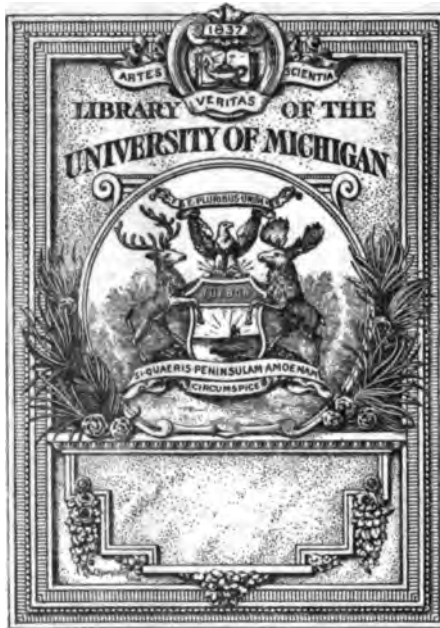
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

A 877,176



BOOK BINDERY

Ann Arbor, Mich.



A
27

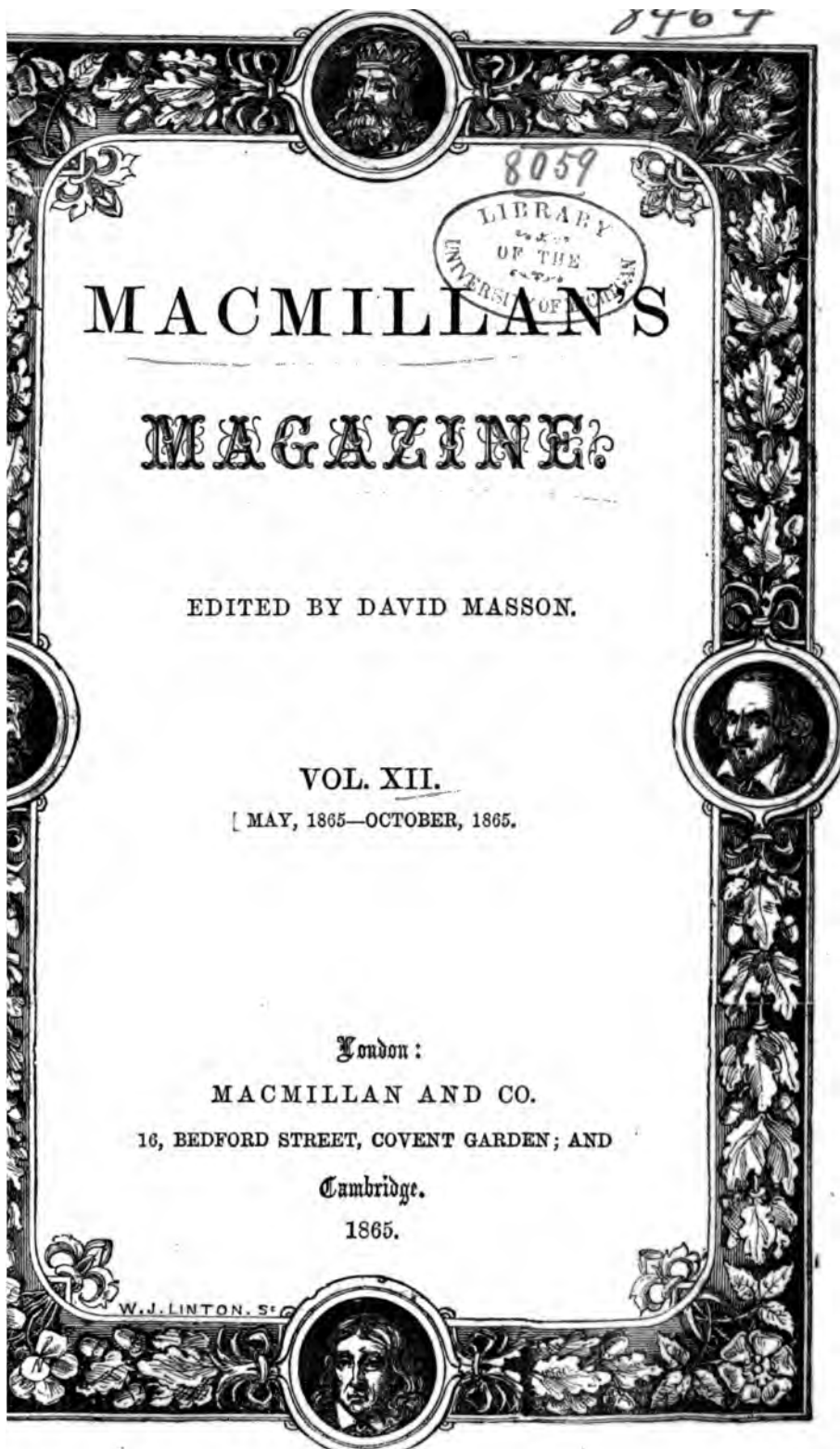


Macmillan

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII.

PRINTED BY R. CLAY, SON, AND TAYLOR,
LONDON.



[The Right of Translation and Reproduction is reserved.]

CONTENTS.

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| Absent Friend, To an | 489 |
| American Presidents, A Gallery of. By J. M. LUDLOW :— | |
| I. Washington to Van Buren | 289 |
| Atlantic Telegraph Expedition of 1865, Narrative of (with Facsimiles of Charts). By | |
| JOHN C. DEANE | 440 |
| Bank Charter Act of 1844, The. By LORD HOBART | 60 |
| Bristol, From, to Caerleon. By the Rev. JOHN EARLE | 329 |
| Cæsar, A Word More on the History of, and on Certain other Histories Written and | |
| Acted. By F. D. MAURICE | 22 |
| Cæsarism, On. By JOSEPH MAZZINI | 259 |
| Cawnpore | 267 |
| Cobden, Richard. By GOLDWIN SMITH | 90 |
| “Con Espressione” | 258 |
| Cradoek Nowell : A Tale of the New Forest. By RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE :— | |
| Chapters I.—V. | 32 |
| „ VI.—XI. | 137 |
| „ XII.—XIV. | 239 |
| „ XVII.—XX. | 353 |
| „ XXI.—XXIV. | 419 |
| „ XXV.—XXVIII. | 473 |
| Dead Men whom I have known; or, Recollections of Three Cities. By the EDITOR :— | |
| Dr. Samuel Brown—Hugh Miller—De Quincey | 74 |
| London from the Top of St. Paul's: Part I. | 275 |
| Dove in the Eagle's Nest, The. By the Author of “THE HEIR OF REDCLIFFE” :— | |
| Chapters I. and II. | 1 |
| „ III.—VI. | 97 |
| „ VII.—IX. | 222 |
| „ X.—XII. | 301 |
| „ XIII. and XIV. | 369 |
| „ XV.—XVII. | 510 |
| Erasmus in England. By JAMES HAMILTON, D.D., F.L.S. | 397 |

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| Essays at Odd Times :— | |
| VI. On Hands | 72 |
| VII. Of Success in Life | 181 |
| VIII. Of a Little Child | 529 |
| IX. Of Modern Preaching | 532 |
| Eyre, the South-Australian Explorer. By HENRY KINGSLEY | 501 |
| Galway; or, the City of the Tribes. By Professor D'ARCY W. THOMPSON | 411 |
| Grote's Plato. By Professor BAIN :— | |
| The Negative or Search Dialogues | 193 |
| The Affirmative or Exposition Dialogues | 457 |
| Hereditary Talent and Character. By FRANCIS GALTON :— | |
| Part I. | 157 |
| „ II. | 318 |
| Horace, Translations from | 166. |
| “Last Night.” By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI | 48 |
| Lincoln, Abraham | 181 |
| Lincoln, President, The Death of. By GOLDWIN SMITH | 175 |
| Lincolniana. By EDWARD DICEY | 185 |
| Lucretius | 49 |
| MacDonald of Sleat | 409 |
| Matterhorn Sacrifice, The | 528 |
| Mogha Neid : A Celtic Fragment. By Dr. ANSTER | 238 |
| Neglected Art, A | 494 |
| Negro Suffrage, The. By Professor CAIRNES | 334 |
| New Zealand Conquests, Our. By J. E. GORST | 168 |
| On the Rhine. By the Hon. RODEN NOEL | 472 |
| Palgrave's Travels in Arabia. By E. S. P. | 386 |
| Queen Sophia. By ARTHUR J. MUNBY | 328 |
| Roses and Rosemary | 221 |
| Salmon, About. By HENRY KINGSLEY | 127 |
| Scotch Deerhounds : A Highland Recreation. By GEORGE CUPPLES | 343 |
| Suez, Isthmus of, A Trip to. By Sir ALEXANDER DUFF-GORDON | 20 |
| Taylor, Isaac, The Literary Life of. By Professor FRASER, of Edinburgh | 534 |
| Wedgwood, Miss Meteyards' Life of | 155 |
| Westminster, Mr. John Stuart Mill for | 92 |
| Women and the Fine Arts. By F. T. PALGRAVE :— | |
| Part I. | 118 |
| „ II. | 209 |

Contributors to this Volume.

ANSTER, DR.
AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE."
BAIN, PROFESSOR.
BLACKMORE, RICHARD DODDRIDGE.
CAIRNES, PROFESSOR J. E.,
CHRISTIE, W. D.
CUPPLES, GEORGE.
DEANE, JOHN C.
DICEY, EDWARD.
DUFF-GORDON, SIR ALEXANDER.
EARLE, REV. JOHN.
FRASER, PROFESSOR.
GALTON, FRANCIS ;
GORST, J. E.
HAMILTON, JAMES, D.D.
HOBART, LORD.
JEBB, R. C.
KINGSLEY, HENRY.
LUDLOW, J. M.
MASSON, PROFESSOR DAVID.
MAURICE, REV. F. D.
MAZZINI, JOSEPH.
MUNBY, ARTHUR J.
NOEL, THE HON. RODEN.
PALGRAVE, F. T.
POOLE, E. STANLEY.
ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA G.
ROSSETTI, W. M.
SMITH, PROFESSOR GOLDWIN.
THOMPSON, PROFESSOR D'ARCY W.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOLUMES I. TO XII. COMPRISING NUMBERS 1—72.

HANDSOMELY BOUND IN CLOTH, PRICE 7s. 6d. EACH.

Reading Cases for Monthly Numbers, One Shilling.

Cases for Binding Volumes, One Shilling.

Sold by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1865.

THE DOVE IN THE EAGLE'S NEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDOLYFFE."

CHAPTER I.

MASTER GOTTFRIED'S WORKSHOP.

THE upper lattices of a tall, narrow window were open, and admitted the view, of first some richly-tinted vine leaves and purpling grapes, then, in dazzling freshness of new white stone, the lacework fabric of a half-built minster spire, with a mason's crane on the summit, bending as though craving for a further supply of materials; and beyond, peeping through every crevice of the exquisite open fretwork, was the intensely blue sky of early autumn.

The lower longer panes of the window were closed, and the glass, divided into circles and quarrels, made the scene less distinct; but still the huge stone tower was traceable, and, farther off, the slope of a gently-rising hill, clothed with vineyards blushing into autumn richness. Below, the view was closed by the gray wall of a court-yard, laden with fruit-trees in full bearing, and inclosing paved paths that radiated from a central fountain, and left spaces between where a few summer flowers still lingered, and the remains of others showed what their past glory had been.

The interior of the room was wainscoted, the floor paved with bright red and cream-coloured tiles, and the tall stove in one corner decorated with the same. The eastern end of the apartment was adorned with an exquisite

small group carved in oak, representing the carpenter's shop at Nazareth, with the Holy Child instructed by Joseph in the use of tools, and the mother sitting with her book, "pondering these things in her heart." All around were blocks of wood and carvings in varying states of progress—some scarcely shaped out, and others in perfect completion. And the subjects were equally various. Here was an adoring angel with folded wings, clasped hands, and rapt face; here a majestic head of an apostle or prophet; here a lovely virgin saint, seeming to play smilingly with the instrument of her martyrdom; here a grotesque *miserere* group, illustrating a fairy tale, or caricaturing a popular fable; here a beauteous festoon of flowers and fruit, emulating nature in all save colour; and on the work-table itself, growing under the master's hand, was a long wreath, entirely composed of leaves and seed-vessels in their quaint and beauteous forms—the heart-shaped shepherd's purse, the mask-like skull-cap, and the crowned row of the henbane. The starred cap of the poppy was actually being shaped under the tool, from a green capsule, surmounted with purple velvety rays, which, together with its rough and wavy leaf, was held in the hand of a young maiden who knelt by the table, watching the work with eager interest.

She was not a beautiful girl—not one of those whose "bright eyes rain influence, and judge the prize." She was

too small, too slight, too retiring for such a position. If there was something lily-like in her drooping grace, it was not the queen lily of the garden that she resembled, but the retiring lily of the valley—so purely, transparently white was her skin, scarcely tinted by a roseate blush on the cheek, so tender and modest the whole effect of her slender figure, and the soft, downcast, pensive brown eyes, utterly dissimilar in hue from those of all around except perhaps the bright, quick ones of her uncle, the master-carver. Otherwise, his portly form, open visage, and good-natured stateliness, as well as his furred cap and gold chain, were thoroughly those of the German burgomaster of the fifteenth century; but those glittering black eyes had not ceased to betray their French or rather Walloon origin, though for several generations back the family had been settled at Ulm. Perhaps, too, it was Walloon quickness and readiness of wit that had made them, so soon as they became affiliated, so prominent in all the councils of the good free city, and so noted for excellence in art and learning. Indeed the present head of the family, Master Gottfried Sorel, was so much esteemed for his learning that he had once had serious thoughts of terming himself Master Gothofredus Oxalicus, and might have carried it out but for the very decided objections of his wife, Dame Johanna, and his little niece, Christina, to being dubbed by any such surname.

Master Gottfried had had a scape-grace younger brother named Hugo, who had scorned both books and tools, had been the plague of the workshop, and, instead of coming back from his wandering-year of improvement, had joined a band of roving Lanzknechts. No more had been heard of him for a dozen or fifteen years, when he suddenly arrived at the paternal mansion at Ulm half-dead with intermitting fever, and with a young, broken-hearted, and nearly expiring wife, his spoil in his Italian campaigns. His rude affection had utterly failed to console her for her desolated home and slaughtered kindred,

and it had so soon turned to brutality that, when brought to comparative peace and rest in his brother's home, there was nothing left for the poor Italian but to lie down and die, commending her babe in broken German to Hausfrau Johanna, and blessing Master Gottfried for his flowing Latin assurances that the child should be to them even as the little maiden who was lying in the God's-acre upon the hill-side.

And verily the little Christina had been a precious gift to the bereaved couple. Her father had no sooner recovered than he returned to his roving life, and, except for a report that he had been seen among the retainers of one of the robber barons of the Swabian Alps, nothing had been known about him; and Master Gottfried only hoped to be spared the actual pain and scandal of knowing when his eyes were blinded and his head swept off at a blow, or when he was tumbled headlong into a moat, suspended from a tree, or broken on the wheel: a choice of fates that was sure sooner or later to befall him. Meantime, both the burgomeister and burgomeisterinn did their utmost to forget that the gentle little girl was not their own; they set all their hopes and joys on her, and, making her supply the place at once of son and daughter, they bred her up in all the refinements and accomplishments in which the free citizens of Germany took the lead in the middle and latter part of the fifteenth century. To aid her aunt in all housewifely arts, to prepare dainty food and varied liquors, and to spin, weave, and broider, was only a part of Christina's training; her uncle likewise set great store by her sweet Italian voice, and caused her to be carefully taught to sing and play on the lute, and he likewise delighted in hearing her read aloud to him from the hereditary store of MSS. and from the dark volumes that began to proceed from the press. Nay, Master Gottfried had made experiments in printing and wood-engraving on his own account, and had found no hand so intelligent, no hand so desirous to aid him, as his little Christina's, who, in

all that needed taste and skill rather than strength, was worth all his prentices and journeymen together. Some fine bold figures had been produced by their joint efforts; but these less important occupations had of late been set aside by the engrossing interest of the interior fittings of the great "Dome Kirk," which for nearly a century had been rising by the united exertions of the burghers, without any assistance from without. The foundation had been laid in 1377; and at length, in the year of grace 1472, the crown of the apse had been closed in, and matters were so forward that Master Gottfried's stall work was already in requisition for the choir.

"Three cubits more," he reckoned. "Child, hast thou found me fruits enough for the completing of this border?"

"O yes, mine uncle. I have the wild rosehip, and the flat shield of the moonwort, and a peapod, and more whose names I know not. But should they all be seed and fruit?"

"Yea, truly, my Stina, for this wreath shall speak of the goodly fruits of a completed life."

"Even as that which you carved in spring told of the blossom and fair promise of youth," returned the maiden. "Methinks the one is the most beautiful, as it ought to be;" then, after a little pause, and some reckoning, "I have scarce seed-pods enough in store, uncle; might we not seek some rarer shapes in the herb-garden of Master Gerhard, the physician? He, too, might tell me the names of some of these."

"True, child; or we might ride into the country beyond the walls, and seek them. What, little one, wouldst thou not?"

"So we go not far," faltered Christina, colouring.

"Ha, thou hast not forgotten the fright thy companions had from the Schlangenwald Reiters when gathering Maydew? Fear not, little coward; if we go beyond the suburbs we will take Hans and Peter with their halberts.

But I believe thy silly little heart can scarce be free for enjoyment if it can fancy a Reiter within a dozen leagues of thee."

"At your side I would not fear. That is, I would not vex thee by my folly, and I might forget it," replied Christina, looking down.

"My gentle child!" the old man said approvingly. "Moreover, if our good Kaiser has his way, we shall soon be free of the Reiters of Schlangenwald, and Adlerstein, and all the rest of the mouse-trap barons. He is hoping to form a league of us free imperial cities with all the more reasonable and honest nobles, to preserve the peace of the country. Even now a letter from him was read in the Town Hall to that effect; and, when all are united against them, my lords-mousers must needs become pledged to the league, or go down before it."

"Ah! that will be well," cried Christina. "Then will our waggons be no longer set upon at the Debateable Ford by Schlangenwald or Adlerstein; and our wares will come safely, and there will be wealth enough to raise our spire! O uncle, what a day of joy will that be when Our Lady's great statue will be set on the summit!"

"A day that I shall scarce see, and it will be well if thou dost," returned her uncle, "unless the hearts of the burghers of Ulm return to the liberality of their fathers, who devised that spire! But what trampling do I hear?"

There was indeed a sudden confusion in the house, and, before the uncle and niece could rise, the door was opened by a prosperous apple-faced dame, exclaiming in a hasty whisper, "Housefather, O housefather, there are a troop of Reiters at the door, dismounting already;" and, as the master came forward, brushing from his furred vest the shavings and dust of his work, she added in a more furtive, startled accent, "and, if I mistake not, one is thy brother!"

"He is welcome," replied Master Gottfried, in his cheery fearless voice; "he brought us a choice gift last time

he came; and it may be he is ready to seek peace among us after his wanderings. Come hither, Christina, my little one; it is well to be abashed, but thou art not a child who need fear to meet a father."

Christina's extreme timidity, however, made her pale and crimson by turns, perhaps by the infection of anxiety from her aunt, who could not conceal a certain dissatisfaction and alarm, as the maiden, led on either side by her adopted parents, thus advanced from the little studio into a handsomely-carved wooden gallery, projecting into a great wainscoted room, with a handsome carved stair leading down into it. Down this stair the three proceeded, and reached the stone hall that lay beyond it, just as there entered from the trelised porch, that covered the steps into the street, a tall thin wiry man, in a worn and greasy buff suit, guarded on the breast and arms with rusty steel, and a battered helmet with the vizor up disclosing a weather-beaten bronzed face, with somewhat wild dark eyes, and a huge grizzled moustache forming a straight line over his lips. Altogether he was a complete model of the lawless Reiter or Lanzknecht, the terror of Swabia, and the bugbear of Christina's imagination. The poor child's heart died within her as she perceived the mutual recognition between her uncle and the new comer; and, while Master Gottfried held out his hands with a cordial greeting of "Welcome home, brother Hugh," she trembled from head to foot, as she sank on her knees, and murmured, "Your blessing, honoured father."

"Ha? What, this is my girl? What says she? My blessing, eh? There then, thou hast it, child, such as I have to give, though they'll tell thee at Adlerstein that I am more wont to give the other sort of blessing! Now, give me a kiss, girl, and let me see thee? How now!" as he folded her in his rough arms, "thou art a mere feather, as slight as our sick Jungfrau herself." And then, regarding her, as she stood drooping, "Thou art not half the woman thy mo-

ther was—she was stately and straight as a column, and tall withal."

"True!" replied Hausfrau Johanna, in a marked tone; "but both she and her poor babe had been so harassed and wasted with long journeys and hardships, that with all our care of our Christina, she has never been strong or well-grown. The marvel is that she lived at all."

"Our Christina is not beautiful, we know," added her uncle, reassuringly taking her hand; "but she is a good and meek maiden."

"Well, well," returned the Lanzknecht, "she will answer the purpose well enough, or better than if she were fair enough to set all our fellows together by the ears for her. Camilla, I say—no, what's her name, Christina?—put up thy gear and be ready to start with me to-morrow morning for Adlerstein."

"For Adlerstein?" re-echoed the housemother, in a tone of horrified dismay; and Christina would have dropped on the floor but for her uncle's sustaining hand, and the cheering glance with which he met her imploring look.

"Let us come up to the gallery, and understand what you desire, brother," said Master Gottfried, gravely. "Fill the cup of greeting, Hans. Your followers shall be entertained in the hall," he added.

"Ay, ay," quoth Hugh, "I will show you reason over a goblet of the old Rosemburg. Is it all gone yet, brother Goetz? No? I reckon there would not be the scouring of a glass left of it in a week if it were at Adlerstein."

So saying, the trooper crossed the lower room, which contained a huge tiled baking oven, various brilliantly-burnished cooking utensils, and a great carved cupboard like a wooden bedstead, and, passing the door of the bathroom, clanked up the oaken stairs to the gallery, the reception-room of the house. It had tapestry hangings to the wall, and cushions both to the carved chairs and deep windows, which looked out into the street, the whole storey projecting into close proximity with the

corresponding apartment of the Syndic Moritz, the goldsmith on the opposite side. An oaken table stood in the centre, and the gallery was adorned with a dresser, displaying not only bright pewter, but goblets and drinking cups of beautiful-shaped and coloured glass, and saltcellars, tankards, &c. of gold and silver.

"Just as it was in the old man's time," said the soldier, throwing himself into the housefather's chair. "A handful of Lanzknechts would make short work with your pots and pans, good sister Johanna."

"Heaven forbid!" said poor Johanna under her breath.

"Much good they do you, up in a row there, making you a slave to furnishing them. There's more sense in a chair like this—that does rest a man's bones. Here, Camilla, girl, unlace my helmet! What, know'st not how? What is a woman made for but to let a soldier free of his trappings? Thou hast done it! There! Now my boots," stretching out his legs.

"Hans shall draw off your boots, fair brother," began the dame; but poor Christina, the more anxious to propitiate him in little things, because of the horror and dread with which his main purpose inspired her, was already on her knees, pulling with her small quivering hands at the long steel-guarded boot—a task to which she would have been utterly inadequate, but for some lazy assistance from her father's other foot. She further brought a pair of her uncle's furred slippers, while Reiter Hugh proceeded to dangle one of the boots in the air, expatiating on its frail condition, and expressing his intention of getting a new pair from Master Matthias, the sutor, ere he should leave Ulm on the morrow. Then, again, came the dreaded subject; his daughter must go with him.

"What would you with Christina, brother?" gravely asked Master Gottfried, seating himself on the opposite side of the stove, while out of sight the frightened girl herself knelt on the floor, her head on her aunt's knees,

trying to derive comfort from Dame Johanna's clasping hands, and vehement murmurs that they would not let their child be taken from them. Alas! these assurances were little in accordance with Hugh's rough reply, "And what is it to you what I do with mine own?"

"Only this, that, having bred her up as my child and intended heiress, I might have some voice."

"Oh! in choosing her mate! Some mincing artificer, I trow, fiddling away with wood and wire to make gauds for the fair-day! Hast got him here? If I like him, and she likes him, I'll bring her back when her work is done."

"There is no such person as yet in the case," said Gottfried. "Christina is not yet seventeen, and I would take my time to find an honest, pious burgher, who will value this precious jewel of mine."

"And let her polish his flagons to the end of her days," laughed Hugh grimly, but manifestly somewhat influenced by the notion of his brother's wealth. "What, hast no child of thine own?" he added.

"None, save in Paradise," answered Gottfried, crossing himself. "And thus, if Christina should remain with me, and be such as I would have her, then, brother, my wealth, after myself and my good housewife, shall be hers, with due provision for thee, if thou shouldst weary of thy wild life. Otherwise," he added, looking down, and speaking in an under tone, "my poor savings should go to the completing of the Dome Kirk."

"And who told thee, Goetz, that I would do ought with the girl that should hinder her from being the very same fat sourkrout-cooking, pewter-scrubbing housewife of thy mind's eye?"

"I have heard nothing of thy designs as yet, brother Hugh, save that thou wouldst take her to Adlerstein, which men greatly belie if it be not a nest of robbers."

"Aha! thou hast heard of Adlerstein! We have made the backs of your jolly merchants tingle as well as they could through their well-lined

doublets! Ulm knows of Adlerstein, and the Debateable Ford!"

"It knows little to its credit," said Gottfried, gravely; "and it knows also that the Emperor is about to make a combination against all the Swabian robber-holds, and that such as join not in it will fare the worse."

"Let Kaiser Fritz catch his bear ere he sells its hide! He has never tried to mount the Eagle's Ladder! Why, man, Adlerstein might be held against five hundred men by sister Johanna with her rock and spindle! 'Tis a free barony, Master Gottfried, I tell thee—has never sworn allegiance to Kaiser or Duke of Swabia either! Freiherr Eberhard is as much a king on his own rock as young Max—what's the rest of his name!—is of the Romans, and more too, for I never could find out that the Romans thought much of our king; and, as to gainsaying our old Freiherr, one might as well leap over the abyss at once."

"Yes, those old free barons are pitiless tyrants," said Gottfried, "and I scarce think I can understand thee aright when I hear thee say thou wouldst carry thy daughter to such an abode."

"It is the Freiherr's command," returned Hugh. "Look you, they have had wondrous ill-luck with their children; the Freiherrinn Kunigunde has had a dozen at least, and only two are alive, my young Freiherr and my young Lady Ermentrude, and no wonder you would say if you could see the gracious Freiherrinn, for surely Dame Holda made a blunder when she fished her out of the fountain woman instead of man. She is Adlerstein herself by birth, married her cousin, and is prouder and more dour than our old Freiherr himself—fitter far to handle shield than swaddled babe. And now our Jungfrau has fallen into a pining waste, that 'tis a pity to see how her cheeks have fallen away, and how she mopes and fades. Now, old Freiherr and her brother, they both dote on her, and would do anything for her. They thought she was bewitched, so we took old Mother Ilsebill and tried her with the ordeal of water; but, look

you, she sank as innocent as a puppy dog, and Ursel was at fault to fix on any one else. Then one day, when I looked into the chamber, I saw the poor maiden sitting, with her head hanging down, as if 'twas too heavy for her, on a high-backed chair, no rest for her feet, and the wind blowing sour all round her, and nothing to taste but scorched beef, or black bread and sour wine, and her mother rating her for foolish fancies that gave trouble. And, when my young Freiherr was bemoaning himself that we could not hear of a Jew physician passing our way to catch and bring up to cure her, I said to him at last that no doctor could do for her what gentle tendance and nursing would, and what the poor maid needed was to be cosseted and laid down softly, and fed with broths and possets, and all that women know how to do with one another. A proper scowl and hard words I got from my gracious lady, for wanting to put burgher softness into an Adlerstein; but my old lord and his son opened on the scent at once. 'Thou hast a daughter?' quoth the Freiherr. 'So please your gracious lordship,' quoth I; 'that is, if she still lives, for I left her a puny infant.' 'Well,' said my lord, 'if thou wilt bring her here, and her care restores my daughter to health and strength, then will I make thee my body squire, with a right to a fourth part of all the spoil, and feed for two horses in my stable.' And young Freiherr Eberhard gave his word upon it."

Gottfried suggested that a sick nurse was the person required rather than a child like Christina; but, as Hugh truly observed, no nurse would voluntarily go to Adlerstein, and it was no use to wait for the hopes of capturing one by raid or foray. His daughter was at his own disposal, and her services would be repaid by personal advantages to himself which he was not disposed to forego; in effect these were the only means that the baron had of requiring any attendance upon his daughter.

The citizens of old Germany had the strongest and most stringent ideas of parental authority, and regarded daugh-

ters as absolute chattels of their father ; and Master Gottfried Sorel, though he alone had done the part of a father to his niece, felt entirely unable to withstand the nearer claim, except by representations ; and these fell utterly disregarded, as in truth every counsel had hitherto done, upon the ears of Reiter Hugh, ever since he had emerged from his swaddling clothes. The plentiful supper, full cup of wine, and confections, and soft chair, together perhaps with his brother's grave speech, soon, however, had the effect of sending him into a doze, whence he started to accept civilly the proposal of being installed in the stranger's room, where he was speedily snoring between two feather beds.

Then there could be freedom of speech in the gallery, where the uncle and aunt held anxious counsel over the poor little dark-tressed head that still lay upon good Johanna's knees. The dame was indignant and resolute : "Take the child back with him into a very nest of robbers !—her thin innocent dove whom they had shielded from all evil like a very nun in a cloister ! She should as soon think of yielding her up to be borne off by the great Satan himself with his horns and hoofs."

"He is her father, housewife," said the master-carver.

"The right of parents is with those that have done the duty of parents," returned Johanna. "What said the kid in the fable to the goat that claimed her from the sheep that bred her up ? I am ashamed of you, housefather, for not better loving your own niece."

"Heaven knows how I love her," said Gottfried, as the sweet face was raised up to him with a look acquitting him of the charge, and he bent to smooth back the silken hair, and kiss the ivory brow ; "but Heaven also knows that I see no means of withholding her from one whose claim is closer than my own. None save one ; and to that even thou, housemother, wouldst not have me resort."

"What is it ?" asked the dame, sharply, yet with some fear.

"To denounce him to the sheriffs as one of the Adlerstein retainers who robbed Phillipp der Schmidt, and have him fast laid by the heels."

Christina shuddered, and Dame Johanna herself recoiled ; but presently exclaimed, "Nay, you could not do that, good man, but wherefore not threaten him therewith ? Stand at his bedside in early dawn, and tell him that, if he be not off ere daylight with both his cut-throats, the halberdiers will be upon him."

"Threaten what I neither could nor would perform, mother ? That were a shrewish resource."

"Yet would it save the child," muttered Johanna. But, in the meantime, Christina was rising from the floor, and stood before them with loose hair, tearful eyes, and wet, flushed cheeks. "It must be thus," she said, in a low but not unsteady voice. "I can bear it better since I have heard of the poor young lady, sick and with none to care for her. I will go with my father ; it is my duty. I will do my best ; but oh ! uncle, so work with him that he may bring me back again."

"This from thee, Stina !" exclaimed her aunt, "from thee who art sick for fear of a Lanzknecht !"

"The saints will be with me, and you will pray for me," said Christina, still trembling.

"I tell thee, child, thou know'st not what these vile dens are. Heaven forbid thou shouldst !" exclaimed her aunt. "Go only to Father Balthazar, housefather, and see if he doth not call it a sending of a lamb among wolves."

"Mind'st thou the carving I did for Father Balthazar's own oratory ?" replied Master Gottfried.

"I talk not of carving ! I talk of our child !" said the dame, petulantly.

"*Ut agnus inter lupos*," softly said Gottfried, looking tenderly, though sadly, at his niece, who not only understood the quotation, but well remembered the carving of the cross-marked lamb going forth from its fold among the howling wolves.

"Alas ! I am not an apostle," said she.

"Nay, but, in the path of duty, 'tis the same hand that sends thee forth," answered her uncle, "and the same will guard thee."

"Duty, indeed!" exclaimed Johanna. "As if any duty could lead that silly helpless child among that herd of evil men, and women yet worse, with a good-for-nothing father, who would sell her for a good horse to the first dissolute Junker who fell in his way."

"I will take care that he knows it is worth his while to restore her safe to us. Nor do I think so ill of Hugh as thou dost, mother. And, for the rest, Heaven and the saints and her own discretion must be her guard till she shall return to us."

"How can Heaven be expected to protect her when you are flying in its face by not taking counsel with Father Balthazar?"

"That shalt thou do," replied Gottfried, readily, and secure that Father Balthazar would see the matter in the same light as himself, and tranquillize the good woman. It was not yet so late but that a servant could be despatched with a request that Father Balthazar, who lived not many houses off in the same street, would favour the Burgomeisterinn Sorel by coming to speak with her. In a few minutes he appeared,—an aged man, with a sensible face, of the fresh pure bloom preserved by a temperate life. He was a secular parish-priest, and, as well as his friend Master Gottfried, held greatly by the views left by the famous Strasburg preacher, Master John Tauler. After the good housemother had, in strong terms, laid the case before him, she expected a trenchant decision on her own side, but, to her surprise and disappointment, he declared that Master Gottfried was right, and that, unless Hugh Sorel demanded anything absolutely sinful of his daughter, it was needful that she should submit. He repeated, in stronger terms, the assurance that she would be protected in the endeavour to do right, and the Divine promises which he quoted from the Latin Scriptures gave some comfort

to the niece, who understood them, while they impressed the aunt, who did not. There was always the hope that, whether the young lady died or recovered, the conclusion of her illness would be the term of Christina's stay at Adlerstein, and with this trust Johanna must content herself. The priest took leave, after appointing with Christina to meet her in the confessional early in the morning before mass; and half the night was spent by the aunt and niece in preparing Christina's wardrobe for her sudden journey.

Many a tear was shed over the tokens of the little services she was wont to render, her half-done works, and pleasant habits, so suddenly broken off, and all the time Hausfrau Johanna was running on with a lecture on the diligent preservation of her maiden discretion, with plentiful warnings against swaggering men-at-arms, drunken Lanzknechts, and, above all, against young barons, who most assuredly could mean no good by any burgher maiden. The good aunt blessed the saints that her Stina was likely only to be lovely in affectionate home eyes; but, for that matter, idle men, shut up in a castle, with nothing but mischief to think of, would be dangerous to Little Three Eyes herself, and Christina had best never stir a yard from her lady's chair, when forced to meet them. All this was interspersed with motherly advice how to treat the sick lady, and receipts for cordials and possets; for Johanna began to regard the case as a sort of second-hand one of her own. Nay, she even turned it over in her mind whether she should not offer herself as the Lady Ermentrude's sick-nurse, as being a less dangerous commodity than her little niece; but fears for the well-being of the master-carver, and his Wirthschaft, and still more the notion of gossip Gertrude Grundt hearing that she had ridden off with a wild Lanzknecht, made her at once reject the plan, without even mentioning it to her husband or his niece.

By the time Hugh Sorel rolled out from between his feather beds, and was about to don his greasy buff, a hand-

to supply her future bridal wreath. Now pale as death, but so resolutely composed as to be almost disappointing to her demonstrative aunt, she quietly went through her home partings; while Hausfrau Selma adored her father by all that was sacred to be a true guardian and protector of the child, and he could not forbear from a few tormenting inquiries of the Lanzenknecht son-in-law. Their effect was to make the good dame more passionate in her embraces and admonitions to Christina to take care of herself. She would have a mass said every day that Heaven might have a care of her!

Master Gottfried was going to ride as far as the confines of the free city's territory, and his round, sleek, cream-coloured palfrey, used to ambling in civic processions, was as great a contrast to raw-boned, wild-eyed Nibelung, all dappled with misty grey, as was the stately, substantial burgher to his lean, hungry-looking brother, or Dame Johanna's dignified, curled, white poodle, which was forcibly withheld from following Christina, to the coarse-bristled, wolfish-looking hound who glared at the household pet with angry and contemptuous eyes, and made poor Christina's heart throb with terror whenever it bounded near her.

Close to her uncle she kept, as beneath the trellised porches that came down from the projecting gables of the burgher's houses many a well-known face gazed and nodded, as they took their way through the crooked streets, many a beggar or poor widow waved her a blessing. Out into the marketplace, with its clear fountain adorned with arches and statues, past the rising Dome Kirk, where the swarms of workmen unbonneted to the master-carver, and the Reiter paused with an irreverent sneer at the small progress made since he could first remember the building. How poor little Christina's soul clung to every cusp of the lace-work spire, every arch of the window, each of which she had hailed as an achievement! The tears had wellnigh blinded her in a gush of feeling that came on her unawares,

and her uncle had his own way as he carried her under the arch of the tall and beautifully-sculptured bridge tower, and over the noble bridge across the Lanube.

Her uncle spoke much, low and earnestly, to his brother. She knew it was in commendation of her to his care, and an endeavour to impress him with a sense of the kind of protection she would require, and she kept out of ear-shot. It was enough for her to see her uncle still, and feel that his tenderness was with her, and around her. But at last he drew his rein. — "And now, my little one, the daughter of my heart, I must bid thee farewell," he said.

Christina could not be restrained from springing from her mule, and kneeling on the grass to receive his blessing, her face hidden in her hands, that her father might not see her tears.

— "The good God bless thee, my child," said Gottfried, who seldom invoked the saints: "bless thee, and bring thee back in His own good time. Thou hast been a good child to us: be so to thine own father. Do thy work, and come back to us again."

The tears rained down his cheeks, as Christina's head lay on his bosom, and then with a last kiss he lifted her again on her mule, mounted his horse, and turned back to the city, with his servant.

Hugh was merciful enough to let his daughter gaze long after the retreating figure ere he summoned her on. All day they rode, at first through meadow lands and then through more broken, open ground, where at mid-day they halted, and dined upon the plentiful fare with which the housemother had provided them, over which Hugh smacked his lips, and owned that they did live well in the old town! Could Christina make such pasties?

"Not as well as my aunt."

"Well, do thy best, and thou wilt win favour with the baron."

The evening began to advance, and Christina was very weary, as the purple mountains that she had long watched

with a mixture of fear and hope began to look more distinct, and the ground was often in abrupt ascents. Her father, without giving space for complaints, hurried her on. He must reach the Debateable Ford ere dark. It was, however, twilight when they came to an open space, where, at the foot of thickly forest-clad rising ground, lay an expanse of turf and rich grass, through which a stream made its way, standing in a wide tranquil pool as if to rest after its rough course from the mountains. Above rose, like a dark wall, crag upon crag, peak on peak, in purple masses, blending with the sky; and Hugh, pointing upwards to a turreted point, apparently close above their heads, where a star of light was burning, told her that there was Adlerstein, and this was the Debateable Ford.

In fact, as he explained, while splashing through the shallow expanse, the stream had changed its course. It was the boundary between the lands of Schlangenwald and Adlerstein, but had within the last sixty years burst forth in a flood, and had then declined to return to its own bed, but had flowed in a fresh channel to the right of the former. The Freiherren von Adlerstein claimed the ground to the old channel, the Graffen von Schlangenwald held that the river was the landmark, and the dispute had a greater importance than seemed explained from the worth of the rushy space of ground in question, for this was the passage of the Italian merchants on their way from Constance, and every load that was overthrown in the river was regarded as the lawful prey of the noble on whose banks the catastrophe befell.

Any freight of goods was anxiously watched by both nobles, and it was not their fault if no disaster befell the travellers. Hugh talked of the Schlangenwald marauders with the bitterness of a deadly feud, but manifestly did not breathe freely till his whole convoy were safe across both the wet and the dry channel.

Christina supposed they should now ascend to the castle; but her father

laughed, saying that the castle was not such a step off as she fancied, and that they must have daylight for the Eagle's Stairs. He led the way through the trees, up ground that she thought mountain already, and finally arrived at a miserable little hut, which served the purpose of an inn.

He was received there with much obsequiousness, and was plainly a great authority there. Christina, weary and frightened, descended from her mule, and was put under the protection of a wild, rough-looking peasant woman, who stared at her like something from another world, but at length showed her a nook behind a mud partition, where she could spread her mantle, and at least lie down, and tell her beads unseen, if she could not sleep in the stifling, smoky atmosphere, amid the sounds of carousal among her father and his fellows.

The great hound came up and smelt her. His outline was so wolfish, that she had nearly screamed; but, more in terror at the men who might have helped her than even at the beast, she tried to soothe him with her trembling hand, whispered his name of "Festhold," and found him licking her hand, and wagging his long rough tail. And he finally lay down at her feet, as though to protect her.

"Is it a sign that good angels will not let me be hurt?" she thought, and, wearied out, she slept.

CHAPTER II.

THE EYRIE.

CHRISTINA SOREL awoke to a scene most unlike that which had been wont to meet her eyes in her own little wainscoted chamber high in the gabled front of her uncle's house. It was a time when the imperial free towns of Germany had advanced nearly as far as those of Italy in civilization, and had reached a point whence they retrograded grievously during the Thirty Years' War, even to an extent that they have never entirely recovered. The country

immediately around them shared the benefits of their civilization, and the free peasant-proprietors lived in great ease and prosperity, in beautiful and picturesque farmsteads, enjoying a careless abundance, and keeping numerous rural or religious feasts, where old Teutonic mythological observances had received a Christian colouring and adaptation.

In the mountains, or around the castles, it was usually very different. The elective constitution of the empire, the frequent change of dynasty, the many disputed successions, had combined to render the sovereign authority uncertain and feeble, and it was seldom really felt save in the hereditary dominions of the Kaiser for the time being. Thus, while the cities advanced in the power of self-government, and the education it conveyed, the nobles, especially those whose abodes were not easily accessible, were often practically under no government at all, and felt themselves accountable to no man. The old wild freedom of the Suevi, and other Teutonic tribes, still technically, and in many cases practically, existed. The Heretogen, Heerzogen, or as we call them, Dukes, had indeed accepted employment from the Kaiser as his generals, and had received rewards from him; the Gerefen, or Graffen, of all kinds were his judges, the titles of both being proofs of their holding commissions from, and thus dependent on, the court. But the *Freiherren*, a word very inadequately represented by our French term of baron, were absolutely free, "never in bondage to any man," holding their own, and owing no duty, no office, poorer because unendowed by the royal authority, but holding themselves infinitely higher than the pensioners of the court. Left behind, however, by their neighbours, who did their part by society, and advanced with it, the *Freiherren* had been for the most part obliged to give up their independence and fall into the system, but so far in the rear, that they ranked, liked the barons of France and England, as the last order of nobility.

Still, however, in the wilder and

more mountainous parts of the country, some of the old families of unreduced, truly free *Freiherren* lingered, their hand against every man, every man's hand against them, and even becoming more savage, both positively and still more proportionately, as their isolation and the general progress around them became greater. The House of Austria, by gradually absorbing hereditary states into its own possessions, was, however, in the fifteenth century, acquiring a preponderance that rendered its possession of the imperial throne almost a matter of inheritance, and moreover rendered the supreme power far more effective than it had ever previously been. *Freidrich III.* a man still in full vigour, and with an able and enterprising son already elected to the succession, was making his rule felt, and it was fast becoming apparent that the days of the independent baronies were numbered, and that the only choice that would soon be left them would be between making terms and being forcibly reduced. *Von Adlerstein* was one of the oldest of these free families. If the lords of the Eagle's Stone had ever followed the great *Konrads* and *Freidrichs* of Swabia in their imperial days, the descendants had taken care to forget the weakness, and believed themselves absolutely free from all allegiance.

And the wildness of their territory was what might be expected from their hostility to all outward influences. The hostel, if it deserved the name, was little more than a charcoal-burner's hut, hidden in the woods at the foot of the mountain, serving as a halting-place for the *Freiherren's* retainers ere they attempted the ascent. The inhabitants were allowed to ply their trade of charring wood in the forest on condition of supplying the castle with charcoal, and of affording a lodging to the followers on occasions like the present.

Grimy, half-clad, and brawny, with the whites of his eyes gleaming out of his black face, *Jobst the Kohler* startled *Christina* terribly when she came into the outer room, and met him returning from his night's work, with his long

stoking-pole in his hand. Her father shouted with laughter at her alarm.

"Thou thinkest thyself in the land of the kobolds and dwarfs, my girl! Never mind, thou wilt see worse than honest Jobst before thou hast done. Now, eat a morsel and be ready—mountain air will make thee hungry ere thou art at the castle. And, hark thee, Jobst, thou must give stable-room to yon sumpter-mule for the present, and let some of my daughter's gear lie in the shed."

"O father!" exclaimed Christina, in dismay.

"We'll bring it up, child, by piece-meal," he said in a low voice, "as we can; but, if such a freight came to the castle at once, my lady would have her claws on it, and little more wouldst thou ever see thereof. Moreover, I shall have enough to do to look after thee up the ascent, without another of these city-bred beasts."

"I hope the poor mule will be well cared for. I can pay for——" began Christina, but her father squeezed her arm, and drowned her soft voice in his loud tones.

"Jobst will take care of the beast, as belonging to me. Woe betide him, if I find it the worse!"—and his added imprecations seemed unnecessary, so earnest were the asseverations of both the man and his wife that the animal should be well cared for.

"Look you, Christina," said Hugh Sorel, as soon as he had placed her on her mule and led her out of hearing, "if thou hast any gold about you, let it be the last thing thou ownest to any living creature up there." Then, as she was about to speak—"Do not even tell me. I *will* not know." The caution did not add much to Christina's comfort; but she presently asked, "Where is thy steed, father?"

"I sent him up to the castle with the Schneiderling and Yellow Lorentz," answered the father. "I shall have ado enough on foot with thee before we are up the Ladder."

The father and daughter were meantime proceeding through a dark path

through oak and birch woods, constantly ascending, until the oak grew stunted and disappeared, and the opening glades showed steep, stony, torrent-furrowed ramparts of hillside above them, looking to Christina's eyes as if she were set to climb up the cathedral side like a snail or a fly. She quite gasped for breath at the very sight, and was told in return to wait and see what she would yet say to the Adlerstreppe, or Eagle's Ladder. Poor child! she had no raptures for romantic scenery; she knew that jagged peaks made very pretty backgrounds in illuminations, but she had much rather have been in the smooth meadows of the environs of Ulm. The Danube looked much more agreeable to her, silver-winding between its green banks, than did the same waters leaping down with noisy voices in their stony, worn beds to feed the river that she only knew in his grave breadth and majesty. Yet, alarmed as she was, there was something in the exhilaration and elasticity of the mountain air that gave her an entirely new sensation of enjoyment and life, and seemed to brace her limbs and spirits for whatever might be before her; and, willing to show herself ready to be gratified, she observed on the freshness and sweetness of the air.

"Thou find'st it out, child? Ay, 'tis worth all the feather-beds and pouncet boxes in Ulm; is it not? That accursed Italian fever never left me till I came up here. A man can scarce draw breath in your foggy meadows below there. Now then, here is the view open. What think you of the Eagle's Nest?"

For, having passed beyond the region of wood, they had come forth upon the mountain-side. A not immoderately steep slope of boggy, mossy-looking ground covered with bilberries, cranberries, &c. and with bare rocks here and there rising, went away above out of her ken; but the path she was upon turned round the shoulder of the mountain, and to the left, on a ledge of rock cut off apparently on their side by a deep ravine, and with a sheer precipice above and below it, stood a red stone pile, with one turret far above the rest.

"And this is Schloss Adlerstein?" she exclaimed.

"That is Schloss Adlerstein; and there shalt thou be in two hours' time, unless the devil be more than usually busy, or thou mak'st a fool of thyself. If so, not Satan himself could save thee."

It was well that Christina had resolution to prevent her making a fool of herself on the spot, for the thought of the pathway turned her so dizzy that she could only shut her eyes, trusting that her father did not see her terror. Soon the turn round to the side of the mountain was made, and the road became a mere track worn out on the turf on the hill-side, with an abyss beneath, close to the edge of which the mule, of course, walked.

When she ventured to look again, she perceived that the ravine was like an enormous crack open on the mountain-side, and that the stream that formed the Debateable Ford flowed down the bottom of it. The ravine itself went probably all the way up the mountain, growing shallower as it ascended higher; but here, where Christina beheld it, it was extremely deep, and savagely desolate and bare. She now saw that the Eagle's Ladder was a succession of bare gigantic terraces of rock, of which the opposite side of the ravine was composed, and on one of which stood the castle. It was no small mystery to her how it had ever been built, or how she was ever to get there. She saw in the opening of the ravine the green meadows and woods far below; and, when her father pointed out to her the Debateable Ford, apparently much nearer the castle than they themselves were at present, she asked why they had so far overpassed the castle and come by this circuitous course.

"Because," said Hugh, "we are not eagles outright. Seest thou not, just beyond the castle court, this whole crag of ours breaks off short, falls like the town wall straight down into the plain; even this cleft that we are crossing by the only road a horse can pass breaks off short and sudden too, so that the

river is obliged to take leaps nought else but a chamois could compass. A footpath there is, and Freiherr Eberhard takes it at times, being born to it; but even I am too stiff for the like. Ha, ha! Thy uncle may talk of the Kaiser and his League, but he would change his note if we had him here."

"Yet castles have been taken by hunger," said Christina.

"What, knowest thou so much?—True! But look you," pointing to a white foamy thread that descended the opposite steeps, "yonder beck dashes through the castle court, and it never dries; and see you the ledge the castle stands on? It winds on out of your sight, and forms a path which leads to the village of Adlerstein, out on the other slope of the mountains; and ill were it for the serfs if they victualled not the castle wall."

The fearful steepness of the ground absorbed all Christina's attention. The road, or rather stairs, came down to the stream at the bottom of the fissure, and then went again on the other side up still more tremendous steeps, which Hugh climbed with a staff, sometimes with his hand on the bridle, but more often only keeping a watchful eye on the sure-footed mule, and an arm to steady his daughter in the saddle when she grew absolutely faint with giddiness at the abyss around her. She was too much in awe of him to utter cry or complaint, and, when he saw her effort to subdue her mortal terror, he was far from unkind, and let her feel his protecting strength.

Presently a voice was heard above—"What, Sorel, hast brought her! Frudchen is wearying for her."

The words were in the most boorish dialect and pronunciation, the stranger to Christina's ears, because intercourse with foreign merchants and a growing affectation of Latinism had much refined the city language to which she was accustomed, and she was surprised to perceive by her father's gesture and address that the speaker must be one of the lords of the castle. She looked up, and saw on the pathway above her a

tall large-framed man, his skin dyed red with sun and wind, in odd contrast with his pale shaggy hair, moustache, and beard, as though the weather had tanned the one and bleached the other. His dress was an even shabbier buff suit than her father had worn, but with a richly embroidered belt sustaining a hunting-horn with finely-chased ornaments of tarnished silver, and an eagle's plume was fastened into his cap with a large gold Italian coin. He stared hard at the maiden, but vouchsafed her no token of greeting—only distressed her considerably by distracting her father's attention from her mule by his questions about the journey, all in the same rude coarse tone and phraseology. Some amount of illusion was dispelled. Christina was quite prepared to find the mountain lords dangerous ruffians, but she had expected the graces of courtesy and high birth; but, though there was certainly an air of command and freedom of bearing about the present specimen, his manners and speech were more uncouth than those of any newly-caught apprentice of her uncle, and she could not help thinking that her good aunt Johanna need not have troubled herself about the danger of her taking a liking to any such young Freiherr as she here beheld.

By this time a last effort of the mule had climbed to the level of the castle. As her father had shown her, there was precipice on two sides of the building; on the third, a sheer wall of rock going up to a huge height before it reached another of the Eagle's Steps; and on the fourth, where the gateway was, the little beck had been made to flow in a deep channel that had been hollowed out to serve as a moat, before it bounded down to swell the larger water-course in the ravine. A temporary bridge had been laid across; the drawbridge was out of order, and part of Hugh's business had been to procure materials for mending its apparatus. Christina was told to dismount and cross on foot. The unrailed board, so close to the abyss, and with the wild water foaming above and below, was dreadful to her; and, though

she durst not speak, she hung back with an involuntary shudder, as her father, occupied with the mule, did not think of giving her a hand. The young baron burst out into an unrestrained laugh—a still greater shock to her feelings; but at the same time he roughly took her hand, and almost dragged her across, saying, "City bred, ho, ho!" "Thanks, sir," she strove to say, but she was very near weeping with the terror and strangeness of all around.

The low-browed gateway, barely high enough to admit a man on horseback, opened before her, almost to her feelings like the gate of the grave, and she could not help crossing herself, with a silent prayer for protection, as she stepped under it, and came into the castle court—not such a court as gave its name to fair courtesy, but, if truth must be told, far more resembling an ill-kept, ill-savoured stable-yard, with the piggeries opening into it. In unpleasantly close quarters, the Schneiderlein, or little tailor, *i. e.* the biggest and fiercest of all the *knappen*, was grooming Nibelung; three long-backed, long-legged, frightful swine were grubbing in a heap of refuse; four or five gaunt ferocious-looking dogs came bounding up to greet their comrade Festhold; and a great old long-bearded goat stood on the top of the mixen, looking much disposed to butt at any new comer. The Soral family had brought cleanliness from Flanders, and Hausfrau Johanna was scrupulously dainty in all her appointments. Christina scarcely knew how she conveyed herself and her blue kirtle across the bemired stones to the next and still darker portal, under which a wide but rough ill-hewn stair ascended. The stables, in fact, occupied the lower floor of the main building, and not till these stairs had ascended above them, did they lead out into the castle hall. Here were voices—voices rude and harsh like those Christina had shrunk from in passing drinking booths. There was a long table, with rough men at arms lounging about, and staring rudely at her; and at the upper end, by a great open chimney, sat, half dozing, an elderly man,

more rugged in feature than his son; and yet, when he roused himself and spoke to Hugh, there was a shade more of breeding and less of clownishness in his voice and deportment, as if he had been less entirely devoid of training. A tall darkly-robed woman stood beside him—it was her harsh tone of reproof and command that had so startled Christina as she entered—and her huge towering cap made her look gigantic in the dim light of the smoky hall. Her features had been handsome, but had become hardened into a grim wooden aspect; and with sinking spirits Christina paused at the step of the daïs, and made her reverence, wishing she could sink beneath the stones of the pavement out of sight of these terrible personages.

"So that's the wench you have taken all this trouble for," was Freiherrinn Kunigunde's greeting. "She looks like another sick baby to nurse; but I'll have no trouble about;—that is all. Take her up to Ermentrude; and thou, girl, have a care thou dost her will, and puttest none of thy city fancies into her head."

"And hark thee, girl," added the old Freiherr, sitting up. "So thou canst nurse her well, thou shalt have a new gown and a stout husband."

"That way," pointed the lady towards one of the four corner towers; and Christina moved doubtfully towards it, reluctant to quit her father, her only protector, and afraid to introduce herself. The younger Freiherr, however, stepped before her, went striding two or three steps at a time up the turret stair, and, before Christina had wound her way up she heard a thin, impatient voice say, "Thou saidst she was come, Ebbo."

"Yes, even so," she heard Freiherr Eberhard return; "but she is slow and townbred. She was afraid of crossing the moat." And then both laughed, so that Christina's cheeks tingled as she emerged from the turret into another vaulted room. "Here she is," quoth the brother; "now will she make thee quite well."

It was a very bare and desolate room, with no hangings to the rough stone

walls, and scarcely any furniture, except a great carved bedstead, one wooden chair, a table, and some stools. On the bare floor, in front of the fire, her arm under her head, and a profusion of long hair falling round her like flax from a distaff, lay wearily a little figure, beside whom Sir Eberhard was kneeling on one knee.

"Here is my sisterling," said he, looking up to the new-comer. "They say you burgherwomen have ways of healing the sick. Look at her. Think you you can heal her?"

In an excess of dumb shyness Ermentrude half rose, and effectually hindered any observations on her looks by hiding her face away upon her brother's knee. It was the gesture of a child of five years old, but Ermentrude's length of limb forbade Christina to suppose her less than fourteen or fifteen. "What, wilt not look at her?" he said, trying to raise her head; and then, holding out one of her wasted, feverish hands to Christina, he again asked, with a wistfulness that had a strange effect from the large, tall man, almost ten years her elder, "Canst thou cure her, maiden?"

"I am no doctor, sir," replied Christina; "but I could, at least, make her more comfortable. The stone is too hard for her."

"I will not go away; I want the fire," murmured the sick girl, holding out her hand towards it, and shivering.

Christina quickly took off her own thick cloth mantle, well lined with dressed lambskins, laid it on the floor, rolled the collar of it over a small log of wood—the only substitute she could see for a pillow—and showed an inviting couch in an instant. Ermentrude let her brother lay her down, and then was covered with the ample fold. She smiled as she turned up her thin, wasted face, faded into the same whitey-brown tint as her hair. "That is good," she said, but without thanks; and, feeling the soft lambswool: "is that what you burgherwomen wear? Father is to give me a furred mantle if only some court dame would pass the Debateable Ford. But the Schlengenwalds got the

last before ever we could get down. Jobst was so stupid. He did not give us warning in time, but he is to be hung next time if he does not."

Christina's blood curdled as she heard this speech in a weak little complaining tone, that otherwise put her sadly in mind of Barbara Schmidt's little sister, who had pined and wasted to death. "Never mind, Frudchen," answered the brother kindly; "mean-time I have kept all the wild catskins for thee, and may be this—this—*she* could sew them up into a mantle for thee."

"O let me see," cried the young lady eagerly; and Sir Eberhard, walking off, presently returned with an armful of the beautiful brindled furs of the mountain cat, reminding Christina of her aunt's gentle domestic favourite. Ermentrude sat up, and regarded the placing out of them with great interest; and thus her brother left her employed, and so much delighted that she had not flagged, when a great bell proclaimed that it was the time for the noontide meal, for which Christina, in spite of all her fears of the company below stairs, had been constrained by mountain air to look forward with satisfaction.

Ermentrude, she found, meant to go down, but with no notion of the personal arrangements that Christina had been wont to think a needful preliminary. With all her hair streaming, down she went, and was so gladly welcomed by her father that it was plain that her presence was regarded as an unusual advance towards recovery, and Christina feared lest he might already be looking out for the stout husband. She had much to tell him about the catskin cloak, and then she was seized with eager curiosity at the sight of Christina's bundles, and especially at her lute, which she must hear at once.

"Not now," said her mother, "there will be jingling and jingling enough by and by—meat now."

The whole establishment were taking their places—or rather tumbling into them. A battered, shapeless metal vessel seemed to represent the salt, and

next to it Hugh Sorel seated himself, and kept a place for her beside him. Otherwise she would hardly have had seat or food. She was now able to survey the inmates of the castle. Besides the family themselves, there were about a dozen men, all ruffianly-looking, and of much lower grade than her father, and three women. One, old Ursel, the wife of Hatto the forester, was a bent, worn, but not ill-looking woman, with a motherly face; the younger ones were hard, bold creatures, from whom Christina felt a shrinking recoil. The meal was dressed by Ursel and her kitchen boy. From a great cauldron, goat's flesh and broth together was ladled out into wooden bowls. That every one provided their own spoon and knife—no fork—was only what Christina was used to in the most refined society, and she had the implements in a pouch hanging to her girdle; but she was not prepared for the unwashed condition of the bowls, nor for being obliged to share that of her father—far less for the absence of all blessing on the meal, and the coarse boisterousness of manners prevailing thereat. Hungry as she was, she did not find it easy to take food under these circumstances, and she was relieved when Ermentrude was overcome by the turmoil, grew giddy, and was carried upstairs by her father, who laid her down upon her great bed, and left her to the attendance of Christina. Ursel had followed, but was petulantly repulsed by her young lady in favour of the new-comer, and went away grumbling.

Nestled on her bed, Ermentrude insisted on hearing the lute, and Christina had to creep down to fetch it, with some other of her goods, in trembling haste, and redoubled disgust at the aspect of the meal, which looked even more repulsive in this later stage, and to one who was no longer partaking of it.

Low and softly, with a voice whence she could scarcely banish tears, and in dread of attracting attention, Christina sung to the sick girl, who listened with a sort of rude wonder, and finally was lulled to sleep. Christina ventured to lay down her instrument and move

towards the window, heavily mullioned with stone, barred with iron, and glazed with thick glass ; being in fact the only glazed window in the castle. To her great satisfaction it did not look out over the loathsome court, but over the opening of the ravine. The apartment occupied the whole floor of the keep ; it was stone-paved, but the roof was boarded, and there was a round turret at each angle. One contained the staircase, and was that which ran up above the keep, served as a watch-tower, and supported the Eagle banner. The other three were empty, and one of these, which had a strong door, and a long loophole window looking out over the open country, Christina hoped that she might appropriate. The turret was immediately over the perpendicular cliff that descended into the plain. A stone thrown from the window would have gone straight down, she knew not where. Close to her ears rushed the descending waterfall in its leap over the rock side, and her eyes could rest themselves on the green meadow land below, and the smooth water of the Debateable Ford ; nay—far, far away beyond retreating ridges of wood and field, she thought she could track a silver line, and guided by it, a something that might be a city. Her heart leapt towards it, but she was recalled by Ermentrude's fretfully imperious voice.

"I was only looking forth from the window, lady," she said, returning.

"Ah ! Thou saw'st no travellers at the Ford !" cried Ermentrude, starting up with lively interest.

"No, lady ; I was gazing at the far distance. Know you if it be indeed Ulm that we see from these windows ?"

"Ulm ? That is where thou comest from !" said Ermentrude languidly.

"My happy home, with my dear uncle and aunt ! O, if I can but see it hence, it will be joy !"

"I do not know. Let me see," said Ermentrude, rising ; but at the window her pale blue eyes gazed vacantly as if she did not know what she was looking at or for.

"Ah ! if the steeple of the Dome

Kirk were but finished, I could not mistake it," said Christina. "How beauteous the white spire will look from hence !"

"Dome Kirk ?" repeated Ermentrude ; "what is that ?"

Such an entire blank as the poor child's mind seemed to be was inconceivable to the maiden, who had been bred up amid the busy hum of men, where the constant resort of strange merchants, the daily interests of a self-governing municipality, and the numerous festivals, both secular and religious, were an unconscious education, even without that which had been bestowed upon her by teachers, as well as by her companionship with her uncle, and participation in his studies, taste, and arts.

Ermentrude von Adlerstein had, on the contrary, not only never gone beyond the Kohler's hut on the one side, and the mountain village on the other, but she had never seen more of life than the festival at the wake at the hermitage chapel there on Midsummer-day. The only strangers who ever came to the castle were disbanded Lanzknechts who took service with her father, or now and then a captive whom he put to ransom. She knew absolutely nothing of the world, except for a general belief that Freilherren lived there to do what they chose with other people, and that the house of Adlerstein was the freest and noblest in existence. Also there was a very positive hatred to the House of Schlangenwald, and no less to that of Adlerstein Wildschloss, for no reason that Christina could discover save that, being a younger branch of the family, they had submitted to the Emperor. To destroy either the Graf von Schlangenwald, or her Wildschloss cousin, was evidently the highest gratification Ermentrude could conceive ; and, for the rest, that her father and brother should make successful captures at the Debateable Ford was the more abiding, because more practical hope. She had no further ideas, except perhaps to elude her mother's severity, and to desire her brother's success in chamois-hunting.

The only mental culture she had ever received was that old Ursel had taught her the Credo, Pater Noster, and Ave as correctly as might be expected from a long course of traditionary repetitions of an incomprehensible language. And she knew besides a few German rhymes and jingles, half Christian, half heathen, with a legend or two which, if the names were Christian, ran grossly wild from all Christian meaning or morality. As to the amenities, nay, almost the proprieties, of life, they were less known in that baronial castle than in any artizan's house at Ulm. So little had the sick girl figured them to herself, that she did not even desire any greater means of ease than she possessed. She moaned and fretted indeed with aching limbs and blank weariness, but without the slightest formed desire for anything to remove her discomfort, except the few ameliorations she knew, such as sitting on her brother's knee, with her head on his shoulder, or tasting the mountain berries that he gathered for her. Any other desire she exerted herself to frame was for finery to be gained from the spoils of travellers.

And this was Christina's charge, whom she must look upon as the least alien spirit in this dreadful castle of banishment! The young and old lords seemed to her savage bandits, who frightened her only less than did the proud sinister expression of the old lady, who had not even the merit of showing any tenderness towards the sickly girl, of whom she was ashamed, and evidently regarded the town-bred attendant as a contemptible interloper.

Long, long did the maiden weep and

pray that night after Ermentrude had sunk to sleep. She strained her eyes with home-sick longings to detect lights where she thought Ulm might be; and, as she thought of her uncle and aunt, the poodle and the cat round the stove, the maids spinning, and the prentices knitting as her uncle read aloud some grave good book, most probably the legend of the saint of the day, and contrasted it with the rude gruff sounds of revelry that found their way up the turret stairs, she could hardly restrain her sobs from awakening the young lady whose bed she was to share. She thought almost with envy of her own patroness, who was cast into the lake of Bolsana with a millstone about her neck—a better fate, thought she, than to live on in such an abode of loathsomeness and peril.

But then had not St. Christina floated up alive, bearing up her millstone with her? And had not she been put into a dungeon full of venomous reptiles when they approached her, had all been changed to harmless doves? Christina had once asked Father Balthazar how this could be; and had he not replied that the Church did not teach the miracle as a matter of faith, but that she might there discern in figure how meek Christian holiness rose above all crushing burthens, and transformed the rudest natures? This poor maiden—dying, perhaps; and oh! how unfit to live or die!—might it be her part to do some good work by her, and infuse some Christian hope, some godly fear? Could it be for this that the saints had led her hither?

To be continued.

A TRIP TO THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ.

BY SIR ALEXANDER DUFF-GORDON.

THE progress of the works at the Isthmus of Suez is so little known in England—and, we will add, even in France—that an account of a trip made under the most advantageous circumstances may be interesting. We will forego all speculations as to the commercial advantages or political dangers which may arise from the success or failure of the Suez Canal, and confine ourselves to a bare narrative of facts.

On the 6th December a party, consisting of M. Lesseps, several of the directors, engineers, and chief employés of the company, and a few of M. Lesseps's private friends, left Alexandria by rail for Benha, a station near Cairo, whence there is a branch line to Zag-a-zick, an Arab village, where heaps of rubbish mark the site of the ancient Bubastis. There are as yet no houses—nothing save a few Arab huts; and the employés of the Suez Canal live in tents; but this place is already famous for its Sunday market, and it will eventually become a very considerable town. At Zag-a-zick the fresh-water canal commences. The viceroy means himself shortly to make a canal from Cairo to join the canal at Zag-a-zick.

At Zag-a-zick the whole party, consisting of about twenty persons, embarked in two canal boats drawn by camels. The first day's journey was to Tell-el-Kebir, a fine property, bought, some years ago, from Mehemet Ali by the Suez Canal Company: it runs some way along the canal of *eau douce*, and consists of about forty-five Arab villages, and is famous for its cotton, supposed to be the best in Egypt. The manager of this large district is M. Guichard, a man admirably suited for his work, being not only a good agriculturist, but—what tells among the Bedouins of the desert, which surrounds his property—

an excellent shot and a first-rate bold rider.

His hospitality was sorely taxed by the inroad of about twenty very hungry people at ten o'clock at night. But the pleasant ways of Madame Guichard, a Parisian suddenly transplanted into the heart of the desert, did away with all difficulties, and those for whom there were not beds made themselves very comfortable with arm-chairs, and divans, and plenty of cigars. The house at Tell-el-Kebir was a palace of Mehemet Ali's. The canal thus far is, we believe, an ancient one, dating from the time of the Pharaohs; it was restored by Mehemet Ali for the sake of his property, and has been deepened and improved by the Suez Canal Company. The property is now valued at above £500,000. Wherever the Nile can be brought fruitfulness follows; in three or four years what was a sandy desert becomes a cotton-field, or a sugar-plantation, or teems with vegetables, and the Bedouins lay aside the sword and the long gun, and take to being cultivators of the soil. It tells well for M. Guichard that in his district, although there is an Arab *cadi* or magistrate, the Arabs prefer coming to the Frenchman to settle all their quarrels. The distance from Zag-a-zick to Tell-el-Kebir is thirty-five kilometres; it took about eight hours, as camels are not the best beasts of draught.

The next day's journey, from Tell-el-Kebir to Ismailia, on Lake Timseh, is sixty kilometres. On the left it is nearly all desert, but on its right for some distance the Tell-el-Kebir property runs along the canal. About half way to Ismailia this canal passes an Arab village, where two statues mark the spot of the ancient Rameses. This district, now partially recovered from

the desert, was the ancient land of Goshen.

The town of Ismailia is a comfortable French settlement, with several thousand inhabitants, a good inn, and some handsome houses, and stands on a gently rising ground, falling down to Lake Timseh (the Lake of the Crocodiles), now a bitter salt lake. This station is destined to be the future inland port of the Suez Canal, being about half-way on the direct maritime canal between Port Said on the Mediterranean and Suez on the Red Sea.

Only two—at most, three years ago—when M. Lesseps went to Ismailia with two other persons, his caravan consisted of about forty camels to carry his tent, a few provisions, and water; now you are as comfortable at Ismailia as in most provincial towns in France. Not only did we sit down, about thirty, to a most excellent dinner, but we attended mass in the morning and witnessed a marriage, and went to a ball in the evening. At Ismailia there is a very huge force-pump, which supplies with Nile water the district along the sea-water canal to Port Said. Ismailia is named not only after Ismail Pacha, the late viceroy, but after Ishmael, as, according to Arab tradition, it was here that Hagar and her son were turned out to perish in the wilderness.

The salt-water canal begins near Lake Timseh, and the worst part of the excavation is at the *Seuil de Gizr*, where there is a very heavy and long cutting through an elevation, partly sand and partly rock. The French have, however, erected a very large and powerful dredge, worked by steam power, which cuts away the sand and fills trucks, which are conveyed by railroad some distance along the canal, and emptied on to its banks where wanted. This machine fills a railway truck with sand in two minutes, and does the work of about 40,000 men.

At El-Gizr the party breakfasted at the house of the head-engineer of the works. In the midst of the desert he has a garden so well watered that snipe come frequently, and fall a prey to some cats kept for other purposes. After

breakfast we saw the engine perform its work, and then went in a tender lined with matting along the line, to see the sand emptied out. The canal of sea-water is still very shallow, and not half its width; and the voyage was diversified by our having to get out occasionally to lighten the boat when it stuck, and by various vagaries on the part of the camels which drew us. The distance of our first sea voyage on the Suez Canal, from Ismailia to Cantara (the bridge) is thirty-five kilometres. We reached Cantara, which is the place where the Syrian caravans to and from Egypt stop and water, at eight at night. To show the importance of this station, we will give a list of the traffic going through it. During the month of November, there passed the bridge at Cantara 7,260 camels, 1,392 horses, 362 mules, 775 donkeys, 1,189 cattle, 3,408 sheep, and 849 goats, going from Syria into Egypt; and about one half of the quantity of the same beasts went from Egypt into Syria. At Cantara we visited the hospital, which is clean, and paid a visit to the Greek doctor, who is married to an Englishwoman. Near Cantara there is admirable shooting; gazelles and wild boars abound; but you must go some ten or twelve miles, to a belt of wood, in search of them.

From Cantara we started early, and went to Raz-el-Aich, where the canal has assumed its proper dimensions—fifty-eight metres wide. From Raz-el-Aich to Port Said we went in a small steamer. Part of this day's journey was through the Lake Menzaleh, and it is here that the chief difficulties are to be apprehended. The liquid mud at the bottom of the lake will make the deepening of the canal to its proper depth of eight metres or twenty-seven feet, and keeping it at that uniform depth, a matter of great difficulty. The French will soon, however, have about sixty-five large powerful dredges at work; which will do the work hitherto done by forced labour, or free labour, difficult to obtain. When the barges are filled with the liquid mud, they are towed to the side of the canal, where powerful cranes take up the trucks full of mud out of the barges, and empty

their contents on the bank. These powerful cranes have also an ingenious contrivance attached to them, by which they convey their own railroads along the bank.

The voyage through the Lake Menzaleh is interesting, from the constant mirage, and the enormous flocks of flamingoes and pelicans, snipe and wild duck. The flamingoes, standing by thousands in the shallow water, look like rosy-coloured islands in the distance; and in their flight they present now a white surface, and occasionally, as they wheel, a rosy surface, to the sun's rays.

The proportions of the canal when finished will be 58 metres wide at the top and 22 metres wide at the bottom; the depth is to be 8 metres, or about 27 feet. The company hope in a couple of years to open it with a depth of 5 metres all the way from Port Said to Suez.

The distance from Ismailia to Port Said on the Mediterranean is 85 kilometres. Port Said is entirely a new creation. Two or three years ago, when M. Lesseps first went to the spot, it consisted of a narrow strip of sand dividing Lake Menzaleh from the Mediterranean. His companions scraped up some sand from the sea-beach and spread it over the black mud left by the lake—there his tent was pitched. Now Port Said has nearly 4,500 Europeans; and about 1,500 Arabs live in an Arab village adjoining. It boasts a *cercle*, a Catholic and a Greek church, and an Arab mosque; there is a *Bazaar universal*, together with some very good lodgings on the *Quai Eugénie*, and it is altogether a thriving town. A pier which is to be 1,500 metres in length is partly built; the chief use of it at present seems to be as a fishing station for all the young Greeks and vagabonds of the place. Every minute these young rascals pulled out fish varying from two to four pounds in weight; and, when it blows hard, the fish—a sort of coarse grey mullet—are thrown on the sands and caught by the hand.

Port Said is the workshop for all the Isthmus of Suez material. Large blocks

of sand and cement are there prepared for the future pier, and steam engines, worked by French, Greeks, and Arabs, prepare all the rough material, and put together the iron tanks, barges, and machinery sent from Marseilles and elsewhere. The Greeks are said to work well at any labour requiring change. They will fill tanks and barges, and then convey them to the bank, and they work at the dredges and cranes; but the Arabs are the best at dull, continuous, and monotonous work.

At Port Said, Osman Pacha, the envoy sent from Constantinople to arrange the land question with the Isthmus of Suez Canal Company, joined the party, with his suite of secretaries, engineers, and two Circassian body guards, splendidly armed. He had come with tents, and meant to live with separate establishments; but such was the good reception given by the Company that he became M. Lesseps's guest, and his tents were sent to an encampment on the Bitter Lake, not far from Suez, where as yet no houses have been built.

The next day at Port Said was spent in visiting the works now in progress—among other places the water reservoir, which seems to have frightened some alarmists in this country, who magnified this round peaceful reservoir into a formidable fort.

The following day a forced voyage was made from Port Said to Ismailia, and the next day the whole party went on to Suez by the soft-water canal.

It has been the custom of late to regret the absence of French politeness. "*La politesse Française*" has taken refuge in Egypt, for it would be unpardonable not to mention the courtesy and kindness with which the only two Englishmen and the one Englishwoman of the party were treated, not only by M. Lesseps, but by all those employed on the Suez canal. Another thing that struck the strangers of the party was the zeal of the French engineers and other employés, and the love and interest they had for their work.

A WORD MORE ON THE HISTORY OF CÆSAR, AND ON CERTAIN OTHER HISTORIES WRITTEN AND ACTED.

BY F. D. MAURICE.

SIR,—If I agree with you that Mr. Dicey has not said all which needs to be said about the “*Histoire de Jules César*,” I rejoice that it has found so able an expositor and defender. One who thoroughly appreciates a book is most competent to tell us what it means. We can consider for ourselves how far the meaning satisfies us; if it explains the past to us; what light it throws upon our times. In this instance the devil’s advocates will not be few; each one of us may be inclined to snatch at that office. To have the reasons fairly and skilfully presented to us, why a book, avowedly recommending the policy of the Napoleonic house—because that was the policy of the Cæsars—should take its place in the canonised literature of the world, is an advantage which we should not undervalue.

In one respect Mr. Dicey’s treatment of the book seems to me fairer than that which it has received from its reviewers generally. Its worth as an explanation of Roman life is entirely subordinate, in his judgment, to its worth as an exhibition of the faith and purpose of the writer. Such criticism is, of course, open to cavils. It may be said that, on this showing,—

“Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Just stops a hole to keep the wind away,”

when it is blowing with inconvenient vehemence from any quarter in the direction of the house of Bonaparte.

It may be said—it has been said with great effect—that the name of the man who, with all his vices, was full of genial sympathies and a noble cultivation, has been only adopted to conceal the real author of the imperial system, the real object of imperial admiration—the second triumvir, the

betrayers of Cicero. But these objections, however reasonable in themselves, do not affect Mr. Dicey’s position. The theories of a man who has translated, or is translating them into facts, must be more important to us than any explanation of bygone events or characters can be. If they appear in the form of such an explanation, its value cannot depend merely or chiefly upon its correctness.

Another observation of Mr. Dicey concerns us even more than this. We call the book of the Emperor a fatalist book. Well, asks his able counsel, and are you not all fatalists? What signifies it that you ever and anon change the word fate or destiny for Providence, and spell that word with a capital letter? Does that make any real difference? Do you *mean* more than he means? A very profitable and severe examination this which your contributor has forced upon us—a very righteous admonition to beware of judging lest we should be judged.

Instead of protesting against this statement, I discover in it what may be a deliverance to us from much confusion and some hypocrisy. It is the topic on which I propose chiefly to dwell in this letter. Enough, perhaps, has been said as to the merits and demerits of a work which as yet we know only in its commencement. But the principle of it, which is set forth clearly in the preface, which is to be consistently and “logically” applied hereafter to the facts of the ancient and of the modern world, must always be occupying us in one form or another. If it is true, as Mr. Dicey says, that we adopt that principle habitually—if it is also true, as he says, that we grumble at it and protest

against it continually—these apparently opposite facts deserve investigation. I admit them both; I admit that our displeasure sometimes vents itself in railings which would be far less bitter and spiteful if we had not a secret consciousness that we were fighting with an enemy who had an ally in our own hearts. I wish as much as Mr. Dicey can that we should abstain from such railings. They hurt the Emperor little; they may hurt our sincerity and resolution very much.

I think, however, that Mr. Dicey has weakened his own argument, if he has not done us injustice, by one of his complaints. The First Napoleon, in the judgment of his nephew and of the world generally, embodied more perfectly the fatalist principle—as he was more thoroughly possessed by the fatalist belief—than any other man. We ought, therefore, being ourselves under the dominion of that principle and that belief, to regard him with greater respect than we pay to most other men. That, Mr. Dicey affirms, is the case with the people of the Continent generally, with Frenchmen almost universally. We, he affirms, are the exception. We cleave to the traditions of the Georgian era. *Punch* reproduces the obsolete jests of Gilray. That there was a revival of the feelings which prevailed in Great Britain during the first twenty years of this century at the time of the Coup d'Etat; that they were kindled afresh—after a suspension during the Crimean war—at the commencement of the Volunteer movement; that the Gilray spirit may return to our caricaturists when a book appears which identifies the policy of the Third Napoleon with that of the First, I do not deny. But I heard Mr. Emerson tell a London audience, what he had probably told a Boston audience before, that we of the middle class were all in our hearts worshippers of Napoleon, because he was on a large scale what we aspired to be on a small scale. I believe he spoke truly. He might have acquired his conviction in America. It might apply more directly to the then united democratic community, ambitious

of conquest, than to us. But our withers were not unwrung by those strong words. Very strong they were; for no doubt it was our class which had toasted the good old king and delighted in Gilray's portraits. Circumstances have occurred since Mr. Emerson spoke and wrote which may make us regard the golden image which he described to us with more shrinking, with less awe. But, if the sackbut and psaltery and all instruments should summon us to fall down before it, I ask myself how many of us would stand erect, whether any would accept a burning fiery furnace as the alternative.

Since I detect what appear to me the preludings to this various and magnificent music in the History of Cæsar, I am anxious to inquire what the service is to which it would invite us. When I turn for this purpose to the book, I at once recognise a genuine record of a "fatal" gravitation downwards in the people of Rome. The chapter on the Gracchi, on Marius, and Sylla exhibits very forcibly a growth of faction and selfishness among the aristocracy, efforts vigorous but impotent in democratic leaders to assert for the excluded classes a share in the privileges which were monopolized—the first participating in all the violence of those whom they would have described as leaders of the mob; the latter as ambitious and reckless, when their hour came, as the men whose conduct had justified their resistance. The picture may or may not be faithful in its costume and its details; the outline I suppose no one will deny to be correct. The inference is that which the whole book is occupied with. All this must go on till a man appears who understands his age, who sees the defects and partialities of his predecessors, and shuns them; who merges aristocracy and democracy in himself; who becomes the founder of an empire. Here is that irresistible "logic," to the rules of which we are taught, in the opening of the Preface, that all history must conform itself. The writer has evidently the deepest assurance that there can be no

departure from it. And can there be? Is not this law of fate the eternal unchangeable law? Before we answer let us revolve for one moment a perplexity which will strike most readers at some step or another of their historical studies. We see the downward destiny clearly enough; but the upward? Does the same fate bring about that continual declension which is exhibited with so much power, and the man of genius who sets all right? The Emperor has a righteous horror of referring great events to small causes; can he refer contrary events to the same cause?

When this doubt has been once started it gains strength from a passage in the Preface which no one could overlook, but which might have been read carelessly. It is this: "*Ce qui précède montre assez le but que je me propose en écrivant cette histoire. Ce but est de prouver que lorsque LA PROVIDENCE suscite des hommes tels que Cæsar, Charlemagne, Napoléon, c'est pour tracer aux peuples la voie qu'ils doivent suivre,*" &c. Of course, if such sentences occurred in any ordinary writer, we should merely say, with Mr. Dicey, "Providence, in spite of the article and the capital, is only another word for fate." And, though this is a classical passage—though it must have been written with great care, seeing it is to declare the very purpose of the book—though a writer whose aim is to be logical ought to be unusually careful in the choice of his expressions—we might, nevertheless, allow for a good-natured concession to the prejudices of the times, for a harmless conciliation of the *parti prêtre*, and think no more of the poor phrase. But we see that it is not the logic of expressions, but the logic of facts, which is in question. There are two different—two opposite—sets of facts to be accounted for. The rigid logician seems to hint that it may be needful to call in a new agent to solve one set of them. I do not believe that he intends it, but we have a right to know how the difficulty is avoided.

And it is not the only one. The fatal process of declension we have no doubt

of. "That the age of the parents—" worse than that of the grandfathers—"—bore descendants more evil than "they, who were soon to send forth a "more degraded offspring"—this great dogma of one who witnessed the commencement of the Empire is illustrated for us in the story of the Republic. But *whence* was the decline? Where was the *good* of which this state of things was the corruption? Here we are at fault. The author of the "History" assumes the old story of the kings. Be it so; on critical grounds I have no objection. But, when he tells me of the institutions of Numa, I find just as much of a deliberate scheme to make a religion which shall uphold a polity already made—just as deliberate contrivances to produce certain impressions about the invisible world, for the sake of accomplishing certain results in the visible world—as I could impute to the augurs in the days of Cicero, who could not look each other in the face without laughing. All from beginning to end is a scheme—a scheme, no doubt, in which fate had its hand, as well as the man of genius. But it was a lie, and what portion of the lie was contributed by fate, what by the man of genius, does not seem to me of much consequence. I want to know where the degeneracy could be from such a stock as this? An ever-growing development of falsehood there might be; but to talk of the primitive virtues disappearing—of gold, or conquest, or Greek scepticism impairing the nobleness of a people whose institutions and whose belief had this root—is not logic, but a sheer outrage upon sense.

What follows? Our fatalist historian, being very skilful in tracing the cause of decay in a nation, but being utterly unable to discover the good of the nation which is implied in its decay, and therefore to explain how that good may be restored, is compelled to assume as his highest ideal a man who, being raised above the level of his contemporaries, gathers into himself all their habits and tempers, and so is recognised as the leader before whom they must bow.

He may trample upon them, but he is what they desire to be. He can do the things which they count most worthy to be done. I am far, indeed, from dismissing this as a mere imperial theory. I have already confessed that I feel it to have the weightiest justification in experience. But it is an experience in which I do not think that it is safe to acquiesce, and I look anxiously about to see whether I can find any way of escaping from it.

I do not know one eminent and earnest thinker of our time who has not occupied himself, more or less steadfastly, with this problem. To begin with the immediate subject of this history. There are some, perhaps, who will contrast the faith of the Emperor, accepting so cheerfully the old stories of Livy, with the scepticism of Niebuhr. But the scepticism of the one had, it seems to me, a very firm ground of faith; the faith of the other involves an infinite scepticism. Niebuhr, brought up in an age of revolutions, having experienced the most grinding despotism that ever punished the sins and crushed the energies of a free nation, strengthening his profound scholarship by converse with actual affairs, had acquired a sense of the sacredness of institutions—as representing not the feelings of a man, not the temper of an age, but the very meaning of a nation's existence—which might sometimes degenerate into a superstition, which he could not realize amidst the confusions of potentates and diplomatists, but which embodied itself in his Roman studies, and enabled him to discover in the dry fossils which were submitted to his experiments the signs of a once vigorous life. It was no slight assistance, I conceive, to his inquiries, that he cultivated himself all the household virtues, the loss of which, as the later Romans believed, had so much to do with the decay of their city. He knew that there were relations which man did not create, in which it was his blessing to find himself. He knew that those into which he did enter of his own will had a binding force which

he could not set aside but at his own grievous loss. He carried about with him therefore the belief of an order, the sense of being subject to one. The Roman faith which recognised this order seemed to him in its root and principle a sincere one. All departures from sincerity, all resort to lies, called forth his indignation. He could then understand degeneracy. The selfishness of the aristocracy was to him a violation of the principles of an aristocracy which should uphold the sacredness of the family, which should be a witness for the permanence of the nation; though he might perceive how the desire to fulfil these duties might betray some good men into the vices which were besetting their order. He could see the immense blessings which had come from the conflicts of Orders, and the horrors which must ensue when they passed into the conflicts of factious leaders. When these had reached their height in the civil wars he might have allowed that the rule of an accomplished and refined Dictator was an escape from worse evils; he might have protested against the act of Brutus as a certain precursor of heavier tyranny. But the notion that the advent of the empire was itself a blessing would have been, I apprehend, for him the most monstrous and the most hateful of paradoxes.

Here then is one form of direct antagonism to the new history. The antagonism, I must repeat it, is not between the critical conclusions of Niebuhr and those of the Emperor, except in so far as the conclusions of the one arose from his belief that the constitution of a nation is a reality which reveals itself through the different stages of its growth, and the conclusions of the other from the belief that it must be referred to some human contrivance. Thirty or forty years ago young men in England who had been much possessed by Benthamite opinions were led into a new track of thought by Niebuhr. They had the glimpse of a science of history; what they had failed to learn from Burke about their own nation seemed brought back to them by the researches of a

foreigner respecting the Old World. But Niebuhr evidently found all his treasures in the past; he had no hope for the future. He could not bear the shock of the second French Revolution; how then can he be an adequate instructor for us who have had two more to pass through? He is regarded, I suppose, by those who have grown up in our age, merely as a writer whose studies have had a certain effect on our treatment of documents; or as one who constructed a Roman history which they have the privilege of disbelieving like that which it superseded. And yet there are those who have to thank him for strengthening them in the belief that the order of a nation is a divine order, which monarchs did not give, and which they cannot take away.

So far as that belief has anything to do with thoughts about a national constitution, no one might seem more indifferent to it, or to have shaken it more, than Mr. Carlyle. And, since no one speaks more than he does about "the Eternal Destinies," or less resorts to any conventional phrases about Providence for the sake of making that language look respectable, it is not an uncommon opinion that his histories are "fatal" in the same sense as the "History of Julius Cæsar" is fatal. The strong kingly man, too, mingles so much with these dim recognitions of something to which he does homage, that we might easily fancy Mr. Carlyle assigned him just the same part which those champions of humanity play whom "*la Providence suscite*," and whom the people are to follow. If bitter mortification and chagrin at some of Mr. Carlyle's later utterances could justify any one in accepting this opinion, I should fall into it readily. But his latest work convinces me as much as those which I honour most, that the comparison is a superficial and false one, that radically he is at war with the fatalism of the Emperor as much as with his whole conception of a hero's calling and a hero's work. The life of Friedrich is a more crucial test of the difference than any book which he has written. Mr.

Carlyle has exhibited at full length, in the most careful detail, what we all in our boyhood supposed Friedrich to be, a man battling with circumstances and not overwhelmed by them. This, the original conception of the heroic character, is shown to have been possible amidst all the complications and mechanical contrivances of the eighteenth century. The art of the book, it strikes me, is not less remarkable than its industry, prodigious as that must have been. The Homeric phrases—which appear curiously out of place in the midst of the most careful details of modern warfare, when thrift and preparation of means are magnified as the highest of virtues—express the very meaning of the author, and produce the impression which he intends to produce. Prussians against Austrians are Greeks using their wit and science and steady purpose to overthrow the stupid Asiatics, whom the gods are inclined to patronize. Destiny, then, is surely deified rather than glorified by Friedrich. Again, in Mr. Carlyle's picture he is distinctly the national king, the king of a small nation. The *Reich* is his enemy. To abolish that is, though he does not clearly know it, his work. And it is only with a nation he can have sympathy. Much as Mr. Carlyle abhors all parliamentary government and discourse, he finds that Chatham—the great Commoner, the parliamentary orator—is the one man who can understand his hero because he understands the national interests of England, and cares more for Jenkins's ear than for all the Continental projects of his master. It is pleasant to see this illustrious writer swallowing, not without evident symptoms of disgust and threats of indigestion, his own formulas. It is often painful to see him lashing himself into admiration of his hero, and forcing his reader into the same difficult attitude of mind. Yet here, too, is a struggle with difficulties; the author, like his subject, is a wrestler with fate. That he perpetually denounces all those phantasms, platitudes, incoherences, which each age inherits from its prede-

cessor, adding to the stock which it receives, I need not tell any one; that he looks upon the kingly man as existing not to organize them and make them endurable, but to clear the air of them, is obvious in every page. How, then, can his dogmas resemble the Napoleonic dogmas?

But the counteraction of these dogmas; can we look to him for that? Will the reverence for heroes, or the faint expectation of one, do more than the faith in Constitutions to withstand the advance of that imperial fatalism, which has such evident attractions even for some of the best minds amongst us? I have no dream that it will. Friedrich cannot encounter the Reich of the nineteenth century. Let him have been all that Mr. Carlyle says that he was, what did he bequeath to Prussia which did not stoop to the man whom the world of 1807 worshipped, whose likeness we are asked to worship in 1865? Mr. Carlyle once gave us a history which finished with the advent of that man. It was not properly a heroic history. Those few heroes who crossed the stage vanished rapidly; we did not always know whether the clear and vivid impression which they left upon us while they stayed was a true one. It was a book of destiny. About the truth of it *as such* we could have no doubt. We saw the crimes of the priests, kings, and nobles of France culminating in a terrific judgment; that was described to us as no Greek dramatist could have described it. For we were reminded often by phrases which a Greek dramatist could scarcely have used, though he might have anticipated them, that the word "Judgment" was a more appropriate one than Destiny; that a righteous Judge was really coming forth to demand of men what they had done with the trusts which were committed to them. All fine philosophical language about sequences of events and circumstances was thrown aside by the stern writer of the Revolutionary Epos; often it was dismissed with grim laughter. The old Hebrew phraseology was restored in the nineteenth century. It did not

therefore concern us much if a young Officer of Artillery appeared at the last moment to put down an insurrection, and if a hint were given that there might be many a Marius in that Cæsar. We had learnt that Officers of Artillery, Mariuses, and Cæsars might have their parts to play in the great drama, sometimes principal, sometimes subordinate parts; that each would have his exits and his entrances; but that they would not determine the catastrophe. It would be determined, so Mr. Carlyle often spoke, by "the Eternal Destinies." He sought to avoid cant by that language; the desire was an honourable and a reverent one, though it has often been the excuse for much cant in him and in others.

And, when he next appeared as an historian, that dread had to be thrown aside. Cromwell could not be made to fashion his lips to the new kind of speech. The Kingdom of God in his letters and in his acts could not be translated into any more creditable expression. Mr. Carlyle did not discover any, or wish for any. He revelled in the old Puritan's discourse. He evidently found it more natural to him than any which he had acquired in later days. He accepted it in all its fierceness, all its exclusiveness. One sometimes fears that he has retained the fierceness and exclusiveness, and has let go the substance which made them tolerable, almost beautiful. I will not believe it. I owe Mr. Carlyle too much for teaching me, in spite of much morbid weakness, to see the grandeur and veracity of that substance, and to wish only for deliverance from the accidents which narrow and enfeeble it, ever to endure the thought that he loves the husk, and has thrown away the kernel. Hereafter perhaps he may find, we may all find, that the Emperor has not the slightest dislike to denunciations of parliamentary palaver, to admiration of heroic kings who overturned giants of another generation—above all, to talk about the destinies—but that there is a perplexing and an alarming sound in the old message about a righteous Judge of

Nations, a King of Kings, to which, on the whole, he would rather not listen.

That message has reached us strangely enough within the last two months from a voice which will inspire more respect, I should imagine, in Mr. Dicey than in Mr. Carlyle—from one of the makers, not the writers, of history; the American President, Abraham Lincoln. Though no democrat, having much respect for kings not merely in Mr. Carlyle's sense, but as the representatives of old houses and venerable traditions, I have yet felt the inauguration speech of the Illinois attorney to be one of the most memorable and the most sublime which have been heard in this generation. Whatever the biographer of Cromwell may say, it is just the kind of explanation which Cromwell, in his most honest, straightforward moments, would have given of the civil war of his own time, just the way in which he would have contemplated the trial of battle. With a keener sword than Mr. Carlyle's, it cuts through mere constitutional fictions, through the mere palaver in which Americans are wont to indulge; it brings the whole land and every man in it face to face with the awful facts of their position. There is no effort to disguise these facts in rhetorical rhodomontade, no appeal to the destinies to set any federal statesman or soldier free from his own personal responsibility. I do not indeed find in Mr. Lincoln's sermon, more than in those of the 17th century, much indication of any power which can unite or reconcile the nations. A Lord of Hosts, a great Avenger of wrong-doing, is all that he or they set before us. But how much is this better than the pretty tolerant sayings, the amiable weaknesses in which we indulge, who are at ease and fancy we shall always be so! How much more invigorating it would be to men and nations if they could be nourished on such diet, even if it awakened a hunger for some that was less tough and more juicy! If our statesmen would now and then think Mr. Lincoln's thoughts—though they might wisely abstain from speaking his words—they would do acts which would cheer down-

trodden peoples, and would make their patrons as well as their oppressors ashamed.

That remark brings me back to Europe, and to a country of it with which Mr. Dicey has sympathized not less than with Abraham Lincoln and his Federals. What malice led him to suggest to us, and to the Italians, that terrible parallel of Quintus Flaminius and his dealings with the Greek republics? He himself has forced us to think of it, and he says he is interpreting the mind of the Emperor in doing so. What more could Mazzini say? What note of warning could he give which Mr. Dicey has not given? That is the apology for Villa Franca; that is the sign of what is to come hereafter! I am thankful for the hint on other grounds, and because it gives me an excuse for braving the displeasure of many of your readers, and of many respectable persons, by avowing that Mazzini, like Abraham Lincoln, has spoken words which awaken echoes in my conscience, as I think they have awakened echoes in the conscience of his own country. His favourite phrase, "God and the people"—whatever interpretation he may have sometimes given it, either in speech or in act, which may seem to me feeble and dangerous (I put the two adjectives together, for I hold that what is really strong is not dangerous)—has a power in it which I do not think lies in any diplomacies, or in any conspiracies, or in any foreign war for the sake of an idea. It has the old Savonarola ring. Better than President Lincoln's Puritanism, it speaks of a Deliverer and Restorer, not only of an Avenger. It is what Italians must want especially—what must be almost new to them—would that it had not become grievously old to us!—the announcement of a righteous Being, of One who calls upon them to rise out of the dust, to believe, and to be men. I do not know Signor Mazzini, but I cannot help thinking that he means this. It seems to me that he is very weary of the fatalism of doctrinaires, as well as of emperors; that he does not suppose any people can be free unless they will to

be free ; that he does suppose God can give them the will. I may be mistaken in imputing such notions to him—I hope I am not ; and, if not, though I may not share his Republicanism, I must consider it much healthier and more godly than much of our Conservatism and Liberalism.

Having ventured so far in the parsonic line, I intend to go a step further. I cannot forget by what power Mazzini is confronted in his dreams of Italian reformation, by what power the author of the "Life of Cæsar" is confronted when he aspires to—to—to accomplish a rather different scheme of reformation. Each of them looks somewhat aghast as he approaches it, feeble as its present appearances may be. A fatherhood over Europe, which has lasted at least twelve centuries in the old capital of the world—is not that something to make any one pause and wonder? If it says to the nation of Italy, "Thou shalt not be free; thou art my bondsman; I will hold thee fast," a patriot may be very indignant. He may ask, What are these silken gossamer cords that we cannot tear them in pieces? But cords they are, of whatever stuff they are made. And the Pope speaks as the fair witch spoke to him who had come to spoil the magicians—

"He must be
A stronger than thee
Who shall break these threads of mine."

To the Emperor with his legions, who actually keeps this power alive, the defiance is still more mysterious. But it is still more mighty. "Thou reignest, thou sayest, by Destiny. And do not I reign by Destiny? Thy destiny has lasted not quite as many years as mine has lasted centuries. Did not thy uncle say that the Popedom was so good a conception that it would have been worth his while to establish it if it had not existed? Dost thou think thou canst extinguish what he would have been glad to create?" It is clear that the Cæsar has no answer to these remonstrances. He does not despair of making this strange power subject to

his. He remembers that Augustus was Pontifex Maximus. He has a strong conviction that all religions exist to keep society together. He sees nothing in the proceedings of those who administer this religion to make him doubt that they share his opinion. If he can only come to an understanding with them, if he can only convince them that society means an imperial system—that a Papal system may flourish best and exercise most power in harmony with it, in practical obedience to it—all may yet be well. In the meantime there is a difficulty. Events must not be hurried; let us wait.

Whilst these powers are considering their relations to each other, might not the foe of the magicians be considering if he has no spell which might unbind his hands, and enable him to fulfil his task? I think undoubtedly that the spell is hidden in the words which I have quoted. If the Italian people believes in God, it will be a free people; all the mischief which the authority of any priests or any emperor can do them is this, that they undermine that belief, and substitute for it the acknowledgment of visible power. But, if such a visible power, having its throne in Italy, has claimed dominion over mankind, there can be no private emancipation for that one land—there must be some way in which the yoke may be broken for all lands. It will not be broken till we ask ourselves—we in England as well as those in Italy,—“Is it a delusion, then, that there is a *paternal* government over all nations, not *merely* a King of kings, not *merely* a Judge of each separate people?” If it is a delusion, how strangely it has mingled with the faith of all ages, of all countries! How curiously it lay beneath that edifice of Roman greatness which the Emperor of France supposes was propped up by the decrees of Numa! How it spoke out through the *patria potestas*, through every institution of the commonwealth! What a mockery of it appeared under the empire; just that mockery which gave it the semblance of being the reparation and completion of a shattered

edifice; just that mockery which enabled it to assume the patronage of the universe! If the emperors were, as the biographer of Cæsar thinks, the saviours of the world, this is the name in which they wrought out their salvation. If a Saviour of the world did appear in the days of Augustus, this was the Name in which His kingdom stood; this was that which His disciples proclaimed to all nations; this was that before which the old empire fell. The adoption of the name in after ages, whether by emperors or by popes, has been that which has checked the growth, has stifled the freedom of every nation in Christendom; yet every nation, when it has got quit of the assumption, has been seeking it again under some new shape, hoping so to find the reality. The Holy Alliance claimed a paternal authority over Europe when Napoleon fell; and, strangest of all phenomena, the descendants of Friedrich—the hero-king of Mr. Carlyle, the enemy of the Reich, the despiser of the Popedom, the pupil of Voltaire—have found it necessary to help out the perfection of drill with the dream of a spiritual paternity. The dogmas of the *Kreuz Zeitung* must sustain the demands for a military force by Herr Von Bismark.

May it not be, then, that the reality is to be the deliverance from the tyranny of the pretension, since there seems to be no other? May not this be the very charm which the liberators of Italy want? If they can obtain this, may they not justify the supremacy which she has been permitted to hold among the nations whilst they are renouncing the tyranny which has made it her curse? A Christendom asserting the principle which was expressed in its original charter, which is embodied in its prayer, must demand for each people within it freedom to cultivate and develop its own institutions, must proclaim to all peoples without it their highest human rights. We may have to pass to such a consummation through

more tremendous experiences of anarchy and of imperial despotism than we have yet known. But, to keep it steadily in sight, to hope for it against hope, to be sure that it must come at last, this may preserve us from sinking into the sloth of fatalism—this may help us to draw consolation from every source; from those who have believed that each people has an imperishable life and order; from those who have described the efforts of heroic men; from those who have recorded or have seen the fearful judgments on the crimes of nations; from those who, when they were sunk in their lowest abyss, have bidden them trust in God, and take courage from the doctrine that men are raised up when they are wanted to break, not to rivet, the fetters of their race.

NOTE.—In what I have said of Quintus Flaminius, I have not wished to pronounce upon his character—whether he was, as some say, a true Philhellenist, or whether he was only plotting to deliver the Greek cities from Macedonia that he might make them the subjects of Rome. That, no doubt, is an open question. I was thinking only of the ultimate result, which must be rather appalling to Italian patriots, if the partial deliverance of their country from the Austrian yoke has any parallel and precedent in the old story. I ought to have made an exception in speaking of Mr. Carlyle's abstinence from the common use of the term Providence, without a Provider, as the designation of some agency in the affairs of the world. He does resort to the phrase when he is speaking of Frederick's share in the spoils of Poland. The hero took, it seems, what Providence gave him. Surely a *dignus vindice nodus*, illustrating the remark of an eminent man that Providence means, for a number of people, "The Devil in a strait waistcoat!"

CRADOCK NOWELL: A TALE OF THE NEW FOREST.

BY RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE.

CHAPTER I.

WITHIN the New Forest, and not far from its western boundary, as defined by the second perambulation of the good king Edward the First, stands the old mansion of the Nowells, the Hall of Nowelhurst. Not content with its exemption from all feudal service, their estate claims privileges, both by grant and custom. The benefit of Morefall trees in six walks of the forest, the right of digging marl and turbary illimitable, common of pannage, and licence of drawing skermast, pastime even of hawkling over some parts of the Crown land,—all these will be found catalogued as claims quite indefeasible, if the old estates come to the hammer, through the events that form my story. With many of these privileges, perhaps, the Royal Commissioners will deal sentimentally, so soon as the Nowell influence shall be lost in the neighbouring boroughs; but as yet those claims have not been treated like those of some poor commoners. "Poh, poh, my man, don't be preposterous: you know, as well as I do, these gipsy freedoms were only allowed to balance the harm the deer did." And if the rights of that ancient family are ever called in question, some there are which will require a special Act to abolish them. For Charles the Second, of merry memory (saddened somewhat of late years), espied among the maids of honour an uncommonly pretty girl, whose name was Frances Nowell. He suddenly remembered, what had hitherto quite escaped him, how old Sir Cradock Nowell—beautiful Fanny's father—had saved him from a pike-thrust during Cromwell's "crowning mercy." In gratitude, of course, for this he began to pay most warm attentions to the Hampshire maiden. The father he per-

pitiated with the only boon he craved—craved hitherto all in vain—a plenary grant of easements in the neighbourhood of his home. Soon as the charter had received the royal seal and signature, the old gentleman briskly thrust it away in the folds of his velvet mantle. Then taking the same view of gratitude which his liege and master took, home he went without delay to secure his privileges. When the king heard that the old cavalier was gone, and without any kissing of hands, he was in no wise disconcerted; it was the very thing he had intended. But when he heard that lovely Fanny was gone in the same old ricketty coach, even ere he began to whisper, and with no leave of the queen, His Majesty swore his utmost for nearly half an hour. Then having spent his fury, he laughed at the "sell," as he would have called it if the slang had been invented, and turned his royal attention to another of his wife's young maidens.

Nowelhurst Hall looks too respectable for any loose doings of any sort. It stands well away from the weeping of trees, like virtue shy of sentiment, and therefore has all the wealth of foliage shed just where it pleases, around it. From a rising ground the house has sweet view of all the forest changes, and has seen three hundred springs wake in glory, and three hundred autumns waning. Spreading away from its wider, wider slopes "the chace," as they call it, with great trees stretching paternal arms in the vain attempt to hold it. For two months of the twelve, when the heather is in blossom, all that chace is a glowing reach of amaranth and purple. Then it takes away to pale orange, like olive, and a rusty brown when Christmas shudders over it; and so throughout young green and russet, till the July tint comes back again.

Sometimes in the spring morning the blackcocks—"heathpoults" as they call them—lift their necks in the livening heather, swell their ruffing breasts, and crow for their rivals to spar with them. Below the chace the whiskers of the curling wood converge into a giant beard, tufted here and there with hues of a varying richness; but for the main of it, swelling and waving, crisping, fronding, feathering, coying, and darkening here and there, until it reach the silver mirror of the spreading sea. And the seaman, looking upwards from the war-ship bound for India, looking back at his native land, for the last of all times it may be, over brushwood waves, and billows of trees, and the long heave of the gorse-land: "Now, that's the sort of place," he says, as the distant gables glisten; "the right sort of berth for our jolly old admiral, and me for his butler, please God, when we've licked them Crappos as they deserves."

South-west of the house, half a mile away, and scattered along the warren, the simple village of Nowelhurst digests its own joys and troubles. In and out the houses stand, endwise, crossways, set obliquely, anyhow except upside down, and some even tending that way. It looks like a game of dominoes, when the leaves of the table have opened and gape betwixt the players. Nevertheless, it is all very nice, for none are bitterly poor there; in any case of illness, they have the great house to help them, not proudly, but with feeling; and, more than this, they have a parson who leads instead of driving them. There are two little shops that do their best to under-sell each other, and one mild alehouse conducted strictly upon philosophic principles. Philosophy under pressure, a caviller would call it, for the publican knows, and so do all his customers, that if poachers were encouraged there, or any uproarious doings permitted (except in the week of the old and new year), down would come his licence-board, like a flag hauled in at sunset. As they draw two sorts of ale here, each worse than the other, this alehouse has two signs: first, it is

called the "Nowell Arms;" and then, on a board collateral, the "Welcome to Town, My Lads," as if that were the Nowell motto. The fact is, that an enterprising landlord, some three generations ago, employed a rising youth of the village, while apprenticed to a Lymington glazier, to paint in all their glory the quarterings of the Nowells. Truly graphic was this youth, and a real artist; ere ever he dipped his brush *respice finem* was in his mind, all unconsciously, as of genius. At the bottom of the slaps and dashes—jail-bars, cats, and housemaid's brushes, as he made them out, all of which he could do easily—was something he could not do. It was the low punning motto—but a decent pun for heraldry—*EJ oða*, "I know-well." That stodged him altogether. He began to think deeply about it; and thought is fatal to action. In those days existed no *Bell's Life*, *Family Herald*, or *Cassell's Paper*, of universal correspondency; ere that unlucky 'prentice could begin upon the big pine-board with paint (which belonged to his master) it was high time for him to go back bodily, and the chinks were hard against him. But, having genius, as I said, he rose to the emergency. He sawed into two the great board, so as to go between the windows, then jotted in one corner, with the stump end of his brush, kittens and chequers countless; then, starting free and great of heart, as all true painters should be, he immortalised, in letters all tumbling on their stomachs, the jolly landlord's warm salutation, closing with two right hands clasped, and blue from force of pressure.

Nowelhurst village is not on the main road, but keeps a straggling companionship with a quiet parish highway which requires much encouragement. This little highway does its best to blink the many difficulties, or, if that may not be, to compromise them, and establish a pleasant footing upon its devious wandering way from the Lymington road to Ringwood. Here it goes zig to escape the frown of a heavy-browed crest of furzery, and then it comes zag when no soul expects it, because a little stream

has babbled at it. It even seems to bob and dip, or jump, as the case may be, for fear of prying into an old oak's storey or dusting a piece of grass land. The hard-hearted traveller who lives express, and is bound for the train at Ringwood, curses, I fear, up hill and down dale, the quiet lane's inconsistency. What right has any road to do anything but go straight on end to its purpose? What decent road stops for a gossip with flowers—flowers overhanging the steep ascent—or eavesdropping on the rabbit-holes? And isn't it too bad? He is sure those ferns shelter the horse-fly—that horrible forest-fly, whose tickling no civilized horse can endure—and the gnats—why, they ought to be called mosquitoes—cloud breed, the nasty beggars, round the blossoms of the great spearwort, and the reeds where the stream is tinkling. Even locusts he has heard of as abounding in the New Forest; and, if a swarm of them comes this very hot weather, good-bye to him, horse and trap, newest patterns, sweet plaid, and chaste things.

And good-bye to thee, thou bustling "traveller"—whether technically so called or otherwise,—a very good fellow in thy way, but not of nature's pattern. So counter-sunk, so turned in a lathe, so pressed and rolled by steam-power, and then condensed hydraulically, that the extract of flowers upon thy shirt is but as the oil of machinery. But we who carry no chronometer, neither puff locomotively—now he is round the corner—let us saunter down this lane beyond the mark-oak and the black-smith's, even to the sandy rise whence the hall is seen. The rabbits are peeping forth again, for the breath of dew is shimmering; the sun has just finished a good day's work and is off for the western waters. Over the rounded heads and bosses, and then the darker dimples of the many-coloured foliage—many-coloured even now with summer's glory fusing it—over heads and shoulders, and breasts of heaving green floods the lucid amber, trembling at its own beauty—the first acknowledged leniency of the July sun. Now every

moment has its difference. Having once acknowledged that he may have been too downright in his ride of triumph, the sun, like every generous nature, scatters broadcast his amends. Overholt, and knoll, and lea, and narrow dingle, scooped with shadow where the brook is wimpling, and through the breaks of grass and gravel, where the heather purples, scarcely yet in prime flush, and down the tall wood overhanging, mossed and lichened, green and grey, as the grove of Druids—over, through, and under all flows pervading sunset. Then the birds begin discoursing of the thoughts within them—thoughts that are all happiness, and thrill and swell in utterance. Through the voice of the thicket-birds—the mavis, the whin-chats, and the warblers—comes the tap of the yaffingale, the sharp, short cry of the honey-buzzard above the squirrel's cage, and the plaining of the turtle-dove.

But from birds and flowers, winding roads and woods, and waters where the trout are leaping, come we back to the only thing that interests a man much—the life, the doings, and the death of his fellow men. From this piece of yellow road, where the tree-roots twist and wrestle, we can see the great old house, winking out of countless windows, deep with sloping shadows, mantling back from the forest arms in a stately, sad reserve. It looks like a house that can endure and not talk about affliction, that could disclose some tales of passion were it not undignified, that remembers many a generation, and is mildly sorry for them. Oh! house of the Nowells, grey with shadow, wrapped in lonely grandeur, cold with the dews of evening and the tone of the forest nightfall, never through twenty generations hast thou known a darker fortune than is gathering now around thee, growing through the summer months, deepening ere the leaves fall! All men, we know, are born for trial, to work, to bear, to purify; but some there are whom God has marked for sorrow from their cradle. And strange as it appears to us, whose image is inverted, almost always these are they who *seem* to lack

no probation. The gentle and the large of heart, the meek and unpretending, yet gifted with a rank of mind that needs no self-assertion, trebly vexed in this wayfaring, I doubt not they are blest tenfold in the everlasting equipoise.

Perhaps it was the July evening that made me speculative, if the things, which in our deep heart we trust, savour of speculation; but now let us gaze from that hill again, under the fringe of autumn's gold, in the ripeness of October. The rabbits are gone to bed much earlier—comparatively, I mean, with the sun's retirement—because the dew is getting cold, and so has lost its flavour; and a nest of young weasels is coming abroad, “and really makes it unsafe, my dear,” says Mrs. Bunny to her third family, “to keep our long-standing engagements.” “Send cards instead,” says the timid Miss Cony; “I can write them, mamma, on a polypod.” Now, though the rabbits will not come to help, we can see the congregation returning down the village from the church, which is over the bridge, towards Lymington, and seems set aside to meditate. In straggling groups, as gossip lumps them, or the afternoon sermon disposes, home they straggle, wondering whether the girl has kept the fire up. Kept the fire “blissy” is the bodily form of the house-thought. But all the experienced matrons of the village have got together; and two, who have served as monthly nurses, are ready to pull side-hair out. There is nothing like science for setting people hard by the ears and the throat-strings. But we who are up in the forest here can catch no buzz of voices, nor even gather the point of dispute, while they hurry on to recount their arguments, and triumph over the virile mind, which, of course, knows nothing about it.

The question is when Lady Nowell will give an heir to the name, the house, the village, the estates, worth fifty thousand a year—an heir long time expected, hoped for in vain through six long years, now reasonably looked for. All the matrons have settled that it must be on a Sunday; everybody

knows that Sunday is the day for all grand ceremonies. Even Nanny Gammam's pigs— But why pursue their arguments—the taste of the present age is so wonderfully nice and delicate. I can only say that the Gammers, who snubbed the Gaffers upon the subject, miscarried by a fortnight, though right enough hebdomadally. They all fixed it for that day fortnight, but it was done while they were predicting. And not even the monthly nurses anticipated, no one ever guessed at the contingency of—twins.

CHAPTER II.

“WHISTREW, whistrew, every bit of me! Whativer will I do, God knows. The blue ribbon there forenint me, and the blessed infants one to aich side!”

The good nurse fell against a chest of drawers, as she uttered this loud lament; the colour ebbed from her cherry cheeks, and her sturdy form shook with terror. She had scarcely turned her back, she could swear, upon her precious charges; and now only look at the murder of it! Two little cots stood side by side, not more than four feet asunder; and on each cot fast asleep lay a fine baby, some three or four days old. Upon the floor between them was a small rosette of blue ribbon. The infants were slumbering happily; and breathing as calmly as could be. Each queer little dump of a face was nestled into its pillow; and a small red podge, which was meant for an arm, lay crosswise upon the flannel. Nothing could look more delicious to the eyes of a fine young woman.

Nevertheless that fine young woman, Mrs. Biddy O'Gaghan, stood gazing from one cot to the other, in hopeless and helpless dismay. Her comely round face was drawn out with horror, her mouth wide open, and large tears stealing into her broad blue Irish eyes.

“And the illigant spots upon them, as like as two Blemishing spannels; nor the blissed saints in heaven, if so be they was tuk to glory, afore they do be made hairyticks, cudn't know one from

the ither, no more nor the winds from the brazes. And there go the doctor's bell again! Oh whurrastrew, whurra, whurra!"

Now Biddy O'Gaghan would scarcely have been head-nurse at Nowelhurst Hall, before she was thirty years old, but for her quick self-reliance. She was not the woman therefore to wring her hands long, and look foolish. Her Irish wit soon suggested so many modes of solution, all so easy, and all so delightfully free from reason, that the only question was how to listen to all at once. First she went and bolted carefully both the doors of the nursery. Then, with a look of triumph, she rushed to her yellow workbox, snatched up a roll of narrow tape, some pins, and a pair of scissors, and knelt upon the floor very gingerly, where the blue ribbon lay. Then, having pinned one end of the tape to the centre of the rosette, and the rosette itself to the carpet, she let the roll run with one hand, and drew the tape tight with the other, until it arrived at the nose of the babe ensconced in the right-hand cot. There she cut it off sharply, with a snip that awoke the child, who looked at her contemplatively from a pair of large grey eyes. Leaving him to his meditations, she turned the tape on the pin, and drew it towards the nasal apology of the other infant. The measure would not reach; it was short by an inch and a half. What clearer proof could be given of the title to knot and pendency?

But alas for Biddy's triumph! The infant last geometrised awoke at that very moment, and lifting his soft fat legs, in order to cry with great comfort, disclosed the awkward fact that his left knee was nearer by three inches to the all-important rosette, than was any part of his brother. Biddy shook anew, as she drew the tape to the dimples. What is the legal centre of a human being? Upon my word I think I should have measured from the *ὀμφαλός*.

Ere further measurement could be essayed, all the premises were gone utterly; for the baby upon the right contrived to turn in the flannels, as an

unsettled silkworm pupa rolls in his cocoon. And he managed to revolve in the wrong direction; it was his fate through life. Instead of coming towards the rosette, as a selfish baby would have done, away he went with his grey eyes blinking at the handle of the door. Then he put up his lips, like the ring of a limpet, and poked both his little fists into his mouth.

"Well, I never," cried Bridget; "that settles it altogether. Plase the saints an' he were a rogue, it's this way he'd ha' come over on his blessed little empty belly. My darlin' dumplin' dillikina, it's you as it belongs to, and a fool I must be to doubt of it. Don't I know the bend o' your nose, and the way your purty lips dribbles then? And to think I was near a robbing you! What with the sitting up o' nights, and the worry of that carroty spalpeen, and the way as they sends my meals up, Paddy O'Gaghan as is in glory wud take me for another man's wife."

With great relief and strong conviction, Mrs. O'Gaghan began to stitch the truant rosette upon the cap of the last-mentioned baby, whence (or from that of the other) it had dropped through her own loose carelessness, before they were cuddled away. And with that ribbon she stitched upon him the heritage of the old family, the name of "Cradock Nowell," borne by the eight last baronets, and the largest estates and foremost rank in all the fair county of Hants.

"Sure an' it won't come off again," said Biddy to the baby, as she laid down her needle, for like all genuine Irishwomen she despised a thimble; "and it's meself as is to blame, for not taking a nick on your ear, dear. A big fool I must be only to plait it in afore, and only for thinkin as it wud come crossways, when you wint to your blissed mammy, dear. And little more you be likely to get there, I'm afear'd, me darlin'. An' skeared anybody would be to hoort so much as a hair o' your skull, until such time as you has any, you little jule of jewels, and I kisses every bit on you, and knows what you

be thinking on in the dead hoor of the night. Bless your ticksy-wicksies, and the ground as you shall step on, and the children as you shall have."

Unprepared as yet to contemplate the pleasures of paternity, Master Cradock Nowell elect opened great eyes and great mouth, in the untutored wrath of hunger; while from the other cot arose a lusty yell, as of one already visited by the injustice of the world. This bitter cry awoke the softness and the faint misgivings of the Irishwoman's heart.

"And the pity of the world it is ye can't both be the eldest. And bedad you should, if Biddy O'Gaghan had the making of the laws. There shan't be any one iver can say as ye haven't had justice, me honey."

Leaving both the unconscious claimants snugly wrapped and smiling, she called to her assistants, now calmly at tea in an inner room. "Miss Penny, run down now just, without thinking, and give my compliments, Mrs. O'Gaghan's kind compliments to the house-keeper's room, and would Mrs. Toaster oblige me with her big square scales? No weights you needn't bring, you know. Only the scales, and be quick with them."

"And please, ma'am, what shall I say as you wants them for?"

"Never you mind, Jane Penny. Wait you till your betters asks of you. And mayn't I weigh my grandfather's silver, without I ask you, Jane Penny? And likely you'd rather not, and good reason for that same, I dessay, after the way as I leaves it open."

Overlooking this innuendo, as well as the slight difficulty of weighing, without weights, imaginary bullion, Miss Penny hurried away; for the wrath of the nurse was rising, and it was not a thing to be tampered with. When Jane returned with the beam of justice, and lingered fondly in the doorway to watch its application, the head-nurse sidled her grandly into the little room, and turned the key upon her.

"Go and finish your tea, Miss Penny. No draughts in this room, if you please, miss. Save their little sows, and divil

a hair upon them. Now come here, my two chickabiddies."

Adjusting the scales on the bed, where at night she lay with the infants warm upon her, she took the two red lumps of innocence in her well-rounded arms, and laid one in either scale. As she did so, they both looked up and smiled: it reminded them, I suppose, of being laid in their cradles. Blessing them both, and without any nervousness—for to her it could make no difference—she raised by the handle the balance. It was a very nice question—which baby rose first from the counterpane. So very slight was the difference, that the rosette itself might almost have turned the scale. But there was a perceptible difference, of perhaps about half an ounce, and that in favour of the sweet-tempered babe who now possessed the ribbon; and who, as the other rose slowly before him, drew up his own little toes, and tried prematurely to crow at him. Prematurely, my boy, in many ways.

No further mistrust was left in the mind of Mrs. O'Gaghan. Henceforth that rosetted infant is like to outweigh and outmeasure his brother, a hundred, a thousand fold, in every balance, by every standard, save those of self, and of true love, and perhaps of the Kingdom of Heaven.

CHAPTER III.

THE reason why Mrs. O'Gaghan, generally so prompt and careful, though never very lucid, had neglected better precautions in a matter so important, was simply and solely this.—Lady Nowell, the delicate mother, was dying. It had been known, ever since the birth, that she had scarcely any chance of recovery. And Biddy loved her with all her warm heart, and so did every one in the house who owned a heart that *could* love. In the great anxiety, all things were upside down. None of the servants knew where to go for orders, and few could act without them; the house-keeper was all abroad; house-steward there was none; head-butler Hogstaff

cried in his pantry, and wiped his eyes with the leathers; and as for the master of them all, Sir Craddock Nowell himself, he rarely left the darkened room, and when he did he could not see well.

A sweet frail creature the young mother was, wedded too early, as happens here more often than we are aware of. Then disappointed, and grieving still more at her husband's disappointment, she had set her whole heart so long and so vainly upon prospective happiness, that now it was come she had not the strength to do anything more than smile at it. And smile she did, very sweetly, all the time she knew she was dying; she felt so proud of those two fine boys, and could not think how she had them. Ever so many times Sir Craddock, hanging fondly over her wan sweet face, ordered the little wretches away, who would keep on coming to trouble her. But every time she looked up at him with such a feeble glory, and such a dash of humour,—“You've got them at last, and now you don't care a bit about them; but oh! please do for my sake;” every time her fading eyes followed them to the door so, that the loving husband, cold with the shadow of the coming void, had to whisper, “Bring them back, put them here between us.”

Although he knew that she was dying, he could not feel it yet; the mind admitted that fearful truth, but the heart repulsed it. Further as she sunk, and further yet, from his pleading gaze, the closer to her side he crept, the more he clasped her shadowy hands, and raised her drooping neck; the fonder grew the entreating words, the whispers of the love-time, faint smiles that hoped to win her smile, although they moved in tears. And smile she did once more on earth, through the ashy hue—the shadow of the soul's wings fluttering—when two fresh lives, bought by her death, were shown for the farewell to her.

“And if it's wrong, then, she'll make it right,” thought the conscientious Biddy. I can take my oath on't she knowed the differ from the very first,

though nobody else couldn't see it, barring the caps they was put in. Now if only that gossoon will consent to her see them once more, and it can't hurt the poor darlin'—and the blessing as comes from the death's gaze—”

Mrs. O'Gaghan's doubts were ended by the entrance of the doctor, a spare, short man, with a fiery face, red hair, and quick little eyes. He was not more than thirty years old, but knew his duties thoroughly; nevertheless, he would not have been there but for the sudden emergency. He was now come to fetch the nurse, having observed that the poor mother's eyes were gleaming feebly, once and again, towards the door that led to the nursery; and at last she had tried to raise her hand, and point in that direction. So in came Biddy, sobbing hard, with a babe on either arm; and she curtsied cleverly to Sir Craddock without disturbing the equipoise. But the mother's glance was not judicial, as poor Biddy had expected—her heart and soul were far beyond rosettes, and even titles. In one long, yearning look, she lingered on her new-born babes, then turned those hazy eyes in fondness to her kneeling husband's, then tried to pray or bless the three, and shivered twice, and died.

For days and weeks Sir Craddock Nowell bore his life but did not live. All his clear intellect and strong will, noble plans, and useful labours, all his sense of truth and greatness, lay benumbed and frozen in the cold track of death. He could not bear to see his children, he would not even hear of them; “they had robbed him of his loved one, and what good were they? Little red things; perhaps he would love them when they grew like their mother.” Those were not his expressions, for he was proud and shy; but that was the form his thoughts would take, if they could take any. No wonder that he, for a time, was lost beyond the verge of reason; because that blow, which most of all stuns and defeats the upright man, had descended on him—the blow to the sense of justice. This a man of large mind feels often from his

fellow-man, never from his Maker. But Sir Craddock was a man of intellect, rather than of mind. To me a large mind seems to be strong intellect quickened with warm heart. Sir Craddock Nowell had plenty of intellect, and plenty of heart as well, but he kept the two asunder. So much the better for getting on in the world; so much the worse for dealing with God. A man so constituted rarely wins, till overborne by trouble, that only knowledge which falls (like genius) where our Father listeth. So the bereaved man measured justice by the ells and inches of this world.

And it did seem very hard, that he who had lived for twenty years, from light youth up to the balance age of forty, not only without harming any fellow-mortal, but, upon fair average, to do good in the world—it seemed, I say—it *was*, thought he—most unjust that such a man could not set his serious heart upon one little treasure without losing it the moment he had learned its value. Now, with pride to 'spur sad memory—bronze spurs to a marble horse—he remembered how his lovely Violet chose him from all others. Gallant suitors crowded round her, for she was rich as well as beautiful; but she quietly came from out them all for him, a man of twice her age. And he who had cared for none till then, and had begun to look on woman as a stubby-bearded man looks back at the romance of his first lather, he first admired her grace and beauty, then her warmth of heart and wit, then, scorning all analysis, her own sweet self; and loved her.

A few days after the funeral he was walking sadly up and down in his lonely library, caring no whit for his once-loved books, for the news of the day, or his business, and listless to look at anything, even the autumn sunset; when the door was opened quietly, and shyly through the shadows stole his schoolfellow of yore, his truest friend, John Rosedew. With this gentleman I take a very serious liberty; but he never yet was known to resent a liberty taken honestly. That, however, does not justify me. "John

Rosedew" I intend to call him, because he likes it best; and so he would though ten times a Bachelor of Divinity, a late Vice-Principal of his college, and the present Rector of Nowelhurst. Formerly I did my best, loving well the character, to describe that simple-minded, tender-hearted yeoman, John Huxtable, of Tossil's Barton, in the county of Devon. Like his, as like as any two of Nature's ever-varied works, was the native grain and staple of the Rev. John Rosedew. Beside those little inborn and indying variations which Nature still insists on, that she may know her sons apart, those two genial Britons differed both in mental and bodily endowments, and through education. In spite of that, they were, and are, as like to one another as any two men can be who have no smallness in them. Small men run pretty much of a muchness; as the calibre increases, so the divergence multiplies.

Farmer Huxtable was no fool; but having once learned to sign his name, he had attained his maximum of literary development; John Rosedew, on the other hand, although a strong and well-built man, who had pulled a good oar in his day, was not, in bulk and stature, a match for Hercules or Milo. Unpretending, gentle, a lover of the truth, easily content with others, but never with himself, even now, at the age of forty, he had not overcome the bashfulness and diffidence of a fine and sensitive nature. And, first-rate scholar as he was, he would have lost his class at Oxford solely through that shyness, unless a kind examiner, who saw his blushing agony, had turned from some commonplace of Sophocles to a glorious passage of Pindar. Then, carried away by the noble poet, John Rosedew forgot the schools, the audience, even the row of examiners, and gave grand thoughts their grand expression, breathing free as the winds of heaven. Nor till his voice began to falter from the high emotion, and his heart beat fast, though not from shame, and the tears of genius touched by genius were difficult to check, not till then knew he, or guessed, that every eye was fixed upon him, that every heart

was thrilling, that even the stiff examiners bent forward like eager children, and the young men in the gallery could scarcely keep from cheering. Then suddenly, in the full sweep of magnificence, he stopped, like an eagle shot.

Now the parson, ruddy-cheeked, with a lock of light brown hair astray upon his forehead, and his pale, blue eyes looking much as if he had just awoke and rubbed them, came shyly and with deep embarrassment into the darkening room. For days and days he had thought and thought, but could not at all determine whether, and when, and how, he ought to visit his ancient friend. His own heart suggested first that he ought to go at once, if only to show the bereaved one that still there were some to love him. To this right impulse—and the impulse of a heart like his could seldom be a wrong one—rose counter-checks of worldly knowledge, such little as he had. And it seemed to many people strange and unaccountable, that if Mr. Rosedew piqued himself upon anything whatever, it was not on his learning, his purity, or benevolence, it was not on his gentle bearing, or the chivalry of his soul, but on a fine acquirement, whereof in all opinions (except, perhaps, his own) he possessed no jot or tittle—a strictly-disciplined and astute experience of the world. Now this supposed experience told him that it might seem coarse and forward to offer the hard grasp of friendship ere the soft clasp of love was cold; that he, as the clergyman of the parish, would appear to presume upon his office; that no proud man could ever bear to have his anguish pryed into. These, and many other misgivings and objections, met his eager longings to help his dear old friend.

Suddenly and to his great relief—for he knew not how to begin, though he felt how and mistrusted it—the old friend turned upon him from his lonely pacing, and held out both his hands. Not a word was said by either; what they meant required no telling, or was told by silence. Long time they sat in

the western window, John Rosedew keeping his eyes from sunset, which did not suit them then. At last he said, in a low voice, which it cost him much to find,—

“What name, dear Craddock, for the younger babe? Your own, of course, for the elder.”

“No name, John, but his sweet mother’s; unless you like to add his uncle’s.”

John Rosedew was puzzled lamentably. He could not bear to worry his friend any more upon the subject; and yet it seemed to him sad, false concord, to christen a boy as “Violet.” But he argued that, in botanical fact, a violet is male as well as female, and at such a time he could not think of thwarting a widower’s yearnings. In spite of all his worldly knowledge, it never occurred to his simple mind that poor Sir Craddock meant the lady’s maiden surname, which I believe was “Inledon.” And yet he had suggestive precedent brought even then before him, for Sir Craddock Nowell’s brother bore the name of “Clayton;” which name John Rosedew added now, and found relief in doing so.

Thus it came to pass, that the babe without rosette was baptized as “Violet Clayton,” while the owner of the bauble received the name of “Craddock”—Craddock Nowell, now the ninth in lineal succession. The father was still too broken down to care about being present; godfathers and godmothers made all their vows by proxy. Mrs. O’Gaghan held the infants, and one of them cried, and the other laughed. The rosette was there in all its glory, and received a tidy sprinkle; and the wearer of it was, as usual, the one who took things easily. As the common children said, who came to see the great ones “loustering,” the whole affair was rather like a white burying than a baptism. Nevertheless, the tenants and labourers moistened their semi-regenerate clay with many a fontful of good ale, to ensure the success of the ceremony.

CHAPTER IV.

It is not pleasant to recur, to have a relapse of chronology, neither does it show good management on the part of a writer. Nevertheless, being free of time among these forest by-ways, I mean to let the pig now by the ear unfold his tail, or curl it up, as the weather suits him. And now he runs back for a month or two, trailing the rope from his left hind-leg.

Poor Lady Nowell had become a mother, as indeed we learned from the village gossip, nearly a fortnight before the expected time. Dr. Jellicorse Bul-ler, a very skilful man, in whom the Hall had long confided, was suddenly called to London, the day before that on which we last climbed the hill towards Ringwood. With Sir Cradock's full consent, he obeyed the tempting summons. So in the hurry and flutter of that October Sunday, it seemed a most lucky thing to obtain, in a thinly-peopled district, the prompt attendance of any medical man. And but that a gallant regiment then happened to be on the march from Dorchester to Southampton, thence to embark for India, no masculine aid would have been forthcoming till after the event. But the regimental surgeon, whose name was Rufus Hutton, did all that human skill could do, and saved the lives of both the infants, but could not save the young mother. Having earned Sir Cradock's lasting gratitude, and Biddy O'Gaghan's strong execrations, he was compelled to rejoin his regiment, then actually embarking.

The twins grew fast, and thrrove a-main, under Mrs. O'Gahan's motherly care, and shook the deep-rooted country faith, that children brought up by hand are sure to be puny weaklings. Nor was it long till nature re-asserted her authority, and claimed her rights of compensation. The father began to think more and more, first of his duty towards the dead mother, and then of his duty towards his children; and ere long, affection set to work, and drove

duty away till called for, which happened as we shall see presently. By the time those two pretty babies were "busy about their teeth," Cradock Nowell the elder was so deep in odontology, that Biddy herself could not answer him, and was afraid to ask any questions. He watched each little white cropper, as a girl peers day by day into a starting hyacinth. Then, when they could walk, they followed daddy everywhere, and he never was happy without them. It was a pretty thing to see them toddling down the long passages, stopping by the walls to prattle, "crawling at the slippery parts, where the newly-invented tiles shone. And the father would dance away backwards from them, forgetting all about the grand servants, clapping his hands to encourage them, and holding an orange as prize for a crawling-race—then whisk away round a corner, and lay his cheek flat to the wainscot, to peep at his sons, and learn which of them was the braver. And in those days, I think, he was proud to find that Cradock Nowell, the heir of the house, was by far the more gallant baby. Which of the two was the prettier, not even sharp Biddy could say; so strongly alike were they.

Then, as they turned two years and a half, and could jump with both feet at once, without the spectator growing sad on the subject of biped deficiencies, their father would lie down on the carpet, and make them roll and jump over him. He would watch their little spotted legs with intense appreciation; and if he got ruffled or pinched from childhood's wild sense of humour, instead of depressing him, I declare it quite set him up for the day, sir. And he never bothered himself or them by attempts to forecast their destinies. There they were enjoying themselves, uproariously happy, as proud as Punch of their exploits, and the father a great deal prouder. All three as blest for the moment, as full of life and rapture, as God meant His creatures to be, so often as they are wise enough; and in the name of God, let them be so!

But then there came a time of spoiling, a time of doing just what they liked, even after their eyes were opening to the light and shadow of right and wrong. If they smiled, or pouted, or even cried—though in that they were very moderate—in a fashion which descended to them from their darling mother, thereupon great right and law, and even toughest prejudice, fell flat as rolled dough before them. So they toddled about most gloriously, with a strong sense of owning the universe.

Next ensued a time of mighty retribution. Astræa, with her feelings hurt, came down for a slashing moment. Fond as he was, and far more weak than he ever had been before, Sir Cradock Nowell was not a fool. He saw it was time to check the licence, ere mischief grew irretrievable. Something flagrant occurred one day; both the children were in for it; they knew as well as possible that they were jolly rogues together, and together in their childish counsel they resolved to stand it out. I think it was that they had stolen into Mrs. Toaster's choicest cupboard, and hardly left enough to smell at in a two-pound pot of green-gage jam. Anyhow, there they stood, scarlet in face and bright of eye, back to back, with their broad white shoulders, their sturdy legs set wide apart, and their little heels stamping defiantly. Mrs. Toaster had not the heart to do anything but kiss them, with a number of "O fies!" and they accepted her kisses indignantly, and wiped their lips with their pinafores. They knew that they were in the wrong, but they had not tried to conceal it, and they meant to brazen it out. They looked such a fine pair of lords of the earth, and vindicated their felony with so grand an air, such high contempt of all justice, that Cookey and Hogstaff, empaneled as jury, said, "Drat the little darlings, let 'em have the other pot, men!" But as their good star would have it, Mrs. O'Gaghan came after them. Upsetting the mere *nisi prius* verdict, she marched them off, one in either hand, to the great judge sitting *in banco*, Sir Cradock him-

self, in the library. With the sense of heavy wrong upon them, the little hearts began to fail, as they climbed with tugs instead of jumps, and no arithmetic of the steps, the narrow flight of stone stairs that led from regions culinary. But they would not shed a tear, not they, nor even say they were sorry, otherwise Biddy (who herself was crying) would have let them go with the tap of a battledore.

Poor little souls, they got their deserts with very little ceremony. When Biddy began to relate their crime, one glance at their father's face was enough; they hung behind, and dropped their eyes, and flushed all under their curling hair. Yet little did they guess the indignity impending. Hogstaff had followed all the way, and so had Mrs. Toaster, to plead for them. Sir Cradock sent them both away, and told Biddy to wait outside. Then he led his children to an inner room, and calmly explained his intentions. These were of such a nature that the young offenders gazed at each other in dumb amazement and horror, which very soon grew eloquent as the sentence was being executed. But the brave little fellows cried more, I believe, at the indignity than the pain of it.

Then the stern father ordered them out of his sight for the day, and forbade every one to speak to them until the following morning; and away the twins went, hand in hand, down the cold, cruel passage, their long flaxen hair all flowing together, and shaking to the sound of their contrite sobs and heart-pangs. At the corner, by the steward's room, they turned with one accord, and looked back wistfully at their father. Sir Cradock had been saying to himself, as he rubbed his hands after the exercise—"A capital day's work: what a deal of good it will do them; the self-willed little rascals!" but the look cast back upon him was so like their mother's when he had done anything to vex her, that away he rushed to his bedroom, and had to wash his face afterwards.

But, of course, he held to his stern resolve to see them no more that evening, otherwise the lesson would be

utterly thrown away. Holding to it as he did, the effect surpassed all calculation. It was the turning-point in their lives.

"My boy, you know it hurts me a great deal more than you," says the hypocritical usher, who rather enjoys the cane-swing. The boy knows it is hypocrisy, and is morally hurt more than physically. But wholly different is the result when the patient knows and feels the deep love of the agent, and cannot help believing that justice has flogged the judge. And hitherto their flesh had been intemperate and inviolable; the strictest orders had been issued that none should dare to slap them, and all were only too prone to coax and pet the beautiful angels. Little angels: treated so, they would soon have been little devils. As for the warning given last week, they thought it a bit of facetiousness: so now was the time, of all times, to strike temperately, but heavily.

That night they went to bed before dark, without having cared for tea or toast, and Biddy's soft heart ached by the pillow, as they lay in each other's arms, hugged one another, having now none else in the world to love, and sobbed their little troubles off into moaning slumber.

On the following morning, without any concert or debate, and scarcely asking why, the little things went hand in hand, united more than ever by the recent visitation, as far as the door of their father's bedroom. There they slunk behind a curtain; and when he came out, the rings above fluttered with fear and love and hope. Much as the father's heart was craving, he made believe to walk onward, till Craddy ran out, neck or nothing, and sprang into his arms.

After this great event, their lives flowed on very happily into boyhood, youth, and manhood. They heartily loved and respected their father; they could never be enough with John Rosedew; and although they quarrelled and fought sometimes, they languished and drooped immediately when parted from one another. As for Biddy

O'Gaghan, now a high woman in the household, her only difficulty was that she never could tell of her two boys which to quote as the more astounding. "If you please, ma'am," she always concluded, "there'll not be so much as the lean of a priest for anybody iver to choose atwane the bootiful two on them. No more than there was on the day when my blissed self—murder now!—any more, I manes, nor the differ a peg can find 'twane a murphy and a purratia. And a Murphy I must be, to tark, so free as I does, of the things as is above me. Says Patrick O'Geoghegan to meself one day—glory be to his sowl, and a gentleman every bit of him, lave outwhere he had the smallpux—'Biddy,' he says, 'hould your pratie-trap, or I'll shove these here bellises down it.' And for my good it would have been, as I am thankful to acknowledge that same, though I didn't see it that day, thank the Lord. Ah musha, musha, a true gentleman he were, and lave me out his fellow, ma'am, if iver you comes across him."

But, in spite of Biddy's assertion, there were many points of difference, outward and inward too, between Craddock and Clayton Nowell. By this time the "Violet" was obsolete, except with Sir Craddock, who rather liked it, and with young Crad, who had corrupted it into the endearing "Viley." John Rosedew had done his utmost to extinguish the misnomer, being sensitive on the subject, from his horror of false concord, as attributed to himself. Although the twins were so much alike in stature, form, and feature that it required care to discern them after the sun was down, no clear-sighted person would miscall them when they both were present, and the light was good. Clayton Nowell's eyes were brown, Craddock's a dark grey; Craddock's hair was one shade darker, and grew more away from his forehead, and the expression of his gaze came from a longer distance. Clayton always seemed up for bantering; Craddock anxious to inquire, and to joke about it afterwards, if occasion offered. Then Craddock's

head inclined, as he walked, a little towards the left shoulder; Clayton's hung, almost imperceptibly, somewhat to the right; and Cradock's hand was hard and dry, Clayton's soft as good French kid.

And, as regards the inward man, they differed far more widely. Every year their modes of thought, fancies, tastes, and habits, were diverging more decidedly. Clayton sought command and power, and to be admired; Cradock's chief ambition was to be loved by every one. And so with intellectual matters; Clayton showed more dash and brilliance, Cradock more true sympathy, and thence more grasp and insight. Clayton loved the thoughts which strike us, Cradock those which move us subtly. But, as they lived not long together, it is waste of time to *finesse* between them. Whatever they were, they loved one another, and could not bear to be parted.

Meanwhile their "Uncle John" as they always called Mr. Rosedew—their uncle only in the spirit—was nursing and making much of a little daughter of his own. Long before Lady Nowell's death, indeed for ten long years before he obtained the living of Nowelhurst, with the little adjunct of Rushford, he had been engaged to a lady-love much younger than himself, whose name was Amy Venn. Not positively engaged, I mean, for he was too shy to pop the question to any one but himself, for more than seven years of the ten. But all that time Amy Venn was loving him, and he was loving her, and each would have felt it a grievous blow, if the other had started sideways. Miss Venn was poor, and had none except her widowed mother to look to, and hence the parson was trebly shy of pressing a poor man's suit. He, a very truthful mortal, had pure faith in his Amy, and she had the like in him. So for several years he shunned the common-room, and laid by all he could from his fellowship, college-appointments, and professorship. But, when his old friend Sir Cradock Nowell presented him to the benefice—not a

very gorgeous one, but enough for a quiet parson's family—he took a clean white tie at once, vainly strove to knot it grandly, actually got his scout to brush him, and after three glasses of common-room port, strode away to his Amy at Kidlington. There he found her training the apricot on the south wall of her mother's cottage, one of the three great apricot trees that paid the rent so nicely. What a pity they were not peaches; they would have yielded so fit a simile. But peach-bloom will not thrive at Kidlington, except upon ladies' faces.

Three months afterwards, just when all was arranged, and Mrs. Venn was at last persuaded that Hampshire is not all pigs and rheumatism, forests, and swamps, and charcoal, when John, with his voice rather shaky, and a patch of red where his whiskers should have been, had proclaimed his own banns three times—for he was a very odd fellow in some things, and scorned the "royal road" to wedlock—just at that time, I say, poor Lady Nowell's confinement upset all calculation, and her melancholy death flung a pall on wedding-favours. Not only through respect, but from real sympathy with the faithful friend, John Rosedew and Amy held counsel together, and deferred the long-pending bridal. "*Ὅσοι μακρότερον, τόσο μακρότερον*," said John, who always thought in Greek, except when Latin hindered him; but few young ladies will admit—and nowadays they all understand it—that the apophthegm is applied well.

However, it did come off at last; John Rosedew, when his banns had been rolling in his mind, in the form of Greek *senarii*, for six months after the first time of out-asking, set to and read them all over again in public; to revive their efficacy, and to surrebut all let and hindrance. He was accustomed now to so many stops, that he felt surprised when nobody rose to interpellate. And so the banns of John Rosedew, bachelor, and Amy Venn, spinster, &c. were read six times in Nowelhurst Church, and six times from

the desk at Kidlington. And, sooth to say, it was not without significance.

"*Tantæ molis erat to produce our beautiful Amy.*"

On the nuptial morning, Sir Cradock, whom they scarcely expected, gathered up his broken courage, sank his own hap in another's, and was present and tried to enjoy himself. How shy John Rosedew was, how sly to conceal his blushes, how spry when the bride glanced towards him, and nobody else looked that way—all this very few could help observing; but they liked him too well to talk of it. Enough that the friend of his youth, thoroughly understanding John, was blessed with so keen a perception of those simple little devices, that at last he did enjoy himself, which he deserved to do for trying.

When the twins were nearly three years old, Mrs. Rosedew presented John with the very thing he wished for most, an elegant little girl. And here the word "elegant" is used with forethought, and by prolepsis; though Mrs. O'Gaghan, lent for a time to the rectory, employed that epithet at the first glance, even while announcing the gender.

"Muckstraw, then, and she's illigant intirely; an' it's hopin I be as there'll only be two on her, one for each of me darlin' boys. And now cudn't you manage it, doctor dear?"

But alas! the supply was limited, and no duplicate ever issued. Lucina saw John Rosedew's pride, and was afraid of changing his character. To all his Oxford friends he announced the fact of his paternity in letters commencing—"Now what do you think, my dear fellow, what do you think of this—the most astounding thing has happened," &c. &c. He thought of it himself so much, that his intellect grew dreamy, and he forgot all about next Sunday's sermon, until he was in the pulpit. And four weeks after that he made another great mistake, which horrified him desperately, though it gratified the parish.

It had been arranged between his Amy and himself, that if she felt quite

strong enough, she should appear in church on the Sunday afternoon, to offer the due thanksgiving. In the gray old church at Nowelhurst, a certain pew had been set apart, by custom immemorial, for the use of goodwives who felt grateful for their safe deliverance. Here Mrs. Rosedew was to present herself at the proper period, with the aid of Biddy's vigorous arm down the hill from the rectory. As yet she was too delicate to bear the entire service. The August afternoon was sultry, and the church-doors stood wide open, while the bees among the churchyard thyme drowsed a sleepy sermon. As luck would have it, a recruiting sergeant, toling for the sons of Ytene, finding the road so dusty, and the alehouse barred against him, came sauntering into the church during the second lesson, for a little mild change of air. Espying around him some likely rustics, he stationed himself in the vacant "churching pew," because the door was open, and the position prominent. "All right," thought the rector, who was very short-sighted, "how good of my darling Amy to come! But I wonder she wears her scarlet cloak to come to church with, and in such weather! But perhaps Dr. Buller ordered it, for fear of her catching cold." So at the proper moment, he drew his surplice round him, looked full at the sergeant standing there by the pillar, and commenced majestically, though with a trembling voice—

"Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of His goodness to give you safe deliverance, and hath preserved you in the great danger of childbirth, you shall therefore give hearty thanks unto God and say——"

The sergeant looked on very primly, with his padded arms tightly folded, and his head thrown back, calling war and victory into his gaze, for the credit of the British army. Then he wondered angrily what the — those chawbacons could see in him to be grinning at.

"I am well pleased," &c. continued John Rosedew, sonorously; for he had a magnificent voice, and still regarding the sergeant with a look of tender in-

terest. Even Sir Craddock Nowell could scarcely keep his countenance; but the parson went through the whole of it handsomely and to the purpose, thinking only, throughout it, of God's great mercies to him. So beloved he was already, and so much respected, that none of the congregation had the heart to tell him of his mistake, as he talked with them in the churchyard; though he thought even then that he must have his hands, as he often had, at the back of his neck.

But on his way home he overtook an old hobbler, who enjoyed a joke more than a scruple.

"How are you, Simon Tapscott? How do you do to-day? Glad to see you at church, Simon," said the parson, holding his hand out, as he always did to his parishioners, unless they had disgraced themselves.

"Purty vair, measter; purty vair I be, vor a woald galley baggar as ave bin in the Low Countries, and dwoant know sin from righteousness." This last was a gross perversion of a passage in the sermon which had ruffled ancient Simon. "Can't goo much, howiver, by rason of the rhymatica. Now cud 'e do it to I, measter? cud 'e do it to I, and I'll thrav down bath my critches? Good vor one sojer, good vor anoother."

"Do what for you, Simon? Fill your old canteen, or send you a pound of baccy?" asked the parson, mildly chaffing.

"Noo, noo; none o' that. There baint noo innard parts grace of the Lord in that. Choorch I handsomely, zame as 'e dwoed that strapping soger now jist."

"What, Simon! Why, Simon, do you know what you are saying—" But I cannot bear to tell of John Rosedew humiliated; he was humble enough by nature. So fearful was the parson of renewing that recollection within the sacred walls, that no thanks were offered there for the birth of sweet Amy Rosedew, save by, or on behalf of, that recruiting sergent.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Craddock and Clayton were ten years old, they witnessed a scene which puzzled them and dwelt long in their boyish memories. Job Hogstaff was going to Ringwood, and they followed him down the passage towards the entrance-hall, emphatically repeating the commissions with which they had charged him. Old Job loved them as if they were his grandsons, and would do his utmost to please them, but they could not trust his memory, or even his capacity.

"Now, Job," cried little Craddock, pulling at his coat-lappet, "it's no good pretending that you know all, when you won't even stop to listen. I'm sure you'll go and make some great mistake, as you did last Tuesday. Mind you tell Mr. Stride it's for Master Craddock Nowell, and they must be sure to give you a good one, or I shall send it back. Now just tell me what I have told you. I ought to have written it down, but I wasn't sure how to spell 'groove.'"

"Why, Master Crad, I'm to say a long spill, very sharp at the end."

"Sharp at the point, Job, not blunt at the end like a new black-lead pencil."

"And whatever you do, Job, don't forget the catgut for my crossbow, one size larger than last time."

"Hold your jaw, Viley, till I've quite finished; or he'll ask for a top made of catgut."

Both the boys laughed at this; you could hear them all down the long passage. Any small folly makes a boy laugh.

"Well, Master Crad, you *must* think me a 'muff,' as you call it. And the groove is to go quite up to the spill; there must be two rings below the crown of it."

"Below the crown, indeed! On the fat part, I said three times. Now, Viley, you know you heard me."

"Well, well," cried Job in despair, "two rings on the fat part, and no knot at all in the wood, and at least six

inches round, and, and, well—I think that's all of it, thank the Lord."

"All of it indeed! Well, you *are* a nice fellow! Didn't I tell you so, Viley? Why you've left out altogether the most important point of all, Job. The wood must be a clear bright yellow, or else a very rich gold colour, and I'm to pay for it next Tuesday, because I spent my week's money yesterday, as soon as ever I got it, and—oh, Viley! can't you lend a fellow sixpence?"

"No, not to save my life, sir. Why, Craddy, you know I wouldn't let you go tick if I could."

The boys rushed at one another, half in fun and half in affection, and, seizing each other by the belt of the light-plaid tunic, away they went dancing down the hall, while Hogstaff whistled a polka gently, with his old eyes glistening after them. A prettier pair, or better matched, never set young locks afloat. Each put his healthy, clear, bright face on the shoulder of the other, each flung out his short-socked legs, and pointed his dainty feet. You could see their shapely calves jerked up as they went with double action, and the hollow of the back curved in, as they threw asunder recklessly, then clasped one another again, and you thought they must both reel over. Sir Craddock Nowell hated trousers, and would not have their hair cropped, because it was like their mother's; otherwise they would not have looked one quarter so picturesque.

Before the match was fairly finished—for they were used to this sort of thing, and the object always was to see which would give in first—it was cut short most unexpectedly. While they were taking a sharp pirouette down at the end of the hall—and as they whirled round I defy their father to have known the

one from the other—the door of the steward's room opened suddenly, and a tall dark woman came out. The twins in full merriment dashed up against her, and must have fallen if she had not collared them with strong and bony arms. Like little gentlemen, as they were, every atom of them, they turned in a moment to apologize, and their cheeks were burning red. They saw a gaunt old woman, wide-shouldered, stern, and forcible.

"Oo, ah! a bonnie pair ye've gat, as I see in all my life lang. But ye'll get no luck of them. Tak' the word of threescore year, ye'll never get no luck o' them, you that calls yoursel' Craydock Nowell."

She was speaking to Sir Craddock, who had followed her from the steward's room, and who seemed as much put out as a proud man of fifty ever cares to show himself. He made no answer, and the two poor children fell back, against a side-bench.

"I'll no talk o' matters noo. You've a gi'en me my refoosal, and I tak it once for all. But ye'll be sorry for the day ye did it, Craydock Nowell."

To the great amazement of Hogstaff, who was more taken aback than any one else, Sir Craddock Nowell, without a word, walked to the great front door with ceremony, as if he were leading a peeress out. He did not offer his arm to the woman, but neither did he shrink from her; she gathered her dark face up again from its softening glance at the children, and without another word or look, but sweeping her skirt around her, away she walked down the broad front road, as stiff and as stern as the oak trees.

To be continued.

“LAST NIGHT.”

WHERE were you last night? I watched at the gate;
I went down early, I stayed down late.

Were you snug at home, I should like to know,
Or were you in the coppice wheedling Kate?

She's a fine girl, with a fine clear skin;
Easy to woo, perhaps not hard to win.

Speak up like a man and tell me the truth:
I'm not one to grow downhearted and thin.

If you love her best speak up like a man;
It's not I will stand in the light of your plan:

Some girls might cry and scold you a bit,
And say they couldn't bear it; but I can.

Love was pleasant enough, and the days went fast;
Pleasant while it lasted, but it needn't last;

Awhile on the wax, and awhile on the wane,
Now dropped away into the past.

Was it pleasant to you? to me it was:
Now clean gone as an image from glass,

As a goodly rainbow that fades away,
As dew that steams upward from the grass,

As the first spring day, or the last summer day,
As the sunset flush that leaves heaven grey,

As a flame burnt out for lack of oil,
Which no pains relight or ever may.

Good luck to Kate and good luck to you:
I guess she'll be kind when you come to woo.

I wish her a pretty face that will last,
I wish her a husband steady and true.

Hate you? not I, my very good friend;
All things begin and all have an end.

But let broken be broken; I put no faith
In quacks who set up to patch and mend.

Just my love and one word to Kate:

Not to let time slip if she means to mate;—

For even such a thing has been known
As to miss the chance while we weigh and wait.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

LUCRETII.

THE last two years have made large amends to a poet who has met with imperfect sympathy in modern Europe. Professor Sellar's *Roman Poets of the Republic* appeared in 1863. Four chapters are devoted to Lucretius. The fine analysis, which no trait of thought or style has eluded, is perhaps a less strong claim upon our gratitude than the faculty by which Professor Sellar has blended those traits into a complete and harmonious portrait. In October last, Mr. H. A. J. Munro's edition of the *De Rerum Natura* was published at Cambridge; and, while it applies scientific criticism to a text once before handled with brilliancy but never with judgment also, it illustrates subject-matter and language by a commentary which is a storehouse of Latin scholarship.

Arrears were certainly due from English scholars to Lucretius. His reception in modern times has nowhere been warm, but in England it has been singularly cold. In the interval between the Conquest and the Reformation, almost every Latin poet ancient and modern was ransacked for quotations, paraphrased, translated, burlesqued, converted to every imaginable use sacred and profane. During that period of little less than five centuries, Lucretius is not once mentioned by an English writer. His wealth of thought and imagery is not once laid under contribution. The mind of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries was capable of deriving two gratifications from Latin poetry, and two only. The florid declamation of the silver age pleased the gaudy taste and the rude ear to which the cadences of Virgil seemed tame. The martial legends of Troy and Thebes, the Voyage of the Argo and the Labours of Hercules, came home to those who never tired of listening to the passages of Celidon or Roncesvalles, the Quest of the Holy Graal, the Encounter

of Sir Guy de Warwick with the Monster of Dunsmore Heath. Hence Lucan finds six editors before the year 1500. Hence Statius and Valerius Flaccus are more popular than Virgil and Horace. But a better day was about to dawn. Early in the thirteenth century the example of the Provençal poets created the vernacular poetry of Florence. Early in the fourteenth appeared the *Divine Comedy*, the *Decameron*, and the *Sonnets*. From the court of Edward III. Chaucer went to meet Petrarch and Boccaccio at Milan. He returned to found a new school of poetry with the *Canterbury Tales*, and to ridicule the old school in the *Rhyme of Sir Topas*. A corresponding change takes place in the use of the Roman classics. The allusions assume a literary cast. Instead of Alexander the Great learning falconry on a steed of Narbonne, or Theseus riding at the head of his knights to the Erechtheum on Sunday, we have Cressida enlivening her leisure with the *Thebaid*, and Pandarus refuting Troilus from archbishop Bradwardine. Chaucer is deeply indebted to Statius. But he does not borrow lists of heroes set up to be knocked down—lists like that in the ninth book of the *Thebaid*,

“Sternit Iona Chromis, Chromin Antiphus,
Antiphon Hypseus,
Hypseun Astacides.”

He borrows florid imagery—the Altar of Clemency, the dazzling temple of the Thracian Mars, the disconsolate Dryads whose trees were felled for Arcite's pyre. Gower, in his *Confessio Amantis*, quotes Horace's *Satires*, the *Metamorphoses*, and the *Æneid*. Now that it was becoming usual to employ the classics in pointing morals and adorning tales, it might have been expected that had Lucretius been known at all some one would have stumbled upon such passages as the death of Iphigenia, the comparison of a new-born child to

a shipwrecked sailor, the rebuke of Nature to her thankless guest. Gower himself would have found a mine of illustration in the last two hundred lines of the third book. But the author of the *De Rerum Natura* has not even a place in Chaucer's House of Fame. To be known at all and to be excluded from the indiscriminate hospitality of that mansion, would have been ignominy indeed. Homer and Virgil, Ovid and Lucan, Statius and Claudian, are found there in the society of Dares Phrygius and Lollius, Guido of Colonna and Geoffrey of Monmouth. But there is no iron pillar for Lucretius. As the Gothic age is left behind, he is still more conspicuous by his absence. The most important poem of Henry the Sixth's reign was Lydgate's *Fall of Princes*. The illustrious shades who recite their catastrophes continually quote the classics: but they quote only Virgil or Ovid, Lucan or Statius. Their reverses never recall the language of him who from his "heights built up by the learning of the wise" looked down on Vanity Fair. And a curious indication that at the beginning of the sixteenth century Lucretius was absolutely unknown in England is afforded by a quaint poem of Skelton's, tutor to the future Henry VIII. Erasmus has termed Skelton "*Britannicarum literarum decus et lumen*." In the Crown of Laurel Pallas holds a levée. The learned of all nations attend. Modern France and Italy, perhaps from national jealousy, are thinly represented. But of all writers whatever in the shape or semblance of classics there is an unrivalled muster. Ennius and Lucilius appear in their rags among the glossy compilers of mediæval tomes. Macrobius happens to quote a few lines from one Pisander. Pisander himself is not permitted to shirk. The absence of Lucretius, who might have drawn near with some seven thousand hexameters in his hand, forcibly suggests the inference that this distinguished scholar had not heard of him. Meanwhile in Italy, Marullus, after Politian the first scholar of the age, had made the *De Rerum Natura* the idol

study of his later years. The editio princeps had been published at Brescia in 1473. A more intelligent edition was brought out by Aldus in 1500. The important edition of Giunta appeared in 1513. It cannot be supposed that the *De Rerum Natura* was much longer quite unknown in England. But, while in Italy Lucretius was dividing with Virgil the allegiance of verse-writing cardinals, England continued to ignore the elder poet. Before 1600 almost all the best classics had been done into English. But Spenser's tame paraphrase of the Invocation to Venus is the sole trace of Lucretius in the Elizabethan age. From the first line of the *Eclogues* to the last line of the *Æneid* the language and thought of Lucretius are constantly imitated. Yet Roger Ascham speaks of Ennius and Plautus as the only Latin models possessed by Virgil. Creech's translation of the *De Rerum Natura* appeared in 1695. If good sense and good taste were the only qualities required in a translator, his version would be excellent. But there is an irony which he knew not, and a pathos with which he did not intermeddle. In the last century and a half of our literature Wordsworth's sympathy with Lucretius stands alone. A special cause has recently interfered with the popularity of Lucretius in Germany. In that country Heraclitus is no longer the Obscure. The Ephesian came into the hands of his German expositors as Enid came to Guinevere, in dimness and weeds. He leaves them as Enid left the queen's dressing-room at Caerleon, apparelled like the day. Now the physical doctrines of Heraclitus merged in the philosophy of the Porch, as the physical doctrines of Democritus merged in the philosophy of the Garden. Hence Heraclitus receives no quarter from Lucretius, and Lucretius meets with slight courtesy in modern Germany. But even in Germany he has had his illustrious admirers. Heyne and Jacobs, indeed, were content to compliment Wakefield on a confused and turgid commentary. But the fugitive criticisms of Madvig and Bernays led up to the brilliant per-

formance which employed the last five years of Lachmann's life. Lessing consigned Lucretius to the outer darkness where Pope jabbers metaphysics in verse which can never be poetry. But Goethe knew kindred genius in the spirit of the Invocation, in the eager sympathy with nature which strove to anticipate science, to wrest the secrets of the storm and the earthquake, to tread Acheron under foot in the mere strength of an intrepid mind.

The reception accorded to Lucretius in modern times is a good commentary on his life and writings. His attitude towards the age in which he lived was one of utter isolation. With the Epicureans of his day he had little in common but the name. He had nearly as much in common with the Stoics. But his philosophy, while it partook of each system, was distinct from both. His life appears to have been as solitary as his thought. In the poetry of that age, a poetry which has immortalized so many friendships, which exhibits such frequent traces of his influence, his name occurs not once. Catullus is silent. Virgil borrows and makes no sign. The name of Lucretius never falls from Horace in his chatty criticisms. The form of Lucretius graces none of those reunions in Elysium which the elegiac poets delighted to imagine. All that is known of the life of Lucretius is contained in two short sentences. Each of those sentences was written about four hundred years after his death. Donatus says that Lucretius died on the day when Virgil, at fifteen, assumed the toga virilis. This fixes the death of Lucretius to 55 B.C. Jerome, in his additions to the chronicle of Eusebius, assigns the birth of Lucretius to 95 B.C. and states that he was driven mad by a love-potion; that he composed in his lucid intervals several books which Cicero afterwards revised; and that he died by his own hand in his 44th year. This fixes the death of Lucretius to 51 B.C. But Donatus fixes it to 55 B.C. Donatus is probably right. There is little doubt that Do and Jerome drew the lost *De Viris Illu* from the

a painstaking biographer. The facts of each, then, are probably correct. Donatus is probably right in saying that Lucretius died when Virgil was fifteen, and Jerome is right in saying that Lucretius died at forty-four. An oversight by Jerome or his copyists may have assigned the poet's birth to the wrong year in the chronicle. It may be concluded that Lucretius was born in 99 B.C. and died in 55 B.C.

But was the *De Rerum Natura* written in lucid intervals? It appears highly probable that this tradition arose in early Christian times. During the first nine centuries of the Christian era the ancient classics, instead of being prized as authors, were merely abhorred as pagans. The Latin writers of the late empire were popular principally because they were Christians. Boëthius had the advantage of being edited by two bishops and translated by a subdean. Orosius, in the 5th century, wrote *Historiarum Libros VII. "adversus paganos,"* and became a classic. Prudentius and Sedulius were the favourite poets. Bede is careful to indicate the difference between himself and Virgil:—"Let Virgil sing of wars: I celebrate the gifts of peace. I will chant heavenly blessings, not the battles of miserable Troy." Around the name of a heathen poet whose theme was eternal death and whose life had no echo in its time, fancies of gloom and horror would arise. The spell which worked madness where it sought to work love, the quenched reason which glimmered only in fitful blasphemies, the self-destruction which cut those ravings short,—this was a doom which may well have been conceived by the fourth century for one whom it regarded as given over to the powers of darkness. But does the *De Rerum Natura* support this story by any internal evidence? De Quincey thinks that it does. In the pervading fervour of the poem, he recognises the morbid strain of a mind verging to madness. "It might be urged "on the other hand," Professor Sellar observes, "that the power of sustained "feeling and consistent thought which "the poem manifests in a remarkable

"degree is rather the evidence of sanity
"of genius and strength of understand-
"ing." In one point of view this is
most true. But we venture to suggest
that another argument for the poet's
sanity may be derived from a different
consideration. A mind diseased loses
its elasticity. When it is not at high
pressure it is nerveless. Its spring is
broken. Excitement propels it furiously
in the direction of its morbid bent. But
the power to regulate its activity, to
pause, to enjoy the beauties of the route,
to gather the flowers in the path, is gone.
To blend doctrine and illustration, ve-
hement and pathos, to be grave or gay,
stern or gentle in due season, but to keep
one aim steadily in view through all,—
it is this that a morbid mind cannot do.
And this is precisely what Lucretius
does. The argument to prove that the
first beginnings are of several different
shapes, that

"No compound of this earthly ball
Is like another all in all,"

glides into that touching picture of
bereavement, the mother seeking her
slaughtered youngling through the pas-
tures, recognising the footprints, moan-
ing as she abandons the search of the
woods, and goes back heartbroken to the
thrice-searched stall. The chaos that
would ensue if the atoms of each shape
were not infinitely numerous suggests
the description of the morning after a
gale,—the heaving sea strewn for leagues
with floating spars of wrecks. The
doctrine that, the more powers a thing
possesses, the greater is the variety of its
elements, introduces the stately pageant
of the Idæan Mother, in whom, while
the roses fall like snow and the cymbals
of the Curetes clash, the Phrygian cities
adore the powers of Earth.

If the *De Rerum Natura* affords
no evidence of its author's alleged in-
sanity, it affords some evidence that his
death was premature. Like Lucilius,
like Calvus and Catullus, he died in
early manhood. He lived, indeed, to
solve in his own way the enigma of the
universe and the enigma of the soul.
As an argument the poem is complete.

As a work of art it is manifestly in-
complete. Many passages occur twice;
some passages occur again and again.
There is an unfulfilled promise to describe
the abodes of the gods. The sixth book
ends abruptly. Lachmann has shown
that whole paragraphs were marginal
additions, which the author did not live
to incorporate. Mr. Munro extends the
theory to several misplaced groups of two
or three verses each. These marginal
additions were inserted very much at
random by the first editor.

Was Cicero that editor, as Jerome
asserts? Cicero mentions Lucretius only
once. Writing to Quintus, about four
months after the poet's death, he says :
"The poems of Lucretius, as you say, do
"not show many flashes of genius, but
"show a good deal of art." There is
some doubt about the reading. But one
thing is clear. Lucretius is dismissed
in a dozen cold words. We find it
difficult to get over this fact. Few things
gratified the orator more than an appeal
to his criticism. A friend sends him a
book or an essay. He incubates upon
it, weighs each phrase, perhaps admires
a particular word, and has a revulsion
of feeling with regard to it days after-
wards. Atticus in an essay had used
the phrase "*inhibere remos*," under
the impression that it meant "to cease
rowing," as a metaphor for suspension of
judgment. Cicero applauds the metaphor.
But some days afterwards a trireme puts
in near his villa. He notices that by
"*inhibere remos*" sailors mean "to back
water." He hastens to inform Atticus
that the metaphor has forfeited his
esteem. "*Valde arriserat—vehementer
displicet.*" Brutus sends Cicero a speech
to revise for publication. Allusions to
this speech run through five letters to
Atticus. If Cicero had been requested
by Atticus or Memmius to edit a poem
which Catullus, Virgil, Horace, Ovid
were afterwards not ashamed to study,
a poem in which editorial scrutiny would
have detected more than twenty distinct
imitations of his own *Aratea*, would he
have dismissed it with a slighting com-
monplace? Or if Lucretius had be-
queathed his elaborate work to the first

critic of the day, was it like Cicero to have made no mention of a tribute so flattering? In the tradition that makes Cicero the editor of Lucretius it is perhaps enough to recognise the instinct that delights in grouping illustrious names, an instinct to which fact and fiction are equally acceptable, which dwells with the same uncritical pleasure on Thucydides moved to tears by Herodotus reciting at Olympia, on Attius reading his Atreus to Pacuvius, on Sulla discerning "many Mariuses" in the "dissipated boy," on Chaucer meeting Froissart and Petrarch at the Duke of Clarence's wedding, on Erasmus crying out to More "Aut tu Morus es aut nullus," and More responding, "Aut tu Erasmus es aut diabolus," on Voiture criticising Bossuet's juvenile sermon, on Mendelssohn playing to Goethe, on Havellock remembered as "the philosopher" by his old schoolfellow Thackeray.

The *De Rerum Natura* is dedicated to Gaius Memmius. His is the only name which links Lucretius with the life of his day. It is strange to turn from Lucretius to Catullus. Memmius was the gay poet's *bête noire*, as he was the philosopher's hero. History shows that Catullus was not far wrong. Originally a partisan of the senate, Memmius had distinguished himself in 59 B.C. by his resistance to the Cabal. Four months before the poet's death, his friend had not only changed sides, but had signalled the step by a memorable bargain. Memmius and Domitius wanted the consulship for 54 B.C. Pompeius wanted Spain. Crassus wanted Syria. Pompeius and Crassus promise their support at the election. Memmius and Domitius give a bond that they will produce three augurs, item two senators, prepared to perjure themselves with regard to the assignment of the provinces. "Que de mal-honnêtes gens," observes Montesquieu, "dans un seul contrat!" At the instance of Pompeius, Memmius discloses the transaction, and is banished. Five years later Cicero, on his way to Cilicia, spends a few days at Athens. The philosophers of the Garden could still point

to the crumbling walls within which, more than two centuries before, their master had gracefully awaited the dispersion of his component atoms. But these premises had come into the possession of Memmius: and Memmius, though he did not want them, would not give them up. Cicero intercedes. His letter is curious from its exquisite blandness. It indicates how vividly he realized the possibility of a refusal. He is careful to sneer at Epicureanism. "We have no especial grudge against persons whom such trifles amuse." "Atticus, too, urges the request—not that he is one of that set."

It is singular to reflect that this letter and the *De Rerum Natura* were addressed to the same person. When the accomplished hero of Sir E. L. Bulwer's novel leaves the October meeting at Newmarket to visit his less favoured friend in the neighbourhood, he patronises him strictly within the limits of amiability. It is not difficult to imagine Memmius improving a similar occasion. It is October, 60 B.C. Memmius has obtained his *legatio libera*, the honorary leave of absence granted to senators, and has left Rome on a visit to Bibulus, consul designate. But the host is addicted to explaining how Cæsar is to be extinguished next year, and Calpurnia has praised Cæsar's eyes. Memmius thinks that he will go over and see Lucretius. With the trustfulness of friendship he is prepared to take the poet's word for the charm of simple luxuries. It is therefore about a quarter to three P.M., when the early *cena* will probably be over, that his four Cappadocians in the russet livery of bearers set him down at the plain porch among the Apennines. A plump Italian slave comes to the door. Before the rustic has assembled his wits Memmius has observed that the bronze stove burns ruddily in the atrium, though no sleek Lares twinkle in the glow. In a small recess on the left side of the door he sees a large pair of spurs, rather rusty, a fishing rod, and a cloak hung up to dry. The master is at the elms: he took his *cena* there at the eighth hour.

Memmius throws his cape to the slave, and turns along a narrow gravel path through the garden. Most senators were not sorry to exchange toga and red shoes for the grey tunic with the broad purple stripe and the sandals usually worn in the country. Memmius wears a Greek mantle of amethyst colour, fastened on the right shoulder by a gold brooch. His soft Greek slippers are of a violet hue. On the little finger of his left hand the gold ring of his order is perhaps a shade larger than was usual. He glances around him, and misses such refinements as were then coming into vogue,—yews, box-trees and cypresses clipped into wild beasts and monograms. There are only some clumps of planes, and a few laurels and myrtles dotting the lawn. Presently he approaches the poet's retreat. He can see the shadows from a ring of tall elms changing upon a circle of bright grass. At the further end, the turf climbs into a mossy bank. A marble Naiad intercepts a rill with her jug, and pours it into a marble basin. Lucretius has rushed to welcome him. Has he dined? Will he take a cup of Surrentine? (glancing uneasily at the Naiad. What will Memmius think of a graven image?) A Crustumian pear? They walk about. The remains of a repast of leeks, pulse and fritters, flanked by a Campanian jug and bowl, stand on a small round table in the shade. The poet's looks do not belie his fare. The face is thin and the features sharp; but the eyes and mouth are scarcely those of a dull ascetic. It strikes Memmius that the man's tunic is preposterously short: it is like a centurion's. "This is a pretty little spot," remarks Memmius, kindly. "You must feel the want of society." "Society! when I have only to cross my threshold to be with Nature! When I have the river-bank, with its delicate willows—the divine calm of the mountains—the great bays strewn with shells—the smile of the sunshine, the glory——" "Is *that* straight?" Memmius inquires, half turning his back. When a mantle slipped down behind, it was not easy to set it right over the shoulder. "Quite," replies

Lucretius—his first insincerity in thirty-nine years. "What a beautiful brooch." "I should like you to see one that Calpurnia—but my ancestress Venus forbid! The fact is, I have taken to sonnets instead of speaking in the house. Cæsar did not like it, though he carried it off very well. By-the-bye, I am thinking of attempting something in your line, a philosophical poem—only, what with the despatches, and then giving Bibulus his daily beating at draughts——" He was speaking to the rocks of Icarus. Lucretius did not hear a syllable. The sunlight was dancing in a rainbow on the amethystine mantle. How can any one deny that colour is a secondary property of matter? That evening Bibulus was regaled with the history of the visit to the philosopher: but elsewhere the moonlight fell on a waxen tablet, and a gleaming stilus wrote—

Quem tu, dea, tempore in omni
Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.

If Lucretius lived apart from the society of his day, the *De Rerum Natura* had as little in common with its literature. A generation of sonneteers had arisen, whose models were the affected Alexandrian writers. From the nature of the case Italian Hellenism had always been cosmopolitan rather than Attic. But the Ennian school at least copied a living dialect. If Euripides was radical in thought, in language he was superlatively Attic. Menander was the Merlin of the spell. He was the last enchanter who had power to compel the magic harmonies, and to him the power was not given in its fulness. The Alexandrian writers were pretenders to a secret irrevocably lost. But the frigid pedantry of this school was congenial to the sonneteers of a borrowed literature. The Greeks of Hadrian's time pronounced that Calvus and Catullus were the only Romans who had approached Anacreon. Yet even Catullus is not entirely exempt from the influence of Euphorion and Callimachus. From this taint Lucretius is absolutely free. His more than Roman earnestness, his sym-

pathy so foreign to the Roman temper with the speculative passion of early Greece, sustained him in a higher atmosphere. When he borrows Greek poetry it is from Homer or Euripides. It would perhaps be difficult to overrate the importance of this example to the aftercourse of Latin poetry. In the *De Rerum Natura* Virgil may have found a talisman against the "cantores Euphorionis," as in the Divine Comedy Alfieri found a talisman against the pedantic copiers of Petrarch. But Lucretius was not content with avoiding the besetting vice of the contemporary style. His whole manner is designedly antique. Ennius was his master and exemplar. The archaic type of the poem may be gauged by comparing Cicero's earlier and later hexameters. The *Aratea* was written about 90 B.C. It has some peculiar rhythms in common with the *Annals* and the *De Rerum Natura*. The *De Consulatu suo* was written in 61 B.C., about the time when Lucretius was beginning to write. But the licences found in the earlier poem are not admitted in the later. The advance of the new taste had modified the orator's Ennian creed. It had only thrown Lucretius into more and more scornful nonconformity. Instances of the spondaic endings then becoming fashionable occur in every book of his poem except the last. His muse had lighted upon evil days. She took refuge in a haughty anachronism, and walked among tinsel and spangles in the plain stole of the militant republic. It was thus that early English satire loved to ransack the old Saxon wardrobes. The same reign that produced the *Canterbury Tales* produced also Peter Ploughman's Vision, in which Conscience conducts an alliterative debate with Simony in the idiom of three centuries back. But the quaintness of Lucretius never passes into grotesqueness. It serves only to point his isolation, to place him in formal contact with the elder Rome of which he inherited the spirit, to draw him nearer to the Ionian dawn of which no other Roman caught the freshness.

The Greeks spoke of Dionysus passing in a triumphal progress from continent to continent, with the thyrsus in his hand and the ivy on his brow, radiant in the beauty of his immortal youth, a giver of all gladness and exuberance. Everywhere at the touch of the god's wand the dry places gush with milk and wine, and the desert begins to laugh and sing. The progress has never been arrested. From one age to another the beneficent idealism of Greece has travelled in a perpetual ovation. Every language has responded to the genial presence, in every literature new forms have been quickened by its virtue. Even at Rome, from the days of Æmilius Paullus, the plastic charm of Greek art was never without a witness. But the grave genius of Rome could not soar to the spiritual heights of Greece. There was an Athenian legend that the goddess had banished all crows from her Acropolis. Colonel Leake tells us that he saw crows wheeling round the base, but noticed that they seldom rose to the summit. The Roman muse was in the predicament of the crows. She was always hovering over the Theatre of Dionysus. But the ban of Athene was upon her. She never floated level with the Parthenon. Perhaps the "templa serena" of Lucretius formed the highest ledge that her flagging pinion touched.

In modern times the *De Rerum Natura* is read, not as a treatise, but merely as a poem. In one point of view, indeed, it is a curiosity in the history of thought. No extant work so vigorously embodies the spirit of ancient physical research—the eager scrutiny of Nature's surface without a suspicion of anything beneath, the effort to seize the world-problem at a glance, the utter disregard of experiment. But the particular dogmas have no interest for the nineteenth century. With Lucretius, of course, the case was exactly the reverse. Poetry was subservient to philosophy. To use his own illustration, it was the honey with which children must be bribed to take the wormwood. "There was a time," he says, "when all flesh crouched and cowered before a face

that looked out from heaven. A Greek was the first to lift his eyes and confront the appalling malignity of Superstition. The thunders rolled and the lightnings fell: but unharmed, because intrepid, he passed beyond the wall of the empyrean, and returned with Knowledge. Perhaps Memmius thinks that physical inquiry is impious. Impious! Has Superstition no impieties? That grim travestie of the nuptial rite at Aulis, when the daughter before the father's eyes was carried shivering to the altar, not that she might be escorted from it by the clear bridal song, but that she die in her stainless maidenhood—who sanctioned that? Nothing can be produced out of nothing, nor can anything be annihilated. All things come from atoms and void. Does Memmius find it hard to conceive invisible atoms? Do we hear the wind that beats on harbours and sinks huge ships? Are not the hands of the brazen statues at the gates of towns imperceptibly worn away by the kisses of saluting multitudes? The universe is infinite. For, if it be finite, go to its verge, and, like the Roman herald declaring war, launch a spear over the border. If it is stopped, then the obstacle is in the universe. If it goes on, then it is space that allows it to go on. Through infinite time and space the atoms have tried all possible combinations. Some atoms are still vagrant and unattached. When sun-rays pour through the dark nooks of houses, troops of motes are seen skirmishing in endless conflict, battling in troops, encountering, receding. Even such is the unquiet doom of atoms. Their velocity is unspeakable. Does not sunlight clothe the earth in a moment? But the atoms, unlike sunlight, have no waves of air to cleave, and do not travel in masses. The motion of the atoms is downward, even as meteors, as sun-rays tend to earth, even as lightnings fly athwart the rains. And like rain would the atoms fall, but for an inherent power by which alone they can break the laws of Fate. At uncertain times and at uncertain points in space they swerve a

little from their equal poise. It is this clinamen alone that enables them to combine. What but this could break the chain of endless causation? How has that power been wrested from Fate, by which motions well through the limbs? When the barriers in the circus are thrown open, the eager horses do not at once fall into their stride. Blows and weight cannot be the only causes of motion. There must be free will too, and free will is due to the minute swervings of first-beginnings. The fear of death is the root of all evil. But there is no life after death. Body and soul cannot be severed without mutual destruction. Do not mind and body grow together? Do not they suffer together? And cannot the soul be divided? A scythed chariot takes off a soldier's shield-arm. The severed limb quivers on the ground. The soldier is absorbed in fighting, and goes on. So the soul has been divided. But the divisible is mortal. Death has nothing to do with us. It concerns us not a jot. The belief in a future state is derived from the phantoms seen in sleep. Images, thin as films, are incessantly streaming from all surfaces. Does not the cicada doff its gossamer coat, and the serpent slip its vesture among the thorns? Such an image of the dead appears to the mind in sleep. Hence the belief in a life beyond the grave. Our world was not the handiwork of the gods. Memmius must eschew the baneful doctrine of final causes. We were not given our eyes that we might see: we see because we have eyes. If the world was the result of design, why have hoe and plough to keep down thorns? Why do diseases and death stalk abroad? No: the world is the result of that strange and stormy crisis, the premundane conflict of the atoms. The equipoise of destruction and renovation alone holds it together. And, knowing this, shall we be scared like children in the dark by the thunder or the flash, by earthquake or volcano, by the strange malevolence of pestilent miasma, by the manifold disguises of death? If Jupiter

sends the thunder, why does the flash precede the peal? Surely it would have been more considerate to make the peal give warning of the flash. Why does he send us his lightning on the wilderness or the sea? It is true that they afford an admirable range for bolt practice. But why are his numerous friends and supporters so frequently singed? Then it is singular that he recently amused a few seconds by demolishing his own grey temple on the Capitol. In the earthquake, again, are we to recognise the trident? When Bura and Helice, cities of Achaia, went down quick into the earth, and the triremes moored off the coast were engulfed, was that Poseidon? Beneath the earth's surface there may well be a region of stormy caverns. Ever and anon these caverns fall in, and the cities of men are shaken: or the winds that chafe through them break forth to rend the crust on which we walk. Our fathers speak of a time when silent watchers at Rhegium looked into the blackness of the south, and in the great darkness hanging over Sicily saw only the lurid cone of Etna. Was that Vulcan's work? Or is it conceivable that the mountain may rest on honeycombed basalt, that these corridors may be swept by winds, that these winds may strike fire from the rocks, and hurl it through the gorges of the crater? There are places which men call Avernian, because they are haunted by some mysterious influence inimical to life. There is a lake near Cumæ whose vapours arrest birds on the wing. There is a place in Syria called Plutonia. The living thing that touches its deadly circle drops felled like a black sheep to the Manes. Are these places indeed the Gates of Hell? Can the spirits infernal draw down men as a stag's breath draws a viper from its hole? Earth is composed of atoms deadly as well as healthful to man. There are natural poisons as well as natural tonics. In natural laws we must seek the causes of disease. Disease is generated by the gathering of particles which distemper the air. Different

maladies infect different climates. But diseases can travel. Thus travelled the plague from Egypt to Attica. Then the heart began to die within the ulcered flesh, and the spirit of healing was blanched with inarticulate fear. Then the carrion was spread in vain to the foul birds for whom Athens was too foul, till the temples were packed and the wells choked, and the dying, laden with the dead, were wrangling for the pyres."

So ends the *De Rerum Natura*.

The Epicureanism of Lucretius stood out in austere contrast to the Epicureanism of his day. But Dr. Mommsen's remark, that "Roman Epicureanism was 'mainly a mask in which thoughtless 'sensuality dressed itself out for good 'society,'" though true of the Lucilian epoch, must be applied with large deductions to the Ciceronian epoch. The tottering Republic was indeed a Castle of Despair from which the purest of its captives might well have been content to be led forth by Pleasure, not Pleasure as she flaunted at Corinth, but Pleasure as she walked in the Athenian Garden. Epicureanism in its origin was not sensuality rampant, it was merely Athens hopeless and resigned. When, in the 30th year from the extinction of Greek freedom Epicurus settled at Athens, a generation of slaves had already sprung up. Few of the Athenians who in that year received the son of Antigonus as he alighted in the agora on the spot thenceforth sacred to Demetrius the Descender, had felt their ears tingle to the Fourth Philippic. During the life of Epicurus, a period of seventy years, Athens was twice besieged. In each instance a Macedonian tyrant held the city against a Macedonian rival. Demus might be pardoned if his first love for the Pnyx had grown cold. Nor was it easy longer to idealise the national religion, when an alien destined to shorten his days by intemperance had been lodged in the Parthenon and initiated into the Great Mysteries in April. The glory had departed. But there remained the groves of the Academy, the chatty arcades of the Gymna-

sium, the summer picnic under the planes of the Ilissus, the lazy enjoyments of the Eubœan spa, statue-hunting and quail-fighting, cottabus and riddles. Life could no longer be brilliant, but it might be innocently pleasant. How could it be made as pleasant as possible? "By expelling," replied the philosophers of the Garden, "everything that produces tumult in the soul,—fear, passion, inordinate desire, the hope of immortality, the dread of an everlasting doom, all lust, all ambition, every feeling that tends to become paramount. The wise man will of course abstain from politics." (This last precept carries its date upon its face. Epicureanism had consoled the nullity of Athens, and was yet to mitigate the despair of Rome. Cicero's days were the beginning of the end. The long war of capital against the middle class was over. Capital, of course, had triumphed. One of two things remained for Rome—an oligarchy or a tyranny; and there was slight chance of an oligarchy. Nothing in Cicero's political life is more surprising than his genuine unconsciousness of the Roman dilemma. When Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, Cicero had not yet recognised in him the nemesis of three centuries, the inevitable, the wholesome despot. And yet it was a sense of this very dilemma that a century before had fettered one of Rome's most sagacious patriots, Scipio Æmilianus. This was the dilemma that sent such men as Atticus to an adopted country, that made Epicureans of such men as Cassius and Pansa, Trebatius and Paetus. Cicero believed in the "harmony of the orders," and adhered to Stoicism. The theory of that philosophy as taught in the last days of the Republic may be found in the Tusculan Disputations. Its practical value is illustrated by the Letters from Thessalonica. In remoteness from more sensuality the Epicureanism of Lucretius differed little, perhaps, from the Epicureanism of clear minds hopeless for the state. But it was infinitely more earnest. Cassius and Trebatius were cultivated Sadducees, who com-

pounded for a dignified equanimity by abjuring diviner solitudes. Lucretius was one for whom the eternal blank to come lent a busier meaning to the present, in whom the most genial sympathies were alloyed only by a scorn for self-enslavement, who felt with a buoyancy almost Greek the instinct that claims a second life, while he accepted with more than Roman fortitude the gospel of everlasting death.

The philosophy of Lucretius, when it confronted the future, was majestic, stern, defiant. But when it turned to the present it knew how to assume a light and sunny aspect, an aspect which has ever been its most winning charm. The sympathy with what is beautiful and joyous in external nature has in Lucretius more freshness and reality than in any other ancient writer. It has been more than once remarked that the attitude of antiquity generally towards the pathetic fallacy is expressed in a single Homeric epithet. Helen, standing at the Scean Gates, looks in vain among the warriors of Greece for the godlike forms of the Dioscuri. Her brothers are in their graves in Lacedæmon.

τοὺς δ' ἦδη κατέχευε φύσιζός αἶα.

Earth, "quickenings" Earth, had taken them to her arms. In the very hour when she entombs, Earth is still nothing more to the bereaved than the callous mother of trees and plants. No passing shiver of sympathy with human anguish can ruffle the sleekness of her prolific apathy. The intercourse between the Greek mind and Nature was generally cold, matter-of-fact, business-like. From the leeks in the Dutch garden of Alcinous down to Plato's tea-garden by the Ilissus, almost everything that the Greeks appreciated in external nature was esteemed because it was comfortable to sit upon, pleasant to smell, soothing to listen to, or good to eat. Mr. E. M. Cope, in his interesting essay on this subject, has indicated the affinity in this respect between modern France and ancient Greece. M. Jannin's pean on emerging from the Splügen into a

land of hotels was exquisitely Greek. Sophocles might well have felt the rising rapture of those sentences,—“Et cette fois, vivat! Vous avez échappé à la Suisse déserte, vous entrez dans la Suisse habitée! Les chalets commencent!” When Roman language was married to Greek verse, the bride was not wealthy, but she was not portionless. She brought into that elaborate town-house her simple Italian heirloom, the power of enjoying country life. Perhaps this national characteristic has never been brought out so vividly and with so little false colouring as in Mr. Hawthorne's novel of Transformation. The mysterious brotherhood with the Faun of the Capitol which is so charming in Donatello has peeped out in every recorded phase of Italian life, from the Lucretian shepherd amid his “otia dia” to the Tuscan contadino of to-day. It was well for Roman poetry that not one of its great masters could have anticipated the boast of Juvenal. Not one of them could exult in the thought that his childhood had inhaled the air of the Aventine. In the epitaph written by Nævius for himself Gellius detected the arrogance of a Campanian. Ennius himself tells us that he was cradled among the Calabrian hills. Pacuvius grew up at Brundisium. Attius, a native of Umbria, may have derived his first tragic inspiration from the crag of Nequinum scowling on the waters of Nar. Lucilius was “Aurunca's mighty son.” Catullus may have mused his first lyrics by the Adige that flows past his native Verona. It was not to Rome, but to Mantua, that Virgil brought home the Idumæan palm. In most of these instances, indeed, the native Italian sentiment was alloyed by later influences. Ennius teaching grammar on the Aventine, Pacuvius subsisting at Rome by his paintings or his plays, Attius the intimate of Brutus Gallaius, were in contact with inspirations anything but pastoral. No

Latin poet had so much of the Æolic spirit as Catullus. Precisely for that reason no Latin poet displays more rarely the Italian spirit which loves Nature for her own sake. Virgil was too much of a conscious artist to be a genuine Italian. In unreality and in confusion of localities the Eclogues are worthy of Rousseau. Cicero felt the Italian instinct. But his sympathy with external nature was not the deep communion with a presence in which cares are hushed. The fears and sorrows of the perishing Republic came between. Writing from Antium in the autumn of 46 B.C. he says: “Nothing can be pleasanter than this solitude.... Nothing can be more charming than the sea-shore, the sea view.... But the subject does not warrant a longer letter.” And, writing from Puteoli in the spring of 44 B.C.:—“You ask me—you suppose I cannot tell—whether I most enjoy the view from the rising ground or the walk by the sea-shore. I am not sure which deserves the palm.

ἀλλ' οὐ δαῖτ' ἐπηράτου ἔργα μέμλεν.”

He had no appetite for the banquet. Lucretius, who viewed the succession of nations as a torch-race, could feast untroubled by political despair. His isolation speculative and social was solaced by a double portion of the genial gift. And, while he was spared a sense of horror in the night which was descending upon Rome, his native earnestness was indirectly deepened, his vigour stimulated, by the solemnity and the energy of the crisis. The *De Rerum Natura* exhibits the general influence of a stirring period on a susceptible recluse. The same combination recurred at the end of the last century, and again produced a contemplative poem of the first order. A broad human concern in the effects of the French Revolution was intensifying the earnest temper of Wordsworth when the *Excursion* was written among the Westmoreland lakes.

THE BANK CHARTER ACT OF 1844.

BY LORD HOBART.

THAT men should be allowed to trade with each other on whatever terms and to whatever extent they please, and that no commercial transaction ought to be prohibited or restricted on the ground that it may be so carried on as to inflict loss upon those concerned in it, is a general rule of political science the disregard of which has wrought in its time incalculable evil, but which during the last twenty years has been sufficiently recognised in this country. It is now generally understood, in England at least, that the proper remedy for the evils occasioned by the breach of commercial engagements is not to prevent or limit them, but to pass such laws as may be most expedient in case they are unfulfilled. The interference of the State with respect to the metallic currency of the country can scarcely be considered as an exception to this rule. It is an interference, not to prevent or limit the particular kind of commercial transaction to which it applies, but in order that the transaction may be really what it professes to be. It imposes no limitation or condition whatever upon the use of metallic money, except that of manufacture by the State. It is an exception, based on considerations of peculiar cogency, to the maxim "caveat emptor," rather than to the principle of free-trade. The only direct and positive instance of any great and general interest in which the rule is now set aside, is that which is afforded by the monetary legislation of 1844.

It must be confessed that this legislation (which, applicable in the first instance only to England, was extended in the following year to Scotland and Ireland) is as vigorous as it is singular. The original intention appears to have been to permit the issue of notes, under

severe restrictions, by the Bank of England alone. As it was, the Bank of England was prohibited from issuing notes to an amount exceeding 14,000,000*l.* beyond that of the coin or bullion in its coffers, except in so far as they were substituted for those of any country bank which were no longer in circulation, of which such substitution (limited to two-thirds of the lapsed issue) the whole profit was to be made over to the State; and no such issue was permitted at all except upon securities, of which the debt due to the Bank by the Government (11,000,000*l.*) was to form a part. The issue of notes other than those of the banks of issue then existing was made illegal; and, except the Bank of England, no bank was to increase its circulation beyond the amount at which it then stood. Power was taken by the Government to deprive any bank of the privilege of issue; a maximum of six was fixed beyond which no addition to the number of partners in any private bank possessing that privilege could take place; and other vexatious restrictions were imposed¹—the intention evidently being that the whole paper circulation of the country should ultimately be in the hands of the Bank of England. Thus a monopoly of issue was given to certain banks, not one of which, except the Bank of England, could be supposed to have even the shadow of a claim to such treatment, and it was in effect enacted that no bank, except those so favoured, however great might be its wealth, and however admirable its management, should in future be al-

¹ A Bill has been proposed to Parliament in the present Session, by which relief from some of these regulations is offered, on certain conditions, to country banks, but which is not intended to alter, in any essential respect, the effect of the Bank Charter Act.

to issue notes. Thus also it was led that, whatever might be the case in the wealth and metallic circulation of the country, there could be no increase at all in the note circulation of country banks, and no increase in that of the Bank of England unless with a corresponding decrease of the proportion borne by the amount of notes which might issue to that of its metallic currency. Two distinct and formidable objections—monopoly and restriction—brought into play against a most important branch of commercial business by a Minister who, it is as well to remember, was not yet converted to the doctrine. And, when to this statement of effect of the Act it is added that it was brought out of the three occasions of serious commercial difficulty which have occurred since it was passed, the Act is suspended on the unanimous decision of the trading classes, few will need to deny that a *prima facie* case of singular force has been established against it. The measure was not only a departure from an economic principle of soundness and extreme impropriety, but a very wide and evident departure from that principle; and it was even found intolerable in the very instances with a view to which it was adopted. Right or wrong, a heavy burden of proof unquestionably rests on its supporters.

Now, what are the grounds upon which the enactment so extraordinary and exceptional was proposed and is defended? The principal reasons were given for it as more moderate and judicious of advocates, one of which may be summarily dismissed. This was, that the emergency commonly known as a "commercial crisis" is seriously aggravated by the stimulus given to the undue circulation which is a frequent cause of a phenomenon, as well as to the drain of gold," which usually panics it, by the unrestricted issue of bank notes. It is obvious that this argument, whatever amount of truth it may contain, affords no ground whatever for a measure such as that under consideration. It will hardly now be

contended that the evils, however great, which mercantile insolvency inflicts upon the country are of a kind to justify an exceptional violation of the great law of unrestricted trade. The time is gone by for preventing commercial enterprise from becoming ruinous by legislative limitation of the means employed for carrying it on. If the object was to prevent or mitigate commercial failures, there could be no better justification for restricting the amount of notes than there is for restricting the amount of bills of exchange or other mercantile obligations, a course which no one has ever been bold enough to propose. The more plausible ground upon which banks were subjected to the legislation of 1844 was of a different kind. It was represented by the authors of the measure that on several occasions, when the country had been suffering from monetary derangement, the proportion between the notes issued and the cash held by bankers had become such as to endanger, and, in the case of many country banks, actually to destroy the convertibility of the note, causing great and wide-spread disaster; and that the importance of averting for the future any danger of the kind was such as required a resort to extraordinary and special legislation.¹ Another effect which is very commonly attributed to and held to justify the measure does not require any serious consideration. It is supposed by many persons that the Act, by limiting the circulation of notes, prevents their being issued (as it is termed) "in excess," that is, to such an amount as to induce more or less depreciation and consequent disaster. The fallacy of this supposition has been sufficiently shown. It is now well understood that the depreciation of a convertible paper currency, so long as

¹ A third reason for the Act, of the same character as the first, and therefore inadmissible, was given by Sir Robert Peel in his speech of December 1847 on Commercial Distress, viz. the expectation that the Act would prevent "by early and gradual, severe and sudden contraction;" but he mentioned it only to admit that the expectation had been disappointed.

its convertibility is maintained, is impossible; since on the very first symptom of such depreciation it becomes profitable to exchange the notes for gold. So long as the notes are duly cashed when presented for payment, there can be no fall in their value such as that supposed, and the only discredit to which they can be liable is of that complete and final kind which follows the refusal of their issuers to convert them.

Thus in discussing the expediency of the Bank Charter Act we shall be warranted in assuming that the evil which it is intended to avert, and as a remedy for which it can alone with any show of reason be defended, is simply a recurrence in times of serious commercial difficulty of that danger to the convertibility of the note by which such periods are considered to have been characterized. Nor can it be denied that the evil thus apprehended has peculiar features which afford, if not a perfectly satisfactory, at least a plausible ground for treating it as an exception to general principle. The disasters caused by the failure of mercantile credit and the depreciation of mercantile paper are serious enough. Probably indeed they involve an actual loss of property quite as great as any which is occasioned by the insolvency of banks of issue. But the loss in such cases is confined to comparatively few persons, all of whom have or may be supposed to have some special opportunity of judging as to the trustworthiness of the paper on which they have relied. The ruin consequent on the inability of banks to cash their notes is spread over a much wider area, runs through all the complicated transactions of trade, and affects a class of persons who have practically no means of judging as to the solvency of the issuers, and by whom such losses are commonly irretrievable.

It may then not unfairly be contended, and may be conceded for the sake of argument, that the evil of which the Act was passed to prevent the recurrence,—the danger to the convertibility of the note,—was such as to justify some kind and degree of exceptionally restrictive

legislation. But, in order to decide whether the particular remedy described by the Act for that evil was or was not expedient, it will be necessary to consider (1) the efficacy of the remedy; (2) its cost; and (3) whether, looking to the nature and extent of the evil to be cured, its cure (supposing the remedy to have been effectual) was worth that cost.

With respect to the *first* point, the efficacy of the remedy; it is generally admitted that the Act of 1844 has effected that which we are assuming to be its object,—the removal of all possibility of danger at certain critical periods to the holders of paper currency on account of the relation between the notes of banks and their cash in hand. It is desirable, however, to bear in mind that (as has been already observed) the Act is composed of two principal ingredients, monopoly and restriction; and that monopoly, considered as a means of providing a trustworthy currency, is, in itself, an expedient of at least doubtful efficacy. The most natural effect of it is precisely the reverse—to induce reckless trading on the part of the banks so privileged, and to remove from them that inducement which free competition supplies to dealers in bank notes, as in any other commodity, to improve to the utmost the quality of the article in which they deal.

The *second* question for consideration is the cost of the remedy which the Act provides; and this, fully understood, we shall find to be enormous. Banks of issue are banks which, besides lending the metallic money at their disposal, lend also their credit in the form of notes payable on demand; and these notes are just so much (less the sum retained to meet demands for their conversion into coin) added to the general fund available for the purpose of profitable investment, whether in the way of production or exchange. Moreover, the addition thus made to the means of increasing the national wealth is an addition which possesses a peculiar value. All the operations of commerce and productive industry are affected through the instru-

mentality either of credit or of metallic money. As applicable to this purpose, credit, compared with metallic money, has this advantage, that its cost is inappreciable; metallic money compared with credit (under any of its forms except that of bank notes) has the advantage of being not to a limited extent only but completely effectual. Bank notes combine both these advantages. They can be supplied at no appreciable expense, and on the other hand, their circulation is not, like that of other forms of credit, confined to a limited class of persons and transactions, but (if allowed to be issued for sums sufficiently small) they are as available for every operation of production and exchange as metallic money itself. In so far then as legislation prevents the issue of bank notes, it prevents the use of a singularly efficacious instrument of commercial and industrial progress.¹ And that the Act of 1844 must have done this to a very serious extent the nature of its provisions leaves no doubt. Accordingly, we find that the Bank of England, with property in capital and deposits nearly double that of the Bank of France, has a paper circulation less by one third; that, notwithstanding her immense commercial inferiority, and though she possesses but one bank of issue, the total note circulation of France is very nearly equal in amount to that of this country; and that, notwithstanding the enormous increase of its trade and metallic currency, the note circulation of this country is at the present moment not materially greater than it was in 1843.

But this is far from being the whole, or even the most important part, of the price which the nation pays for the Act of 1844. Of all the causes which conduce to commercial prosperity, none can be imagined more important than a freely and fully developed banking system.

¹ The prohibition of notes below 5*l.*—that is, of notes such as are almost exclusively available for purposes of production (since notes for a higher amount can rarely be used in payment of wages)—was not the work of the Act of 1844, but of a previous law, passed on account of and immediately after the bank failures of 1825.

The immense services rendered by banks in facilitating and cheapening mercantile transactions, and especially in providing profitable employment for money which would otherwise lie idle, or would be wasted in unproductive consumption, seems to be even now very imperfectly understood. As it is, the great increase of banking business which has taken place in this country since the year 1826 (when the successful efforts of the Legislature to make banks few and insecure by limiting the number of their partners to six were at length discontinued,) has contributed, there can be no doubt, in a very material degree to its extraordinary advance in wealth and prosperity. But that the Act of 1844 has seriously impeded the full and healthy development of banking business in this country is certain. By the monopoly of issue which it established, it removed the inducement to the formation of banks and to the accumulation of deposits in them which it afforded by this important source of profit; while, by closely limiting and encumbering with vexatious conditions the issues of the privileged banks, it in the same manner checked the flow of deposits into them. Prevented from issuing notes, or closely limited in their issues, banks are debarred from a natural and legitimate source of profit, and are either unable to pay any interest at all, or any but a low interest, to depositors, or are obliged to resort for the purpose to investments more or less hazardous; and banking is thus not only discouraged, but made, where it is in operation, less secure. The cost of the Act, in this effect of it, can scarcely be over-estimated. It is hardly possible to place a limit to the advantage which might result from a measure which should remove the obstructions now existing to the free and prosperous action of safely conducted banking establishments, considered especially as a means of attracting and turning to immediate profit the vast amount of money which now, held in small sums by a multitude of persons, is dissipated unproductively or recklessly invested, in the absence of any readily and constantly

accessible channel for its profitable employment.

Such being the amount of evil (whether with or without any compensating advantage in the particular purpose which it fulfils is not here the question) inflicted upon the mercantile interests of the country by the Act of 1844, when trade is pursuing its ordinary course, we have now to inquire what is its effect upon them in times of commercial difficulty and distress. The immediate occasion of what is termed a "commercial crisis" is a sudden and general contraction of credit; and there are two causes by which, taken either separately or together, this contraction of credit is chiefly produced. The first is that which is commonly called "over-trading," or; in other words, excessive commercial or industrial speculation, and in this case the course of events is generally as follows. The unusual extension of credit produces a rapid rise of prices, or in other words, a fall in the exchange value of the precious metals. The precious metals therefore begin to leave the country in search of a better market, and thus the loan fund is contracted; while on the other hand, the perceptible approach of the collapse of speculation causes an unusual demand for money on the part of speculators for the purpose of postponing the evil day. Thus the rate of discount advances under the double action of diminished supply and increased demand. Credit is still further contracted by the panic which begins to affect lenders, and those speculators who are unable to obtain further advances are compelled to sell their goods at the best price they can obtain. Prices accordingly begin to fall; there is a general eagerness to sell in order to avoid still greater losses; and the result is a glut of the market and a still further fall of prices, which will continue for a longer or shorter time, and with more or less ruinous consequences, according to the height to which undue speculation has been carried, and the amount of temporary assistance which those traders whose solvency is endangered are able to obtain. Now what, in such a condition of

affairs, is the effect of the Act of 1844? Observation of actual facts has proved¹ beyond doubt that it is not until a comparatively late stage of the process, and after prices have greatly risen, that there is on such occasions any considerable increase of bank notes, and that the rise of prices is caused primarily and mainly, not by bank notes, but by the extension of mercantile credit. As long indeed as notes which were applicable to the payment of wages were in circulation, it is probable that, when the prevailing speculation had advanced far enough to reach the producers² (in its first stage it is usually confined to dealers) bank notes had some effect in increasing prices; but since notes of a value below 5*l.* have been prohibited, banks of issue have been deprived of even this amount of influence in the case. Undoubtedly, when speculation has reached its full height, and the first symptoms of the unsound condition of affairs begin to show themselves, there will be an unusual demand for and a large additional issue of notes for the purpose of enabling speculators to avoid a ruinous sale of the goods which they hold; and in this manner the inevitable catastrophe is postponed for a time, only that it may be more fatal when it actually occurs. In so far, therefore, as at this particular juncture the Act of 1844 restricts the issue of notes, it must be considered as having a tendency to mitigate the evils of the time. But when once the tide has turned and the disaster has begun, its operation is mischievous in the extreme. There is no longer any fear of ministering to undue speculation, or of aggravating the calamity by keeping speculations afloat. It is not the use, but the misuse, of credit that is now in excess. The fall of prices, and the ruin consequent on it, increased by increasing panic, go far beyond the point of natural and necessary reaction; and not only hopelessly insolvent concerns,

¹ The fullest evidence on this point is to be found in Tooke's "History of Prices." See also "Principles of Political Economy," by J. S. Mill, vol. ii. p. 191.

² See "Principles of Political Economy," by J. S. Mill, vol. ii. p. 195.

but those of whose ultimate solvency there can be no question, are carried away by the torrent. At such a time the cautious advances of banks are of the utmost value in protecting those whose business is substantially sound, and in mitigating the effects of a panic as unreasonable as the over-confidence from which it is the rebound; and the Act, by preventing all possibility of such timely assistance, seriously adds to the confusion, dismay, and ruin which prevail.

The second of the two causes to which a commercial crisis is mainly attributable is a large and sudden reduction of the general loan fund either by the withdrawal of money for loans to foreign governments, or for the purpose of home or foreign investment, or on account of an unusually large "balance of trade" against this country. Of this character, wholly or chiefly, were the monetary difficulties of 1815, 1839, and 1847. As applicable to such occasions, it is certainly not surprising that the expediency of the Act of 1844 should have been called in question. The ordinary business of production and trade is for the most part carried on by means of advances of money to be repaid when the profits of the several transactions for which the money is borrowed has been realized. The effect then of a sudden and violent contraction of the loan fund is not only to prevent *pro tanto* the renewal of those advances, and to bring to that extent commercial and industrial operations to a stand-still, to the serious loss of those engaged in them, but also that many producers and dealers who require, and would, in the ordinary state of affairs, have obtained an extension of credit, are suddenly called upon to repay the advances made to them. Notwithstanding therefore that their business may be in a perfectly sound condition, and that, with the time ordinarily allowed to them, they would have been able to close profitably the operations in which they are engaged and to fulfil all their obligations, they are compelled to suspend payment. Other traders who have had dealings with them participate

in the disaster; and a panic ensues which may lead to any amount of difficulty and distress. Now in this case the issue of notes, in so far as it enables dealers and producers to continue their business, is an unqualified advantage; it is a proper and natural mode of alleviating the disorder. There is here no question of encouraging rash speculation, or of injuriously retarding a collapse, neither rash speculation nor collapse being among the circumstances of the case. So far then as the Act prevents at such periods any issue of notes which would otherwise take place (it must be remembered that we are, for the present, leaving out of consideration its value considered as an effectual remedy for a particular evil), it is simply and seriously mischievous. That the mere accident of an export of gold or of an unusual demand for it on account of productive enterprise at home, which in itself so far from diminishing adds to the real wealth of the nation, should have power to bring about so much calamity, is an evil greatly to be deplored, and which could only be completely cured by such an increase of mutual confidence, based upon an increase of honesty and prudence, as to admit of the more liberal use of credit under all its forms in substitution for coin. But a law which prevents this remedial employment of credit, in its most effective shape, to the extent or anything like the extent to which but for that law it would even now be possible, ought to have some immense countervailing advantage to recommend it.

Such, reasoning from the nature of the case, we find to be the cost of the Act of 1844 in periods of monetary derangement considered as arising either from excessive speculation, or from a mere contraction of the loan fund in the ordinary condition of mercantile affairs. But it is not upon reasoning alone that we have in this case to depend. Since the passing of the Act three instances of "commercial crisis" have occurred,—the first of which, that of 1847, is attributable to the former, and the second, that of 1857, to the latter of the two causes;

while the third was of mixed origin, in which both causes had part. The first and second of these events were not only far more serious in degree than the third, but were among the very worst calamities of this nature that have ever occurred; and in both of them it became necessary, on the urgent demand of the whole mercantile community, and for the purpose of averting that which it was no great exaggeration to call "universal bankruptcy," to suspend the Act of 1844. The inexpediency of the Act, as applicable to monetary disorders of an aggravated type, is thus demonstrated with a force which no *à priori* argument however conclusive could be expected to bear. The third occurrence of the kind referred to is the pressure and embarrassment from which the money market has recently suffered, but from which it has, even yet, but imperfectly recovered. It has been the result of a combination of causes, among which the demand upon the loan fund consequent on the multiplication of Joint Stock Associations, and the failure of speculations in cotton, were the most active, but which, taken together, have not been sufficient to cause a "crisis" nearly so calamitous as those which preceded it. The fact therefore that the Act has in this instance been allowed to remain in force in no way neutralizes the inference which we have drawn from its suspension on former occasions. It is evident that so strong a measure as the temporary repeal of the law was not likely to be adopted by the Government unless the evil had reached a stage far beyond that which it recently attained. Still less is there any ground for appealing to the comparative mildness of the late monetary disturbance as a proof of the expediency of the Act. For, in the first place, if the Act had really had any such salutary effect in restraining and regulating mercantile and monetary transactions as that which is thus attributed to it, that effect (as has been before observed) is not one of a kind which it is the business of legislation to produce; and in the next, we have shown that in cases

of commercial distress occasioned (as they usually are) by one and both of the two causes to which the recent pressure is mainly attributable, the Act (apart from the service which it renders in protecting the convertibility of the note) is not only not beneficial but directly and seriously the reverse.

It is evident, then, that whatever may be the value of the Act considered as a remedy for a particular evil, it is a remedy of which the cost is extravagantly and ruinously high. In an ordinary state of commercial affairs the severe restrictions which it imposes upon the issue of bank-notes inflicts direct injury upon the nation by paralysing a singularly effective agent of exchange and production, and less direct but still more serious injury by stunting the natural growth of institutions of vital importance to the general welfare; while in the exceptional periods of commercial difficulty, it acts as an aggravation of the prevalent distress, such as (to say the least) is far from being counterbalanced by any beneficial effect which it may have as a restraint upon speculation. We have now to consider, *thirdly*, what was the real nature and extent of the evil which this costly expedient was devised to meet. The evil was an alleged danger to the convertibility of the note:—what was the actual amount of that danger? It shrinks, looked fairly in the face, into much smaller proportions than is commonly supposed. In the usual condition of the money market no such danger had ever been apprehended: it was only at certain abnormal periods of mercantile embarrassment that there was any question of its existence. To what, then, at such periods, did it really amount? And first, with respect to the Bank of England. The earliest commercial "crisis," of which there is any record, occurred in the year 1783, and was the result of "over-trading." In that year the coin and bullion in the Bank of England sank so low as to cause some anxiety: but the anxiety proved to be groundless; for the Bank, by judicious management of its issues,

rode out the gale in perfect safety. The next occurrence of the same kind was in 1793, when, so far from there being any danger to convertibility, the extreme caution of the banks in averting any such danger was the subject of urgent remonstrance on the part of the trading classes; and the Government was actually induced, by an issue of exchequer bills, to supply the "accommodation" which the banks did not think it safe to afford. In 1797 another "crisis" occurred; and the coin and bullion in the Bank having fallen to about 1,000,000*l.* while its circulation was about 8,000,000*l.* the Government interfered by suspending cash payments. But for this measure (mischievous as it was in principle, and as it proved to be in practice) there could have been no real necessity. The issues, though high in proportion to the coin and bullion, were already in course of rapid contraction; and the state of the foreign exchanges indicated a reflux of gold either actual or close at hand. From this time until 1817, when cash payments were substantially resumed, the notes of the Bank of England were inconvertible. In 1818, a "crisis" took place, in which the metallic reserve of the Bank fell to 8,000,000*l.* against a circulation of 28,000,000*l.*; and it was thought necessary again to suspend cash payments. Here, again, it may well be questioned whether the measure was really necessary: but supposing it to have been so, the fact affords no evidence of the danger of unrestricted convertible issues. For the Bank, having every reason which past experience could give to believe that in case of any pressing emergency caused by over-issue the Government would put an end to cash payments, was freed from those ordinary motives to caution by which it would be guided in the event of a repeal of the present law. Cash payments were finally re-established in 1823; and the next serious derangement of the money market was in 1825. During this derangement (perhaps the most calamitous event of the kind which has taken place in this country), the amount of

coin and bullion in the Bank fell to 1,000,000*l.*; and it was obliged to recruit its supply of ready money by borrowing 300,000*l.* of Messrs. Rothschild. The next period of trial was in 1839, when the coin and bullion fell to 2,500,000*l.* against a circulation of about 17,000,000*l.*; and the Bank was compelled to borrow 2,000,000*l.* of the bankers of Paris. The small amount to which on these last occasions the gold and silver in the Bank were reduced, and its compulsory resort to loans on both of them, have been appealed to as, in themselves, going far to justify the Act of 1844. It is difficult to understand upon what grounds. The metallic reserve of the Bank was, it is true, at a low ebb; but there was neither a run upon it by the holders of notes, nor any rational ground for apprehending such an event. One might have supposed it more logical to anticipate from the circumstances of the case similar circumstances in any future case of the same kind; and that an establishment which had borne uninjured so exceptionally severe a trial might be relied on to meet with the same immunity any equally or less critical emergency. Moreover, on the second occasion at least, it seems that the loan was made by the Bank rather from excessive caution than from real necessity, since the tide had already turned and the reflux of bullion was assured. The prevalent notion that a degree of discredit, more or less affecting the whole nation, attached to the application by the Bank of England to the Bank of Paris for assistance, is so purely sentimental as not to require any serious notice; but it may be worth while to mention, for the consolation of those who entertain it, that during the next "crisis" (that of 1847) a similar application was made by the Bank of France to the Bank of England.

With respect to the country banks, the case is different. There can be no question as to the wide-spread disaster, consternation, and misery which has been caused, in times of monetary difficulty, by the inability of country banks to redeem their issues. But it

is to be observed, first, that no such disaster had ever occurred among the banks of Scotland (owing doubtless in great part to the fortunate neglect with which they had been treated by the legislature), and therefore in the case of Scotland the evil was non-existent, and the remedy wholly uncalled for. Secondly, that as regards the rest of the United Kingdom, every serious calamity of the kind which has occurred among the country banks is of a date previous to the repeal, in 1826, of the legal prohibition against the existence of banking partnerships consisting of more than six persons. It is not surprising that under such a law, which gave, in the business of banking, a species of monopoly to private traders, and prevented its being conducted except on a small scale, the paper currency should have been in the last degree unsound. Since its repeal there had been, at the passing of the Act of 1844, no serious disaster on account of country bank-notes. It is true that but one instance of commercial difficulty (that of 1839) had occurred during that period, and that accordingly the extent to which the change in the law had increased the security of the note had been as yet but imperfectly tested by experience. But (supposing that the Act of 1844 had not been passed) there is good reason to believe that there would have been no repetition of the ruin which has from time to time resulted from the over-issue of country banks, and that, so far as regards those establishments, the evil which the Act was intended to cure had already, in great part, been removed. With respect, then, to the country banks, as well as to the Bank of England, it seems clear that the danger contemplated in the Act has been enormously exaggerated, and that the severity of its provisions is out of all proportion to that danger.

We have seen, then, that (1) while the Act has been fully effectual for the accomplishment of its only defensible object—the protection of convertibility, (2) the cost to the country of the double remedy—monopoly and restriction—

which it prescribed has been immense; and we have seen (3), that the evil which the Act was designed to cure,—the danger at certain periods to the convertibility of the note,—is reduced, when closely considered, to dimensions which are quite insignificant as compared with that cost.

From these considerations it seems to follow that the Act of 1844 was a measure inexpedient in the highest degree, and that its repeal, so far from being injurious, would be of the utmost benefit to the commercial interests of the country. The gain to the community resulting from its abolition would be infinitely greater than the loss.

The same considerations lead to the conclusion that there are other important respects in which our currency laws require revision. The monopoly of issue within sixty-five miles of London which is possessed, independently of the Bank Charter Act, by the Bank of England, cannot, if the views which have been expressed in this paper are correct, be defended on any reasonable ground. We have shown that privileges of this nature, granted to one or more banks to the prejudice of banks in general, are injurious as impeding that full development of its banking system which is of such vital consequence to the nation; while it is at least doubtful whether on the whole their tendency is not to increase rather than to diminish the dangers incidental to a paper circulation. The first step in the reform of our currency laws which is so urgently needed would be with the repeal of the Bank Charter Act the abolition of all exclusive privileges, exceptional disabilities, and differential enactments of whatever kind, compensation being given for any interference with vested rights which such a measure might involve. The trade of the country would thus be relieved from an incubus of confused and mischievous regulation, and banking business would be placed, like all other branches of commerce, upon the footing which is essentially necessary to its prosperity—that of free and healthy competition.

This done, there would remain the question whether any and what restrictions or conditions ought to be imposed upon banks for the purpose of insuring the convertibility of their issues. In considering the effect of the Act of 1844 as the particular measure which was adopted for this purpose, we have assumed, for the sake of argument, that some such restrictions or conditions were desirable. It must be admitted, however, that the assumption is a strong one. The special and only plausible ground upon which so direct and singular an interference with the principle of commercial freedom is supposed to be necessary, and especially of the distinction which is in this respect drawn between bank-notes and other forms of credit, is that bank-notes, and they alone, perform all the functions of money, or, in other words, that they are in the fullest and ordinary sense of the term, "currency," and that a currency liable to disaster is an evil of greater extent and importance than a system of mercantile credit with the same liability. The conclusiveness of this argument is, however, far from unquestionable. In the first place, we have found that the evil in question—the liability of bank-notes to disaster—showed itself during between the years 1826 and 1844, when the banking-system of the country was comparatively free, in much smaller proportions than is usually imagined; and there is reason to believe, looking especially to the example of Scotland, that it would have been still smaller in amount if the freedom had been more complete. But even if the danger to be provided against were more formidable in degree than it really is, it may well be doubted whether the case would be such as to admit of departure with impunity from one of the most comprehensive and infallible laws of political economy;—whether the currency is any exception to the rule which holds for all other commodities,—that more harm is done by legal impediments to speculation in them than by the liability of such speculation to failure,—that the best mode of insuring to the public a supply satisfactory both in

quality and quantity is perfect liberty of action on the part of dealers, and perfect liberty of choice on the part of customers; and that legislative regulations in any way interfering with that liberty are not only injurious as restricting trade, but calculated to defeat the very object with which they are framed;—and whether the only legitimate mode of counteracting the consequences of the inability of bankers, as of other traders, to perform their contracts is not to be sought in an improved law of insolvency. Nor should it be forgotten, that in that which appears to be the only instance of perfectly free banking with a paper currency in the strictest sense convertible,—that of the Scotch banks before 1844,—no important failure attended with losses to note-holders was ever known to occur.

Looking, however, to the extreme importance to the public of a currency in which it may entirely confide; to the fact, that in none of the three great commercial countries—England, France, and the United States—has it been considered safe to permit the perfectly unfettered circulation of bank-notes;—taking also into consideration the habitual condition of the public mind upon this subject;—it is not probable that for the present any English statesman will have courage to propose the exemption of banks of issue from all legislative provision of whatever kind for the security of their issues. It becomes necessary, therefore, to inquire what should be the nature of the conditions imposed? There are three expedients which have been suggested, and which appear practicable for the accomplishment of the object in view. These are (1) The limitation of the aggregate amount for which notes may be issued beyond the coin or bullion actually in hand; (2) The prohibition of notes below a certain value; and (3) To require the possession of Government or other trustworthy securities as a guarantee for the redemption of the notes. Of these expedients (of which the monetary legislation of this country presents a strange compound) the two first are far more objectionable in

their nature than the third, inasmuch as they involve a much more direct and decided departure from principle. It is evident, that to limit the amount to which notes may be issued beyond that of the precious metals in hand is a more direct and positive interference with freedom of trade than to allow of unlimited issues with the sole proviso that they shall be based upon satisfactory securities. An equally direct interference with it is involved in the prohibition of notes below a certain value, the proper object of which is not to prevent the failure of banks from over-issue, but to mitigate the effects of their failure when it occurs, especially as affecting the labouring classes. And though it is true that, by this effect of it, the most serious of the evils attendant upon such catastrophes is obviated, this advantage is balanced by the fact that in preventing the application of bank-notes to the payment of wages, it deprives them in great part of their efficacy as instruments of production, and diminishes to that extent the demand for labour and the remuneration which it is able to obtain.

It is, then, in the third of the available expedients—the prohibition to issue notes except upon the guarantee of securities actually the property of the issuers, and such as to command unflinching confidence—that the least objectionable mode of providing by legislation for the convertibility of paper money is to be found. It is obvious, that if full provision is made to insure the constant possession by the issuers of an equivalent value in securities, there can be no depreciation of notes and no loss to note-holders. In England, by the provisions of the Bank Charter Act, and in France (where the arrangement chiefly relied on for maintaining the security of issues is the complete monopoly of issue given to the National Bank) by the law which requires the investment of 4,000,000*l.* or about half the capital of the Bank, in the public funds, the principle of such a restriction has already been admitted. After the disastrous failures of American banks in

1839, a law was passed by the Legislature of New York (which has recently been imitated by the Federal Government, and applied throughout the Union), under which notes could be issued only on the deposit by the issuers of securities to the full amount of their issue. Accordingly, the failures which have occurred among the banks of New York since the adoption of this measure, and which during the “crisis” of 1839 were very numerous, have involved no run for gold on the part of the note-holders, and the notes of the insolvent banks have in all cases been redeemed. There are, however, two objections to the mode in which the principle has been applied in the United States. One of these is, that one half of the amount of the securities deposited may consist of obligations other than those of the Government, such as the Bonds of Railways and other Companies, and that the liability of such securities to depreciation has caused some loss to holders of the notes of bankrupt issuers. The other is that the duty of providing the banks with notes in exchange for the guarantees deposited, and of redeeming them when necessary, is imposed upon the Government itself. Both the power and the responsibility thus given to the Government would probably, and with reason, be disapproved in this country. But the plan involves no necessity for the discharge of these functions by the State. It has been proposed (in a pamphlet¹ recently published by M. Constantin Baer, remarkable for its simple and lucid treatment of a subject which is enveloped in much factitious obscurity), that the delivery to the banks of notes in return for securities should be the business of a central committee composed of delegates from the banks themselves; nor would there in all probability be any serious objection to such an arrangement. Whether even this machinery would be necessary, and whether it might not be sufficient to require such assurance as frequent publication of

¹ “La Question des Banques en France et en Italie. Lettres à M. Michel Chevalier.” Par M. Constantin Baer. Turin. 1864.

accounts would afford as to the actual possession by the banks of the prescribed amount of securities, may be doubted. But the precautionary arrangements which might in this respect be necessary—the proportion, if any, in which the securities deposited might be allowed to consist of obligations other than those of the Government, and to what classes of such obligations the permission should extend—and whether, as M. Baer proposes, it might not be desirable that the banks should at all times hold coin and bullion (on which notes might also be issued) bearing a certain proportion to the securities which they deposit in guarantee,—are questions of no very formidable difficulty, but which would require careful discussion when the precise mode in which the proposal might best be carried into effect in this country came to be considered.

Monopoly of whatever kind being thus removed, and restriction reduced to one simple and uniform requirement, the least embarrassing of any by which the object in view could be attained, the way would be cleared for the gradual assumption by the banking system of this country of an importance proportionate to the extent of its commerce and industry. No longer debarred from the profit incidental to the issue of notes, banking establishments would receive that innocuous kind of legislative encouragement which consists in the removal of artificial restraints; and being in a condition to afford interest to depositors without transgressing the bounds of prudent management, would rapidly absorb a vast amount of surplus property which is now uselessly squandered or hazardingly employed, and which would be added to the fund available for reproductive investment, or, in other words, for the creation of wealth. Nor would it be unreasonable to expect, that while such was the effect of the change upon the interests of the country in the normal condition of its trade and circulation, it would also

tend to avert, or to mitigate when they occurred, those periodical convulsions of the money-market which have been the cause of so much evil. For, in the first place, it might fairly be anticipated that the amount of the reckless investment which is a frequent cause of such calamities would be diminished, in so far as that money which at such periods is now directly invested by its owners would then be left at the disposal of establishments well versed in business, and in a position to judge of the character of mercantile projects. And, in the next place, at that particular stage of a commercial “crisis” when the funds necessary to counteract the unnatural depression of credit are in disastrous deficiency, deposits which are now withdrawn from banks under the influence of the general panic would, under the proposed arrangement, be on the contrary attracted to or prevented from leaving them by the greatly increased rate of interest which is characteristic of the time, and which would add to the profits of banks, and, therefore, to those of their depositors. It might even be hoped that when the expediency of the new system of guarantee had been tested, some gradual and tentative modification of it might be found possible, such as might prepare the way for the admission of banks in this country to that complete liberty of action on which all other commercial business depends for complete success, and from which, on evidence which is so far from being entirely satisfactory, they have been excluded. In any case, a great reform would have been effected, and a great anomaly removed. It would no longer be said that England, which is the stronghold of free and independent commerce, is also that of restrictive and paternal monetary laws; or that the most important wheel in the machinery of her material progress is clogged by an unsightly mass of complicated, excessive, and random legislation.

ESSAYS AT ODD TIMES.

VI. OF HANDS.

I BEG to inform the reader, *in limine*, that I am not about to give him a *rechauffé* of Sir Charles Bell's book upon the hand. In the first place, I have never read the treatise in question. In the second, if I had read it, I should most certainly abstain from inflicting upon him an abstract, which I take to be an altogether mischievous and hurtful form of literature.

But the subject of the human hand has been suggested to me for an essay by an engraving after Lucas Van Leyden, which lies upon my study-table at this moment. It represents a monk preaching. The picture itself I have never seen, but, to judge from the engraving, it must needs be a powerful one. A little group of German citizens, clad in the quaint garb of the fifteenth century, are standing around a pulpit in the open air just outside of the parish church, listening to the fervent discourse of the preacher. And a fervent discourse it evidently is, if we may judge from the effect it produces upon the hearers. One of them, smitten by some word of his which has struck home, actually writhes in agony of soul and body, and throws up his hands to heaven, like a man shot through the heart. In the distance is a group, intended, I suppose, to show what the result of preaching should be—a citizen distributing a dole of food at his door to the blind and the halt and the poor. But the centre of the subject is the preaching monk. And preach he does, in good truth, not only with his lips; his whole body preaches; his outstretched hands—they are the most eloquently pleading hands I have ever seen pictured.

And, looking at this print, I cannot help asking myself whether the small success of many of the preachers of our day may not be in some measure

attributable to their neglect of one of the great instruments of good oratory; I mean the hand. I have listened to many preachers in many pulpits; I have observed their movements narrowly, and I have come to the conclusion that they either hide away their hands altogether, as things to be ashamed of, or, if they employ them at all, do so in one of three ways: clutching the sides of the pulpit, as if to hold on by it; waving them up and down with a sort of see-saw motion; or, if very violently eloquent, thumping the cushion with the right fist—the only result of which latter movement has been that the reverend gentleman has involved himself (and perhaps his subject) in a cloud of dust of his own raising. And the lay orators whom I have listened to have been equally faulty in this respect. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, indeed, talks so well as to compel us to forget that he is evidently working the handle of an invisible pump at the moment that he most eloquently appeals to our feelings. But the smaller lights of oratory have not the advantage of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's eloquence; though, perhaps, what they want in matter they make up for by voice. "I like our parson," said an old woman to me the other day, speaking of a neighbour of mine, a strenuous and earnest preacher, of whom, indeed, it cannot be predicated that he wants matter or manner; "I like our parson very much; *he do bawl so.*"

And, if our orators make but a poor use of the hands which God has given them, it seems to me that our writers and our painters have also somewhat neglected that great instrument of expression, the human hand, in their pictures and in their writings. The painters, indeed, are wholly without excuse; and the novelists, by their neglect, have missed many an incident which would have given point to their

stories. Only see how a master of the art makes use of the hand of his puppets to set a charming picture before us, just, too, where the novice would have coarsely drawn upon the old stage property of lips and kisses, without producing half the effect which Mr. Reade produces with a pair of busy little hands. "Then came a little difficulty. Gerard, the adroit, could not tie his ribbon again as Catherine had tied it. Margaret, after slyly eyeing his efforts for some time, offered to help him. Then a fair head, with its stately crown of auburn hair, glossy and glowing through silver, bowed sweetly towards him; and, while it ravished his eyes, two white supple hands played delicately upon the stubborn ribbon, and moulded it with soft and airy touches Nay, when the taper fingers had at last subjugated the ends of the knot, her mind was not quite easy till, by a manœuvre peculiar to the female hand, she had made her palm convex, and so applied it with a gentle pressure to the centre of the knot,—a sweet little coaxing hand-kiss, as much as to say, 'now be a good knot and stay as you are.' The hand-kiss was bestowed on the ribbon, but the wearer's heart leaped to meet it."

And painters, and actors, what do they not lose by their neglect of the language of the hand? There is a story told of a celebrated portrait-painter of the last century, that he had so much business and such love for money that he would send away his sitters as soon as he had painted in their faces, leaving the drapery and the hands, which he classed together (as accessories, I suppose!), to be finished from fancy by his assistants. Of course his portraits are worthless; hands and faces being equally bad. Whereas, if he had taken care of the hands, the faces, I fancy, would have taken care of themselves. And you have doubtless witnessed, my reader, the conventional actress mimicking grief, wringing her hands in all the stage imagery of woe! "I have seen," writes a painter, a close observer of fact,

"most of the best actors of the last thirty years: and not one of their personifications of the passions remains on my mind so distinctly as that of a poor woman, whose child was run over in one of the back streets of St. Giles's! I can recollect her attitude and the wringing of her hands, an expression of grief I had never before observed. I had thought it was a twisting of the hands closed together, whereas this poor creature passed one hand over the back of the other alternately, ending with a strong compression of the fingers." Now, was it anything like this that we have seen at the theatre?

When we remember what the office of the hands is in the human economy, how the whole labour of life is mainly done by them,—every duty of self-help or charitable assistance—it would almost seem as if the human body itself were but a machine for setting a pair of hands to work. Moreover, the hand performs a most important part in illustrating a man's thoughts; it is a fellow-labourer with the tongue. With the hand we beg, pray, re-use, deprecate, attest: with the hand we invite, and with the hand we dismiss. The way in which a man gives you his hand to shake is a pretty fair test of his disposition. The shy man shakes your hand in a sort of fumbling and jerking way, and drops it abruptly, being evidently in doubt as to whether he ought to have pulled off his glove or kept it on. The rough and hearty man squeezes your hand to a jelly. Most of us, I suppose, have met with the person who considers that he makes himself of importance in the world by offering a couple of fingers to his acquaintance; though but few, I fear, have had the presence of mind to give him back a couple of fingers in return, leaving him to get out of the position as best he might. Most men have undergone the official shake, in which the great man of the moment puts his hand into yours as if it were a dead fish, having to go through the same ceremony with perhaps a dozen or a score of others after you.

Passing by the rough brown horny hand of toil (which is, perhaps, as good a one as any to shake) and merely glancing at its opposite, of which I would say that a delicate hand, white, soft, and flaccid, with long tapering fingers, and filbert-shaped nails, may be "a most excellent thing in woman," but in a man I distrust it—"habet fœnum in cornu"—beware of that man, whether as friend or foe—he has never done one day's honest manly toil, whether for his pleasure or his profit; I come to a hand which (in imagination) I press to my lips. There is something to me very pathetic in the hand of an aged person. Its history is written upon it so clearly, so indelibly, mapped out in wrinkle and vein. How many hands has it clasped, which now are dust; clasped till the loving pressure they returned faded out

with the fading breath! There is *one* such hand I know, and love—a woman's. It is thin, and lean and wrinkled, the blue veins standing out upon it clearly, and the knuckles prominent enough; but still it is soft and white, and lovely. It is almost worn out, you see, in the service of a tender heart: a hand well experienced in the little kindly offices of a sick room; a hand that has smoothed many a pillow, and calmed many a throbbing and feverish brow. None so active and light as it in doing—none so ready to abstain from touch or movement, when to do would be officious.

May we all have such a hand as *this*, my friendly reader, near us, when the great world we live in seems but a speck upon the horizon of eternity, and, sick of life, we turn our faces to the wall!

DEAD MEN WHOM I HAVE KNOWN; OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF THREE CITIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

DR. SAMUEL BROWN—HUGH MILLER—DE QUINCEY.

DR. SAMUEL BROWN.

THERE is now before me an old letter, consisting of two sheets and a half of the roughish quarto letter-paper that was in use before the days of the penny postage. The handwriting is large, straggling, and juvenile, and is in contrast with the power of expression shown in the letter, and also, though not so decidedly, with its matter. Of this last the following is a specimen:—

"No science shall, *can* ever be perfect, till reduced to the absolute logic of mathematics. Astronomy, statics, hydraulics, acoustics, &c. are perfect because they are mathematized. For instance, we shall never be certain that we have gained a last and infallible generalization of the wondrous alchemy of our world till we can reason mathematically on chemical

questions. Is there any hope that we shall ever be able to do so? Yes! You and I *shall* yet see that jubilee-day of corpuscular science! It *shall* be proved that all the varieties of matter issue from *one* elementary kind—that the fifty-five elements at present recognised are all isomeric compounds of this one with itself, increasing in an arithmetical progression; that the affinities of each are in the ratio of their bulks, which shall *then* be known; that —. Shall I go on? No! it would hurt you, and it would hurt myself. If this consummation so much to be desired were brought about, how many thousand thousand grandeurs would it expose in every branch of human knowledge! How it would bear on the great metaphysical questions!"

The letter from which this is an

it was written in the winter of -7 by a young medical student of University of Edinburgh to an intimate friend and former schoolfellow of with whom he kept up a correspondence. Not till some four or five years after the letter was written did it come to myself to know the writer really. By that time it was impossible for any one living in Edinburgh, asking any note of its intellectual doings, not to have heard a good deal of Samuel Brown. He was a scion of a family already remarkable in the north of Scotland as the Browns of Haddington. They were so called in veneration and recollection of their ancestor, the Rev. John Brown of Haddington (1722—1787), author of "The Commentary of the Bible," "The Self-Interpreting Bible," and other popular religious works. Of one branch of this family is the present Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh, the author of "Horæ civæ," "Rab and his Friends," and other well-known writings. Of another branch was the Samuel Brown of whom I now speak. He was born at Haddington on the 23d of February, 1817; and in the winter of 1832-3 he entered the University of Edinburgh as a medical student.

Initially a student of medicine, he seems never to have contemplated the actual practice of the profession, but he attached himself to it purely on account of the sciences which meet in education for it. Now, among the medical students, from all parts of Britain attending the classes in Edinburgh, there was an unusually brilliant group of young men similarly impassioned. Edward Forbes, two years younger than Brown, was his fellow-student throughout the whole course; and many others who were his fellow-students wholly or partially were the pupils of professors Lyon Playfair, Goodenough Bennett of Edinburgh, the late George Wilson, Professor Day of London, Dr. John Percy and Professor Ramsay of London, and the late Henry Goodair, who went out geologist in Sir John Franklin's fatal

Arctic Expedition. According to all accounts, it was a glorious time of good fellowship and of mutual encouragement in all high aims for the young world of medical students in Edinburgh. Tradition speaks in particular of the Edward Forbes of those days, and how that radiant sociability and that chivalry of intellect which made him to the last the darling of our British world of science manifested themselves to the admiration of all in the smaller world to which he then belonged. For him and his fellows the ordinary means of intellectual intercourse were all too little. Meetings in the class-rooms, or for essay-reading and debating in the College-societies, even when supplemented by jovial evenings in each other's rooms, were not enough. A magazine was started, and carried on for a year or two—the contributors forming a Magazine Club in the University. But the Magazine was a vent chiefly for the superabundant humours of the associated young medicals. More was required to express the tumult of ideas and aspirations within them. To this end there was founded a kind of Rosicrucian fraternity, under the name of "The Universal Brotherhood of Friends of Truth," or, as it came to be called more familiarly "The *Omnemathic* Brotherhood." For the Brethren had chosen for their motto these three words, *Oinos, 'Epos, Mathos* (Wine, Love, Learning), to indicate that they were young and joyous, and that in their pursuit of truth they were to be neither hermits nor ascetics; and this motto, or its trilateral abridgment O. E. M. they had embroidered or engraved on badges which they constantly wore—a roseate ribbon, a silver triangle, and what not. And had they not their Archimagus or Grand Master, their subordinate officers, their two orders of adepts, and their ceremonial of admission? And was there not a pressure from the outside to get admitted into the brotherhood, till it numbered more than a hundred members, all carefully chosen, and, though still chiefly medicals, yet not exclusively such?

Despite the juvenile filagree and

affectation of Rosicrucianism, there is ample testimony, not only in the subsequent careers of all the chief members, but also in the manifestos and mutual addresses of the brotherhood at the time, that a fine intellectual enthusiasm was fostered by the association. "The highest aim of man," said the founders, "is the discovery of Truth; the search after Truth is his noblest occupation. It is more—it is his duty. Every step onwards we take in science and learning tells us how nearly all the sciences are connected. There is a deep philosophy in this connexion yet undeveloped—a philosophy of the utmost moment to man; let us seek it out." Translating this language of exhortation into the language of fact, one can see that, in respect of the element of *μαθησις*, the utility of the association consisted in its bringing together a number of young naturalists, young geologists, young chemists, young physiologists, and young metaphysicians, pledged to each other in such a manner that there was established not only mutual fidelity and tolerance, but also a certain common property of ideas and speculations. And what of the elements of *ἔργον* and *οἶκος*? Doubtless, they took care of themselves. Conceive the smaller festive gatherings throughout the year, or the great yearly festival, where, from one end of the table round which sat the brethren, with the roseate ribbons on the breasts of all, and the silver triangles and stars on those of the privileged, Edward Forbes would troll out, at a particular hour, the Oineromathic song which he had written, calling on all to join in the chorus.

"Fill ye up a brimming glass,
Jolly brother-students,
Ere you let the bottle pass,
Jolly brother-students !

"Alma Mater, if you please,
Her professors and degrees,
And our rights and liberties,
Jolly brother-students !
(Chorus.)

"To the maids whose love we prize,
In the sunshine of whose eyes
Earth again is Paradise,
Jolly brother-students !
(Chorus.)

"Here's our sacred triune sign,
And the words that on it shine,
Learning, Love, and Rosy Wine,
Jolly brother students !
(Chorus.)"

Side by side with Edward Forbes, on many of these occasions, was young Samuel Brown. He had been recognised, from the first, as one who had in a pre-eminent degree brought into the brotherhood an original endowment of that eager element of *μαθησις* the development of which was its truest distinction. "I was fired," says one friend of this date, "by his pure and noble enthusiasm, and our discussions were usually of lofty themes. One could not but feel the better for being brought into contact with him, however casually—he was so bright, so good." And not long after, George Wilson, in one of his letters, thus expresses his sense of the value of Brown's friendship: "The gaining of such a friend was the stimulus to more active study, and a most potent motive to steady perseverance; and many a day-dream of the future, and many an air-built castle, had him for its hero." How far Brown had then published among his companions the conception that was taking possession of him does not appear. That chemistry was his hobby they had long known. Most of his spare time, since his boyhood, had been spent over retorts and crucibles. So far as I can find, however, the letter which I have quoted is the earliest record of the rising in Brown's mind of any definite form of that speculation to which he surrendered all his subsequent life.

What the speculation was is plain enough. So far as Chemistry had then gone, all the material frame of nature, all the endless variety of substances on the earth, was to be conceived as composed of fifty-five elements (such was then the ascertained number, but more were expected) singly and in all sorts of combinations. The proportions in which the fifty-five elements, from hydrogen to platinum, always united to form compounds had been numerically ascertained; and at least a con-

venient way of representing the fact of chemical combination was to fancy that the atoms or ultimate particles of the elementary substances were of weights, relatively to each other, which might be expressed by the numbers signifying their combining proportions. When, therefore, Nature meant to make any compound, what was the process? What but, for every atom of the intended compound, to take the necessary number of atoms of each of the required elementary ingredients, and compel them into union? Such, but with many varieties of hypothesis, was the state into which speculative chemistry had been brought by Dalton's magnificent generalization. That corpuscular science had not even here reached its utmost limits, was, I should suppose, a very general feeling among chemists. That Nature had fifty-five elements or thereabouts in her laboratory, all radically distinct, and that out of these she had formed all the varieties of terrestrial matter, employing some of the elements largely and others more sparingly and exquisitely, might be a handy provisional conception. But was it likely to endure? Could any soul rest in it? Samuel Brown's could not. Others might go on with the chemistry of the fifty-five elements, content with the certainties which it gave and the ways of achievement which it opened up, and waiting for such a simplification of the theory as might gradually loom into view. He would be in among the fifty-five elements at once, laughing at their *fifty-fivity*! There must be another way of accounting for the facts! What if the apparent multiplicity of the elements to chemical analysis were but the result of various atomic arrangements of one elementary kind of matter, as had been the dream of ancient sages and of the mediæval alchemists?

So, from the evidence before me, I interpret Samuel Brown's thoughts and anticipations about the year 1837. In that year his medical studies were interrupted by a visit to St. Petersburg. There he caught typhus, from which he recovered with difficulty. Returning

to Edinburgh in 1838, he completed his studies, and in 1839 graduated as M.D. In the winter of 1840-1, he and Edward Forbes delivered in Edinburgh a joint course of lectures on the Philosophy of the Sciences; and in the same year there appeared in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh* the paper in which he first formally broached his notion of the mutual convertibility of the chemical elements. It was entitled "Experiments in Chemical Isomerism," and contained, if I mistake not, accounts of processes for transmuting carbon into silicon. In 1841 Brown came to London; and he resided, I think, for some time about Woolwich, having a laboratory there and an assistant. Two tracts which he published in London, under the title of "Lay Sermons on the Theory of Christianity," found their way to Edinburgh, and were heard of by me before I knew anything of the writer.

My first acquaintance with Samuel Brown must have been in 1842, when he had just returned from his brief stay in England. Edward Forbes was then gone from Edinburgh, and the Oinermathic Brotherhood was a thing defunct, or known only by rumour. Brown and his researches in Isomerism stood out now on their own account. I remember well how the whisper reached me of this extraordinary young man, who had so far revived Alchemy that he could transmute metals. For it was not now only the transmutation of carbon into silicon that was talked of, but that of rhodium into iron, and perhaps of iron into platinum, with I know not what other possibilities. Sceptical as one might be, on the ground of the difficulty of conceiving what form of experiment had escaped all the former transmutationists, one could not but feel a desire to meet a person of whom the reports were so unusual.

And really a first meeting with Samuel Brown was something to be remembered. A thin, pale, dark-haired young man, of eager and vivid look, with a graceful alacrity in all his movements, thoroughly frank and self-possessed, fluent at once on any topic that turned up, and opening with you rather in

the playful vein than in any vein of transcendentalism, or "high-falutin," as the Americans call it—such was the Alchemist. We would ere long call him the Alchemist to his face, and chaff him on the subject of his transmutations, and he would take all good-humouredly and give us back as good as he got. But, in truth, there was such a fund of life, culture, and geniality of all kinds in him, so much of theosophy, and philosophy, and literary liking, so much of miscellaneous acquaintance with men and things, that there was no need for thinking of him long as Chemist or as Alchemist, unless one chose to do so. His presence in any little company acted as a general intellectualizing influence, lifting the talk out of commonplace, sustaining it at a higher altitude than it would probably have reached had he been absent, and swaying it hither and thither at that altitude by rapid cross-impulses and suggestions. For he was a beautiful talker himself, with always a certain soaring tendency, which, however, did not take him into cloudiness, but rather into that region of clear wonder where the mind entertains itself with the extreme generalizations of physical science. There was perhaps now and then a touch too much of the grandiloquence for cynical tastes—an unnecessary use of such Emersonian words as "seer," "mission," and the like, then trying to naturalize themselves, and also of polysyllabic words like "organific" and "Methodology." But, save with the cynical, even this was but a sign of the freshness and exuberance of the speaker's mind ; or, if ever there was too much of it for others, it was redeemed by the speaker's versatility, when, a moment afterwards, he would be using as plain words as anybody else and be ready for the simplest fun. All in all, he possessed in a wonderful degree that quality which enables intellect to represent itself best in conversation—carelessness of the fact of an external opposing medium. It is the opposite of bashfulness, and yet need not have a semblance of arrogance or aggressiveness. It is simply that one is endowed so that

the ideas and fancies that rise in one are let flow forth as a matter of course, without the least sense of the mass of stolid resistance they have to encounter, as represented in the ring of grinning faces round about one, each face hiding its own ideas and fancies, and caring vastly more for them than for yours, if indeed it is not dead-set against yours even as it grins and bows and listens. With the bashful or taciturn man it is different. He is too conscious of the ring of grinning faces and of what they conceal. It is not a void that seems to be around him into which he may let his voice exercise itself by way of mere thinking aloud, nor is it a sympathetic medium through which his words will find easy way ; it is an obstinate aggregate of other people's thinkings, and prejudices, and cynical lookings at every new speaker, as much as to say, "Who the — are *you* ?" through which if one is to send anything it must be done with heat and an inconvenient rousing of the spirit. Hence, as a thought comes, a more frequent suppression of it than utterance of it—a feeling "Why bother people with it ?" or, "If I begin, I shall have to follow up, and explain, and get into an argument, and it isn't worth while." And so, unless you fire him to the exploding point, my gentleman sits mum. Happily, however, all are not so constituted. There are some who, whether from native sociability or acquired habit, do let themselves flow forth, are not ashamed of their most casual and momentary thinkings, and either ignore all external resistance to them or feel sure that nothing so much better is going but that they may take their chance. It is well that there should be such. The animation which they carry with them wherever they go generates as well as circulates thought, and obliges everybody. For, after all, the opposing medium around one is not so tough as some would think. Besides the women and the young, who constitute between them a large portion of society everywhere, there are plenty of persons to whom it is natural and pleasant to relate themselves sympathetically

to whatever comes in their way; and, if only the talk is of sufficiently good quality, such is the magnetism of mind upon mind that its continuance relaxes the opposition of even the morose, and they too yield to the charm.

Samuel Brown's conversational power was as delightful to others as it was easy to himself. Certainly none of his writings convey an adequate impression of what he could be among his friends. It must not be supposed, however, that he went after the reputation of a talker, or spent his time in society for that purpose. At the time of which I speak, he had his headquarters in a strange, solitary, tumble-down kind of house in Portobello, some two miles out of Edinburgh. We used to call it "Hades;" and, calling upon him and his assistant there, and getting admission through a gate into an inclosed courtyard, we would find them in the room which they had fitted up as a laboratory, and where, amid an assortment of all sorts of odds and ends, including a stuffed alligator, or some such beast, we understood them to be pursuing their transmutations. Only now and then would Brown leave this seclusion for an evening in Edinburgh. Accordingly, having occasion to leave Edinburgh myself about this time, when my thoughts recurred to Brown during my absence, I fancied him always in this out-of-the-way place, rather than in Edinburgh, or, if he quitted it, rambling in solitary meditation over the adjacent heights of Arthur's Seat. I remember addressing a letter to him "Hades, Portobello," and it reached him without difficulty.

The year 1843 was a critical one in Brown's career. He was then twenty-six years of age; and his chemical speculations had taken such shape and certainty in his mind that he came forward in Edinburgh with a course of four lectures on the Atomic theory. The audience addressed was one of the most brilliant that had ever assembled for any such occasion in Edinburgh, including Lord Jeffrey, Dr. Chalmers, George Combe, Sir William Hamilton,

and many other distinguished citizens. The lectures consisted, in great part, of reviews and appreciations of previous movements in chemistry, leading up to Brown's new hypothesis. This was still the hypothesis which had fascinated him so far back as 1836-7; but the form of the hypothesis seems in the interval to have taken a new development. It was now announced, if I mistake not, in some such way as this:—There are at present two competing hypotheses as to the atomic constitution of bodies. There is the common one, which supposes the atoms of bodies to be actual solid nuclei of the same stuff as the aggregate bodies, inconceivably small indeed, but still occupying space, and, if not mathematically indivisible, yet indivisible by those forces which are competent to the division of their aggregates. Against this hypothesis, which satisfied Dalton (who, indeed, always thought of the atoms as good thumping things, and represented them practically by musket-balls), there was the old hypothesis of Boscovich—always fascinating to minds of an idealistic turn—which offered to account for the phenomena of matter on the supposition of atoms not as solid nuclei of stuff at all, but as mere mathematical points, centres of attraction and repulsion. Brown's hypothesis, as I understand it, was neither Boscovich's nor Dalton's, but a third hypothesis—more material than the one, inasmuch as it did suppose a primal stuff of all matter, but less complexly material than the other, inasmuch as it did not suppose a *fifty-fifty* or any other numerical diversity of kinds of material stuff, but only a modifiability of the arrangements of one element. This element was to be conceived as neither solid, liquid, nor gasiform—which three states of matter are but different phenomena or conditions of the aggregation of the atoms of the essence or prime element. Well, but what imaginable mode of relationship among the atoms of such a prime element would account for the varieties of actual matter? Astronomy here furnished the analogy. What if the atoms of the prime element, centres

of attractive and repulsive force, were at distances from each other, relatively to their own dimensions, as great as the planetary and astral distances relatively to the sizes of the astronomical masses, so that within each cubic inch of metal, wood, or what not, that the eye looked down upon, there might be atomic systems and processes of orbs, and wheelings, actions, and reactions, as amenable to a geometrical calculus, if it could probe its way among such infinitesimals, as were the systems, the orbs and wheelings, the actions and reactions of astral space? Here I rather lose myself in following Brown; nor have I the means of recovering, with anything like precision, his uses of the astronomical analogy, so as to make either the variety of the reputed elements of the chemical books, or their mutual transmutability, conceivable. I suppose, however, that, to his imagination, one unknown atomic system of the prime element constituted sulphur, another carbon, another silicon, and so on, and that his imagination farther was that there might be means of breaking through the spheres of mechanical attraction among the reputed elementary atomic systems, so as to reach the interior systems themselves. The problem of Alchemy, at all events, according to his hypothesis, behoved to be the finding of some such method of interference with corpuscular arrangements as should be equivalent to the sudden crushing together or dilatation of an astral system. The fancied analogy of Astronomy and Atomics had occupied him till it had become a form of his thought. He used to talk of "the sky of an atom" till one seemed to be actually standing on the minute rotundity and looking up to a firmament over it.

Alas! all this Paracelsianism had to be brought to a harder test than that of exposition in lectures to a lay audience. In his lectures he took care to offer his notion purely as a hypothesis, or speculative conjecture. The audience, therefore, besides testifying the admiration they could not but feel for expositions so eloquent, thought themselves justified

in affirming, through Dr. Chalmers, as their spokesman in returning thanks to the young lecturer, at least the *relevancy* of his hypothesis—its title to a further hearing: Many, I believe, went farther than this. At all events, when, in the same year, the chair of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh became vacant by the death of Dr. Hope, the desire that Samuel Brown should succeed him was very general in the city. His manifest ability, it was argued, irrespective of the speculation to which he had pledged himself, recommended him for the post. But, naturally, in the actual contest, all turned on the validity of his speculation; and here the highest authorities in the chemical world at once spoke out. So far as these authorities had looked into any of his published processes for transmutation, or had any accounts of the results of these processes, they had been able to come to but one, and that an unfavourable, conclusion. "But let him even now repeat the experiments," they said, "in any of our laboratories." Brown did actually go to Dublin, on the invitation of Dr. (now Sir Robert) Kane, who volunteered him every facility and assistance. After six weeks, the report was that there had been total failure. Brown's own friend, Dr. George Wilson, of Edinburgh, devoted many weeks to a careful repetition of the experiments in his own laboratory, but with no result more satisfactory than the finding, in one experiment, "an apparently anomalous appearance, to a small extent, of silicon." In short, by the end of 1843, not only had Brown's candidature for the Chemistry chair in Edinburgh been unsuccessful, but all faith in his experiments had vanished from the world of chemistry. He was left in possession only of his hypothesis.

For nearly thirteen years after this turning-point in his fortunes, Samuel Brown lived on an object of unabated interest and affection to all who really knew him. There were many, indeed, who wished nothing better for him than that, still so young a man, and with such brilliant and versatile powers, he should confess himself beaten in his past

effort, and exert himself in some new way. But Brown could not reason so. His hypothesis was inwrought with his very fibre; and, though we did not now hear much of it from him, we understood that he persevered in it. Still, for some years in Edinburgh, and then in London, with various intermediate removals, he was understood to be plying in secret new forms of his old experiments. On the whole, however, his activity now, for some years at least, *was* a little more miscellaneous. Not a few were our pleasant meetings with him in Edinburgh from 1844 to 1847, when he would come among us, and, leaving Chemistry and Alchemy utterly out of the talk, be as one of ourselves. Then between 1844 and 1852 there was a considerable series of articles from his pen in the *North British Review*, the *Westminster Review*, and other periodicals, British and American, chiefly on subjects connected with the history of science. Nor were his writings only in prose. He had projected, under the title of the "Humanities of Science," a collection of sonnets, not unlike the Ecclesiastical Sonnets of Wordsworth, that should express the memorable moments and celebrate the venerable names in each of the chief sciences. He accomplished only an introductory series, and the series of sonnets in Astronomy. A more extensive poetical effort was a tragedy, *Galileo Galilei*, written by way of amusement during recovery from an illness, and of which a limited number of copies were printed. The following is a portion of the Recantation Scene in the Court of the Inquisition:—

I recant.

"GALILEO.

FIRST INQUISITOR.

This free and frank profession, Galileo, Believe us, is received with joy unfeigned. The Holy Office were content; the Church That is without requireth something more— Full recantation on thy bended knees.

GALILEO (*on his knees*).

I, Galileo, man and sinner, do,
Before the universe and its Creator,
The passing and the coming breed of men,
Angels and saints, imprisoned souls and devils,
Confess my life has been o'ergrown with lies,

No. 67.—VOL. XII.

And mainly one, wherewith I filled the world:
Here I disown, tear down, denounce, and
damn it.

Firm stands the Earth, the everlasting hills sit
still,

The Sun doth come and go, the sky revolves;
So help me God in death's dismay!

ALL.

Amen!

FIRST INQUISITOR.

Our sometime prisoner free, the Court is
closed.

[*The Court rises; GALILEO, coming out of a
momentary swoon, springs madly to his feet.*]

GALILEO.

It *does* revolve, though! Hear me, men of
doom.

[*The Friar, MARCO, and his Roman friends
close round him, holding up their hands
and cloaks to stifle the sound of his reviving
abjuration.*"]

It is not difficult to see here, and indeed in many other passages in Brown's writings, a vein of autobiographic reference. He too had his idea, the verification of which would enrol his name in the list of the great ones. The world would not accept it, but had flung it back upon him; at moments his own feeling over it would be that of despair or despondency; but again the mood of exultation would come, and he would spring to his feet, re-asserting it in the teeth of the "men of doom." Ah! that a glorious idea should have to be brought to the test of the laboratory! Why could not one protest in a merely speculative and poetic way against the *fifty-fifty* of material nature, and so be safe, and even have the sympathy of all but the plodders to cheer one on? For who but the plodders, who have nothing within themselves wherewith to interpret nature, *could* have satisfaction in the conception of a permanent *fifty-fifty* of elementary kinds of matter, or *sixty-fifty*, or whatever else the number may at last be in consequence of these new wretches of metals which are coming in upon us at the rate of the planetoids, and perhaps are in occult correspondence with those waifs? Or, if one chose to elaborate a hypothesis of a one elementary stuff the varying atomic arrangements of which might yield the so-called elements, why have

G

to offer it as more than an imagination ? Why get into the laboratory at all, and concern oneself with manipulations of carbon into silicon, rhodium into iron, and iron into platinum, especially if there were surer hands to come after ? What if the fifty-five, or sixty-five, elements, or whatever else may be their number, should represent that state of differentiation to which terrestrial matter had already attained at the time when the earth was flung off from the sun, and what if the resources of our laboratories can effect only the resolutions of compounds back to that stage of differentiation, but must decline the question of a greater prior homogeneity as less properly chemical than metaphysical ?

For many years Brown had suffered from a most painful form of internal malady, the beginnings of which were traced to the typhus he had caught in youth at St. Petersburg. After interrupting his occupations again and again, and determining his removals from place to place, this malady had at length become too surely fatal ; and in June, 1856, he left Haddington, where he had been last residing, and came to a quiet suburb of Edinburgh, nominally for the sake of closer medical advice, but really to die. He had been married some six or seven years, and with all his other thoughts there now mingled that of the approaching adieu to her who was tenderly hovering round him and smoothing his pillow, and to two young children whose recollections of their father ere long would be but as of a face in a distant dream. But he bore on bravely. The death of Edward Forbes, when entering with acclamation on what seemed a new career in the Natural History Professorship of Edinburgh, had affected him not a little. It seemed to surprise him that *he*, so long an invalid, should be outliving his splendid college-fellow. But the respite was of the briefest. It was on a drizzly afternoon, late in August, if not early in September, 1856, that, chancing to be in Edinburgh, I went to inquire how Samuel Brown was, and, if possible, to see him once more. It was with a yearning at the

heart that I did see him and speak with him as he lay on his couch. He was gallant and graceful as ever ; and, though he spoke to me as to one who was to continue to do duty in a world where *his* duties were over, I could hardly believe, as I came away, that the end was to be so soon. On the 20th of September he died, aged thirty-nine.

HUGH MILLER.

SOME time ago, in a review of one of Hugh Miller's posthumous volumes in a London newspaper, the critic, rather pooh-poohing Hugh Miller's reputation generally, observed that what was most conspicuous in him was the total absence of *genius*. He seemed to the critic to have been a diligent, ponderous kind of fellow, who had raised himself creditably from the ranks, and done pretty well, if one considered that Nature had denied him this master-quality. Now, I have read too many reviews of books to be easily surprised at anything I see in print ; and, as there have been about a hundred definitions of "genius," it seemed reasonable enough that Fleet Street should have its own particular one. I had even a notion, from previous induction, that what Fleet Street, or a portion of it, considered to be "genius" consisted in advanced-opinionativeness and a power of scribbling rapidly on any subject for an hour or two after dining at the Cock. But, turn the thing which way I might, *this* criticism did surprise me. Had it been said that Hugh Miller lacked speculative subtlety, or that his geology was not up to the mark, or that he was clogged by Presbyterian theology and other forms of prejudice and provincialism, I should not have been at a loss to understand what was meant. But that what he wanted was *genius* ! The word might go to the dogs as soon as the authorities in our language chose ; but, so long as it was kept, it seemed to me that, if the word was applicable to the description of any mind, it was to the description of Hugh Miller's. I had known him personally in a

general way, with occasional pretty close glimpses, from 1841 to 1847; I had refreshed these older recollections of him with a long interview (still memorable to me) in his last house in Portobello only a few weeks before his death; and I had read almost all that he had written, whether in his newspaper or in books. Either I must give up all confidence in my own impressions, or Fleet Street was wrong for once.

There was, I should say, more than "genius" in Hugh Miller—there was genius in that most mysterious of its forms for which Goethe provided a name when he called it "the demonic element." What reader of Goethe's Autobiography can have forgotten that extraordinary passage at its close where, speaking of what he had in view in his *Egmont*, he expounds, as a discovery of his life, his distinct perception of an influence in nature, in history, and in individual human character, which he could not reduce to law or natural order, and could only express by supposing the intermingling of a something neither sensible nor supra-sensible with life and its affairs. The passage is hazy—perhaps purposely hazy; but it leaves all the stronger an impression. "He thought he could detect in nature, both animate and inanimate, with soul or without soul," says Goethe, speaking of himself in the third person, "something which manifests itself only in contradictions, and which therefore could not be comprehended under any idea, still less under one word. It was not god-like, for it seemed unreasonable; nor human, for it had no understanding; nor devilish, for it was beneficent; nor angelic, for it often betrayed a malicious pleasure." To this principle, in imitation of the "ancients, who had had perceptions of the same kind, he had given the name of the "Demonic." "The "most fearful manifestation of the Demonic," he continues, "is when it is seen predominating in some individual character. During my life I have observed several instances of "this, either more closely or remotely.

"Such persons are not always the most eminent men, either morally or intellectually, and it is seldom that they recommend themselves to our affections. A tremendous energy seems to be seated in them, and they exercise a wonderful power over all creatures and even over the elements; and, indeed, who shall say how much farther such influence may extend?" Let Goethe be responsible for the observation and for the wording of it. If I understand what he meant by the "demonic element," I have hardly known a man in whom there was so much of it as in Hugh Miller.

It appeared in his very look and demeanour. Who in Edinburgh, old enough to remember him, can forget the figure of that massively-built man, roughly appalled in gray, or some dusty reddish-brown, like an ex-stonemason not ashamed of himself, or the sad, resolute look of his sandy-coloured face, the features of which seemed smaller than they were from the quantity of reddish hair that matted his great round head? There was such a prevailing impression of reddishness, and even of stony reddishness, in his approach, that one instinctively thought of his own "Old Red Sandstone." His head might have been taken as a model for that of Gurth in *Ivanhoe*, or, with a little alteration, for that of Rob Roy—for whom also he would have been no inapt model for breadth of chest, and personal strength. As a stonemason, he used to lift or roll weights twice as great as an ordinary man could manage. He had a pride in this; and one of his habits, I noticed, was an inquisitiveness as to the physical measurements and capabilities of those with whom he came in contact. "What is your height?" he would say, suddenly facing you, or "What is the girth of your chest?" looking at you sideways; and, if you were not prepared with an exact answer, he seemed surprised. He had, in particular, a malicious pleasure in inveigling his acquaintances by some stratagem to try on his hat—it being very rarely indeed that the hat found

a head over which it did not descend to the nose. Yet there had been, he said, in his native town of Cromarty two heads decidedly bigger than his—one of which belonged to the most stupid man he had known, not an actual idiot, and the other to a person very little superior. Such, or such-like, would be his talk in a casual meeting with him where the talk depended on himself. In anything like mixed or dinner-table society, which, however, he avoided as much as he could, he was almost blockishly silent. Ladies would be dying to hear Hugh Miller talk, but not a word would be got out of Hugh Miller. The impression made by his singular speechlessness, coupled with his unusually powerful look, on more than one such occasion, has been described to me as little short of awe. But, indeed, even where he was more at his ease, there was always a sensation among those about him of abnormal impenetrability. There was then, as has been hinted, no remarkable deficiency of discourse. In a fine kind of husky whisper, and with a quaint kindness and respectfulness of manner to his interlocutor, whoever he might chance to be, he would confide whatever was interesting him at the moment—as that he had just had a letter from So-and-so (perhaps taking it out of his pocket), or that the parcel he had in his hand was a Dutch translation of his “Footsteps of the Creator” which they had been so good as to send him (“it’s rather droll, sir, to see yourself in Dutch”), or that he had just returned from a geological excursion and had found something curious. And so from this to that, not as if caring to speak, but with a courteous willingness to be agreeable, he would go on from topic to topic—asking some question, furnishing a reminiscence of his own to match the answer, interpolating a humorous remark, and not unfrequently citing a favourite author or repeating with feeling a scrap from an old poet. His language was choice, and the idiom not Scotch, unless when he chose, but good English—rendered

strange to the ear, however, by his peculiar far-north pronunciation. This, among other things, made a sort of interchange of the vowel-sounds *i* and *u*. The phrase “bitter cup of affliction,” for example, was pronounced nearly thus : “butter kip of affluicion.” There were moments in which, from a certain heat in what he said, an outswelling of the tone, and an accompanying gesture as if he were moved to stand up and give emphasis with his clenched hand, the working in him of a great reserve of power was perceptible. But, in general, such was his quietness that even those who met him most frequently never felt that they knew him. His Free-Church friends in Edinburgh, among whom he moved most, and whose respect for him was so great that they would have accounted intimacy with him an honour, never could attain that intimacy. They had brought him from Cromarty to edit their newspaper and fight their cause ; and he had filled that post as no one else could have filled it—for he came to it not as a hireling (money could not purchase Hugh Miller), but as one whose conscience was in the cause, and who had a better knowledge of the ecclesiastical history of his country, and of the needs of the popular heart in the question of the Kirk, than was possessed by his clerical colleagues. But, though they could trust him, and admired him, they could never manage or adequately comprehend him. He walked about in Edinburgh, a mysterious mass of force, belonging to the Free Church, but belonging to it in his own way. Still the Cromarty stone-mason at heart, and with no sense that newspaper-editing was any great promotion for him, he probably carried in him a fund of recollections from his former life—recollections, say, of half the quarries in Scotland, and of Highland straths and glens—which he could not amalgamate with present circumstances, or share with those among whom his lot was cast. Hence, probably, in part, his self-involved manner, his independence of society, the sense he left on all of a

mind shut-in and impervious. He flashed out better in his books, or sometimes, as I have been told, amid the scenes of nature into which he was led by his geological rambles. Once, when a scientific friend was with him, and they came on a great moss-covered boulder in a solitary spot, the friend was suddenly surprised by seeing him walk up to the stone in the attitude of a man inspired. He struck it three times with his hammer, exclaiming, "Aha! old fellow, how came *you* here? Declare, declare, declare!" It was the Druidism in him, as much as the geological spirit, that had been stirred.

Druidism I have called it, and it is a very good name for a form of the "demonic element" which was marked in Hugh Miller still otherwise than I have yet described. Of Scandinavian breed in the main—for his ancestors on both sides for some generations had been sea-faring men of the Scottish north-east coast—he had yet a Celtic dash in his pedigree, derived from a certain Donald Roy, a pious Highland seer of a hundred years back, of whom there were still strange legends. Now, not only had he a singular fascination for the memory of this second-sighted ancestor, but there was a vein in his life, as it is related in his Autobiography, which it is difficult to suppose that he did not attribute to his descent from that Celtic worthy. He never speaks of second-sight, or any other of that class of phenomena, except in the rational spirit of modern science; but he tells stories of his own childhood on the faith of which the believers in the "occult" might claim him as a "medium." Thus, he tells us how, playing alone one day at the stair-foot of the long low house in Cromarty where he had been born, and where he and his mother dwelt while his father was at sea, he felt a sudden presence on the landing-place above him, and, looking up, saw "the form of a large, tall, very old man, attired in a light-blue great-coat" steadfastly regarding him. Though sadly frightened, he at once divined the figure to be old John Fettes,

his buccaneering great-grandfather, who had built the house, and had been dead some sixty years. Again, there is this remarkable story of what happened in the same long low house on the evening of the 10th of October, 1807. On this evening it was supposed his father's ship foundered at sea with all on board, for she left Peterhead harbour that day, and the last ever heard of her was that she had been seen tacking out into the open sea during a terrible tempest. "My mother was sitting beside the household fire, plying the cheerful needle, when the house-door, which had been left unfastened, fell open, and I was despatched from her side to shut it. What follows must be regarded as simply the recollection, though a very vivid one, of a boy who had completed his fifth year only a month before. Day had not wholly disappeared, but it was fast posting on to night, and a gray haze spread a neutral tint of dimness over every more distant object, but left the nearer ones comparatively distinct, when I saw at the open door, within less than a yard of my breast, as plainly as ever I saw anything, a dissevered hand and arm stretched towards me. Hand and arm were apparently those of a female; they bore a livid and sodden appearance; and, directly fronting me, where the body ought to have been, there was only blank, transparent space, through which I could see the dim forms of the objects beyond. I was fearfully startled, and ran shrieking to my mother, telling her what I had seen; and the house-girl, whom she next sent to shut the door, apparently affected by my terror, also returned frightened, and said that she too had seen the woman's hand; which, however, did not seem to be the case. And, finally, my mother going to the door, saw nothing, though she appeared much impressed by the extremeness of my terror and the minuteness of my description. I communicate the story as it lies fixed in my memory, without attempting to explain it. The sup-

“ posed apparition may have been merely “ a momentary affection of the eye, of the “ nature described by Sir Walter Scott “ in his ‘ Demonology ’ and Sir David “ Brewster in his ‘ Natural Magic.’ But, “ if so, the affection was one of which “ I experienced no after-return, and its “ coincidence, in the case, with the “ probable time of my father’s death, “ seems at least curious.” Notwithstanding the carefully-guarded tone of the last sentence or two, my impression is that Hugh Miller did all his life carry about with him, as Scott did, but to a greater extent, a belief in ghostly influences, in mysterious agencies of the air, earth, and water, always operating, and sometimes revealing themselves. Though he had experienced, as he says, writing in 1853, no after-return of his childish liability to visions, he seems to have had, all his life, a more than ordinary interest in stories of the supernatural, and far less disposition than men of his weight and amount of scientific information usually have to discredit the possibility of abnormal impulses and coincidences, sudden nervous horrors, and the bursting in upon man of unearthly sights and sounds. His books are full of legends of the kind, Celtic and Lowland, so told that one sees his imagination clinging to what his reason would fain reject. If he had been as cunning as Goethe, he would have formulized the thing in a high mythological expression “ after the manner of the ancients.” But Goethe only believed, from his observation of nature and affairs, that some agency, unseen and perhaps personal and multitudinous, did intermingle itself with nature and human affairs, causing the incalculable and the contradictory. Hugh Miller, I fancy, believed in the breaking-through of this agency so as to be visible. We all know the story of the Water-Kelpie—how, suddenly, at nightfall, people, sauntering on the bank of the river, see a strange horse-like creature rising from the middle of the ford and hear a voice neighing from it, “ The hour is come, but not the man,” and how at that moment there dashes down the road

sloping to the ford a traveller in hot haste who will not be stayed, who tears madly from those who would detain him, wades into the ford, misses his footing, and is swept away and drowned. If any man in Scotland, arriving by himself at nightfall at a dangerous ford, was likely to see the water-kelpie, it might have been Hugh Miller in one of his geological excursions. But I rather fancy the poor kelpie would have had the worst of it. “ The hour is come and the man too, you big unchancy brute,” Hugh would have called out, dashing on to grapple with it in the water, as Beowulf did with the Grendel’s mother.

For (and here is a third aspect of “ the demonic,” for which I can vouch) there was a tremendous element of ferocity in Hugh Miller. It amounted to a disposition to kill. He was a grave, gentle, kindly, fatherly, church-going man, who would not have hurt a fly, would have lifted a child tenderly out of harm’s way in the street, and would have risked his life to save even a dumb creature’s ; but woe betide the enemy that came athwart him when his blood was up ! In this there was more of the Scandinavian than of the Celt. It appeared even in his newspaper-articles. At various times he got into personal controversies, and I know no instance in which he did not leave his adversary not only slain, but battered, bruised, and beaten out of shape. It seemed to be a principle with him—the only principle on which he could fight—that a battle must always be a *l’outrance*, that there could be no victory short of the utter extermination of the opposed organism. Hence, in the course of his editorial career, not a few immense, unseemly exaggerations of the polemical spirit—much sledge-hammering where a tap or two would have sufficed. A duel of opinions was apt to become with him a duel of reputations and of persons. There were instances, I understand, in which, coming to a difference even with leaders on his own side in which he thought his own independence involved, he intimated beforehand to those concerned that he did not wish for a rupture,

but that, if it was to be, he was quite prepared, and it must then be Hugh Miller in Scotland against whoever else. And, as he was dangerous to deal with if roused in a literary controversy, so, I should say, if meddled with in the field or on the road. Take the following story from his *First Impressions of England and its People*:—He is on a tour through England for the recovery of his health, sometimes on foot and sometimes by rail, visiting the spots that have been familiar to him by name from boyhood for their associations with eminent names or occurrences in English Literature. He has come one evening by rail as far as Wolverton, meaning to sleep there and walk over the next morning to Olney, dear to him on the poet Cowper's account. But it so chanced that the great fight between Caunt and Bendigo for the championship is about to come off in that neighbourhood, and all the blackguards in England are assembled in Wolverton. Not a bed is to be had for a plain wayfarer, and, following advice given him, he walks on in the moonlight to Newport Pagnell, a distance of four miles. "The way was lonely enough; nor were the few straggling travellers whom I met of a kind suited to render its solitariness more cheerful. About half-way on, where the road runs between tall hedges, two fellows started out towards me, one from each side of the way. 'Is this the road,' asked one, 'to Newport Pagnell?' 'Quite a stranger here,' I replied, without slackening my pace; 'don't belong to the kingdom even.' 'No?' said the same fellow, increasing his speed as if to overtake me; 'to what kingdom, then?' 'Scotland,' I said, turning suddenly round, somewhat afraid of being taken behind by a bludgeon. The two fellows sheered off in double-quick time, the one who had already addressed me muttering, 'More like an Irishman, I think;' and I saw no more of them. I had luckily a brace of loaded pistols about me, and had at the moment a trigger under each forefinger." Here I seem to see Hugh Miller as he was throughout his life. He

was a massive, self-controlled, religious, frugal, and strictly-principled man, walking peaceably on the Queen's highway, and with an interest in all things quiet and lovely; but he believed in the rife-ness of life-and-death forces around one, the possibility of upspringing murderous contingencies, human and superhuman, no less than if he had been in the thirteenth century; and he had that within him which answered to them, anticipated them, and policed himself. You overtook him geologizing at leisure in some out-of-the-way place, or you came upon him on some country road, turning his holiday into a pilgrimage to spots of historical note; he was the sort of man you would like to enter into conversation with, and he made no objection; you walked on a bit with him; your interest in him gradually rising into wonder; you felt, if you had any discernment, that he was, naturally and by culture, a grand kind of man; but, all the while, he did not know who you were, you see; you might be the devil, or one of his gentlemen of darkness, for all he knew; and so, while he is talking to you, what are his fingers doing? Playing with the triggers of two loaded pistols! A whirr of the brain, a momentary hallucination, even a mechanical mistake, and God knows what might happen!

DE QUINCEY.

It was in 1843 that De Quincey, who had at several times before taken up his quarters at Edinburgh—in order, I suppose, to be near Wilson—came again into that neighbourhood, there, as it proved, to end his strange dream of a life. He was then about fifty-seven years of age, and he lived on till 1859; for the most part either in Edinburgh itself or in the snug adjacent village of Lasswade, where he had relatives to tend him, and where he lies buried.

An account of De Quincey during these last sixteen years of his life would be a most singular memoir, if only it could be written. But the materials for any coherent account of him do not exist. What he did, or where he was,

from week to week, no one had any means of keeping reckoning but himself. He came and went, appeared and disappeared, and that was all. By far the most graphic sketch of him in his last Edinburgh period that I know of is that contained in Mr. John Hill Burton's recent delightful volume *The Book-Hunter*. Among several portraits of mighty book-hunters known in the flesh to Mr. Burton, and all lovingly drawn, there is introduced that of a certain "Thomas Papaverius," which we may translate "Thomas of the Poppies," if any translation is necessary. "In what mood or shape," says Mr. Burton, "shall he be brought forward? Shall it be as first we met at the table of Lucullus, whither he was seduced by the false pretence that he would there meet with one who entertained novel and anarchical opinions regarding the Golden Ass of Apuleius? No one speaks of waiting dinner for him. He will come and depart at his own sweet will, neither burdened by punctualities, nor burdening others by exacting them. The festivities of the afternoon are far on when a commotion is heard in the hall as if some dog or other stray animal had forced his way in. The instinct of a friendly guest tells him of the arrival—he opens the door and fetches in the little stranger. What can it be? A street-boy of some sort? His costume, in fact, is a boy's duffle great-coat, very threadbare, with a hole in it, and buttoned tight to the chin, where it meets the fragments of a particoloured belcher handkerchief; on his feet are list-shoes, covered with snow, for it is a stormy winter-night; and the trousers—some one suggests that they are inner linen garments blackened with writing-ink, but that Papaverius never would have been at the trouble so to disguise them. What can be the theory of such a costume? The simplest thing in the world—it consisted of the fragments of apparel nearest at hand. Had chance thrown to him a court single-breasted coat, with a bishop's apron, a kilt, and top-boots, in these he would have made

"his entry." Mr. Burton goes on to describe the talk of this queer diminutive being so oddly introduced and appelled—that silver talk of De Quincey of which the world has heard so much. Most exactly true is the account to all I have ever heard of Papaverius. Who, in Edinburgh or any where else, would not have delighted in the prospect of getting the opium-eater to his house, to dinner with a few friends, or more quietly afterwards, so as to have an evening with him? Nothing was easier, if you knew the way. To invite him, by note or personally, was of no use. He would promise—promise most punctually, and, if he saw you doubted, reassure you with a dissertation on the beauty of punctuality; but, when the time came, and you were all met, a hundred to one you were without your De Quincey. But send a cab for him, and some one in it to fetch him, and he came meekly, unresistingly, as if it was his doom, and he conceived it appointed that, in case of resistance, he should be carried out by the nape of the neck. It was no compliment to you. Anybody might have taken possession of him, unless by inadvertence time had been given him to escape by the back-window under pretext of dressing. So, if you knew the way, you had your De Quincey. And was it not a treat? Hour after hour there was the stream, the sweet and subtle eddying on, of the silver talk. But at length the small hours arrive, and one after another goes, and you yourself are fagged, and a little sleepy. Never mind! If a dissertation on sleep or on fatigue will reanimate you, and make you good for another hour, you may have it for the asking. It begins, oh horror! to dawn upon you that you have brought on yourself a problem. You have got your Papaverius, but how are you to be released from him? There are periods in everything, however; and, at last, on some impulse of his own, or some suasion of circumstance, the gentle, weirdly, and, in truth, exquisitely sensitive creature would take his departure. Out he would go "into the Night," as

the Germans have taught us to express and spell it; and what became of him no one knew and no one cared. Ah! Reader, you may be the greatest man in the world and the most delicious of talkers, but if, when the street-door is locked behind you, and you have gone out into the Night with a capital N, there are three persons in the world that really follow you with their sympathies, and care what becomes of you, fortune has been good to you!

My own glimpses of De Quincey, I must say, did not present him to me in any such extreme of helpless quaintness. The first time I saw him was most pleasantly one evening in a room high up in one of the tall houses of the Old Town. He came in charge of a strong, determined man, who took all the necessary trouble. There were but a few present, and all went nicely. In addition to the general impression of his diminutiveness and fragility, one was struck with the peculiar beauty of his head and forehead, rising disproportionately high over his small wrinkly visage and gentle deep-set eyes. In his talk, which was in the form of really harmonious and considerate colloquy, and not at all in that of monologue, I remember chiefly two incidents. The birthday of some one present having been mentioned, De Quincey immediately said, "O that is the anniversary of the battle of So-and-so," and he seemed ready to catch as many birthdays as might be thrown him on the spot, and almanack them all round in a similar manner from his memory. The other incident was his use of a phrase very beautiful in itself, and which seemed characteristic of his manner of thinking. Describing some visionary scene or other, he spoke of it as consisting of "discs of light and interspaces of gloom," and I noticed that, with all the fine distinctness of the phrase, both optical and musical, it came from him with no sort of consciousness of its being out of the way in talk, and with no reference whatever to its being appreciated or not by those around him, but simply because, whoever he might

be talking to, he would be thinking like De Quincey. That evening passed, and though I saw him once or twice again, it is the last sight that I remember next best. It must have been, I think, in 1846, on a summer afternoon. A friend, a stranger to Edinburgh, was walking with me in one of the pleasant, quiet country lanes near Edinburgh. Meeting us, and the sole moving thing in the lane besides ourselves, came a small figure, not untidily dressed, but with his hat pushed far up in front over his forehead, and hanging on his hind-head, so that the back-rim must have been resting on his coat-collar. At a little distance I recognised it to be De Quincey; but, not considering myself entitled to interrupt his meditations, I only whispered the information to my friend, that he might not miss what the look at such a celebrity was worth. So we passed him, giving him the wall. Not unnaturally, however, after he passed, we turned round for the pleasure of a back view of the wee intellectual wizard. Whether my whisper and our glances had alarmed him, as a ticket-of-leave man might be rendered uneasy in his solitary walk by the scrutiny of two passing strangers, or whether he had some recollection of me (which was likely enough, as he seemed to forget nothing) I do not know; but we found that he too had stopped and was looking round at us. Apparently scared at being caught doing so, he immediately wheeled round again, and hurried his pace towards a side-turning in the lane, into which he disappeared, his hat still hanging on the back of his head. That was my last sight of De Quincey; but a good many years afterwards I had the pleasure of receiving, in a circuitous manner, a kind word of recognition from him, on a ground independent of any recollection he may have retained of my juvenile Edinburgh existence. This was just before his death, and one was glad to know by report that, then, in his old age, this eccentric man of genius, this wise, and erudite, and beautiful spirit—this English Essayist the real worth of whose remains, as compared with

those of Lord Macaulay, will be found, I venture to say, as that of a mass of wrought silver against an equal mass of gold and copper—had let his wandering habits be brought within bounds, and was ministered to by the hands of willing affection. "I have always thought it a wonderful instance of the power of domestic care and manage-

ment," says Mr. Hill Burton, "that, through the ministrations of a devoted offspring, this strange being was so cared for, that those who came in contact with him then, and then only, might have admired him as the patriarchal head of an agreeable and elegant household."

RICHARD COBDEN.

BY PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE honours paid by men of all parties to Richard Cobden at his death seem to dispose of the charges so constantly levelled against him during his life, of want of chivalry and want of patriotism. Men will honour in his tomb an opponent whom, from extreme difference of opinion, they would not—whom perhaps from the evil exigencies of party they could not—have honoured while he was alive; but they will not honour what is really sordid and mean even in the tomb. Englishmen might forgive and forget, they might even regard with gratitude, the author of patriotic, though misguided counsels, when the lips by which those counsels had been uttered had become suddenly mute: but even when touched by mortality they would not forgive or forget treason.

If "chivalry" means anything, it means the religious consecration of a man's powers to the redress of wrong. The powers consecrated in the Middle Ages were those of the soldier; the wrong redressed was the greatest of which mediæval Christendom could form a conception—the violation of pilgrims on their way to the sepulchre of Christ. In these days, the powers to be consecrated are other than those of the soldier; the wrongs to be redressed are different and less romantic. And no powers ever were more thoroughly, or (as religion was at the root of his character) we may say more religiously,

consecrated to the redress of wrong than those of Richard Cobden. No Sir Galahad ever sought the Holy Graal with a more disinterested and passionate ardour than he sought cheap bread for the people and social justice. No champion of Christendom ever went forth to combat giants and enchanters with more fervent faith or in a spirit of more intense self-devotion than he went forth to combat the demon of war. Free-trade and Non-intervention are less poetical than "Save the Sepulchre!" the figure of the Manchester cotton-spinner was much less picturesque than that of Tancred. The character of the Crusaders was the same.

It is a different question whether the course which he would have recommended to his country would always have been the most chivalrous. Most of us would probably think that he carried his doctrine of non-intervention too far. The world is still full of armed tyranny and wrong, which can, at present, be kept in check only by the fear of armed intervention. This he did not sufficiently see, and he naturally overrated the efficacy of commercial motives in restraining such military and territorial ambition as that of the French nation. In this he paid his tribute to the infirmity of human nature, which can seldom help treating the new truth as though it were the only truth, and pushing it to its full logical consequences before its hour.

Constant collision with one extreme—the extreme of universal meddling and diplomatic wars—almost inevitably drove him into the other extreme. But there was nothing sordid or mean about the motives or the bearing of the man. In opposing wars and the policy which lead to them, he faced odium to which so kindly and genial a nature cannot have been callous, and he flung away prizes which were quite within his reach, and the desire of which probably no man who enters public life ever entirely casts out of his heart. War ministers and the advocates of a war policy are lavish enough of the blood of other men; but it is a delusion to think that they thereby display personal courage, or entitle themselves to tax with cowardice an opponent who is stemming the tide of passion on which they float to popularity and power. You will find a man ready to declaim in favour of a popular war who, as you may feel sure, would not face the shot, would perhaps not even face the loss of his dinner, possibly not even hot sherry and cold soup. The soldier who bravely shed his blood at Inkerman, and the statesman who endured the reproach of a “cotton-spinner” to prevent the soldier’s blood from being shed, had something in common which was not shared by politicians who sat at home and made the war, much less by those who allowed themselves to be drawn into it against their convictions.

Cobden, when he denounced war, had not before his mind the uprising of a whole nation in a great moral cause. He had before his mind politicians carrying on war with hired soldiers, and money wrung from the people by the hand of power in a cause which, too often, was very far from being moral or even great.

We have said that religion lay at the root of Cobden’s character. His firm belief in God was, as all who knew him intimately will agree with us in thinking, a great source of his fearlessness as a social reformer; nor, though absolutely free from any taint of sectarianism or bigotry, did he ever readily take to

his heart those whom he believed to be devoid of religion. Not only was he a practical believer in God; he was a Christian in the ordinary sense of the term; and, for that matter, there was no reason why a dean should not attend his funeral, and a bishop be willing to read the service over his grave. He would no more have thought of propagating religion than he would have thought of propagating commerce by any force but that of conviction; but he had a distinct preference for Christian morality and civilization. And therefore, in the case of the war with Russia, besides his dislike of war in general, he could not fail to be specially opposed to one which was to rivet the Mahometan yoke (the foulness of which he had seen with his own eyes in his early travels) on the neck of Christian nations.

Cobden was not wanting in love of his country. He had spent his life in her service, and devoted all his faculties to improving the condition of her people. If he was wanting in professions of love towards her, it was as Cordelia was wanting in professions of love towards Lear. But he loved her in subordination to, or rather as a part of, humanity. He was an intense practical believer in the community of nations, and acted under an intense conviction that the interests, high and low, of each member of that community were inseparably blended, in the councils of Providence, with those of the rest. If it was of the commercial interests of nations that in public he principally and almost exclusively talked, this was chiefly because his modesty led him to confine himself to his special subject, and to pay an almost exaggerated deference to others upon theirs. He distinctly saw and deeply felt that commerce was the material basis on which Providence had ordained that a community of a higher kind should be built. And if he recognised the community of nations as above any one nation, did not the Crusaders in the same way recognise a Christendom?

The policy of charity, courtesy, mutual

good-will and forbearance which he preached, was, after all, pretty nearly identical with the Christianity which England proclaims not only as her established religion, but as the palladium of her empire. For a moment, in the case of the bombardment of Canton, this policy was decided to be contrary to the national honour; but the decision was reversed in the case of Kagosima. It is a source of national weakness only if the enmity of your neighbours is a source of strength. The Free-trade treaties are fast making England a member of a great commercial confederation, the other members of which could scarcely fail to stand by us in case of an attack on the common trade.

The success, commercial and political, of the French Treaty made Cobden too blind, as we should say, to the menacing magnitude of the French armaments, and to the continued existence of the spirit of aggression which those armaments imply. He was also a little too tolerant of the military despotism of an autocrat who had embraced the doctrines of Free-trade. We have felt this ourselves as strongly as the rest of the world. But it should be remembered (especially when his conduct is compared with that of public men who pretend to be the peculiar representatives of English spirit) that, in his personal bearing towards the Emperor,

he studiously maintained the reserve and the dignity of an English freeman. That he would have advised his country tamely to allow France to commit actual injustice in Europe never was proved, though no doubt these were the questions on which his rational admirers would have most dreaded to see him tried.

If his peace and non-intervention policy was not that of a Chatham, it was at least not that of the mock-Chathams. If he had been Foreign Minister he would not have held out to Denmark expectations of armed assistance; but, on the other hand, he would not have had, when the time of need came, to put her off with sympathetic declamations. He was an "international man," to use the phrase of the French Minister, before the age of international men had fully come. If, with the morning rays of an enlarged morality shining on him, he sometimes showed too little regard for the narrow patriotism which had been the most comprehensive virtue of preceding ages, this, again, was a fault in him, but it was one which the next generation will easily forgive.

The Bishop of Oxford calls Cobden "the great Sussex Englishman." The son of an English yeoman, proud of his birth, he has been borne from a most English home to a grave among the English hills. And who will say that he is not worthy of that grave?

MR. JOHN STUART MILL FOR WESTMINSTER.

It must be presumed that those who have been instrumental in bringing Mr. Mill forward for Westminster, and have proclaimed him as a candidate on terms—those sketched by himself—very consonant with his own great position of world-wide fame and intellectual supremacy, but unusual in English elections, and not unlikely perhaps, to have created some difficulties, know what they are about, see their way to success, and are determined to

succeed. Such a name should not have been lightly put forward. Mr. Mill has said, as he was well entitled to say, when asked to allow himself to be proposed as a candidate: "I should esteem it a great honour to be member for Westminster; I esteem it a great honour to have been thought of as a candidate; I should wish, if I am to be elected, to owe every step of my election, as I owe this invitation, to a spontaneous judgment of the labours of my life. My

opinions on nearly all political questions of interest are before the public in books, to your knowledge and good opinion of which I owe your invitation; any further explanations which may be desired I am ready to give in writing, but I cannot present myself in public. I have not sought this honour, much as I esteem it, and I do not wish to interrupt my occupations as a writer unless called on by the election of my fellow-citizens to serve in the House of Commons. Neither my principles nor my means will permit me to spend money for a seat in Parliament; I have no personal objects to serve by going into the House of Commons, and I should not think it fair to be required to undergo arduous labour any more than to spend money for the purpose. It does not indeed consist with my habits and occupations to canvass and go through a round of public meetings. Further, it would not in general be possible for me to attend to matters of local business; I think it not unlikely that this may be considered a disqualification for Westminster; I give you due notice of it. My own opinion is that, if I can be of any use in Parliament, it would be by devoting myself there to the same subjects which have hitherto employed my habitual thoughts out of Parliament. I will give no pledges; by my works and character, which have led you to invite me, I will be judged; if I am elected, I shall never disguise from my constituents my intentions or my motives." Such are the terms on which Mr. Mill has consented to be proposed as a candidate. It was for those who invited him to say, "On these terms we accept you, believing that on these terms you will be elected," or to say, "We fear that these terms may make difficulties, and we beg you to reconsider some of them." They have said without hesitation, "We accept you as a candidate on your own terms, you shall not be at one shilling expense; we do not require you to attend meetings, or, if your objection extends so far, even to appear on the hustings. We require no pledges; it shall be left to

you, when you are elected, to do as you think right about our local business." On these terms a committee of Westminster electors have launched Mr. Mill as a candidate.

This is an election likely to be carried by enthusiasm—by such enthusiasm as, in 1832, made Mr. Poulett Thomson member for Manchester, without his appearing, or consenting, and even against his will, because he was not only Vice-President of the Board of Trade in the Government which had just carried the Reform Act, but also a Free Trader and the known friend of Jeremy Bentham and James Mill;¹ or by such enthusiasm (not to mention other instances) as in 1847, after the repeal of the Corn Laws, made Richard Cobden member for the West Riding of Yorkshire, and Charles Villiers member for South Lancashire, the former being at the time abroad, and the latter not appearing or taking part. For the generation of a similar enthusiasm for Mr. Mill's election for Westminster, his fame is the

¹ See Mr. Poulett Scrope's "Life of Lord Sydenham," and Prentice's "History of the Anti-Corn-Law League." The Liberal electors of Manchester would take no refusal. "He even went the length," says Mr. Scrope, "of authorizing Mr. Loyd's committee to publish a denial on his part of any intention to offer himself for Manchester, and a declaration that he had been posted as a candidate without his authority. His enthusiastic admirers, however, would take no denial; and, in spite of everything, persisted in canvassing the borough for him; and the result proved that they had judged correctly of their fellow-citizens, who were too high-principled to require a personal canvass, or even an address, from a statesman sufficiently well known to them by his public character and former parliamentary conduct." Mr. Poulett Thomson was returned both for Dover, for which he had sat since 1826, and for Manchester, and he then elected to sit for Manchester. His first election for Dover, says Mr. Scrope, cost him 3,000*l*. Jeremy Bentham had on that occasion canvassed for him. "Bentham had taken so great a liking for him, that he broke through all the habits of his hermit-like existence, actually took up his residence at Dover, canvassed daily for him, opened his house and allowed himself to be accessible to all Mr. Thomson's friends, and mingled in the contest in a manner which surprised all who knew his retiring disposition, but which strongly marked the interest he took in his young friend's prospects."

warrant. He is one of the kings of thought, and his kingdom stretches through the civilized world. Not only throughout the English dominions, but wherever there are learned and studious men, friends of good government and human improvement—in North America, in France, in Germany, in Italy—the election for Westminster will be anxiously watched.

Some people say Mr. Mill is a mere theorist, not fitted for the House of Commons. Language of this sort hardly merits a reply; but it is well that it should be known that Mr. Mill, besides being a philosopher and writer on political philosophy, has been all his life a keen observer of political life and action, and a careful student in detail of all practical questions of interest for British citizens. He has in time been, indeed, a voluminous writer on current politics. His earliest writings of this sort were in the *Westminster Review*, founded by Bentham and his celebrated father, James Mill; and there will be a special appropriateness in Mr. Mill's election for Westminster. Some three or four and thirty years ago, in the days of the Reform Bill, many regularly read with interest monthly criticisms on current politics, under the name of "Notes of the Month," written by John Stuart Mill, in a magazine which at that time exercised an extensive intellectual influence,—the *Monthly Repository*, edited by Mr. W. J. Fox, who was afterwards member for Oldham. In the beginning of 1835, during the short administration of Sir Robert Peel, when he had been unexpectedly called from Rome by King William, after the dismissal of Lord Melbourne, the *London Review* was set on foot by Sir William Molesworth. Among the chief contributors were Sir William himself, who was editor, Charles Buller, John Arthur Roebuck, James Mill, the father, and John Stuart Mill, the son. The chief light of that *Review* was John Mill. Many of his contributions to that *Review* (which soon changed its name to *London and Westminster*, absorbing

the old *Westminster*¹) on philosophy and literature have been republished in a collected form;² not so however his political articles. The articles reviewing the proceedings of the legislature and conduct of parties were generally written either by Sir William Molesworth or John Stuart Mill—chiefly by the latter. Every writer in the *Review* had his distinctive signature; Sir William Molesworth's articles were signed with his initials, John Mill's with A. Let any one who doubts whether John Stuart Mill can descend to practical politics read the political articles signed A. in the *London Review* and *London and Westminster Review*, from 1835 to 1840. In these articles Mr. Mill appears constantly as the anxious observer, the counsellor, the critic, the animator and inspirer of a party of parliamentary Liberals, not inconsiderable in number and very distinguished in talents and character, which held an important independent position in the House of Commons in those years of Lord Melbourne's administration. That party comprised, besides those who have been named as Mr. Mill's co-operators in the *Review*, Mr. Hume, Mr. Grote, Mr. Leader, Mr. Ewart, Mr. C. Villiers, and Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer, who is now in other political company. No opportunity was missed in these articles of recognising and celebrating Mr. Hume's great services. The following passage is part of a reply to a conservative statement that the agitation for Parliamentary Reform had no connexion with practical grievances, but sprang from mere love of change and theories of government:—

¹ It became *London and Westminster Review* in 1836, and continued under that name till March, 1840, when it passed into entirely different hands, and took the old name of *Westminster Review*. Some time before this change the proprietorship of the *London and Westminster Review* had been transferred from Sir William Molesworth to Mr. John Mill.

² "Dissertations and Discussions, Political, Philosophical, and Historical." 2 vols. 8vo. 1859.

"The movement which gave existence to the Reform Bill, dates in reality from the period when Mr. Hume commenced his memorable exposures of the almost inconceivable profligacies of our public expenditure. He was soon aided by writers (among whom Mr. Black, of the *Morning Chronicle*, and Mr. Fonblanque, of the *Examiner*, were the most conspicuous) who, by their repeated exposures, made the people sensible of the enormities in the administration of justice, especially those of the unpaid magistracy. Was there not, during all the same period, a growing disapprobation of the corn-laws? of the game-laws? of slavery? of the restrictions on industry? of tithes? of corporation abuses? of the vices of the law? of the inefficiency and extravagancies of the Church Establishment? of the atrocious principle of holding Ireland in subjection by foreign bayonets to the most profigately tyrannical of native oligarchies?"¹

In the House of Lords, Lord Durham was Mr. Mill's hoped-for leader. In 1838, that nobleman went as Governor-General to Canada, taking with him Charles Buller as his chief adviser. Mr. Mill, in the *Review*, elaborately treated Canadian politics, expounded Lord Durham's policy, and defended his proceedings in articles which at this moment, when our North American colonies are being united in one great federation, are full of practical interest and value.

Shortly after Lord Durham's return from Canada, in the number of the *Review* for April, 1839, was an article by Mr. Mill on the "Reorganization of the Reform Party," urged in order to meet the great efforts which were then being made by the Conservatives to recover themselves from their defeat by the Reform Act. This was the proposed broad basis of reorganization:—

"We well know that the Reform party of the empire ought not to be, cannot be, radical in any narrow sectarian sense. There may be many coteries in a country, but there can be only two parties. What we must have to oppose to the great Conservative party is the whole Liberal party, not some mere section of it,—a combination which shall exclude no shade of opinion in which one sober or practicable man can be found, one man capable of adapting rational means to honest ends; a phalanx, stretching from the Whig-Radicals at one extremity (if we may so term those among the persons who call themselves Whigs who are real Liberals) to the Ultra-Radicals and the

working classes on the other. Such a phalanx has existed; and by its support the Grey ministry was enabled to carry the Reform Bill. We wish to see this great party reconstructed. We are persuaded that it can be; and that, to accomplish this, it only requires a popular leader."

Mr. Mill wrote in the same article as follows about the working-classes, four-and-twenty years ago, before the repeal of the Corn Laws, and before Sir Francis Baring's Budget of 1841, which gave the first great parliamentary impulse, after the Reform Act, to fiscal and commercial reform:—

"What, then, has a liberal statesman to offer to the working classes? The greatest thing of all; and a thing which must precede Universal Suffrage,—if Universal Suffrage is ever to come without a civil war. *He must redress the practical grievances of the working classes.* They are now the *Pariahs* of society; not a voice is ever raised in the Legislature for their good, except it be for some restraint upon their liberty or curtailment of their pleasures: an end must be put to this. The motto of a Radical politician should be Government *by means of* the middle for the working classes. One of the most original and powerful of recent political writers (Mr. Wakefield, in his 'England and America') has expressed the principle with admirable aptness and force:—Until Universal Suffrage be possible,—to govern the country as it would be necessary to govern it if there were Universal Suffrage and the people were well educated and intelligent."

During the last five-and-twenty years Mr. Mill has principally devoted himself to the composition of those works on political economy, logic, and political philosophy which have made his widespread renown. Two of these subjects cover a large portion of practical politics; and Mr. Mill has, ever and anon, appeared before the public to illuminate by the light of general principles some question on which men's minds were set. Thus, last year he explained opportunely, in a short letter in the *Daily News*, England's duty of branding with censure international misdeeds of foreign governments, as distinct from material intervention. Among the "Papers relating to the Reorganization of the Civil Service," collected in 1854, in support of the adoption of competitive examinations, will be found a contribution from Mr.

¹ *London and Westminster Review*, Vol. iii. No. xxv. p. 291. Article on Sir John Walsh's "Contemporary History."

Mill. He thus sweeps away in a few sentences the hackneyed objection, bred of caste, that government clerks and East India civil servants would no longer be gentlemen :—

“ Another objection is that, if appointments are given to talent, the public offices will be filled with low people, without the breeding or the feelings of gentlemen. If, as this objection supposes, the sons of gentlemen cannot be expected to have as much ability and instruction as the sons of low people, it would make a strong case for social changes of a more extensive character. If the sons of gentlemen would not, even under the stimulus of competition, maintain themselves on an equality of intellect and attainments with youths of a lower rank, how much more below the mark must they be with their present monopoly ; and to how much greater an extent than the friends of the measure allege must the efficiency of the Public Service be at present sacrificed to their incompetency ! And more : if, with advantages and opportunities so vastly superior, the youth of the higher classes have not honour enough, or energy enough, or public spirit enough, to make themselves as well qualified as others for the station which they desire to maintain, they are not fit for that station, and cannot too soon step out of it and give place to better people. I have not this unfavourable opinion of them ; I believe that they will fairly earn their full share of every kind of distinction when they are no longer able to obtain them unearned.”

But it is in the articles of the *London and London and Westminster* from 1835 to 1840 that Mr. Mill employed his mind and pen more than at any other period of his life on current politics ; and in those any who may need to be convinced will find the strongest proofs of his power of interesting himself in English political struggles and applying his principles and knowledge to the treatment of parliamentary questions. Yet those numerous articles are mingled with many others on subjects of poetry and general philosophy. The time is past of vulgar abuse of philosophic politicians and political economists ; but, if any vestige of old prejudices remain, it is well that the electors of Westminster have undertaken the task of carrying to the House of Commons one whose eminent philosophy embraces all

letters, art, and imagination, combines the ancient and the new, reform and tradition, the principle of permanence and the principle of progression, the practical spirit of Bentham and the reverent ideal politics of Coleridge—is catholic, practical, genial, sympathetic—

“ Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute.”

We are on the eve of a general election, and what that is too well known. Rank, family interest, local connexion, money will determine the choice of by far the greatest number of constituencies. In the operation of these influences there will be much that is legitimate and proper, and much that is deplorable, pitiable, and corrupt. Immense sums of money will be spent in enforced extravagance and in bribery and corruption. The evil of bribery has been increasing at every general election since that of 1841. It has been denounced after each succeeding general election by almost all the most eminent statesmen. So it has been each time since the Reform Act till now, and so again will it be this time. How few are the constituencies—to be counted probably on one's fingers—where, as has lately been proclaimed to the honour of Rochdale, the Liberal electors would scorn to oblige their candidate to go canvassing from house to house or incur any expense for his election !

“ Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.”

How many are the constituencies where the eminent man who is proposed for Westminster would have a particle of chance against a peer's son, or a rich railway director, or any one ready to spend some thousand pounds ? The electors of Westminster who have brought forward Mr. Mill have set the nation a fine example.

W. D. C.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1865.

THE DOVE IN THE EAGLE'S NEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLIFFE."

CHAPTER III.

THE FLOTSAM AND JETSAM OF THE DEBATEABLE FORD.

LIFE in Schloss Adlerstein was little less intolerable than Christina's imagination had depicted it. It was entirely devoid of all the graces of chivalry, and its squalor and coarseness, magnified into absurdity by haughtiness and violence, were almost inconceivable.

Fortunately for her, the inmates of the castle resided almost wholly below stairs in the hall and kitchen, and in some dismal dens in the thickness of their walls. The height of the keep was intended for dignity and defence, rather than habitation; and the upper chamber, with its great state bed, where everybody of the house of Adlerstein was born and died, was not otherwise used, except when Ermentrude, unable to bear the oppressive confusion below stairs, had escaped thither for quietness' sake. No one else wished to inhabit it. The chamber above was filled with the various appliances for the defence of the castle; and no one would ever have gone up the turret stairs had not a warder been usually kept on the roof to watch the roads leading to the Ford. Otherwise, the Adlersteiners had all the savage instinct of herding together in as small a space as possible.

Freiherrinn Kunigunde hardly ever mounted to her daughter's chamber.

No. 68.—VOL. XII.

All her affection was centred on the strong and manly son, of whom she was proud, while the sickly pining girl, who would hardly find a mate of her own rank, and who had not even dowry enough for a convent, was such a shame and burthen to her as to be almost a distasteful object. But perversely, as it seemed to her, the only daughter was the darling of both father and brother, who were ready to do anything to gratify the girl's sick fancies, and hailed with delight her pleasure in her new attendant. Old Ursel was at first rather envious and contemptuous of the childish fragile stranger, but her gentleness disarmed the old woman; and, when it was plain that the young lady's sufferings were greatly lessened by tender care, dislike gave way to attachment, and there was little more murmuring at the menial services that were needed by the two maidens, even when Ermentrude's feeble fancies, or Christina's views of dainty propriety, rendered them more onerous than before. She was even heard to rejoice that some Christian care and tenderness had at last reached her poor neglected child.

It was well for Christina that she had such an ally. The poor child never crept downstairs to the dinner or supper, to fetch food for Ermentrude, or water for herself, without a trembling and shrinking of heart and nerves. Her father's authority guarded her from rude actions, but from rough tongues he

neither could nor would guard her, nor understand that what to some would have been a compliment seemed to her an alarming insult; and her chief safeguard lay in her own insignificance and want of attraction, and still more in the modesty that concealed her terror at rude jests sufficiently to prevent frightening her from becoming an entertainment.

Her father, whom she looked on as a cultivated person in comparison with the rest of the world, did his best for her after his own views, and gradually brought her all the properties she had left at the Kohler's hut. Therewith she made a great difference in the aspect of the chamber, under the full sanction of the lords of the castle. Wolf, deer, and sheep skins abounded; and, with these, assisted by her father and old Hatto, she tapestried the lower part of the bare grim walls, a great bear's hide covered the neighbourhood of the hearth, and cushions were made of either of these skins, and stuffed from Ursel's stores of feathers. All these embellishments were watched with great delight by Ermentrude, who had never been made of so much importance, and was as much surprised as relieved by such attentions. She was too young and too delicate to reject civilization, and she let Christina braid her hair, bathe her, and arrange her dress, with sensations of comfort that were almost like health. To train her into occupying herself was, however, as Christina soon found, in her present state, impossible. She could spin and sew a little, but hated both; and her clumsy listless fingers only soiled and wasted Christina's needles, silk, and lute strings, and such damage was not so easily remedied as in the streets of Ulm. She was best provided for when looking on at her attendant's busy hands, and asking to be sung to, or told tales of the active, busy scenes of the city life—the dresses, fairs, festivals, and guild processions.

The gentle nursing and the new interests made her improve in health, so that her father was delighted, and Christina began to hope for a return home. Sometimes the two girls would

take the air, either, on still days, upon the battlements, where Ermentrude watched the Debateable Ford, and Christina gazed at the Danube and at Ulm; or they would find their way to a grassy nook on the mountain side, where Christina gathered gentians and saxifrage, trying to teach her young lady that they were worth looking at, and sighing at the thought of Master Gottfried's wreath when she met with the asphodel seed-vessels. Once the quiet mule was brought into requisition; and, with her brother walking by her, and Sorel and his daughter in attendance, Ermentrude rode towards the village of Adlerstein. It was a collection of miserable huts, on a sheltered slope towards the south, where there was earth enough to grow some wretched rye and buckwheat, subject to severe toll from the lord of the soil. Perched on a hollow rock above the slope was a rude little church, over a cave where a hermit had once lived and died in such odour of sanctity that, his day happening to coincide with that of St. John the Baptist, the Blessed Friedmund had acquired the credit of the lion's share both of the saint's honours and of the old solstitial feast of Midsummer. This wake was the one gaiety of the year, and attracted a fair which was the sole occasion of coming honestly by anything from the outer world, nor had his cell ever lacked a professional anchorite.

The Freiherr of his day had been a devout man, who had gone pilgrimage with Kaiser Friedrich of the Red Beard, and had brought home a bit of stone from the council chamber at Nicæa, with which he had presented the little church that he built over the cavern. He had named his son Friedmund; and there were dim memories of his days as of a golden age, before the Wildschlossen had carried off the best of the property, and when all went well.

This was Christina's first sight of a church since her arrival, except that in the chapel, which was a dismal neglected vault, where a ruinous altar and mouldering crucifix testified to its sacred purpose. The old baron had been ex-

The Dove in the Eagle's Nest.



communicated for twenty years, ever since he had harried the wains of the Bishop of Augsburg on his way to the Diet, and, though his household and family were not under the same sentence, "Sunday didna come abune the pass." Christina's entreaty obtained permission to enter the little building, but she had knelt there only a few moments before her father came to hurry her away, and her supplications that he would some day take her to mass there were whistled down the wind; and indeed the hermit was a layman, and the church was only served on great festivals by a monk from the convent of St. Ruprecht, on the distant side of the mountain, which was further supposed to be in the Schlangenwald interest. Her best chance lay in infusing the desire into Ermentrude, who by watching her prayers and asking a few questions had begun to acquire a few clearer ideas. And what Ermentrude wished had always hitherto been acquiesced in by the two lords.

The elder baron came little into Christina's way. He meant to be kind to her, but she was dreadfully afraid of him, and, when he came to visit his daughter, shrank out of his notice as much as possible, shuddering most of all at his attempts at civilities. His son she viewed as one of the thickwitted giants meant to be food for the heroism of good knights of romance. Except that he was fairly conversant with the use of weapons, and had occasionally ridden beyond the shadow of his own mountain, his range was quite as limited as his sister's; and he had an equal scorn for all beyond it. His unfailing kindness to his sister was, however, in his favour, and he always eagerly followed up any suggestion Christina made for her pleasure. Much of his time was spent on the child, whose chief nurse and playmate he had been throughout her malady; and when she showed him the stranger's arrangements, or repeated to him, in a wondering, blundering way, with constant appeals to her attendant, the new tales she had heard, he used to listen with a pleased awkward amaze-

ment at his little Ermentrude's astonishing cleverness, joined sometimes with real interest, evinced by his inquiries of Christina. He certainly did not admire the little slight pale bower-maiden, but he seemed to look upon her like some strange, almost uncanny, wise spirit out of some other sphere, and his manner towards her had none of the offensive freedom apparent in even the old man's patronage. It was, as Ermentrude once said, laughing, almost as if he feared that she might do something to him.

Christina had expected to see a ruffian, and had found a boor, but she was to be convinced that the ruffian existed in him. Notice came up to the castle of a convoy of waggons, and all was excitement. Men at arms were mustered, horses led down the Eagle's Ladder, and an ambush prepared in the woods. The autumn rains were already swelling the floods, and the passage of the ford would be difficult enough to afford the assailants an easy prey.

The Freiherrinn Kunigunde herself, and all the women of the castle, hurried into Ermentrude's room to enjoy the view from her window. The young lady herself was full of eager expectation, but she knew enough of her maiden to expect no sympathy from her, and loved her well enough not to bring down on her her mother's attention; so Christina crept into her turret, unable to withdraw her eyes from the sight, trembling, weeping, praying, longing for power to give a warning signal. Could they be her own townsmen stopped on the way to dear Ulm?

She could see the waggons in mid-stream, the warriors on the bank; she heard the triumphant outcries of the mother and daughter in the outer room. She saw the overthrow, the struggle, the flight of a few scattered dark figures on the farther side, the drawing out of the goods on the nearer. Oh! were those leaping waves bearing down any good men's corpses to the Danube, slain, foully slain by her own father, and this gang of robbers?

She was glad that Ermentrude went down with her mother to watch the

return of the victors. She crouched on the floor sobbing, shuddering with grief and indignation, and telling her beads alike for murdered and murderers, till after the sounds of welcome and exultation, she heard Sir Eberhard's heavy tread, as he carried his sister upstairs. Ermentrude went up at once to Christina.

"After all there was little for us!" she said. "It was only a wain of wine barrels; and now will the drunkards downstairs make good cheer. But Ebbo could only win for me this gold chain and medal, which was round the old merchant's neck."

"Was he slain?" Christina asked with pale lips.

"I only know I did not kill him," returned the baron; "I had him down and got the prize, and that was enough for me. What the rest of the fellows may have done, I cannot say."

"But he has brought thee something, Stina," continued Ermentrude. "Show it to her, brother."

"My father sends you this for your care of my sister," said Eberhard, holding out a brooch that had doubtless fastened the band of the unfortunate wine-merchant's bonnet.

"Thanks, sir; but, indeed, I may not take it," said Christina, turning crimson, and drawing back.

"So!" he exclaimed in amaze; then bethinking himself,—"They are no townfolk of yours, but Constance cowards."

"Take it, take it, Stina, or you will anger my father," added Ermentrude.

"No, lady, I thank the Barons both, but it were sin in me," said Christina, with trembling voice.

"Look you," said Eberhard; "we have the full right—'tis a seignorial right—to all the goods of every wayfarer that may be overthrown in our river—as I am a true knight!" he added, earnestly.

"A true knight!" repeated Christina, pushed hard, and very indignant in all her terror. "The true knight's part is to aid, not rob, the weak," and the dark eyes flashed a vivid light.

"Christina!" exclaimed Ermentrude, in the extremity of her amazement, "know you what you have said?—that Eberhard is no true knight!"

He meanwhile stood silent, utterly taken by surprise, and letting his little sister fight his battles.

"I cannot help it, Lady Ermentrude," said Christina, with trembling lips, and eyes filling with tears. "You may drive me from the castle. I only long to be away from it; but I cannot stain my soul by saying that spoil and rapine are the deeds of a true knight."

"My mother will beat you," cried Ermentrude, passionately, ready to fly to the head of the stairs; but her brother laid his hand upon her.

"Tush, Trudchen, keep thy tongue still, child! What does it hurt me?"

And he turned on his heel and went downstairs. Christina crept into her turret, weeping bitterly and with many a wild thought. Would they visit her offence on her father? Would they turn them both out together? If so, would not her father hurl her down the rocks rather than return her to Ulm? Could she escape? Climb down the dizzy rocks, it might be, succour the merchant lying half dead on the meadows, protect and be protected, be once more among God-fearing Christians? And as she felt her helplessness, the selfish thoughts passed into a gush of tears for the murdered man, lying suffering there, and for his possible wife and children watching for him. Presently Ermentrude peeped in. "Stina, Stina, don't cry; I will not tell my mother! Come out, and finish my kerchief! Come out. No one shall beat you."

"That is not what I wept for, lady," said Christina. "I do not think you would bring harm on me. But oh! I would I were at home! I grieve for the bloodshed that I must see and may not hinder, and for that poor merchant."

"Oh!" said Ermentrude, "you need not fear for him. I saw his own folk return and lift him up. But what is he to thee or to us?"

"I am a burgher maid, lady," said Christina, recovering herself, and aware

that it was of little use to bear testimony to such an auditor as poor little Ermentrude against the deeds of her own father and brother, which had in reality the sort of sanction Sir Eberhard had mentioned, much akin to those coast rights that were the temptation of wreckers.

Still she could not but tremble at the thought of her speech, and went down to supper in greater trepidation than usual, dreading that she should be expected to thank the Freiherr for his gift. But, fortunately, manners were too rare at Adlerstein for any such omission to be remarkable, and the whole establishment was in a state of noisy triumph and merriment over the excellence of the French wine they had captured, so that she slipped into her seat unobserved.

Every available drinking-horn and cup was full. Ermentrude was eagerly presented with draughts by both father and brother, and presently Sir Eberhard exclaimed, turning towards the shrinking Christina with a rough laugh, "Maiden, I trow thou wilt not taste?"

Christina shook her head, and framed a negative with her lips.

"What's this?" asked her father, close to whom she sat. "Is't a fast-day?"

There was a pause. Many were present who regarded a fast-day much more than the lives or goods of their neighbours. Christina again shook her head.

"No matter," said good-natured Sir Eberhard, evidently wishing to avert any ill consequences from her. "'Tis only her loss."

The mirth went on rough and loud, and Christina felt this the worst of all the miserable meals she had partaken of in fear and trembling at this place of her captivity. Ermentrude, too, was soon in such a state of excitement, that not only was Christina's womanhood bitterly ashamed and grieved for her, but there was serious danger that she might at any moment break out with some allusion to her maiden's recusancy or her reply to Sir Eberhard.

Presently, however, Ermentrude laid

down her head and began to cry—violent headache had come on—and her brother took her in his arms to carry her up the stairs; but his potations had begun before hers, and his step was far from steady; he stumbled more than once on the steps, shook and frightened his sister, and set her down weeping petulantly. And then came a more terrible moment; his awe of Christina had passed away; he swore out that she was a lovely maiden, with only too free a tongue, and that a kiss must be the seal of her pardon.

A house full of intoxicated men, no living creature who would care to protect her, scarce even her father! But extremity of terror gave her strength. She spoke resolutely—

"Sir Eberhard, your sister is ill—you are in no state to be here. Go down at once, nor insult a free maiden."

Probably the low-toned softness of the voice, so utterly different from the shrill wrangling notes of all the other women he had known, took him by surprise. He was still sober enough to be subdued, almost cowed, by resistance of a description unlike all he had ever seen; his alarm at Christina's superior power returned in full force, he staggered to the stairs, Christina rushed after him, closed the heavy door with all her force, fastened it inside, and would have sunk down to weep but for Ermentrude's peevish wail of distress.

Happily Ermentrude was still a child, and, neglected as she had been, she still had had no one to make her precocious in matters of this kind. She was quite willing to take Christina's view of the case, and not resent the exclusion of her brother; indeed, she was unwell enough to dread the loudness of his voice and rudeness of his revelry.

So the door remained shut, and Christina's resolve was taken that she would so keep it while the wine lasted. And, indeed, Ermentrude had so much fever all that night and the next day that no going down could be thought of. Nobody came near the maidens but Ursel, and she described one continued orgie that made Christina shudder again

with fear and disgust. Those below revelled without interval, except for sleep; and they took their sleep just where they happened to sink down, then returned again to the liquor. The old baroness repaired to the kitchen when the revelry went beyond even her bearing; but all the time the wine held out the swine in the court were, as Ursel averred, better company than the men in the hall. Yet there might have been worse even than this; for old Ursel whispered that at the bottom of the stairs there was a trap-door. Did the maiden know what it covered? It was an oubliette. There was once a Strasburg armourer who had refused ransom, and talked of appealing to the Kaiser. He trod on that door and—— Ursel pointed downwards. "But since that time," she said, "my young lord has never brought home a prisoner."

No wonder that all this time Christina cowered at the discordant sounds below, trembled, and prayed while she waited on her poor young charge, who tossed and moaned in fever and suffering. She was still far from recovered when the materials of the debauch failed, and the household began to return to its usual state. She was soon restlessly pining for her brother; and when her father came up to see her, received him with scant welcome, and entreaties for Ebbo. She knew she should be better if she might only sit on his knee, and lay her head on his shoulder. The old Freiherr offered to accommodate her; but she rejected him petulantly, and still called for Ebbo, till he went down, promising that her brother should come.

With a fluttering heart Christina awaited the noble whom she had perhaps insulted, and whose advances had more certainly insulted her. Would he visit her with his anger, or return to that more offensive familiarity? She longed to flee out of sight, when, after a long interval, his heavy tread was heard; but she could not even take refuge in her turret, for Ermentrude was leaning against her. Somehow, the step was less assured than usual; he absolutely knocked at the door; and, when he

came in, he acknowledged her by a slight inclination of the head. If she only had known it, this was the first time that head had ever been bent to any being, human or Divine; but all she did perceive was that Sir Eberhard was in neither of the moods she dreaded, only desperately shy and sheepish, and extremely ashamed, not indeed of his excess, which would have been, even to a much tamer German baron, only a happy accident, but of what had passed between himself and her.

He was much grieved to perceive how much ground Ermentrude had lost, and gave himself up to fondling and comforting her; and in a few days more, in their common cares for the sister, Christina lost her newly-acquired horror of the brother, and could not but be grateful for his forbearance; while she was almost entertained by the increased awe of herself shown by this huge robber baron.

CHAPTER IV.

SNOW-WREATHS WHEN 'TIS THAW.

ERMENTRUDE had by no means recovered the ground she had lost, when the winter set in; and blinding snow came drifting down day and night, rendering the whole view, above and below, one expanse of white, only broken by the peaks of rock which were too steep to sustain the snow. The waterfall lengthened its icicles daily, and the whole court was heaped with snow, up even to the top of the high steps to the hall; and thus, Christina was told, would it continue all the winter. What had previously seemed to her a strangely door-like window above the porch now became the only mode of egress, when the barons went out bear or wolf hunting, or the younger took his crossbow and hound to provide the wild-fowl, which, under Christina's skilful hands, would tempt the feeble appetite of Ermentrude when she was utterly unable to touch the salted meats and sausages of the household.

In spite of all endeavours to guard

the windows and keep up the fire, the cold withered the poor child like a fading leaf, and she needed more and more of tenderness and amusement to distract her attention from her ailments. Christina's resources were unfailing. Out of the softer pine and birch woods provided for the fire, she carved a set of draughtsmen, and made a board by ruling squares on the end of a settle, and painting the alternate ones with a compound of oil and charcoal. Even the old baron was delighted with this contrivance, and the pleasure it gave his daughter. He remembered playing at draughts in that portion of his youth which had been a shade more polished, and he felt as if the game were making Ermentrude more like a lady. Christina was encouraged to proceed with a set of chessmen, and the shaping of their characteristic heads under her dexterous fingers was watched by Ermentrude like something magical. Indeed, the young lady entertained the belief that there was no limit to her attendant's knowledge or capacity.

Truly there was a greater brightness and clearness beginning to dawn even upon poor little Ermentrude's own dull mind. She took more interest in everything: songs were not solely lullabies, but she cared to talk them over; tales to which she would once have been incapable of paying attention were eagerly sought after; and, above all, the spiritual vacancy that her mind had hitherto presented was beginning to be filled up. Christina had brought her own books—a library of extraordinary extent for a maiden of the fifteenth century, but which she owed to her uncle's connexion with the arts of wood-cutting and printing. A Vulgate from Dr. Faustus's own press, a mass book and breviary, Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation," and the "Nuremburg Chronicle" all in Latin, and the poetry of the gentle Minnesinger and bird lover, Walther von Vogelweide, in the vernacular: these were her stock, which Hausfrau Johanna had viewed as a foolish encumbrance, and Hugh Sorel would never have transported to the

castle unless they had been so well concealed in Christina's kirtles that he had taken them for parts of her wardrobe.

Most precious were they now, when, out of the reach of all teaching save her own, she had to infuse into the sinking girl's mind the great mysteries of life and death, that so she might not leave the world without more hope or faith than her heathen forefathers. For that Ermentrude would live Christina had never hoped, since that fleeting improvement had been cut short by the fever of the wine-cup; the look, voice, and tone had become so completely the same as those of Regina Grundt's little sister who had pined and died. She knew she could not cure, but she could, she felt she could, comfort, cheer, and soften, and she no longer repined at her enforced sojourn at Adlerstein. She heartily loved her charge, and could not bear to think how desolate Ermentrude would be without her. And now the poor girl had become responsive to her care. She was infinitely softened in manner, and treated her parents with forms of respect new to them; she had learnt even to thank old Ursel, dropped her imperious tone, and struggled with her petulance; and, towards her brother, the domineering uncouth adherence was becoming real tender affection; while the dependent, reverent love she bestowed upon Christina was touching and endearing in the extreme.

Freiherr von Adlerstein saw the change, and congratulated himself on the effect of having a town-bred bower woman; nay, spoke of the advantage it would be to his daughter, if he could persuade himself to make the submission to the Kaiser which the late improvements decided on at the Diet were rendering more and more inevitable. *Now* how happy would be the winner of his gentle Ermentrude!

Freiherrinn von Adlerstein thought the alteration the mere change from child to woman, and felt insulted by the supposition that any one might not have been proud to match with a daughter of Adlerstein, be she what she might. As to submission to the Kaiser, that was mere

folly and weakness — kaisers, kings, dukes, and counts had broken their teeth against the rock of Adlerstein before now! What had come over her husband and her son to make them cravens?

For Freiherr Eberhard was more strongly convinced than was his father of the untenableness of their present position. Hugh Sorel's reports of what he heard at Ulm had shown that the league that had been discussed at Regensburg was far more formidable than anything that had ever previously threatened Schloss Adlerstein, and that if the Graf von Schlangenwald joined in the coalition, there would be private malice to direct its efforts against the Adlerstein family. Feud-letters or challenges had been made unlawful for ten years, and was not Adlerstein at feud with the world?

Nor did Eberhard look on the submission with the sullen rage and grief that his father felt in bringing himself to such a declension from the pride of his ancestors. What the young baron heard upstairs was awakening in him a sense of the poorness and narrowness of his present life. Ermentrude never spared him what interested her; and, partly from her lips, partly through her appeals to her attendant, he had learnt that life had better things to offer than independence on these bare rocks, and that homage might open the way to higher and worthier exploits than preying upon overturned waggons.

Dietrich of Berne and his two ancestors, whose lengthy legend Christina could sing in a low soft recitative, were revelations to him of what she meant by a true knight—the lion in war, the lamb in peace; the quaint oft-repeated portraits, and still quainter cities, of the "Chronicle," with her explanations and translations, opened his mind to aspirations of intercourse with his fellows, an honourable name, and esteem in its degree such as was paid to Sir Parzival, to Karl the Great, or to Rodolf of Hapsburgh, once a mountain lord like himself. Nay, as Ermentrude said, stroking his cheek, and smoothing the flaxen beard, that somehow had become much less

rough and tangled than it used to be, "Some day wilt thou be another Good Freiherr Eberhard, whom all the countryside loved, and who gave bread at the castle-gate to all that hungered."

Her brother believed nothing of her slow declension in strength, ascribing all the change he saw to the bitter cold, and seeing but little even of that alteration, though he spent many hours in her room, holding her in his arms, amusing her, or talking to her and to Christina. All Christina's fear of him was gone. As long as there was no liquor in the house, and he was his true self, she felt him to be a kind friend, bound to her by strong sympathy in the love and care for his sister. She could talk almost as freely before him as when alone with her young lady; and as Ermentrude's religious feelings grew stronger, and were freely expressed to him, surely his attention was not merely kindness and patience with the sufferer.

The girl's soul ripened rapidly under the new influences during her bodily decay; and, as the days lengthened, and the stern hold of winter relaxed upon the mountains, Christina looked with strange admiration upon the expression that had dawned upon the features once so vacant and dull, and listened with the more depth of reverence to the sweet words of faith, hope, and love, because she felt that a higher, deeper teaching than she could give must have come to mould the spirit for the new world to which it was hastening.

"Like an army defeated,
The snow had retreated,"

out of the valley, whose rich green shone smiling round the pool into which the Debateable Ford spread. The waterfall had burst its icy bonds, and dashed down with redoubled voice, roaring rather than babbling. Blue and pink hepaticas—or, as Christina called them, liver-krouts—had pushed up their starry heads, and had even been gathered by Sir Eberhard, and laid on his sister's pillow. The dark peaks of rock came out all glistening with moisture, and the snow only retained possession of the

deep hollows and crevices, into which, however, its retreat was far more graceful than when, in the city, it was trodden by horse and man, and soiled with smoke.

Christina dreaded, indeed, that the roads should be open, but she could not love the snow; it spoke to her of dreariness, savagery, and captivity, and she watched the dwindling stripes with satisfaction, and hailed the fall of the petty avalanches from one Eagle's Step to another as her forefathers might have rejoiced in the defeat of the Frost giants.

But Ermentrude had a love for the white sheet that lay covering a gorge running up from the ravine. She watched its diminution day by day with a fancy that she was melting away with it; and, indeed, it was on the very day that a succession of drifting showers had left the sheet alone, and separated it from the masses of white above, that it first fully dawned upon the rest of the family that for the little daughter of the house spring was only bringing languor and sinking instead of recovery.

Then it was that Sir Eberhard first really listened to her entreaty that she might not die without a priest, and comforted her by passing his word to her that, if—he would not say *when*—the time drew near, he would bring her that Father Norbert who had only come on great days, by a sort of sufferance, to say mass at the Blessed Friedmund's hermitage chapel.

The time was slow in coming. Easter had passed, with Ermentrude far too ill for Christina to make the effort she had intended of going to the church, even if she could get no escort but old Ursel—the sheet of snow had dwindled to a mere wreath—the ford looked blue in the sunshine—the cascade tinkled merrily down its rock—mountain primroses peeped out, when, as Father Norbert came forth from saying his ill-attended Pentecostal mass, and was parting with the infirm peasant hermit, a tall figure strode up the pass, and, as the villagers fell back to make way, stood before the startled priest, and said, in a voice choked with grief, "Come with me."

"Who needs me?" began the astonished monk.

"Follow him not, father!" whispered the hermit. "It is the young Freiherr. —O have mercy on him, gracious sir; he has done your noble lordships no wrong."

"I mean him no ill," replied Eberhard, clearing his voice with difficulty; "I would but, have him do his office. Art thou afraid, priest?"

"Who needs my office?" demanded Father Norbert. "Show me fit cause, and what should I dread? Wherefore dost thou seek me?"

"For my sister," replied Eberhard, his voice thickening again. "My little sister lies at the point of death, and I have sworn to her that a priest she shall have. Wilt thou come, or shall I drag thee down the pass?"

"I come, I come with all my heart, sir knight," was the ready response. "A few moments and I am at your bidding."

He stepped back into the hermit's cave, whence a stair led up to the chapel. The anchorite followed him, whispering — "Good father, escape! There will be full time ere he misses you. The north door leads to the Gemsbock's Pass; it is open now."

"Why should I baulk him? Why should I deny my office to the dying?" said Norbert.

"Alas! holy father, thou art new to this country, and know'st not these men of blood! It is a snare to make the convent ransom thee, if not worse. The Freiherrinn is a fiend for malice, and the Freiherr is excommunicate."

"I know it, my son," said Norbert; "but wherefore should their child perish unassozied?"

"Art coming, priest?" shouted Eberhard, from his stand at the mouth of the cave.

And, as Norbert at once appeared with the pyx and other appliances that he had gone to fetch, the Freiherr held out his hand with an offer to "carry his gear for him;" and, when the monk refused, with an inward shudder at entrusting a sacred charge to such unhal-

lowed hands, replied, "You will have work enow for both hands ere the castle is reached."

But Father Norbert was by birth a sturdy Switzer, and thought little of these Swabian Alps; and he climbed after his guide through the most rugged passages of Eberhard's shortest and most perpendicular cut without a moment's hesitation, and with agility worthy of a chamois. The young baron turned for a moment, when the level of the castle had been gained, perhaps to see whether he were following, but at the same time came to a sudden speechless pause.

On the white masses of vapour that floated on the opposite side of the mountain was traced a gigantic shadowy outline of a hermit, with head bent eagerly forward, and arm outstretched.

The monk crossed himself. Eberhard stood still for a moment, and then said, hoarsely, — "The Blessed Friedmund! He is come for her;" then strode on towards the postern gate, followed by Brother Norbert, a good deal reassured both as to the genuineness of the young baron's message and the probable condition of the object of his journey, since the patron saint of her race was evidently on the watch to speed her departing spirit.

Sir Eberhard led the way up the turret stairs to the open door, and the monk entered the death-chamber. The elder baron sat near the fire in the large wooden chair, half-turned towards his daughter, as one who must needs be present, but with his face buried in his hands, unable to endure the spectacle. Nearer was the tall form of his wife, standing near the foot of the bed, her stern, harsh features somewhat softened by the feelings of the moment. Ursel waited at hand, with tears running down her furrowed cheeks.

For such as these Father Norbert was prepared; but he little expected to meet so pure and sweet a gaze of reverential welcome as beamed on him from the soft dark eyes of the little white-cheeked maiden who sat on the bed, holding the sufferer in her arms. Still less had he anticipated the serene blessedness that

sat on the wasted features of the dying girl, amid all the anguish of labouring breath.

She smiled a smile of joy, held up her hand, and thanked her brother. Her father scarcely lifted his head, her mother made a rigid curtesy, and with a grim look of sorrow coming over her features, laid her hand over the old Baron's shoulder. "Come away, Herr Vater," she said; "he is going to hear her confession, and make her too holy for the like of us to touch."

The old man rose up, and stepped towards his child. Ermentrude held out her arms to him, and murmured—

"Father, father, pardon me; I would have been a better daughter if I had only known——" He gathered her in his arms; he was quite past speaking; and they only heard his heavy breathing, and one more whisper from Ermentrude—"And oh! father, one day wilt thou seek to be absolved?" Whether he answered or not they knew not; he only gave her repeated kisses, and laid her down on her pillows, then rushed to the door, and the passionate sobs of the strong man's uncontrolled nature might be heard upon the stair. The parting with the others was not necessarily so complete, as they were not, like him, under censure of the Church; but Kunigunde leant down to kiss her; and, in return to her repetition of her entreaty for pardon, replied, "Thou hast it, child, if it will ease thy mind; but it is all along of these new fancies that ever an Adlerstein thought of pardon. There, there, I blame thee not, poor maid; if thou wert to die, it may be even best as it is. Now must I to thy father; he is troubled enough about this gear."

But when Eberhard moved towards his sister, she turned to the priest, and said, imploringly, "Not far, not far! Oh! let them," pointing to Eberhard and Christina, "let them not be quite out of sight!"

"Out of hearing is all that is needed, daughter," replied the priest; and Ermentrude looked content as Christina moved towards the empty north turret, where, with the door open, she was in

full view, and Eberhard followed her thither. It was indeed fully out of ear-shot of the child's faint, gasping, confession. Gravely and sadly both stood there. Christina looked up the hill-side for the snow-wreath. The May sunshine had dissolved it; the green pass lay sparkling without a vestige of its white coating. Her eyes full of tears, she pointed the spot out to Eberhard. He understood; but, leaning towards her, told, under his breath, of the phantom he had seen. Her eyes expanded with awe of the supernatural. "It was the Blessed Friedmund," said Eberhard. "Never hath he so greeted one of our race since the pious *Freiherrinn Hildegarde*. Maiden, hast thou brought us back a blessing?"

"Ah! well may she be blessed—well may the saints stoop to greet her," murmured Christina, with strangled voice, scarcely able to control her sobs.

Father Norbert came towards them. The simple confession had been heard, and he sought the aid of Christina in performing the last rites of the Church.

"Maiden," he said to her, "thou hast done a great and blessed work, such as many a priest might envy thee."

Eberhard was not excluded during the final services by which the soul was to be dismissed from its earthly dwelling-place. True, he comprehended little of their import and nothing of the words, but he gazed meekly, with uncovered head, and a bewildered look of sadness, while Christina made her responses and took her part with full intelligence and deep fervour, sorrowing indeed for the companion who had become so dear to her, but deeply thankful for the spiritual consolation that had come at last. Ermentrude lay calm, and, as it were, already rapt into a higher world, lighting up at the German portions of the service, and not wholly devoid of comprehension of the spirit even of the Latin, as, indeed, she had come to the border of the region where human tongues and languages are no more.

She was all but gone when the rite of extreme unction was completed, and they could only stand round her, Eber-

hard, Christina, Ursel, and the old baroness, who had returned again, watching the last flutterings of the breath, the window thrown wide open that nothing might impede the passage of the soul to the blue vault above.

The priest spoke the beautiful commendation, "Depart, O Christian soul." There was a faint gesture in the midst for Christina to lift her in her arms—a sign to bend down and kiss her brow—but her last look was for her brother, her last murmur, "Come after me; be the Good Baron Ebbo."

CHAPTER V.

THE YOUNG FREIHERR.

ERMENTRUDE VON ADLERSTEIN slept with her forefathers in the vaults of the hermitage chapel, and Christina Sorel's work was done.

Surely it was time for her to return home, though she should be more sorry to leave the mountain castle than she could ever have believed possible. She entreated her father to take her home, but she received a sharp answer that she did not know what she was talking of: the *Schlangenwald* Reiters were besetting all the roads; and, moreover, the *Ulm* burghers had taken the capture of the Constance wine in such dudgeon that for a retainer of Adlerstein to show himself in the streets would be an absolute asking for the wheel.

But was there any hope for her? Could he not take her to some nunnery midway, and let her write to her uncle to fetch her from thence?

He swore at woman's pertinacity, but allowed at last that if the plan, talked of by the Barons, of going to make their submission to the Emperor at Linz, and with a view to which all violence at the ford had ceased, should hold good, it might be possible thus to drop her on their way.

With this Christina must needs content herself. Poor child, not only had Ermentrude's death deprived her of the sole object of her residence at *Schloss Adlerstein*, but it had infinitely increased

the difficulties of her position. No one interfered with her possession of the upper room and its turrets; and it was only at meal times that she was obliged to mingle with the other inhabitants, who, for the most part, absolutely overlooked the little shrinking pale maiden: but with one exception, and that the most perplexing of all. She had been on terms with Freiherr Eberhard that were not so easily broken off as if she had been an old woman of Ursel's age. All through his sister's decline she had been his comforter, assistant, director, living in intercourse and sympathy that ought surely to cease when she was no longer his sister's attendant, yet which must be more than ever missed in the full freshness of the stroke.

Even on the earliest day of bereavement, a sudden thought of Hausfrau Johanna flashed upon Christina, and reminded her of the guard she must keep over herself if she would return to Ulm the same modest girl whom her aunt could acquit of all indiscretion. Her cheeks flamed, as she sat alone, with the very thought, and the next time she heard the well-known tread on the stair, she fled hastily into her own turret chamber, and shut the door. Her heart beat fast. She could hear Sir Eberhard moving about the room, and listened to his heavy sigh as he threw himself into the large chair. Presently he called her by name, and she felt it needful to open her door and answer, respectfully,

"What would you, my lord?"

"What would I? A little peace, and heed to her who is gone. To see my father and mother one would think that a partridge had but flown away. I have seen my father more sorrowful when his dog had fallen over the abyss."

"Mayhap there is more sorrow for a brute that cannot live again," said Christina. "Our bird has her nest by an Altar that is lovelier and brighter than even our Dome Kirk will ever be."

"Sit down, Christina," he said, dragging a chair nearer the hearth. "My heart is sore, and I cannot bear the din below. Tell me where my bird is flown."

"Ah! sir; pardon me. I must to

the kitchen," said Christina, crossing her hands over her breast, to still her trembling heart, for she was very sorry for his grief, but moving resolutely.

"Must? And wherefore? Thou hast nought to do there; speak truth! Why not stay with me?" as his great light eyes opened wide.

"A burgher maid may not sit down with a noble baron."

"The devil! Has my mother been plaguing thee, child?"

"No, my lord," said Christina, "she reckes not of me; but"—steady her voice with great difficulty—"it behoves me the more to be discreet."

"And you would not have me come here!" he said, with a wistful tone of reproach.

"I have no power to forbid you, but if you do, I must betake me to Ursel in the kitchen," said Christina, very low, trembling and half choked.

"Among the rude wenches there!" he cried, starting up. "Nay, nay, that shall not be! Rather will I go. But this is very cruel of thee, maiden," he added, lingering, "when I give thee my knightly word that all should be as when she whom we both loved was here," and his voice shook.

"It could not so be, my lord," returned Christina, with drooping, blushing face; "it would not be maidenly in me. O, my lord, you are kind and generous, make it not hard for me to do what other maidens less lonely have friends to do for them!"

"Kind and generous?" said Eberhard, leaning over the back of the chair as if trying to begin a fresh score. "This from you, who told me once I was no true knight!"

"I shall call you a true knight with all my heart," cried Christina—the tears rushing into her eyes, "if you will respect my weakness and loneliness."

He stood up again, as if to move away; then paused, and, twisting his gold chain, said, "And how am I ever to be what the happy one bade me, if you will not show me how?"

"My error would never show you the right," said Christina, with a strong

effort at firmness, and retreating at once through the door of the staircase, whence she made her way to the kitchen, and with great difficulty found an excuse for her presence there.

It had been a hard struggle with her compassion and gratitude, and, poor little Christina felt with dismay, with something more than these. Else why was it that, even while principle and better sense summoned her back to Ulm, she experienced a deadly weariness of the city pent air, of the grave heavy roll of the river, nay, even of the quiet, well-regulated household? Why did such a marriage as she had thought her natural destiny, with some worthy kind-hearted brother of the guild, become so hateful to her that she could only aspire to a convent life? This same burgomaster would be an estimable man, no doubt, and those around her were ruffians, but she felt utterly contemptuous and impatient of him. And why was the interchange of greetings, the few words at meals, worth all the rest of the day beside to her? Her own heart was the traitor, and to her own sensations the poor little thing had, in spirit at least, transgressed all Aunt Johanna's precepts against young barons. She wept apart, and resolved, and prayed, cruelly ashamed of every start of joy or pain that the sight of Eberhard cost her. From almost the first he had sat next her at the single table that accommodated the whole household at meals, and the custom continued, though on some days he treated her with sullen silence, which she blamed herself for not rejoicing in, sometimes he spoke a few friendly words; but he observed better than she could have dared to expect, her test of his true knighthood, and never again forced himself into her apartment, though now and then he came to the door with flowers, with mountain strawberries, and once with two young doves. "Take them, Christina," he said; "they are very like yourself;" and he always delayed so long that she was forced to be resolute, and shut the door on him at last.

Once, when there was to be a mass at

the chapel, Hugh Sorel, between a smile and a growl, informed his daughter that he would take her thereto. She gladly prepared, and, bent on making herself agreeable to her father, did not once press on him the necessity of her return to Ulm. To her amazement and pleasure, the young baron was at church, and when, on the way home, he walked beside her mule, she could see no need for sending him away.

He had been in no school of the conventionalities of life, and, when he saw that Hugh Sorel's presence had obtained him this favour, he wistfully asked, "Christina, if I bring your father with me, will you not let me in?"

"Entreat me not, my lord," she answered, with fluttering breath.

She felt the more that she was right in this decision, when she encountered her father's broad grin of surprise and diversion, at seeing the young baron help her to dismount. It was a look of receiving an idea both new, comical, and flattering, but by no means the look of a father who would resent the indignity of attentions to his daughter from a man whose rank formed an insuperable barrier to marriage.

The effect was a new, urgent, and most piteous entreaty, that he would find means of sending her home. It brought upon her the hearing put into words what her own feelings had long shrunk from confessing to herself.

"Ha! Why, what now? What, is the young baron after thee? Ha! ha! petticoats are few enough up here, but he must have been ill off ere he took to a little ghost like thee! I saw he was moping and doleful, but I thought it was all for his sister."

"And so it is, father."

"Tell me that, when he watches every turn of that dark eye of thine—the only good thing thou took'st of mine! Thou art a witch, Stina."

"Hush, oh hush, for pity's sake, father, and let me go home!"

"What, thou likest him not? Thy mind is all for the mincing goldsmith opposite, as I ever told thee."

"My mind is—is to return to my

uncle and aunt the true-hearted maiden they parted with," said Christina, with clasped hands. "And oh, father, as you were the son of a true and faithful mother, be a father to me now! Jeer not your motherless child, but protect her and help her."

Hugh Sorel was touched by this appeal, and he likewise recollected how much it was for his own interest that his brother should be satisfied with the care he took of his daughter. He became convinced that the sooner she was out of the castle the better, and at length bethought him that, among the merchants who frequented the Midsummer fair at the Blessed Friedmund's Wake, a safe escort might be found to convey her back to Ulm.

If the truth were known, Hugh Sorel was not devoid of a certain feeling akin to contempt, both for his young master's taste, and for his forbearance in not having pushed matters further with a being so helpless, meek, and timid as Christina, more especially as such slackness had not been his wont in other cases where his fancy had been caught.

But Sorel did not understand that it was not physical beauty that here had been the attraction, though, to some persons, the sweet pensive eyes, the delicate pure skin, the slight tender form, might seem to exceed in loveliness the fully developed animal comeliness chiefly esteemed at Adlerstein. It was rather the strangeness of the power and purity of this timid, fragile creature, that had struck the young noble. With all their brutal manners, reverence for a lofty female nature had been in the German character ever since their Velleda prophesied to them, and this reverence in Eberhard bowed at the feet of the pure gentle maiden, so strong yet so weak, so wistful and entreating even in her resolution, refined as a white flower on a heap of refuse, wise and dextrous beyond his slow and dull conception, and the first being in whom he had ever seen piety or goodness; and likewise with a tender, loving spirit of consolation such as he had both beheld and tasted by his sister's deathbed.

There was almost a fear mingled with his reverence. If he had been more familiar with the saints, he would thus have regarded the holy virgin martyrs, nay, even Our Lady herself; and he durst not push her so hard as to offend her, and excite the anger or the grief that he alike dreaded. He was wretched and forlorn without the resources he had found in his sister's room; the new and better cravings of his higher nature were excited only to remain unsupplied and disappointed; and the affectionate heart in the freshness of its sorrow yearned for the comfort that such conversation had supplied: but the impression that had been made on him was still such, that he knew that to use rough means of pressing his wishes would no more lead to his real gratification than it would to appropriate a snow-bell by crushing it in his gauntlet.

And it was on feeble little Christina, yielding in heart, though not in will, that it depended to preserve this reverence, and return unscathed from this castle, more perilous now than ever.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BLESSED FRIEDMUND'S WAKE.

MIDSUMMER-DAY arrived, and the village of Adlerstein presented a most unusual spectacle. The wake was the occasion of a grand fair for all the mountain side, and it was an understood thing that the Barons, instead of molesting the pedlars, merchants, and others who attended it, contented themselves with demanding a toll from every one who passed the Kohler's hut on the one side, of the Gemsbock's Pass on the other; and this toll, being the only coin by which they came honestly in the course of the year, was regarded as a certainty and highly valued. Moreover, it was the only time that any purchases could be made, and the flotsam of the Ford did not always include all even of the few requirements of the inmates of the castle; it was the only holiday, sacred or secular, that ever gladdened the Eagle's Rock.

So all the inmates of the castle prepared to enjoy themselves, except the heads of the house. The Freiherr had never been at one of these wakes since the first after he was excommunicated, when he had stalked round to show his indifference to the sentence; and the Freiherrinn snarled out such sentences of disdain towards the concourse, that it might be supposed that she hated the sight of her kind; but Ursel had all the household purchases to make, and the kitchen underlings were to take turns to go and come, as indeed were the men-at-arms, who were set to watch the toll-bars.

Christina had packed up a small bundle, for the chance of being unable to return to the castle without missing her escort, though she hoped that the fair might last two days, and that she should thus be enabled to return and bring away the rest of her property. She was more and more resolved on going, but her heart was less and less inclined to departure. And bitter had been her weeping through all the early light hours of the long morning—weeping that she tried to think was all for Ermentrude; and all, amid prayers she could scarce trust herself to offer, that the generous kindly nature might yet work free of these evil surroundings, and fulfil the sister's dying wish. She should never see it; but, when she should hear that the Debateable Ford was the Friendly Ford, then would she know that it was the doing of the Good Baron Ebbo. Could she venture on telling him so? Or were it not better that there were no farewell? And she wept again that he should think her ungrateful. She could not persuade herself to release the doves, but committed the charge to Ursel to let them go in case she should not return.

So tear-stained was her face, that, ashamed that it should be seen, she wrapped it closely in her hood and veil when she came down and joined her father. The whole scene swam in tears before her eyes when she saw the whole green slope from the chapel covered with tents and booths, and swarming

with pedlars and mountaineers in their picturesque dresses. Women and girls were exchanging the yarn of their winter's spinning for bright handkerchiefs; men drove sheep, goats, or pigs to barter for knives, spades, or weapons; others were gazing at simple shows—a dancing bear or ape—or clustering round a Minnesinger; many even then congregating in booths for the sale of beer. Further up, on the flat space of sward above the chapel, were some lay brothers, arranging for the representation of a mystery—a kind of entertainment which Germany owed to the English who came to the Council of Constance, and which the monks of St. Ruprecht's hoped might infuse some religious notions into the wild ignorant mountaineers.

First, however, Christina gladly entered the church. Crowded though it were, it was calmer than the busy scene without. Faded old tapestry was decking its walls, representing apparently some subject entirely alien to St. John or the blessed hermit; Christina rather thought it was Mars and Venus, but that was all the same to everyone else. And there was a terrible figure of St. John, painted life-like, with a real hair-cloth round his loins, just opposite to her, on the step of the Altar; also poor Friedmund's bones, dressed up in a new serge amice and hood; the stone from Nicæa was in a gilded box, ready in due time to be kissed; and a preaching friar (not one of the monks of St. Ruprecht's) was in the midst of a sermon, telling how St. John presided at the Council of Nicæa till the Emperor Maximus cut off his head at the instance of Herodias—full justice being done to the dancing—and that the blood was sprinkled on this very stone, whereupon our Holy Father the Pope decreed that whoever would kiss the said stone, and repeat the Credo five times afterwards, should be capable of receiving an indulgence for 500 years: which indulgence must however be purchased at the rate of six groschen, to be bestowed in alms at Rome. And this inestimable benefit he, poor Friar Peter, had come from his brotherhood of St.

Francis at Offingen solely to dispense to the poor mountaineers.

It was disappointing to find this profane mummery going on instead of the holy services to which Christina had looked forward for strength and comfort; she was far too well instructed not to be scandalized at the profane deception which was ripening fast for Luther, only thirty years later; and, when the stone was held up by the friar in one hand, the printed briefs of indulgence in the other, she shrank back. Her father, however, said, "Wilt have one, child? Five hundred years is no bad bargain."

"My uncle has small trust in indulgences," she whispered.

"All lies, of course," quoth Hugh; "yet they've the Pope's seal, and I have more than half a mind to get one. Five hundred years is no joke, and I am sure of purgatory, since I bought this medal at the Holy House of Loretto."

And he went forward, and invested six groschen in one of the papers, the most religious action poor Christina had ever seen him perform. Other purchasers came forward—several of the castle *knappen*, and a few peasant women who offered yarn or cheeses as equivalents for money, but were told with some insolence to go and sell their goods, and bring the coin.

After a time, the friar, finding his traffic slack, thought fit to remove, with his two lay assistants, outside the chapel, and try the effects of an out-of-door sermon. Hugh Sorel, who had been hitherto rather diverted by the man's gestures and persuasions, now decided on going out into the fair in quest of an escort for his daughter, but as she saw Father Norbert and another monk ascending from the stairs leading to the hermit's cell, she begged to be allowed to remain in the church, where she was sure to be safe, instead of wandering about with him in the fair.

He was glad to be unencumbered, though he thought her taste unnatural; and, promising to return for her when he had found an escort, he left her.

Father Norbert had come for the very purpose of hearing confessions, and

Christina's next hour was the most comfortable she had spent since Ermentrude's death.

After this, however, the priests were called away, and long, long did Christina first kneel and then sit in the little lonely church, hearing the various sounds without, and imagining that her father had forgotten her, and that he and all the rest were drinking, and then what would become of her? Why had she quitted old Ursel's protection?

Hours of waiting and nameless alarm must have passed, for the sun was waxing low, when at length she heard steps coming up the hermit's cell, and a head arose above the pavement which she recognised with a wild throb of joy, but, repressing her sense of gladness, she only exclaimed, "Oh, where is my father!"

"I have sent him to the toll at the Gernsbock's Pass," replied Sir Eberhard, who had by this time come up the stairs, followed by Brother Peter and the two lay assistants. Then, as Christina turned on him her startled terrified eyes in dismay and reproach for such thoughtlessness, he came towards her, and, bending his head and opening his hand, he showed on his palm two gold rings. "There, little one," he said; "now shalt thou never again shut me out."

Her senses grew dizzy. "Sir," she faintly said, "this is no place to delude a poor maiden."

"I delude thee not. The brother here waits to wed us."

"Impossible! a burgher maid is not for such as you."

"None but a burgher maid will I wed," returned Sir Eberhard, with all the settled resolution of habits of command. "See, Christina, thou art sweeter and better than any lady in the land; thou canst make me what she—the blessed one who lies there—would have me. I love thee as never knight loved lady. I love thee so that I have not spoken a word to offend thee when my heart was bursting; and"—as he saw her irrepressible tears—"I think thou lovest me a little."

"Ah!" she gasped with a sob, "let me go."

"Thou canst not go home; there is none here fit to take charge of thee. Or if there were, I would slay him rather than let thee go. No, not so," he said, as he saw how little those words served his cause; "but without thee I were a mad and desperate man. Christina, I will not answer for myself if thou dost not leave this place my wedded wife."

"Oh!" implored Christina, "if you would only betroth me, and woo me like an honourable maiden from my home at Ulm!"

"Betroth thee, ay, and wed thee at once," replied Eberhard, who, all along, even while his words were most pleading, had worn a look and manner of determined authority and strength, good-natured indeed, but resolved. "I am not going to miss my opportunity, or baulk the friar."

The friar, who had meantime been making a few needful arrangements for the ceremony, advanced towards them. He was a good-humoured, easy-going man, who came prepared to do any office that came in his way on such festival days at the villages round; and peasant marriages at such times were not uncommon. But something now staggered him, and he said anxiously—

"This maiden looks convent-bred! Herr Reiter, pardon me; but if this be the breaking of a cloister, I can have none of it."

"No such thing," said Eberhard; "she is town-bred, that is all."

"You would swear it, on the holy mass yonder, both of you?" said the friar, still suspiciously.

"Yea," replied Eberhard, "and so dost thou, Christina."

This was the time if ever to struggle against her destiny. The friar would probably have listened to her if she had made any vehement opposition to a forced marriage, and if not, a few shrieks would have brought perhaps Father Norbert, and certainly the whole population; but the horror and shame of being found in such a situation, even more than the probability that she might meet with vengeance rather than protection, withheld her. Even the friar could

hardly have removed her, and this was her only chance of safety from the Baroness's fury. Had she hated and loathed Sir Eberhard, perhaps she had striven harder, but his whole demeanour constrained and quelled her, and the chief effort she made against yielding was the reply, "I am no cloister maid, holy father, but——"

The "but" was lost in the friar's jovial speech. "O, then, all is well! Take thy place, pretty one, there, by the door, thou knowst it should be in the porch, but—ach, I understand!" as Eberhard quietly drew the bolt within. "No, no, little one, I have no time for bride scruples and coyness; I have to train three dull-headed louts to be Shem, Ham, and Japhet before dark. Hast confessed of late?"

"This morning, but——" said Christina, and "This morning," to her great joy, said Eberhard, and, in her satisfaction thereat, her second "but——" was not followed up.

The friar asked their names, and both gave the Christian name alone; then the brief and simple rite was gone through in its shortest form. Christina had, by very force of surprise and dismay, gone through all without signs of agitation, except the quivering of her whole frame, and the icy coldness of the hand, where Eberhard had to place the ring on each finger in turn.

But each mutual vow was a strange relief to her long-tossed and divided mind, and it was rest indeed to let her affection have its will, and own him indeed as a protector to be loved instead of shunned. When all was over, and he gathered the two little cold hands into his large ones, his arm supporting her trembling form, she felt for the moment, poor little thing, as if she could never be frightened again.

Parish registers were not, even had this been a parish church, but Brother Peter asked, when he had concluded, "Well, my son, which of his flock am I to report to your Pfarrer as linked together?"

"The less your tongue wags on that matter till I call on you, the better,"

was the stern reply. "Look you, no ill shall befall you if you are wise, but remember, against the day I call you to bear witness, that you have this day wedded Baron Eberhard von Adlerstein the younger, to Christina, the daughter of Hugh Sorel, the Esquire of Ulm."

"Thou hast played me a trick, Sir Baron!" said the friar, somewhat dismayed, but more amused, looking up at Eberhard, who, as Christina now saw, had divested himself of his gilt spurs, gold chain, silver belt and horn, and eagle's plume, so as to have passed for a simple Lanzknecht. "I would have had no such gear as this!"

"So I supposed," said Eberhard, coolly.

"Young folks! young folks!" laughed the friar, changing his tone, and holding up his finger slyly; "the little bird so cunningly nestled in the church to fly out my Lady Baroness! Well, so thou hast a pretty, timid lambkin there, Sir Baron. Take care you use her mildly."

Eberhard looked into Christina's face with a smile, that to her, at least, was answer enough; and he held out half a dozen links of his gold chain to the Friar, and tossed a coin to each of the lay brethren.

"Not for the poor friar himself," explained Brother Peter, on receiving this marriage-fee; "it all goes to the weal of the brotherhood."

"As you please," said Eberhard. "Silence, that is all! And thy friary —?"

"The poor house of St. Francis at Offingen for the present, noble sir," said the priest. "There will you hear of me, if you find me not. And now, fare thee well, my gracious lady. I hope one day thou wilt have more words to thank the poor brother who has made thee a noble Baroness."

"Ah, good father, pardon my fright and confusion," Christina tried to murmur, but at that moment a sudden glow and glare of light broke out on the eastern rock, illuminating the fast darkening little church with a flickering glare, that made her start in terror as if the fires of heaven were threatening

this stolen marriage; but the friar and Eberhard both exclaimed, "The Need-fire alight already!" And she recollected how often she had seen these bonfires on Midsummer night shining red on every hill around Ulm. Loud shouts were greeting the uprising flame, and the people gathering thicker and thicker on the slope. The friar undid the door to hasten out into the throng, and Eberhard said he had left his spurs and belt in the hermit's cell, and must return thither, after which he would walk home with his bride, moving at the same time towards the stair, and thereby causing a sudden scuffle and fall. "So, master hermit," quoth Eberhard, as the old man picked himself up, looking horribly frightened; "that's your hermit's abstraction, is it? No whining, old man, I am not going to hurt thee, so thou canst hold thy tongue. Otherwise I will smoke thee out of thy hole like a wild cat! What, thou aiding me with my belt, my lovely one? Thanks; the snap goes too hard for thy little hands. Now, then, the fire will light us gaily down the mountain side."

But it soon appeared that to depart was impossible, unless by forcing a way through the busy throng in the full red glare of the firelight, and they were forced to pause at the opening of the hermit's cave, Christina leaning on her husband's arm, and a fold of his mantle drawn round her to guard her from the night-breeze of the mountain, as they waited for a quiet space in which to depart unnoticed. It was a strange wild scene! The fire was on a bare flat rock, which probably had been yearly so employed ever since the Kelts had brought from the East the rite that they had handed on to the Swabians—the Beltane fire, whose like was blazing everywhere in the Alps, in the Hartz, nay, even in England, Scotland, and on the granite points of Ireland. Heaped up for many previous days with faggots from the forest, then apparently inexhaustible, the fire roared and crackled, and rose high, red and smoky, into the air, paling the moon, and obscuring the

stars. Round it, completely hiding the bonfire itself, were hosts of dark figures swarming to approach it—all with a purpose. All held old shoes or superannuated garments in their hands to feed the flame; for it was esteemed needful that every villager should contribute something from his house—once, no doubt, an offering to Bel, but now a mere unmeaning observance. And shrieks of merriment followed the contribution of each too well-known article of rubbish that had been in reserve for the Needfire! Girls and boys had nuts to throw in, in pairs, to judge by their bounces of future chances of matrimony. Then came a shouting, tittering, and falling back, as an old boor came forward like a priest, with something heavy and ghastly in his arms, which was thrown on with a tremendous shout, darkened the glow for a moment, then hissed, cracked, and emitted a horrible odour.

It was a horse's head, the right owner of which had been carefully kept for the occasion, though long past work. Christina shuddered, and felt as if she had fallen upon a Pagan ceremony; as indeed was true enough, only that the Adlersteiners attached no meaning to the performance, except a vague notion of securing good luck.

With the same idea the faggots were pulled down, and arranged so as to form a sort of lane of fire. Young men rushed along it, and then bounded over the diminished pile, amid loud shouts of laughter and either admiration or derision; and, in the meantime, a variety of odd recusant noises, grunts, squeaks, and lowings proceeding from the darkness were explained to the startled little bride by her husband to come from all the cattle of the mountain farms around, who were to have their weal secured by being driven through the Needfire.

It may well be imagined that the animals were less convinced of the necessity of this performance than their masters. Wonderful was the clatter and confusion, horrible the uproar raised behind to make the poor things proceed at all, desperate the shout when some half-

frantic creature kicked or attempted a charge, wild the glee when a persecuted goat or sheep took heart of grace, and flashed for one moment between the crackling, flaring, smoking walls. When one cow or sheep off a farm went, all the others were pretty sure to follow it, and the owner had then only to be on the watch at the other end to turn them back, with their flame-dazzled eyes, from going unawares down the precipice, a fate from which the passing through the fire was evidently not supposed to insure them. The swine, those special German delights, were of course the most refractory of all. Some, by dint of being pulled away from the lane of fire, were induced to rush through it; but about half-way they generally made a bolt, either sidelong through the flaming fence, or backwards among the legs of their persecutors, who were upset amid loud imprecations. One huge old lean high-backed sow, with a large family, truly feminine in her want of presence of mind, actually charged into the midst of the bonfire itself, scattering it to the right and left with her snout, and emitting so horrible a smell of singed bacon, that it might almost be feared that some of her progeny were anticipating the Chinese invention of roasting-pigs. However, their proprietor, Jobst, counted them out all safe on the other side, and there only resulted some sighs and lamentations among the seniors, such as Hatto and Ursel, that it boded ill to have the Needfire trodden out by an old sow.

All the castle live-stock were undergoing the same ceremony. Eberhard concerned himself little about the vagaries of the sheep and pigs, and only laughed a little as the great black goat, who had seen several Midsummer nights, and stood on his guard, made a sudden short run and butted down old Hatto, then skipped off like a chamois into the darkness, unheeding, the old rogue, the whispers that connected his unlucky hue with the doings of the Walpurgisnacht. But when it came to the horses, Eberhard could not well endure the sight of the endeavours to force them,

snorting, rearing, and struggling, through anything so abhorrent to them as the hedge of fire.

The Schneiderlein, with all the force of his powerful arm, had hold of Eberhard's own young white mare, who, with ears turned back, nostrils dilated, and wild eyes, her fore-feet firmly planted wide apart, was using her whole strength for resistance; and, when a heavy blow fell on her, only plunged backwards, and kicked without advancing. It was more than Eberhard could endure, and Christina's impulse was to murmur, "O do not let him do it;" but this he scarcely heard, as he exclaimed, "Wait for me here!" and, as he stepped forward, sent his voice before him, forbidding all blows to the mare.

The creature's extreme terror ceased at once upon hearing his voice, and there was an instant relaxation of all violence of resistance as he came up to her, took her halter from the Schneiderlein, patted her glossy neck, and spoke to her. But the tumult of warning voices around him assured him that it would be a fatal thing to spare the steed the passage through the fire, and he strove by encouragements and caresses with voice and hand to get her forward, leading her himself; but the poor beast trembled so violently, and, though making a few steps forward, stopped again in such exceeding horror of the flame, that Eberhard had not the heart to compel her, turned her head away, and assured her she should not be further tormented.

"The gracious lordship is wrong," said public opinion, by the voice of old Bauer Ulrich, the sacrificer of the horse's head. "Heaven forfend that evil befall him and that mare in the course of the year."

And the buzz of voices concurred in telling of the recusant pigs who had never developed into sausages, the sheep who had only escaped to be eaten by wolves, the mule whose bones had been found at the bottom of an abyss.

Old Ursel was seriously concerned, and would have laid hold on her young

master to remonstrate, but a fresh notion had arisen—Would the gracious Freiherr set a-rolling the wheel, which was already being lighted in the fire, and was to conclude the festivities by being propelled down the hill—figuring, only that no one present knew it, the sun's declension from his solstitial height? Eberhard made no objection; and Christina, in her shelter by the cave, felt no little dismay at being left alone there, and, moreover, had a strange, weird feeling at the wild, uncanny ceremony he was engaged in, not knowing, indeed, that it was sun-worship, but afraid that it could be no other than unholy sorcery.

The wheel, flaring or reddening in all its spokes, was raised from the bonfire, and was driven down the smoothest piece of greensward, which formed an inclined plane towards the stream. If its course were smooth, and it only became extinguished by leaping into the water, the village would flourish; and prosperity above all was expected if it should spring over the narrow channel, and attempt to run up the other side. Such things had happened in the days of the good Freiherren Ebbo and Friedel, though the wheel had never gone right since the present baron had been excommunicated; but his heir having been twice seen at mass in this last month, great hopes were founded upon him.

There was a shout to clear the slope. Eberhard, in great earnest and some anxiety, accepted the gauntlet that he was offered to protect his hand, steadied the wheel therewith, and, with a vigorous impulse from hand and foot, sent it bounding down the slope, among loud cries and a general scattering of the idlers who had crowded full into the very path of the fiery circle, which flamed up brilliantly for the moment as it met the current of air. But either there was an obstacle in the course, or the young baron's push had not been quite straight: the wheel suddenly swerved aside, its circle turned to the right, maugre all the objurgations addressed to it as if it had been a living thing, and the next moment it had disappeared, all but a smoky, smouldering spot of

red, that told where it lay, charring and smoking, on its side, without having fulfilled a quarter of its course.

People drew off gravely and silently, and Eberhard himself was strangely discomfited when he came back to the hermitage, and, wrapping Christina in his cloak, prepared to return, so soon as the glare of the fire should have faded from his eyesight enough to make it safe to tread so precipitous a path. He had indeed this day made a dangerous venture, and both he and Christina could not but feel disheartened by the issue of all the omens of the year, the more because she had a vague sense of wrong in consulting or trusting them. It seemed to her all one frightened, uncomprehended dream ever since her father had left her in the chapel; and, though conscious of her inability to have prevented her marriage, yet she blamed herself, felt despairing as she thought of the future, and, above all, dreaded the baron and baroness and their anger. Eberhard, after his first few words, was silent, and seemed solely absorbed in leading her safely along the rocky path, sometimes lifting her when he thought her in danger of stumbling. It was one of the lightest, shortest nights of the year, and a young moon added to the brightness in open places, while in others it made the rocks and stones cast strange elvish shadows. The distance was not entirely lost; other Beltane fires could be seen, like beacons, on every hill, and the few lights in the castle shone out like red fiery eyes in its heavy dark pile of building.

Before entering, Eberhard paused, pulled off his own wedding-ring, and put it into his bosom, and taking his bride's hand in his, did the same for her, and bade her keep the ring till they could wear them openly.

"Alas! then," said Christina, "you would have this secret?"

"Unless I would have to seek thee down the oubliette, my little one," said Eberhard; "or, what might even be worse, see thee burnt on the hill-side for bewitching me with thine arts! No, indeed, my darling. Were it only my

father, I could make him love thee; but my mother—I could not trust her where she thought the honour of our house concerned. It shall not be for long. Thou know'st we are to make peace with the Kaiser, and then will I get me employment among Kurfurst Albrecht's companies of troops, and then shalt thou prank it as my Lady Freiherrinn, and teach me the ways of cities."

"Alas! I fear me it has been a great sin!" sighed the poor little wife.

"For thee—thou couldst not help it," said Eberhard; "for me—who knows how many deadly ones it may hinder? Cheer up, little one; no one can harm thee while the secret is kept."

Poor Christina had no choice but submission; but it was a sorry bridal evening, to enter her husband's home in shrinking terror; with the threat of the oubliette before her, and with a sense of shame and deception hanging upon her, making the wonted scowl of the old baroness cut her both with remorse and dread.

She did indeed sit beside her bridegroom at the supper, but how little like a bride! even though he pushed the salt-cellar, as if by accident, below her place. She thought of her myrtle, tended in vain at home by Barbara Schmidt; she thought of Ulm courtships, and how all ought to have been; the solemn ambassage to her uncle, the stately negotiations; the troth plight before the circle of ceremonious kindred and merry maidens, of whom she had often been one—the subsequent attentions of the betrothed on all festival days, the piles of linen and all plenishings accumulated since babyhood, and all reviewed and laid out for general admiration (Ah! poor Aunt Johanna still spinning away to add to the many webs in her walnut presses!)—then the grand procession to fetch home the bride, the splendid festival with the musicians, dishes, and guest-tables to the utmost limit that was allowed by the city laws, and the bride's hair so joyously covered by her matron's curch amid the merriment of her companion maidens.

Poor child! After she had crept away

to her own room, glad that her father was not yet returned, she wept bitterly over the wrong that she felt she had done to the kind uncle and aunt, who must now look in vain to their little Christina, and would think her lost to them, and to all else that was good. At least she had had the Church's blessing—but that, strange to say, was regarded, in burgher life before the Reformation, as rather the ornament of a noble marriage than as essential to the civil contract; and a marriage by a priest was regarded by the citizens rather as means of eluding the need of obtaining the parents' consent, than as a more

regular and devout manner of wedding. However, Christina felt this the one drop of peace. The blessings and prayers were warm at her heart, and gave her hope. And as to drops of joy, of them there was no lack, for had not she now a right to love Eberhard with all her heart and conscience, and was not it a wonderful love on his part that had made him stoop to the little white-faced burgher maid, despised even by her own father? O better far to wear the maiden's uncovered head for him than the myrtle wreath for any one else!

To be continued.

WOMEN AND THE FINE ARTS.

BY F. T. PALGRAVE.

AMONG the just complaints which, in the great and never-ending cause of *Woman* versus *Man*, have been brought by women, there is none with which we sympathize more thoroughly than the averment that men will not *bond fide* measure by the laws they recognise for themselves, what women do within any province which has been commonly reserved for the dominant sex. The European world, indeed, boasts that it has now passed beyond that secondary stage of civilization when women, emancipated from the purely servile state, were, however, recognised only as beings meant to keep house, perform works of charity, smile winningly, and, if they possessed genius or intellect, put it carefully under a bushel. But, although professing to place woman on a level with himself, man (she complains) does not honestly carry out his profession. Does she write poems or songs, paint or carve, study medicine or science? He declines to test her performance by the regular laws for these matters made and provided, and veils his instinctive contempt for female judgment or genius under a cloud of flattery, which is only one degree less offensive to a woman of spirit than the

open scorn that at other times will show itself beneath his tinsel praises. It is impossible, the woman justly adds, that whilst treated thus, her sex shall put forth its full capabilities. Nothing is more irksome than any labour requiring thought, or calling for sustained emotion; nor will the human mind brace itself to such high effort, unless under the conviction that if it should bring forward pearls, they will be valued at their intrinsic worth; if counterfeits, that they will not be complimented on their glitter. It may be true that solitary genius will, here and there, work on in the spirit of a Milton, with no encouragement but loftiness of aim and perfection of art; it may be true also that criticism of individual attempts generally teaches the author but little. But no energy can resist the deadening influence of an atmosphere in which it will not be fairly judged at all. The general laws of criticism, on these points, have been framed with reference to what men have done, and there are several particulars in which, to render them truly applicable to women, they must be modified. But we apprehend that, in the main, they

are laws on which the question of sex has little bearing. In asking that when they attempt certain forms of man's work they may be judged by his canons, women seem to us to demand what common sense and an honest deference to their sex require. To adopt any other standard is, virtually, to assume at once female inferiority. No compliment, on the other hand, is so gallant as the simple truth. And it is in this spirit that we desire to approach the very curious subject before us.

The principal points that it is here desired to prove, or to illustrate, are—(1) That in the Fine Arts women have hitherto almost entirely failed to reach high or lasting success: (2) That it is altogether premature to decide whether women are not intended for such success by natural organization until they have, for a sufficient period, received intellectual advantages equal to those received by men: (3) That their non-success is the result not of external circumstances, or want of endeavour, but of deficient general training, and the absence of a fair judgment on men's part. And, be the verdict what it may, from female readers, at least, the writer looks confidently for a judgment quick, spirited, and hearty; undebased by hypocrisy, commonplace jokes, or pedantic satire.

What qualifications, first, are needful for success in the Fine Arts—by which Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, and Music are here throughout intended? Without endeavouring to enter on the details of our definition, we think the personal qualifications may be correctly and intelligibly described as Imagination and Fancy, on the side of the intellect, and predominance of Emotional Instinct, on the side of the heart. Mental devotion to forms of beauty, and physical aptitude for rendering such forms (in which we include the verbal and metrical faculty of the poet), will be the remaining—what, in comparison with the former, might be called, the sensuous elements. If such be accepted as the personal qualifications of the Fine Artist, those that may be termed the external or circumstantial qualifications will be obviously the place

assigned to him by the general voice of cultivated humanity, the education commonly given, and the material and social facilities offered for pursuing his natural vocation. Some patience may be requisite to follow all these points; yet without a brief survey of all the inquiry will be incomplete.

If, then, these predispositions or prerequisites be correctly stated, it becomes a very remarkable question why, after near three thousand years of civilization amongst the European races (not to hamper ourselves by the immense additional difficulties that arise when it is endeavoured to treat under one head any other except those families which are at present classed as the Indo-Germanic or Aryan), the success of women in the fine arts should have been hitherto so limited. Excluding from view in this essay our immediate contemporaries, poetry presents but one woman whose lines are in the first class of genius, even if we give that rather vague mode of classification a liberal range. Nor might the scanty relics of Sappho, marked as they are, perhaps through the accidental selection which has preserved them, by a somewhat monotonous colour of personal passion, justify us in placing the writer in the first class, had she not been rated as such by those Hellenic critics whose judgments in the matter of art, so far as we can test them, are very rarely at fault. After Sappho the Lesbian, passing over with a word the names of Corinna, Erinna, and Telesilla, unhappily to us names, and no more, it is doubtful whether an honest second class will include three female poets, certainly very few, within the whole course of literary history. If tried by the standard of poets, to none of whom is the world, it would appear, likely to assign a higher secondary rank than that just indicated, writers like Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Hemans, or Madame Valmore must surely be placed below their own contemporaries, Waller, Southey, or Lamartine. Even more singular is the blank in the other fine arts. It does not seem an exaggeration to say that, always excluding artists of our own time, not one bar of

strikingly original or enduring music is traceable to women; not one statue or picture which commands the wonder, or even adds decidedly to the pleasure of spectators. Do not give us a catalogue of names, hardly one of which, by explaining itself to the average reader, justifies its enumeration. But, if there are such, in what galleries shall we look for them? Guido Reni rarely rises high; but what of Elisabetta Sirani? Rachel Ruysch does not equal her rivals, even in so comparatively small a branch of painting as cut fruits and cut flowers. The few works by female hands that belong to the past appear exhibited rather as deterrents than as examples: whilst the sense of their small value is deepened when we remember the foolish compliments and false flatteries which (as we have seen repeated in the present day), during the lifetime of the artists, greeted the busts of Mrs. Damer, or the canvasses of Angelica Kauffmann.

Whence this distressing non-success, covering numerically half the race in its immense area? To a deficiency in one, at least, of the two species of qualification for the arts, already defined, we must refer it. Either something in the personal elements of female nature, or something in her external circumstances and position, must have been adverse to that second series of Phidias, Sophocles, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, Raphael, da Vinci, Correggio, Mozart, and Beethoven, who would otherwise have enriched the world with a double portion of "joys for ever." If it be with a certain not wholly unreasonable melancholy that we fancifully contemplate treasures which might have been, and are not, it is worth making at least an honest and unflinching endeavour to discover why these things are so. This, at any rate, we may fairly say, after so many years of female endeavour, appears the only road open to find secure grounds either for relinquishing the attempt, or for pursuing it to better results.

Our aim will be now to show in what degree women have been hampered in their practice of the Fine Arts by deficiency in both kinds, whether of pre-

requisite or of auxiliary qualification; beginning with that last named as the one to which the deficit, so far as it is recognised, has been generally, although we think not altogether accurately, ascribed.

I

To state our view briefly. External circumstances,—the position of women at different ages in civilized humanity, their general education, and the social or material appliances for pursuing the four arts specified,—have all, in varying measures, presented hindrances to female success; less powerful, indeed, than those which women have found in the province of the inner and more essential qualifications, but with those also traceable, in the main, I think, to two leading causes—want of thorough general training, and want of honest criticism from what, in this sense at any rate, may be called the unfair sex.

Taking Poetry first, what is the social cause why it should not be successfully practised by women? Even if we adopt that exaggerated view which dwells upon the so-called "eccentricities of genius," why should poetry be more a derangement of ordinary ways to a woman than it is to a man? And, making due allowance for the exceptional, ideal, or non-domestic character which has really marked some poets, their dominant imaginativeness, and their inability to succeed in the practical ways of life, we cannot see why these social disabilities, so to call them, should not be supplemented as often to the woman as to the man by friends and relations. An idealist like Shelley, a wild nature like Byron, are, however, rare; and, in any case, it is certain that the educated classes, who have contributed nineteenth-twentieths of the poetry of Europe, contain no less a number of women than of men sufficiently independent to devote themselves to poetry; nor has it, we apprehend, been found true that the majority of those who have so devoted themselves failed in performing the common duties of life. It is not, there-

fore, in this direction that we can discover the hindrances sought for. What here limits the woman, in a degree of which very various estimates have been formed, is education. I take this first in the limited field of language. So far as the attainment of first-rate skill in verse depends on the study of the master-writers of the world, those must be placed at a great disadvantage who, in the scriptural phrase, are rarely able to speak face to face, as a man speaketh with his friend, with those mighty spirits of old, the bare enumeration of whose names forms a kind of poem in itself—with Homer, Aeschylus, Pindar, Sophocles, Euripides, Theocritus, with Lucretius, Catullus, Virgil, and Horace—and who are equally debarred from the lessons in art and nature, hardly less invaluable, open to men in that consummate prose which in Thucydides marks the limits of severity in form, in Plato moves with a grace almost beyond the grace of poetry. There are those who would prefer years of blindness to ignorance of these immortal pages. And, whilst fully aware that a very few great names in poetry may be quoted who knew "small Latin and less Greek," I must avow a conviction that an unacquaintance—not voluntarily, but enforced by circumstances—with the masters of style and art is a serious material impediment (if we may so speak) towards cultivating one of the most difficult of arts. On the loss of high and enduring pleasure thus inflicted on those most naturally capable of its enjoyment, this is not the place to enlarge.

Without, however, here entering on the general subject of female education, it may be remarked, that the fact that the two great treasure-languages of antiquity are closed to women appears to rest on a perfectly plain and obvious reason. It is simply that (for these not less than for all other objects) the period of a girl's education is three or four years too short. To close her studies at seventeen or eighteen would alone render it impossible that, as everything must be learned by that time, more than one or two even of the modern languages

shall have been mastered. And it must be very rare that the young lady of that age shall have reached sufficient force of intellect or knowledge of life, to appreciate the best productions of the literatures to which she has obtained the key. It would be but an Oriental style of flattery that could believe her capable of really grasping writers like Goethe or Lessing, Racine or Dante. And, were it common to teach a young girl the clumsily so-called "classical" languages, by nothing short of the miraculous could she gain that insight into the ways of life in ages so different from our own which would enable her to take the smallest pleasure in, much more to comprehend, Sophocles or Pindar. We put it to the conscience of male readers whether this would not be true of them. For understanding what a youth has learned (supposing the wish to exist), the two years next after twenty are worth any ten that preceded them. And though "women are so quick," yet it is doubtful whether their liveliness of mind can avail them in a matter which requires thought, study, and maturity as the materials on which quickness is to operate. Education partly gives us materials and, partly, skill to use them. So far as it gives skill, by cultivating and training the mind, women's education is ordinarily arrested at the point before which skill cannot seriously be given. It is not true that a girl of seventeen can afford to shut up her books and amuse herself more than a boy of seventeen. It is not true that she is more eager to shut them up and amuse herself. But the modern world requires her to do so, and has led her to expect it since she was seven. We think the world makes this requirement mainly because men prefer flowers to fruits. And, when men mount their pulpits, they term the result of their preference "female frivolity."

But I shall resume this subject from a more general point of view at the end. Returning now from what (it is hoped) rather looks than is a digression: will it be maintained that the experience of life and of nature necessary to feed the poet's

mind is beyond female acquirement, or disproportionately arduous in its acquisition? The example of the highest poets, I submit, will hardly support this position. They have been men of vivid feeling, of large capacity, but their range of life has been often simply domestic. The "vision and the faculty" came to Wordsworth, Schiller, and Shelley, for instance, with no further-reaching knowledge of the world than was possessed by, or within reach of, their wives and sisters. Campbell, Byron, and Scott (whatever may have been playfully or paradoxically ascribed to their amateur experiences, as to Gibbon's, in the field) drew the fire and force of their battle-pieces from the study, not from the camp, as Milton described Paradise in his blindness. The field-mouse and the daisy, no less than the moral drawn from each by Burns, were at the feet of the "belles of Mauchline;" the scenery of the valley of Hyperion was never beheld but by the inner eye of Keats in his London surgery. That "experience" on which Goethe, and Byron within a smaller but a more energetic range, set so much store, so far as it was inaccessible to women, has added but little to the ultimate fame and popularity of those great poets; it might almost be said, that what they gained in knowledge of this world, was their loss in the other and better world of poetry. It is not, however, meant that precisely the same range of life has been open to women as to men. It would be undesirable for poetry if it were so; we should thus lose that difference in selection of incident and in colour which, in case of the most successful poetesses, adds a peculiar charm and interest to their work. Throughout this essay, I wish it to be distinctly understood that the last thing contended for is, that women should simply be echoes or repetitions of men. Their work must differ, and ought to differ, as their natures. What I ask is, why, within a province apparently open to the power of both sexes, cultivated by both, equal success should not be reached? And I do allege that, taking it at its best, the

obstacle of Experience is much too widely stated. Of the subject-sources of verse, by far the largest in number and the most important in essential value arise from human life, exhibited in its simple and elementary phases or passions, and, in modern times at least, from natural scenery in its ordinarily accessible aspects. And nine-tenths of these appear to have been open to the women who have devoted themselves to poetry, not less than to the men.

If lack of requisite experience cannot, as we have tried to show, be truthfully urged as a ground for the general absence of high excellence in female verse, neither can a disadvantage in social estimate be urged, we apprehend, in explanation. Even were the world's opinion unfavourable, that censure would not have impeded the course of a highly-gifted nature, for poetry, if anything, has an overmastering power; nor would those vague obstacles, "domestic considerations," be likely to restrain the modern Sappho, if "the living fire, "which was intrusted to the harp of the "Aeolian damsel," had descended upon her later sisters. But, in fact, during what age of European civilization has public feeling rendered poetical fame disadvantageous to a woman? The sneer at learned ladies, so common in the mouths of the ignorant of both sexes, has never been directed against poetesses. Ancient Greece, it is a commonplace of moralists, refused woman her proper place, the direct assignment of which is often—though, in the opinion of so great and good a judge as Mr. Hallam, incorrectly—ascribed to Christianity. The period from which some modern writers have, hitherto to no purpose, endeavoured to remove the name "Dark Ages," has never been held unpropitious to her just recognition. Yet ancient Greece gave Corinna and Sappho the honour which, fourteen centuries after, were given to Roswitha, as in later days they were conferred on Mrs. Phillips, Lady Winchelsea, Miss Landon, and Miss Joanna Baillie. And we are certain that no young lady among our readers would decline the

respect and admiration which were paid to such predecessors, or thank us for an elaborate proof that the fame of a Barrett Browning—to deviate one instant from the rule of contemporary exclusion—is not less durable and desirable than that of Ninon or Gabrielle.

To close this section of our subject with an argument beyond contradiction, the assent of society to the pursuit of poetry by women is proved by the vast number of poetesses who have lived during all periods of European civilization. It is true that their names would generally be unfamiliar even to well-informed readers. But the reason will not be obscure to those who have turned over the fugitive verses and miscellaneous “garlands” of the last and the preceding century.

With the pregnant exception, therefore, of Education, we hold that external circumstances are not responsible for what—compared with our poets—must be called the failure of our poetesses. In a very great degree the same exception must be extended to the female pursuit of the remaining Fine Arts. It appears to me demonstrable by reference to facts, not less than by theoretical considerations, that power of hand to carve, fineness of eye to colour, and skill of ear for melody and harmony, are simply and absolutely the tangible or sensible exponents of power, fineness, and skill of mind to create or imagine. Hence, whilst the minds of women are irrationally excluded from education during the precise years when they are most capable of benefiting by it, it is clear that they will be at a similar disadvantage in regard to sculpture, painting (I wish it were permissible to revive the convenient old term *painture*), and music, as they are here held to be in regard to poetry. This point, however, I defer; even if the place thus assigned to education be disputed, the main argument will be untouched. Considering the number of women who have devoted themselves to the three commonly-styled Fine Arts, the female want of success only forms a more perplexing problem to those who maintain that,

not training or external facilities, but some indefinable instinct or trick of bodily temperament, or feeling unconnected with intellect, are the sources of excellence in them.

Turning, then, to these arts, it will be found that, although each art has experienced slight differences in its relation to those outward conditions which we may sum up under the word Society, and also differs in its own mechanical circumstances, yet, on the whole, these cannot be the hindrances to which we owe the dearth of the female Titian, Turner, Ghiberti, Flaxman, Handel, or Weber. I repeat this brief list, because the easily-recognised impossibility of matching it with a female equivalent forms a vivid proof of my first proposition. It is allowed that study of the human form has been often seriously difficult to women; yet it must be remembered that this obstacle, important at first sight, covers really only a limited sphere even in case of sculpture. In Greece great artists, so far as we know, were formed without any special study of this nature: models were about them in daily life; nor (assuming in our ignorance of these details that the tone of society may have more or less restrained the female members of citizen-families from the practice of art, although one or two names occur: in the list of Otfried Müller) would it appear likely that the cultivated freed-women, who at one time are conspicuous in Athenian life, would have been debarred from learning or from putting to practical use the general lessons of form. Everyday life in Hellas, in fact, even if we exclude women from frequent presence at the great athletic contests, furnished ampler opportunities for such knowledge than were open to Donatello or to Reynolds. The best model school or collection of casts from the antique is tame and powerless in comparison with what was in view of the Athenian, as she studied the marbles of Phidias in their first freshness and original site, or, like Socrates, “going down yesterday to the Piræus,” saw the

bustle of the harbour with all its brown and active crowd of southern seamen. When, again, we pass to the great ages of early religious art, in painting and sculpture study of the human form was avowedly not practised, probably for a long time barely allowed to artists. Yet we know that then, at least, the social hindrances to female practice no longer existed; indeed, that those religious societies within which men like Angelico da Fiesole were formed, had an abundance of counterparts amongst women, whose names are not wanting in a field so naturally inviting to them as devotional art. A small painting of the "Virgin and Child" in our own National Gallery is ascribed to Margaret, sister of the two great Van Eycks; it is pleasing, but lacks force; but the ascription of it to Margaret, which, as conjectural, renders it unfair to argue from this work as typical, may perhaps be supported by the minute care given to the turned and mended tapestry in the background. Lastly, how small a portion does detailed knowledge of the figure, at least in England, play in modern art! Sculpture mainly gives us portrait-busts; painting, small dressed incidents from common life, portraits, or the many forms of landscape. Allowance made to the full for whatever greater impediments a woman may meet here, and in a few other points, as exposure to weather in case of landscape-study; yet we must in fairness admit that certain peculiar attractions and facilities are presented by modern taste to our female Gainsborough or Leslie; gratification of the religious sentiment in the Middle Ages being balanced in our own by the predominance of home landscape or domestic scenes. We shall see that the same is true of poetry; and, as in poetry, like causes have been followed by like effects; it is neither the impulse nor the endeavour that are wanting. So far from this, there cannot be a stronger proof that women find nothing in art alien from their tastes or their social position, than the fact that more women than men practise painting—water-

colours being of course included; whilst, again, there is no pursuit by which the large number in all classes, who depend on or desire to aid themselves by their own labour, may and do obtain a more respectable and satisfactory livelihood. Nor has it, I believe, been argued that these employments or amusements have any tendency to withdraw them from the share in life assigned to them or assumed for them by society.

Neither is the manual work an impediment. The amount of physical strength put forth in sculpture, whether modelling or carving (all the processes of rough-hewing, nay, indeed, too often the whole manipulation of the marble being carried out by workmen), is less than that required by most ordinary household labour; in fact, dexterity of finger and sensitive fineness of touch (qualities generally ascribed in a peculiar degree to the female frame) are far more needed in this art than muscular power. The technical processes of painting need no discussion. What we have again to ask is, Where, from the days of Phidias and Zeuxis to those of Flaxman and Turner, can a work of art by female hands, fairly rateable in the second class, be pointed out?

No lady, it may be safely asserted, would decline the honours paid to Mendelssohn or Bellini, more than those which rank great painters and great poets high on the list of the world's most cherished benefactors. It may be asserted, with equal safety, that few causes can be shown in the conditions of life natural to musicians, none in the usages of fashion or in the studies and experience required, which are hostile to the successful practice of this art by women. Education also is here a less overt hindrance; operating only by virtue of that general law which renders a completely cultivated mind dependent upon a complete training, and the art itself, like the rest, dependent upon complete mental cultivation. Indeed, as in some measure with painting, so much more with music, one invaluable external precondition of success has been secured by women in a degree

probably much beyond that which education assigns to men. It has been often noticed that almost all of the great musicians were the sons of men either professionally engaged or practically versed in music. To play well is, at any rate, not less essential to musical composition than ability to manage the pencil and mix colours is to painting. Now, far more women are trained to play or sing than men. Nor, I apprehend, speaking under submission to professional judgment, do the further mechanical details—the knowledge of instruments and of the voice, or the theory of harmony and of composition—present any what may be called sexual difficulties. What they do require, is that the hard study of them should not be arrested at eighteen. There seems no reason why even management of the orchestra itself, that little world not always harmoniously composed, should not be committed to any woman capable of conducting it—as, indeed, it is already often devoutly subservient to the resting-pauses and imperfect notes of the *prima donna assoluta*. Note also that men have not set up those exclusive pretensions in case of music which arrogance has occasionally impelled them to set up in regard to the other Fine Arts. Women have been—at least for that hundred years which covers almost all that gives us pleasure in music—the chosen interpreters of melody. Nor, again, is there any sign that the great masters who redeem the eighteenth century from the charge of prosaicism (in many respects hastily and unfairly advanced against it) regarded their immortal works as beyond female comprehension. On the contrary, it is easy to give a long list, not only of songs, but of instrumental pieces, written for first performance by women. Mozart's lovely duet in *B-flat*, for example, with its opening *largo*, grand and delicate as the Propylæa of the Athenian Acropolis, was composed for a female violinist. Music, in some ways the most singular and romantic of all those strange manifestations of the beautiful and the spiritual which we call Art, is the one which is most intimately dependent

on human aid, incessantly renewed, for its vitality. The *Madonna di San Sisto* or the Elgin frieze may be fancifully supposed to retain unbroken existence, and, when unobserved by any eye, stand proudly reserving their conscious beauty for the sympathies of the next spectator. The poets seem to be still alive, as we look at their immortal works where they rest awaiting us on our bookshelves. But how curious, when we come to think of it, is the fate of some opera of more than earthly beauty,—let us say Weber's "*Euryanthe*," or the "*Iphigenia*" of Gluck—reduced for years by public apathy to the shadowy state of a folio score—imprisoned, we might call it, in the *Limbo Musicorum*! If the sonatas of Mozart, Beethoven, or Weber are not entranced in the same land of sleep and silence, this is mainly due to the fingers and the feeling of women. There is also a very intelligible sense in which, looking at once to the large part taken in the realization of music by them, and to the emotional character of the art itself, music deserves the name it has often received, as the female art *par excellence*. How singular, then, that this should precisely be that art in which women have displayed the least creative power! Those partial exceptions which may be urged in case of poetry or of painting do not apply here. It is, I believe, correct to say that not one single successful composition for orchestra or for single instruments—not one page of a *Lied ohne Worte*—not one song that has popularly outlived the first singer, far less an opera or an oratorio—has been produced by that sex to which musical ears are indebted for two-thirds of a pleasure so pure and so lofty that it has been taken as typical of the pleasures of Heaven.

Should the foregoing remarks be assented to, it has now been shown that those obvious external circumstances, often held adverse to female success in poetry, music, and the arts of form and colour, have been greatly overrated; whilst, in various ways, we have even found that they confer upon

woman some of the advantages popularly, perhaps, thought reserved for man. It cannot, we submit, be truly argued, that either society, or difficulties inherent in mastering the respective arts, impede women from distinguishing themselves as painters, sculptors, musicians, or poets. Indeed, so strong does the yearning for the deep and lofty pleasure given by these arts become, as civilization strips the primary elements of romance from life, that there can be no doubt of the deep and hearty welcome which would await a new Raphael, another Beethoven, a second Wordsworth, of whichever sex: nay, in the present state and prospects of the English-speaking races—races destined, possibly within the lives of some now infants, to be numerically equal to any now on the globe—such good fortune appears almost too much to hope for. An inquiry which tends to show how far half the human species has done its part in this high office, and where, if it has failed in so doing, failure has arisen, may thus be of real service. Nor need it be urged that such inquiry can only be made profitably, if carried on in the spirit of truth without the fallacies of compliment. If the new Raphael, the other Beethoven, the second Wordsworth, have not yet appeared amongst women, it is neither from want of women who have aimed at being such, nor from hindrances consciously placed in the way of their success. Are we, then, as possibly many men, and some women, will have already argued, entitled, at the present stage of our argument, to conclude that women have another work in life, and that Nature (in the vast majority of cases) is against their eminence in Art? Without venturing on a presumptuous decision (as to me, at least, it would appear) that this may be so, I contend that we are not yet in a position for deciding. What I wish to set forth as the greatest of their hindrances, operates both upon these external qualifications and those internal which we have not yet noticed. Until women are allowed education during the years when education is at once by far most of a

pleasure and of a profit, it seems to me simply idle to affirm what nature allows, or does not allow them, to do in those regions wherein education, in the largest sense, is an essential prerequisite. I am aware that this last proposition will be opposed, and by better arguments than that appeal to the mother wit and quickness of women which, thus made, is only another form of shallow flattery; but I reserve for the close a few remarks on the subject. The still-remaining inquiry—how the internal conditions of the Fine Arts stand relatively to female nature—may assist us, however, to determine how far the deficiency we deplore is really dependent on education. I will first give a few words to an aspect of the matter which, obvious as it is, we have not hitherto needed to touch on.

If this argument had assumed that a positively large number of women—comparison made with the number of men—have at any time practised the arts, or must have done so before we could fairly put the question whether they have succeeded, we could not deny much force to the reply which has been sometimes vaguely brought forward—that women's home duties are the obstacle to their success. Of course it may be urged, on the other side, that the pursuit of art by men is sometimes carried on amongst other engrossing occupations, and that, if otherwise, it is because the man lives by his art—an arrangement which is obviously open equally to, and, in fact, equally adopted by, the woman. But women will justly answer that, taking life against life, those other duties, above and beyond a person's main profession, which fall on them are in many ways more engrossing than the man's. Even a single woman cannot well avoid giving more time to household details than a man; much more, if she be married. Nor is it here a just reply to say, as some have said, that our fair poet or painter should make her art so absolutely the end of life that she must therefore live single. Very high genius for any art is apt, we allow, in con-

formity with a common remark, to be engrossing; occasionally, to be undomestic in its tendencies. But for the mass of people this will not be true; and we are throughout looking at ordinary human nature. And this will, I think, certainly be found, whether in regard to home employments, or, in an obvious way, to physical constitution, to impose certain specific hindrances upon women from which the other sex is free.

Yet these are not such as seriously to interfere with our main propositions. They have not, to look first at facts, prevented a great number of women from devoting themselves to the Fine Arts. The pursuit of art, requiring, as it does, more or less of the temperament of genius, will also find, in external difficulties of what may, without offence, be called a lower or every-day character, a spur to conquer them. It is also fair to conclude (and readers will easily call to mind recent examples in confirmation), that the artist if single will find in her family, if married in her husband, an amount of support and alleviation

in common matters of life correlative to that which men, similarly placed, have so often owed to the blessing of female affectionateness. Again, our argument has never rested on an assumption, that as large an *absolute* number of women can be expected to practise, or to succeed, in art, as men. All we contend is, that, considering the external conditions, and the number of women who have made the attempt, the success, compared with male achievement, is conspicuously below the average. Such remarks as that famous one of Pericles (addressed, however, to a local and temporary social condition), "that the glory of women is, that they should not be spoken of," and the like, I dismiss as unworthy serious discussion. They are the counterpoise of contempt which will always accompany those idle compliments of so-called gallantry that overrate female performance in art, or end the matter, to the speaker's satisfaction, in some declaration that the arts which pursue beauty are unnecessary for those who are themselves the beautiful.

To be continued.

ABOUT SALMON.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

"At length," we read in Dickens's best novel, "some few of the belligerents began to speak to each other in only moderate terms of mutual aggravation;—and little by little to make common cause on the one subject of Martin Chuzzlewit's obstinacy." What was true of the Chuzzlewit family in this respect, is now, we are happy to say, to some extent true of the writers on the natural history of the salmon. It can no longer be said of them, as it was of the before-mentioned family, that "no one member of it had ever been known to agree with another within the memory of man." They have given up squabbling in the *Field*,

we dare say, to the worthy and peaceably disposed editor's great delight, and seem really inclined to come to some conclusion after all.

A long and stormy council has been sitting, in an irregular, unofficial way for this last ten years. The debate has been at times very hot, and the results for long eminently uncertain. The conclusions of yesterday were swept away by the facts of to-day; the hunted heretic of last week, became grand inquisitor of this. By degrees, however, the wilder theorists were persuaded, submitted, or were condemned; and the council has been at last enabled, by the mouth of one of its most able and

learned members—Mr. Russel, editor of the *Scotsman*—to put forth its declaration of belief;¹ which is both large and modest, and which has been almost universally submitted to. Certain daft whig bodies, who deny the identity of salmon and grilse, are still “out” in Ross-shire, but Mr. Russel has denounced their leader, and Claverhouse is after him, and no doubt he will soon be accounted for, and his followers dispersed.

Mr. Russel's book is not merely a dry statement of the natural history of the salmon. It is a most readable and amusing book. We hope that there is no law of literature which prevents a man making statistics amusing, and inducing people to read them who otherwise would have left them alone. If there be such a law, Mr. Russel has broken it, and must suffer the penalty by having a few thousand extra readers. We hope that any other man sinning in the same way will meet with the same just retribution.

But these few words, of which Mr. Russel's book forms the text, are not to be considered as a review. A book by the editor of the *Scotsman* is tolerably certain to want uncommon little reviewing; being pretty well reviewed before it goes to press. It gives us an opportunity, however, to give the results of scientific inquiries about the natural history of the salmon, and to say a few words of our own. The author of this book would be the last to affirm that he had exhausted his subject; and there is very little fear that our trifling contribution will do so.

Now the best thing we can do, is to give the life of a successful salmon—of the eighteen pounder with which we shall make ourselves ill this very night at the London Tavern, on the occasion, let us say, of the annual dinner of the Broken Down Blockade Runners' Pension Society, with Mr. Bright in the chair. Let us see, with the assistance of Mr. Russel, what astounding adventures this fellow had gone through, before, like Hans Andersen's snails, he

had arrived at the crowning earthly honour of being cooked, put on a plate, and gobbled up. Having done this, let us follow the fate of a few of his unsuccessful brothers, and see why, by a combination entered into by a wicked world, they never came by the promotion which awaited their more fortunate brother, but got themselves crudely gobbled up, far short of the London Tavern. Thirdly and lastly, let us draw deductions and apply the lesson.

The ova of the salmon, in size about equal to a small pea, are deposited in loose gravel, under steady flowing water, at a time, ranging between the beginning of September and the middle of January, varying most in the county of Devon, where the difference between the spawning time in the Exe and in the Avon, is as great as five months.

In from 90 to 130 days that process begins which is now so familiar to Londoners through Mr. Frank Buckland's apparatus; the little fish partly developes out of the egg, and begins uncouthly to wriggle about with it attached to him. By degrees the egg becomes absorbed, and he is at last a tiny fish, fairly started on his grand career.

At first he is very shy, lying perfectly still under arched stones, growing; he is rarely visible to the naked eye before July, by which time he has become a parr, or fingerling, something like a small brook trout, but lighter in colour, as well as in build, marked with a number of darker bars on his side. He may be easily distinguished from a brook trout by other peculiarities besides the bars. (In fact we know certain brooks, far beyond the reach of salmon, in which one-half the trout are barred like parr.) He now begins to rise at a fly, and to make a deadly bait for big river trout. We need not say that it is illegal to use him for this purpose, though it is a sore temptation when no bait is to be had but a rotten garvie. In this state, preserving a size of less than six inches (we once saw one on the river Teign between eight and nine, but

¹ The Salmon. By A. Russel. Edmonston and Douglas. Edinburgh: 1864.

that is exceedingly rare), he remains for one or for two years. But, after about fourteen months, or else about one year and fourteen months, counting from his hatching,¹ a great change comes over him; his mottled sides become coated with bright silver scales, and he turns to all intents and purposes into a salmon of six inches long; he is now called a *smolt* in Scotland; in England a *samlet*, or, collectively, *salmon fry*. He now in his little brain (oh mystery of mysteries!) feels that something must be done—that this pleasant summer weather, these sweet fat stoneflies, and all must be left for unknown perils. He quits the pleasant stream where he has been bred, and, heading seawards, is lost to human ken in the ocean.

What he does there no man knows. Mr. Russel goes so far as to hint, in the most roundabout and delicate way, that certain people who pretend to know more than their neighbours might be put under water for six months to see. We fear this would be impossible; so we must be content to know nothing, but sit and wait diligently for our friend the salmon's reappearance.

With regard to this question, "How long does your smolt remain in the sea, until he comes you back a grilse of six to eight pounds?" the answer is, "Nobody knows." You are allowed a latitude of twelve months. He either comes back in three months, or in fifteen. It appears from this text-book of Mr. Russel's, that you may conscientiously believe in either of these two periods, without in any way (at present) endangering your personal liberty—which to a particular class of minds must be very pleasant, but to the narrow soul, which craves for authentic form-

¹ Probably one part go down the first year, and another the second, but the question is quite undecided, and conscience is allowed, for the present, to be free on the subject. The holders of either belief only incur the hatred and rancour of the other sect; they have nothing more to fear. The authorities hold either opinion to be legal, and, until the orthodox belief is developed and promulgated, decline to excommunicate. Now, this is very soothing to those who hold, as we do, a heresy on the subject of the breeding of parr.

ulas, not quite so agreeable. However, he *does* come back, which is a great fact.

Here he is at last, having felt along the coast, till he got the taste of the highly oxygenated land water in his gills; here he is, escaped from all the innumerable dangers of the deep sea, on the bar abreast of the town; waiting until the fresh water driving back the salt shall tell his queer, concentrated little mind, dully, as in a dream of a foregone half-forgotten life, yet surely too, that there is water enough over the shallowest bar to bear him up into the pleasantest old haunts under hazel and alder shadows, and that his love will meet him there.

When the first flood comes down, he goes up. Whether the water is swept down from the towering chalk wolds of Hampshire, from the granite fastnesses of Dartmoor, deserted of man, home only of the golden plover and the breeding snipe, where the silence of the hot still noon is rudely broken by the splash of the leaping trout in the bog pool; or from the solitary lakes over which glorious Schehallion, king among all mountains, sits watching with his peak in the sky and the snow on his breast, for ever—let the flood-water come from where it will, our grilse knows the message which it brings him—a message from the home where he was bred. It was a very nice place in his late mother's time (whom he never saw, and who would most certainly have eaten him up, body and bones, if he had come near her; but this is your sentiment), and perhaps the old lady may be up there now, or somebody else better; and perhaps he don't know why, any more than a late lamented Colonel, M.P. knew why he made a collection of port-manteaus. However, one thing is certain, up he goes, with his head towards his native hills, like a steam engine.

The most scientific and liberal of these terrible salmon-doctors assert that the salmon almost invariably resort to the very river, and the very branch of that river, in which they were bred. For sentimental purposes, this admission is

valuable. There being no canon on the subject, however, we choose to use the little liberty allowed us, and to doubt that statement, on the distinct understanding that no one takes the matter up in the *Field*.

But our grilse by this time, if we adopt one of two extreme theories, is seventeen months old; if we adopt the other theory, nearly three years and a half old. At all events, weighing six to eight pounds, he comes back duly and works up stream; some have said as much as twelve miles a day; but to find out the truth of that we must follow Mr. Russel's hint and send some one under water for six months. He goes scudding swiftly over the shallows and stickles, and pausing, we believe, whole days in the pools and pits; during which time, either through sheer larkiness, or because he, like some others, labours under the impression that what is pleasant to the eye is also good for food (this fancy of his certainly brings knowledge, but, as in the great case, too late)—from some reason or another, he, during these rests of his, gets the habit, more fatally developed in later life, of snapping at and trying to eat things apparently alive and organic, but which in reality are but mere Frankenstein monsters of shreds and patches, made in certain streets in London, Edinburgh, or Dublin—eidola of things, which as Mr. Paul Bedford would have said some years ago, "never have couldn't." These things are your salmon-flies; the makers of which steer so singularly clear of the second commandment. For Scotch "Meg in her brows" is as much unlike anything in heaven or earth as is Irish Martin Kelly's immortal orange-brown of the story.

Our statistics of the salmon-fly manufacture are unfortunately not handy; but we are inclined to suspect that there is a fly tied (a hook busked) for every salmon taken with the rod. If we get our committee on the subject, we should not be surprised to find that the flies beat the rod-killed salmon as two to one. The strangest thing is, that salmon fishers—not stone-bottle and punt Wal-

tonian brethren who meet once a week at the *Duck and Trumpet*, but men of the world, able to sift evidence and draw conclusions—seem to agree that the salmon distinctly prefer one of these miniature popinjays to another. This must be a mysterious tradition. Whatever it is, it seems to be a fact. We never heard of a sane man using the small gaudy Irish fly in Scotland. Stoddart of Kelso, however (we quote from memory—we have not seen his work for years), instances a case *per contra* of a man who busked all his hooks *white*, and killed as many salmon as any one else.

But our grilse is but a grilse still. We must follow him as fast as we can. He heads up to the watershed and finds a suitable breeding-ground, and another lady grilse (no, Dundee, put up your sword, and call your troopers off. Well! well! Clavers, we are no one of the daft. Well, ye are a thrawn deevil, and we'll say a lady salmon then; will *that* content you?); near about his own size (mark that, Dundee); and with her he routs up the gravel, and when tired of her company heads seaward once more—a kelt.

Says Mr. Bailey, junior, to the two Miss Pecksniffs, mysteriously through the keyhole, "There's a fish to-morrow, young ladies; *don't eat none of him*."

Our friend is now in a fearfully draggle-tail condition. One would be ashamed to be seen speaking to him in the streets. Change of air and diet become imperatively necessary. He goes to the sea-side, and apparently stays there some six months. At the end of that time he comes up the river again, and weighs, as we think, twelve pounds off and on. He again goes through the gravel-routing process, returns in a dilapidated condition to the sea, and once more appears in Tay, Garry, Shin, Tweed, Itchen, Avon, Dart, Teign, Severn, Blackwater, Shannon, Welsh Dee, Glaslyn, or where you will, in high health and strength, weighing somewhere near eighteen pounds.

We will consider our friend a Scotch

salmon, for they are not only the most numerous, but the biggest and best. His hour is come. Here comes the duke down in full Highland dress to catch him, accompanied by his piper (thank heaven, without his pipes), his forester, a gilly or two, a staghound or two, and five and twenty hairy terriers. His grace leads his fly over our friend's nose, and our friend—flash—what shall we liken it to?—we know nothing in sport like the attack of even a small Welsh salmon, save the terrible "snatch" of a big Thames trout. (We get them up to fifteen pounds, remember.) What the first ten minutes with a big Scotch salmon is like we don't happen to know, but it is something, we believe, so marked and distinct that men who have plenty of other things to think about can call to mind the particulars of the death of every salmon they have ever killed. We have *seen* Scotch salmon killed, holding the position of Maclellan at Sebastopol; and should be inclined to think that our salmon, the one we have just eaten, comes by his curious death somehow like this.

Our friend, finding his grace's hook fast in his nose, goes down stream ten miles an hour. The Duke, with the point of his rod in the air, begins running after him over the shingles and boulders, most confoundedly barking his high-bred though naked legs against democratic crystals of felspar. But he has a leg like a costermonger, has the Duke, "an unco' fine leg for a kilt;" so perhaps he don't mind. The piper, the forester, and the gillies, begin swearing; the four and twenty hairy terriers don't swear, but take it out in barking, having created a fiction that his grace has got hold of an otter; the deerhounds get between everybody's legs, oftener than would appear possible, and gander about idiotically. In this order the whole party go raging down the river till they come to the pool called the Devil's Caldron, where our friend the salmon stops short, and goes to the bottom. The Duke stops short too, and all the others come on the top of him; the four and twenty hairy terriers

career barking over them, and the mass of struggling humanity and dog-manity is crowned by a solitary deerhound, who don't know what it all means, but thinks it is as well to be at the top of it. On rearranging themselves the party find that they are joined by the minister, who happens to be out botanizing, and who calls the Duke and one of the gillies to order for "language;" and also that the salmon is still sulking at the bottom of the pool. Stoning being of no avail, the youngest gilly strips, and, as we Thames men would say, "sneaks in" (your Highlander is but a poor hand in the water), rouses our friend the salmon, and sets the whole thing going again.

The Duke in the meantime has wound up his line, but the salmon will not have this. He dashes down stream once more until he has run out some eighty yards, and then heads up again, trying, with wonderful sagacity, to *drown* the line, to utilize the force of the current against it, in his own favour. But even this is of no avail; his rushes become shorter and shorter; the piper and the forester take snuff together; the minister joins them; and, while their three paws are wagging together (did you ever see three Scotchmen doing the polite to one another, without a single word of articulate speech passing between them?)—while these three are bowing and scraping, the end has come. Our fish has made his last mad rush, and the Duke has dexterously guided it into a shallow, so that he runs up on the gravel, nearly high and dry. One of the gillies gaffs him (though that is but a ceremony in this case), and drags him up among the purple-flowered wild geraniums to die. In his death, even, he is one of the most beautiful objects in form and colour which we can set eyes on in this beautiful world. In form—the Hercules, Apollo, Antinous combined, and with all his beauty of line and curve showing an absolute perfection of utility. What opium-clipper, or more God-cursed slave-brig, can show such bows as he? What Great Britain, or American racing yacht ever

showed such a run, and such a stern. Colour, again! your dying dolphin we pronounce distinctly to be a swindle, and to be put into Doctor Mackay's book on Popular Delusions, as the very greatest! Look at our salmon. See the gleaming silver on his shoulder fade off on his back into delicate grey, and on his belly into creamy pink. Why, the beauty of a great English trout, gleaming and panting his last among the nodding cowslips, is but mottled, painted barbarism beside him.

And so our lucky salmon comes to an end. And, although he has been killed by the Duke, it so happens that he has been put in the ice with the others, and we have feasted off him at the London Tavern. Hush! Gentlemen, charge your glasses for the toast of the evening. Mr. Bright rises to propose success to Jeff. Davis and slavery; and is followed by the editor of the *Record*, who gives "Bishop Colenso, with three times three," or something of that sort. Don't take too much claret, or your wife will compliment you on your personal appearance to-morrow morning.

"What is this? His eyes are pinky. Was it the claret? O no! no!"

"Bless your soul it was the SALMON. Salmon always makes him so."

We proposed at first to write the history of a lucky salmon, and next of an unlucky one. We have done the former. We cannot, as we find, do the latter; an unlucky salmon gets cut short so soon in his career, that he, like happy nations, has no history whatever—or at least no history which we can get hold of. The history of unlucky salmon is like that of the Canaanites. He is first heard of in his destruction.

We cannot write the history of an unlucky salmon. We can only sketch the fates of a family of twelve. We regret to say that we can't do it under. We believe that of twelve grilse which go to the sea not more than one reaches the breeding grounds on his next expedition up the river.

Therefore we will suppose that our late friend had eleven brethren. We will briefly hint what became of the

eleven unfortunates, both because our space is limited, and because when we immediately come to our "thirdly, and lastly," we shall, by implication, explain their sad end more fully.

Salmon were sent into the world to be eaten. Things eatable are a marketable commodity, and will consequently in these times, when space has become annihilated by steam, find their highest market. Every hour a salmon stays in fresh water he deteriorates, which is something; but the fact that he is worth three shillings a pound in February, and drops to a shilling in April, is something more. The fact which most influences his fate is this (as we venture to think)—that the assembled Swelldom of the British islands, coming up to London at the end of February, to attend to their Parliamentary duties, and settle the fashions, require him at any price; and that, the upper ten thousand finding it impossible to do without him, the next lower two hundred thousand find that they can't do without him either. Consequently, there is a fictitious demand for early salmon in this *wen* of London, as Cobbet used to call it, merely because it is dear. "I never get enough asparagus," said a dweller in Swelldom the other day—"our people never have it at this time of year, it's too cheap." So with the salmon. Like asparagus, he must be anticipated; cut off from his native river, sixty miles at sea, if possible (which it happily is not—the coast stake-nets cannot work in stormy February, which is a blessing), merely because the market demands it. Do we object? Who would be mad enough to turn Tory, and attack the law of supply and demand? The world is mainly governed by those laws, and no exception can be made; only, if in this case you are too consistent, the supply will cease, and then, of course, the demand will cease too; so it will all come right in the end.

With regard to our eleven unlucky salmon. We cannot in the least make out, either from our own slight knowledge, or from Mr. Russel's book, what

proportion of grilse or salmon who have bred this year return to breed next. Our foul fish, our spent fish, go back, as a general rule, to the sea without the knowledge of man. An Englishman, a Scotchman, or an Irishman, considers them as unclean beasts, not to be touched, hardly to be spoken of. Only your exceedingly nasty Frenchman buys him surreptitiously from dishonest dealers, fricassees or kickshaws him up somehow, and, pah! eats him, and believes, with his usual complacency, that he is taking salmon. Formerly, no doubt, a good many salmon perished by this infamous traffic; but a few sharp prosecutions last year, and the year before, put a stop to that sort of thing, and Mossos's nasty tastes remain ungratified. We believe that now only one of our twelve would be killed for the market while foul. In former times the destruction was horrible.

Two more of the eleven are probably killed, for sheer selfish mischief, while spawning, by some miller or other—probably brother to some one of the captains of the Thames steamboats that attended the University race the other day; the men who first gave the Oxford boat their wash when they thought she was losing, and then cut the Cambridge boat in half, after they had so gloriously lost what was, *without any exception*, the finest University race ever rowed. The fish which “flurries” quickest finds himself soonest on the grass. Oh, Cambridge! remember that next year, if you mean to win. To return to these salmon of ours. A few years ago the number thus miserably and disgracefully killed by the millers, and Sir Walter Scott, Lord Brougham, ourselves, and others, who did not know or think what they were doing, but were attracted by the wonderful picturesqueness of the sport of salmon-spearing by torchlight, in Devonshire, and on the Tweed, and in the north of England generally, was enormous; now, probably, in the countries just named it don't amount to more than one or two in the dozen. On Tay, Spey, and such rivers in Scotland, which come from

strictly preserved moors, and Taw, in Devonshire, now the crime is unknown. We still hear sad accounts from the border, and the North of England; my Lord Brougham even having tried to find out what poaching was like on the other side of the spikes, and, morally speaking, having looked at the bench from the dock for the first time in his life. In Devonshire again, where nearly all the rivers run up into a vast, solitary tract of granite mountains (Dartmoor), the property of the Crown and entirely unpreserved, both for fishing and shooting, salmon are destroyed while spawning by hundreds. On the Devonshire Taw, the breeding-grounds are mainly on the lands of Lord Portsmouth and other game-preservers, the salmon never pushing up as far as the first bit of mountain at Belstone. From this river we hear the most encouraging reports. Your salmon flourishes mightily under the cold shade of the aristocracy; democracy, as in Canada and the United States, is death to him. In Australia, democracy is making noble efforts to get him. We think their chance perfectly hopeless; we are the more free in saying so just now, for they seem to have succeeded. We consider the chance of introducing salmon into Tasmania as a hopeless business. We most sincerely hope we may be wrong.

One great fact seems to us perfectly undeniable. If it had not been for the game-preservers the extinction of salmon would have gone on much more rapidly in times gone by, and, in spite of a better legislation, would go on much more rapidly now. The men who practically enforce the salmon laws, are the paid gamekeepers of noblemen and landed proprietors. What are the chances of a breeding salmon in a Devonshire river, whose upper waters are free, when he once gets his belly on the granite, on the soil of freedom? Compare his case with a Tay salmon, who has some half a hundred of Lord Breadalbane's men watching him, or with a Taw salmon carefully guarded by Lord Portsmouth's or Mark Rolle's keepers—six-foot Devonians, every man of them;

practised wrestlers from childhood. Whatever any one chooses to think about the Game Laws is no matter; but salmon fishers have a very vast deal to thank them for. It is the keepers who have practically delayed the extinction of the salmon, and without their help any new law will become nearly nugatory.

The fourth and fifth of our unlucky salmon, sneaking along the shore to find the river-mouth, are taken in stake-nets on the coast, in some cases sixty miles from the mouth of any river. The earliest of these are the salmon for which you will have to pay Mr. Grove, of Bond Street, or Mr. Charles, of Arabella-row, Pimlico, your five shillings a pound. These are the salmon for whom your London market gardeners force their cucumbers. You and ourselves (perhaps we had better only say ourselves—people in Society read this magazine) don't see these earlier fish. "They appear only," Jenkins tells us, "at the tables of the great, and Royalty itself is no stranger to them." Jenkins also tells us that they are very nice, and that we don't know what salmon is.

The sixth of our unlucky fish gets himself eaten by an otter: or, to be more correct, finds himself caught and brought ashore by an otter, and the shoulder piece eaten out of him. After which he is left on the bank, in the middle of the buckbeans, and is found by some artful, leary old trot of a grandmother, who habitually toddles along the otter tracks before the sun has looked over any of the Welsh hills or King Snowdon, to see what the otters have left; who boils him, and eats some of him, and then pickles him, and eats some more; and, in one way or another, gladdens her poor old heart with him; and gets thinking of her boy, who enlisted this twenty years ago, because he could not keep his hands off these dratted salmon, and who never came back from India. And, like some of us, she thinks dimly that India is somewhat dear at the price; and then has another go-in at the pickled salmon.

Another five salmon to be accounted

for? Why, yes. But unless, like the silent lady in the "Arabian Nights," one had the power of going into the sea without being drowned, we don't think we could account for them. We cannot help thinking that a great number of salmon which go to the sea never come back; even, as we have put it, to the stake-nets on the coast; that they are destroyed there somehow. We have put the average as five in twelve. That may be too high; but we have not done so without a certain degree of consideration. If our somewhat (as we allow) random assertion on this only provokes discussion, say in the *Field*, it will do good; and we will be the first to withdraw our theory when others show us that we have generalized from an insufficient number of facts. But we feel, at present, very much inclined to believe that a large number of salmon never reappear from deep water.

Of course legislation can do nothing here. The object of all legislation must be to let the salmon get in sufficient numbers up to their breeding-grounds, to protect them while they are depositing their spawn, to give the young salmon fair play; and, when we have done this, to "rest and be thankful." Let the kelts go to the deuce, if we can only get so much done. Don't let us fight too hard over spent fish, if we can get our rivers fairly open. Kelts are so exceedingly nasty that their nastiness will preserve them; only let the London magistrates watch Billingsgate, and see that your foul-feeding Frenchman don't get hold of them, and there will be no demand. Let all legislation tend towards the free passage of fish, and the protection of our breeding-grounds, and then let the spent fish go hang.

The breeding fish have been greatly assisted by making the sale of salmon ova illegal; this was formerly a great source of profit to the poachers in the upper waters. But the picturesque amusement of "salmon-spearing" by torch-light is now happily as illegal as the equally picturesque amusement of rick-burning.

This brings us to our thirdly. We

have got to apply the lessons taught us by our firstly and secondly, and draw deductions. Let us briefly see what has been done for the three countries, and what remains to be done.

Scotland is so much the most important of the three countries, with regard to salmon, and has been so much the worst used, that we will take the other two first. England's necessity being greatest, we will begin with her. The Act of 1861, repealing no less than thirty-three others, gives us these benefits. The annual close time is made 153 days; the weekly close time, during which the fish are absolutely free, 42 hours. Nets are made with meshes of eight inches; and, lastly, fixed engines are abolished, with the exception of such weirs as have been in use from immemorial time, or are held by grant or charter.

The most important provision is the last one. It entirely stops those plagues of Scotland, stake- and bag-nets. To give an instance of how it will act, take the Welsh Dee. In our youth the whole of the great estuary of that noble river was a cobweb of nets. One amusement of ours used to be to go out with the fishermen "across the sands of Dee," and actually *pick the salmon up*. All this is stopped now. The salmon have nothing now between them and the divine glen of Llangollen but the sewage of the great city of Chester. All they have got to do is to hold their noses and run for it, and they will find themselves among their cousins the grayling, at Corwen, before they know where they are; and may ultimately spend a profitable summer in the broad lake of Bala. Here is a change. We must have these weirs removed somehow, particularly one at Christchurch, in Hants; but we have got a very good Salmon Act; and possibly in twenty years or so, when the fish get to know of it, we may get some salmon. It was easy enough for us to get a good Act: there were no vested interests to contend against. It would be easy enough to get a bill through, prohibiting the sale of warming-pans in India. It was worth no one's while to make a fight about it. Things might be

better and couldn't be worse. If our Scotch brethren could get such a bill, they would, besides being able to let us kill fish at less than five pounds a piece, send us fish so cheap that even Mrs. Gamp would get as scornful of pickled salmon as she used to be of cold mutton. Why Scotland has not been able to get such an Act hitherto, we will say directly.

The miserable mismanagement of centuries cannot be mended in a day. Our Act has not produced much effect yet, though affairs look cheering. It is hardly likely that we shall ever have salmon in the upper waters of the Thames again, at all events for a long time; it is hard to believe that a salmon will ever again pass London. Still, a friend of ours, who we hope has many a good year of life and angling before him, has caught them below Maidenhead—before Brahma's invention. If they can once get to Teddington, they are safe. Lord Robert Montagu, the other day, tried a trifle too much; which is a pity, because the object he had in hand was a most excellent one; we hope he will not let it drop. And we think the case about the pollution of rivers was a trifle overstated by some of the debaters. We can answer for it that three miles below the great town of Reading the water is pure enough, and the reach from Sonning to Shiplake is one of the best reaches on the river for fish. Take Marlow again. Almost in the very town itself begin those exquisitely limpid gravel shallows, swarming with great trout, from fifteen pounds downwards, the most fastidious of fish. Those who wish to believe in the pollution of the upper waters of the Thames should not go trout-fishing to Marlow. Marlow certainly returns two Tory Colonels to Parliament, but it is nonsense to assert that that accounts for the purity of the river, any more than it does for the purity of election in that borough.

By the law of 1862, Ireland gets of yearly close time 168 days; weekly close time 48 hours; the last being six hours more than England, and *twelve* more than good old Scotland, who is

worth, with regard to salmon, the other two put together. With a vision of a possibly impatient reader and editor before us, we will confine ourselves to saying that, with regard to fixed engines of destruction, the Irish Act is (of course) a muddle, but is an improvement on what has gone before. Mr. Russel declines to meddle much with it. Mr. Patterson devotes many pages to it; which we honestly confess we have not mastered.

Lastly, we come to the state of the law as existing in Scotland. In Scotland, salmon are so abundant as to become of very great commercial value: and therefore legislation is exceedingly difficult on that very ground alone. To take a solitary instance,—the Duke of Richmond has, by putting down fixed nets at the mouth of the Spey, increased his rental from 6,000*l.* a year to 13,000*l.* The question is still more complicated by the fact that all property in salmon fisheries is derived from Crown grants (we assume from this that you may take salmon anywhere in Scotland, subject to the law of trespass and the imperial laws about close time and so on, where there is no grant), and that these grants have been most selfishly abused by the grantees, to the detriment of the upper holders of fishings. The Crown never made these grants on the understanding that fixed engines were to be used; this is most clearly proved. The Crown never thought of cutting off the salmon hopelessly from their breeding-grounds; the Crown had too much brains under it to dream of such a piece of lunacy. But within the last forty years, the grantees of the Crown have invented certain kinds of fixed nets which do this most effectually. The whole business began on the Solway—an estuary which, through the jealousies of the two countries, was centuries ago made over to the Devil, and which he has managed with his usual dexterity and success; in which river a man struck down a stake-net and was making his fortune, until another man got struck with the brilliant idea of putting down another net below *him*. The first man, of course, came on the

parish next week, and the second man was just congratulating himself when another man came and set a net below *him*, and put *his* pipe out. They all went to the workhouse (we hope—except the man lowest down on the river, who will go somewhere else if he don't mind); but the thing got wind, and at this present moment there are stake-nets on the east coast, fifty miles from the mouth of any river.

Now these stake-net men, the oldest of which sinners hasn't been there forty years, have the impudence to plead "prescription"—which is nonsense. Being troubled with a thing "forty years long" don't make prescription; there is Scripture for *that*, and that is a great fact in Scotland. But the fact is that their fisheries are of considerable value, and there are widows and orphans depending for their bread on them; which is the very deuce and all. And again, these very villains of coast fishers are among the finest class in the British Isles—getting their bread where they see it, in an honest God-fearing way enough; so what can a man do? Legislation becomes very difficult. If it was an English question it would be easily enough managed, because there are not three dozen men in England who depend on salmon-fishing for their livelihood. If it was an Irish question it would be managed paternally, with more or less muddle, according to the time during which the manager had addled his brains by staying in that most incomprehensible island; but it is a Scotch question, and the Scotch must manage it for themselves. They have a pretty good idea of managing their own affairs, God speed them! But as an Englishman we must say that they must take care that nothing goes wrong with Meg Mucklebackit. Every Englishman has loved her, along with Ophelia and Virginia, since he was ten years old. Live and let live, you Scotch brothers of ours; but get rid of the stake-nets, and let us have salmon at a shilling a pound in February. Send us the salmon, and we will send you the cucumbers.

CRADOCK NOWELL: A TALE OF THE NEW FOREST.

BY RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE.

[CHAPTER VI.]

THE lapse of years made little difference with the Reverend John Rosedew, except to mellow and enfranchise the heart so free and rich by nature, and to pile fresh stores of knowledge in the mind so stored already. Of course the parson had his faults. In many a little matter his friends could come down upon him sharply, if minded so to do. But any one so minded would not have been fit to be called John Rosedew's friend.

His greatest fault was one which sprang from his own high chivalry. If once he detected a person, whether taught or untaught, in the attempt, to deceive or truckle, that person was to him thenceforth a thing to be pitied and prayed for. Large and liberal as his heart was, charitable and even lenient to all other frailties, the presence of a lie in the air was to it as ozone to a test-paper. And then he was always sorry afterwards when he had shown his high disdain. For who could disprove that John Rosedew himself might have been a thorough liar, if trained and taught to consider truth a policeman with his staff drawn?

Another fault John Rosedew had—and I do not tell his foibles (as our friends do) to enjoy them—he gave to his books and their bygone ages much of the time which he ought to have spent abroad in his own little parish. But this could not be attributed to any form of self-indulgence. Much as he liked his books, he liked his flock still better; but never could overcome the idea that they would rather not be bothered. If any one were ailing, if any one were needy, he would throw aside his Theophrastus, and be where he was wanted, with a mild sweet voice and gentle eyes that crannied not, like a crane's bill, into the family crocks

and dust-bin. It was a part, and no unpleasant one, of his natural diffidence that he required a poor man's invitation quite as much as a rich one's, ere ever he crossed the threshold, unless trouble overflowed the impluvium. In all the parish of Nowelhurst there was scarcely a man or a woman who did not rejoice to see the rector pacing his leisurely rounds, carrying his elbows a little out, as men with large deltoid muscles do, wearing his old hat far back on his head, so that it seemed to slope away from him, and smiling quietly to himself at the children who tugged his coat-tails for an orange or a halfpenny. He never could come out but what the urchins of the village were down upon him as promptly as if he were apple-pie; and many of them had the impudence to call him "Uncle John" before his hair was grey.

Instead of going to school, the boys were apprenticed to him in the classics; and still more pleasantly he taught them to swim, and fish, and row. Of riding he knew but little, except from the treatise of Xenophon, and a paper on the Pelethronian Lapiths; so they learned it as all other boys do, by dint of crown and hard bumpage. Moreover, Mark Stote, head gamekeeper, took them in hand very early as his pupils in woodcraft and gunnery. To tell the truth, Uncle John objected to this accomplishment; he thought that the wholesome excitement and exercise of shooting afforded scarcely a valid reason for the destruction of innocent life. However, he recollected that he had not always thought so—his conversion having been wrought by the shrieks of a wounded hare—neither did he expect to bind all the world with his own girdle. Sir Cradock insisted that the young idea should be taught to shoot, and both the young ideas took to it very kindly.

Perhaps on the whole they were none the worse for the want of public-school training. What they lost thereby in quickness, suspicion, and effrontery, was more than balanced by the gain in purity, simplicity, love of home, and kindness. For nature had not gifted them with that vulgar arrogance, for which the best prescription is "calcitration nine times a day, and clean the boots for kicking you." Every year their father took them for a month or two to London, to garnish with some courtly frilling the knuckles of his Hampshire hams. But they only hated it; thorough agriculturists they were, and well knew their own blessings: and sweet and gladsome was the morning after each return, though it might be blowing a gale of wind, or drizzling through the ash-leaves. And then the headlong rush to see beloved Uncle John. Nature they loved in any form, sylvan, agrarian, human, when that human form was such as they could climb and nestle in. And there was not in the parish, nor in all the forest, any child so rough and dirty, so shock-headed, and such a scamp, that it could not climb into the arms of John Rosedew's fellow-feeling.

But I must not dwell on these pleasant days, the father's glory, the hopes of the sons, the love of all who came near them, and the blessings of Mrs. O'Gaghan.

They were now to go to Oxford, and astonish the natives there, by showing that a little *hic, hæc, hoc*, may come even out of Galilee; that a youth never drawn through the wire-gauge of Eton, Harrow, or Rugby may carry still the electric spark, and be taper and well-rounded. Half their learning accrued *sub dio*, in the manner of the ancients. Uncle John would lead them between the trees and down to some forest dingle, the boy on his right hand construing aloud or parsing very slowly, the little spark at his left all glowing to explode at the first mistake. *Δεξιότροπος* made the running, until he tripped and fell mentally, and even then he was set on his legs, unless the other was down upon him; but in the latter case the yoke-mate leaped into the harness. The stroke-oar

on the river that evening was awarded to the one who paced the greatest number of stades in the active voice of expounding. The accuracy, the caution, born of this warm rivalry, became at last so vigilant, that the boy who won the toss for the right-hand place at starting, was almost sure of the stroke-oar.

So they passed the matriculation test with consummate ease, and delighted the college tutor by the clear bold hands they wrote. They had not read so much as some men have before entering the University, but all their knowledge was close and firm, and staunch enough for a spring-board. And they wrote most excellent Latin prose, and Greek verse easily flowing. However, Sir Cradock was very nervous on the eve of their departure for the first term of Oxford residence, and led John Rosedew, in whose classical powers he placed the highest confidence, into his private room; and there begged him, as a real friend, tested now for forty years, to tell him bluntly whether the boys were likely to do him credit.

"Don't spare me, John, and don't spare them: only let us have no disappointment about it."

"My dear fellow, my dear fellow!" cried John, tugging at his collar, as he always did when nonplussed, for fear of losing himself; "how on earth can I tell? Most likely the men know a great deal more in the University now than they did when I had lectures. Haven't I begged you fifty times to have down a young first-classman?"

"Yes, I know you have, John. But I am not quite such a fool, nor so shamelessly ungrateful. To upset the pile of your ten years' labour, and rebuild it upon its apex! And talk to me of young first-classmen! Why, you know as well as I do, John, that there is not one of them, however brilliant, with a tenth part of your knowledge. It could never be, any more than a young tree can carry the fruit of an old one. Why, when you took your own first-class, they could only find one man to put with you, and you have never ceased to read, read,

read, ever since you left old Oriel, and chiefly in taste and philology. And such a memory as you have! John, I am ashamed of you. You want to impose upon me."

And Sir Cradock fixed the parson's eyes with that keen and point-blank gaze, which was especially odious to the shy John Rosedew.

"I am sure I don't. You cannot mean that," he replied, rather warmly, for like all imaginative men, when of a diffident cast, he was desperately matter-of-fact the moment his honour was played with. His friend began to smile at him, drawing up his grey moustache, and saying, "Yes, John, you are a donkey."

"I know that I am," said John Rosedew, shutting his eyes, as he loved to do when he got on a favourite topic; "by the side of those mighty critics of the 16th and 17th centuries—the Scaligers, the Casaubons, the Vossii, even Servii,—what am I but a starving donkey without a thistle left for him? But as regards our English critics—at least too many of them—I submit that we have been misled by the superiority of their Latin, and their more slashing style. I doubt whether any of them had a tenth part of the learning, or the sequacity of genius——"

"Come, John, I can't stand this, you know; and the boys will be down here directly, they are so fond of brown sherry."

"Well, to return to the subject—I own that I was surprised and hurt when a former Professor of Greek actually confounded the Æolic form of the *plusquam perfectum* of so common a verb as——"

"Yes, John, I know all about that, and how it spoiled your breakfast. But about the boys, the boys, John?"

"And again as to the delicate sub-significance, not the well-known tortuousness of *παρά* in composition, but——"

"Confound it John. They've got all their things packed. They'll be here in a moment, pretending to rollick for our sakes; and you won't tell me what you think of them."

"Well, I think there never were two

finer fellows to jump a gate since the days of Castor and Pollux. '*Hunc equis, illum superare pugnus*.' You remember how you took me down for construing '*pugnus*' wrongly, when we were at Sherborne?"

"Yes, and how proud I was, John! You had been at the head of the form for three months, and none of us could stir you; but you came back again next day in the fifth Æneid. But here come the villains—now it's all over."

And so the boys went away, and their father could not for his life ascertain what opinion his ancient friend had formed as to the chances of their doing something good at Oxford. Simple and straightforward as Mr. Rosedew was, no man ever lived from whom it was harder to force an opinion. He saw matters from so many aspects, everything took so many facets, shifting lights, and playing colours, from the versatility of his mind, that whoso could fix him at such times, and extort his real sentiments, might spin a diamond ring and shave by it. He had golden hopes about his "nephews," as he often called them, but he would not pronounce those hopes at present, lest the father should be disappointed. And so the boys went up to Oxford, half a moon before the woodcocks came.

CHAPTER VII.

I do not mean to write at large upon University life, because the theme has been out-thosed by men of higher powers. It is a brief Olympic, a Derby premature, wherein to lose or win depends—training, health, ability, and industry being granted—upon the early stoning or late kernelling of the brain. Without laying claim to much experience, any one may protest that our brains are worked a deal too hard at the time of adolescence. We lose thereby their vivific powers and their originality. The peach throws off at the critical period all the fruit it cannot ripen; the vine has no such ab-jective prudence, and cripples itself by enthusiasm.

The twins were entered at Merton,

and had the luck to obtain adjoining garrets. Sir Cradock had begun to show a decided preference for Clayton, as he grew year by year more and more like his mother. But this was not the only reason why he would not listen to some fool's suggestion that Cradock, the heir to the property, should be ranked as a "gentleman-commoner." That stupid distinction he left for men who require self-assertion, admiring as he did the sense and spirit of that Master, well known in his day, who to some golden cad insisting that his son should be entered in that college as a gentleman-commoner, angrily replied, "Sir, *all* my commoners are gentlemen."

But the brothers were very soon parted. Clayton got sleeved in a scholar's gown, while Cradock still fluttered the leading-strings. "*Et tunice manicas*—you effeminate Viley!" said Cradock, admiring hugely, when his twin ran up to show himself off, after winning a Corpus scholarship; "and the governor won't allow me a chance of a parasol for my elbows." Sir Cradock, a most determined man, and a very odd one to deal with, had forbidden his elder son to stand for any scholarship, except those few which are of the University corporate. "A youth of your expectations," he exclaimed with a certain bitterness, for he often repined in secret that Clayton was not the heir, "a boy placed as you are, must not compete for a poor young lad's *viaticum*. You may go in for a University scholarship, though of course you will never get one; an examination does good, I have heard, to the unsuccessful candidates. But don't let me hear about it, not even if, by some accident, you should be the lucky one." Craddy was deeply hurt; he had long perceived his father's partiality for the son more dashing, yet more effeminate, more pretentious, and less persistent. So Cradock set his heart upon winning Craven, Hertford, or Ireland, and never even alluding to it in the presence of his father. Hence it will be evident that the youth was proud and sensitive.

"Amy *amata, dilecta a me*," cried the parson to his daughter, now a lovely girl

of sixteen, straight, slender, and well-poised; "how glad and proud we ought to be of Clayton's great success!"

"Pa, dear, he would never have got it, I am quite certain of that, if Cradock had been allowed to go in; and I think it is most unfair, shamefully unjust, that because he is the eldest son he is never to have any honour." And Amy coloured brilliantly at the warmth of her own championship; but her father could not see it.

"So I am inclined to think"—John Rosedew was never positive, except upon great occasions—"perhaps I should say perpend, if I were fond of hybrid English. I don't mean about the unfairness, Amy; for I think I should do the same if I were in Sir Cradock's place. I mean that our Crad would have got it, instead of Clayton, with health and fortune favouring. But it stands upon a razor's edge, *ἐν ἐξοχῇ ἰσότητι ἀκμῆς*. You can construe that, Amy?"

"Yes, pa, when you tell me the English. How the green is coming out on the fir-trees! So faint and yet so bright. Oh, papa, what Greek sub-significance, as you sometimes call it, is equal to that composition?"

"Well, my poppet, I am so short-sighted, I would much rather have a triply composite verb——"

"Than three good kisses from me, daddy? Well, there they are, at any rate, because I know you are disappointed." And the child, herself more bitterly disappointed, as becomes a hot partisan, ran away to sit under a sprawling larch, just getting new nails on its fingers, for the spring was awaking early.

It was not more than a week after this, and not very far from All-fool's-day, when Clayton, directly after chapel, rushed into Cradock's garret, hot, breathless, and unphilosophical. Cradock, calm and thoughtful, as he usually was, poked his head through the open slide of the dusthole called a scout's room, and brought out three willow-pattern plates, a little too retentive of the human impress, and an extra knife and fork, dark-browed at the tip of the handle.

Then he turned up a corner of table-cloth, where it cherished sombre memories of a tearful teapot, and set the mustard-pot to control it. Nor long before he doubled the coffee in the strainer of the biggin, and shouted "Corker!" thrice, far as human voice would gravitate, down the well of the staircase. Meanwhile Master Clayton stood fidgeting, and doffed not his scholarly toga. Corker, the scout, a short fat man, came up the stairs with dignity and indignation contending. He was amazed that any freshman "should have the cheek to holler so." Mr. Nowell was such a quiet young man, that the scout looked for some apology. "Corker, a commons of bread and butter, and a cold fowl and some tongue. Be quick now before the buttery closes. And, as I see I am putting you out in your morning work, get a quart of ale at your dinner-time." "Yes, sir, to be sure, sir; I wish all the gentlemen was as thoughtful."

"No, Craddy, never mind that," cried his brother, reddening richly, for Clayton was fair as a lady, "I only want to speak to you about—well, perhaps, you know what it is I have come for. Is that fellow gone from the door?"

"I am sure I don't know. Go and look yourself. But, dear Viley, what is the matter?"

"Oh, Craddock, you can so oblige me, and it can't matter much to you. But to me, with nothing to look to, it does make such a difference."

Craddock never could bear to hear this—that his own twin-brother should talk, as he often did, so much in the pauper strain. And all the while Clayton was sure of 50,000*l.* under their mother's settlement. But Crad was full of wild generosity, and had made up his mind to share Nowelhurst, if he could do so, with his brother. He began to pull Clayton's gown off; he would have blacked his shoes if requested. He always thought himself Viley's prime minister.

"Whatever it is, my boy, Viley, you know I will do it for you, if it is only fair and honourable."

"Oh, it is no great thing. I was sure you would do it for me. To do just a little bit under your best in this hot scrimmage for the Ireland. I am not much afraid of any man, Crad, except you, and Brown of Balliol."

"Viley, I am very sorry that you have asked me such a thing. Even if it were in other ways straightforward, I could not do it, for the sake of the father, and Uncle John, and little Amy."

"Don't you know that the governor doesn't want *you* to get it? You are talking nonsense, Craddock, downright nonsense, to cover your own selfishness. And that frizzle-headed Amy, indeed!"

"I would rather talk nonsense than fraud, Clayton. And I can't help telling you that what you say about my father may be true, but is not brotherly; and your proposal does you very little honour; and I never could have thought it of you; and I will do my very utmost. And as for Amy, indeed, she is too good for you to speak of—and—and—" He was highly wroth at the sneer about Amy's hair, which he admired beyond all reason, as indeed he did every bit of her, but without letting any one know it. He leaned upon the table, with his thumb well into the mustard-pot. This was the first real quarrel with the brother he loved so much; and it felt like a skewer poked into his heart.

"Well, elder brother by about two seconds," cried Clayton, twitching his plaits up well upon his coat-collar, "I'll do all I can to beat you. And I hope Brown will have it, not you. There's the cash for my commons. I know you can't afford it, until you get a scholarship."

Clayton flung half a crown upon the table, and went down the stairs with a heavy tramp, knocking over a dish with the college arms on, wherein Corker was bringing the fowl and the tongue. Corker got all the benefit of the hospitable doings, and made a tidy dinner out of it, for Craddock could eat no breakfast. It was the first time bitter words had passed between the brothers since the little ferments of childhood, which are nothing more than sweetwort

the moment they settle down. And he doubted himself; he doubted whether he had not been selfish about it.

It was the third day of the examination, and when he appeared at ten o'clock among the forty competitors, he was vexed anew to see that Clayton had removed to a table at the other end of the room, so as not to be even near him. The piece of Greek prose which he wrote that morning dissatisfied him entirely; and then again he rejoiced at the thought that Viley need not be afraid of him. He had never believed in his chance of success, and went in for the scholarship to please others and learn the nature of the examination. Next year he might have a fairer prospect; this year—as all the University knew—Brown, of Balliol, was sure of it.

Nevertheless, by the afternoon he was in good spirits again, and found a mixed paper which suited him as if Uncle John had set it. One of the examiners had been, some twenty years ago, a pupil of John Rosedew, and this, of course, was a great advantage to any successor alumnus; though neither of them knew the other. It is pleasant to see how the old ideas germinate and assimilate, as the olive and the baobab do, after the fires of many summers.

Clayton, a placable youth (even when he was quite in the wrong, as in the present instance), came to Craddy's rooms that evening, begged him not to apologise for his expressions of the morning, and compared notes with him upon the doings of the day.

"Bless you, Crad," he cried, after a glass of first-rate brown sherry—not the vile molassied stuff, thick as the sack of Falstaff, but the genuine thing, with the light and shade of brown olives in the sunset, and not to be procured, of course, from any Oxonian wine-dealer;—"oh, Crad, if we could only wallop that Brown, of Balliol, between us, I should not care much which it was. He has booked it for such a certainty, and does look so cocky about it. Did you see the style he walked off, before hall, arm-in-arm with a Master of Arts, and spouting his own iambics?"

"First-rate ones, I daresay, Viley. Have a pipe, old fellow. After all, it doesn't matter much. Folk who have never been in them think a deal the most of these things. The wine-merchant laughs at beeswing; and so I suppose it is with all trades." Craddock was not by any means prone to the discourse sententious; and the present lapse was due, no doubt, to the reaction ensuing upon his later scene with Viley, wherein each had promised heartily to hold fast by the brotherhood.

On the following Saturday morning, John Rosedew's face flushed puce-colour as he opened his letters at breakfast-time. "Hurrah! Amy, darling; hurrah, my child! *Terque quaterque, et novies evoc!* Eat all the breakfast, melimel; I won't tell you till I come back."

"Oh, won't you, indeed!" cried Amy, with her back against the door and her arms in mock grimness folded. "I rather think you will, pa; unless you have made up your mind to choke me. And you are half-way towards it already."

John saw that peculiar swell of her throat which had frightened him so often—her dear mother had died of bronchitis, and he knew nothing of medical subjects—and so he allayed her excitement at once, gave her over to Miss Eudoxia, who was late in her bedroom as usual, and then set off at his utmost speed to tell his old friend, Sir Craddock. And a fine turn of speed he still could show, though the whiskers under his college-cap (stuck on anyhow in the hurry) were as white as the breast of a martin quivering under the eaves. Since he lost his wife he had never cared to walk fast, subsiding into three miles an hour, as thoughtful and placid men will do, when they begin to thumb their waistcoats. But now through the waking life of "the Chace," where the brown fern-stalks bent over the Ammon horn of the lifting frond, and the fescue grass was beading rough with dew already, here and among the rabbit-holes, nimbly dodging the undermine, ran as hard as a boy of twelve the man of threescore, John Rosedew. Without

stopping to knock as usual, he burst in upon Sir Cradock, now sitting all alone at his simple, old-fashioned breakfast. Classical and theological training are not locomotive, as we all know to our cost; and the rector stood gasping ever so long, with both hands pressed to his side.

"Why, John; quick, quick! You frighten me. Is your house on fire?"

"Old fellow—old fellow; such news! Shake hands—ever since the *charta forestæ*; shake hands again. Oh, I feel rather sick; pray excuse me; *ἄνω κἀνὼ σπρέφεται*."

"What is it, John? Do be quick. I must send for Mrs. O'Gaghan and the stomach-pump." Biddy was now the licensed doctress of the household, and did little harm with her simples if she failed of doing good.

"*Times* there? Open it; look, University news! Crad and Clayton."

Wondering, smiling, placidly anxious, Sir Cradock tore open the paper, and found, after turning a great many corners, the University news. Then he read out with a trembling voice, after glancing over it silently:—

"The Ireland scholarship has been awarded to Cradock Nowell, of Merton College. Proxime accessit Clayton Nowell, scholar of Corpus Christi. Unless we are misinformed, these gentlemen are twin-brothers."

"Grintie, grintie, grunt,
Oos be arl tew blunt;
Naw oose Hampshire hogs,
But to zhow the way in boga."

So John Rosedew quoted in the fulness of his glory from an old New Forest rhyme. John's delight transcended everything, because he had never expected it. He had taken his own degree ere ever the Ireland was heard of; but three pupils of his had won it while he was still in residence. Of that he had not thought much. But now to win it by proxy in his extreme old age, as he began to consider it, and from all the crack public schoolmen, and with his own pet alumni, whom no one else had taught anything—such an Ossa upon Pelion, such an Olympus on

Ossa—no wonder that the snow of his whiskers shook and the dew trembled under his eyelids.

Sir Cradock, on the other hand, had never a word to say, but turned his head like one who waits for a storm of dust to go by.

"Why, Cradock, old friend, what on earth is the matter? You don't seem at all delighted."

"Yes, I am, of course, John; as delighted as I ought to be. But I wish it had been Viley; he wants it so much more, and he is so like his mother."

"So is Crad; every bit as much; an enlarged and grander portrait. Can't you see the difference between a large heart, and a mere good one? Will no one ever appreciate my noble and simple Craddy?"

John Rosedew spoke warmly, and was sorry before the breath from his lips was cold. Not that he had no right to say it, but because he felt that he had done far more harm than good.

CHAPTER VIII

HONOURS flash in the summer sun, as green corn does in the morning; then they gleam mature and mellow at the time of reaping; they are bagged, perhaps by a woman's arm, with a cut "below the knees;" set on their butt for a man to sit under while eating his bread and cheese; then they wither, and are tossed into chaff by a contumelious steam-engine with a leathern strap inflexible.

Cradock's "Ireland" has gone by, and another has succeeded it, and this has fallen, as most things fall, to the sap of perseverance, steel-tipped with hard self-confidence—this Ireland has fallen to the lot of Brown Balliolensis. Clayton would not go in for it; his pride, or rather vanity, would not allow him to do so. Was he going to take Cradock's leavings, and be a year behind him, when he was only two minutes younger? However, he went in for the Hertford, and, what was a great deal more, he got it; for Cradock would not stand; and,

even if he had, I believe the result would have been the same. Viley had made up his mind to win it, and worked very hard indeed; and so won it very easily. Cradock could usually beat him in Greek, but not so often in Latin. And Clayton wrote the prettiest, most tripping, coquettish, neat-ankled hendecasyllables that ever whisked roguishly round a corner, wondering where Catullus was.

Ah! light-hearted poet, sensitively sensuous, yet withal deep-hearted, with a vein of golden philosophy, and a pensive tenderness, nowadays we overlook thee. Horace is more fashionable, more suited to a flippant age, because he has no passion.

Early on a sunripe evening in the month of June, "when the sun was shifting the shadows of the hills, and doffed the jade oxen's yoke, distributing the lovetime from his waning chariot," a forest dell, soft, clear, and calm, was listening to its thrushes. And more than at the throble's flute, or flageolet of the blackbird, oaks and chestnuts pricked their ears at the voice of a gliding maiden. Where the young fern was pluming itself, arching, lifting, ruffling in filagree, light perspective, and depth of Gothic tracery, freaked by the nip of fairy fingers, tremulous as a coral grove in a crystal under-current, the shyer fronds still nestling home, uncertain of the world as yet, and coiled like catherine-wheels of green; where the cranesbill pushed like Zedekiah, and the succory reared its sky-blue windmill (open for business till 8 P.M.); where the violet now was rolled up in the seed-pod, like a stylite millipede, and the great bindweed, in its crenate horn, piped and fluted spirally, had forgotten the noonday flaunt: here, and over the nibbled sward, where the crisp dew was not risen yet, here came wandering the lightest foot that ever passed, but shook not, the moss-bed of the glow-worm. Under the rigorous oaks (so corded, seamed, and wanned with humps of grey), the stately, sleek, mouse-coloured beech, the dappled, moss-beridden ash, and the birch-tree peeling silverly, beneath the

murmuring congress of the sunproof leaves; and again in the open breaks and alleys, where light and shade went see-saw; by and through and under all, feeling for and with every one, glanced, and gleamed, and glistened, and listened the loveliest being where all was love, the pet in the nest of nature.

Of all the beauty in that sweet dell, where the foot of man came scarcely once in a year; of all the largesse of earth and heaven; of all the grace which is Nature's gratitude to her heavenly Father: there was not one, from the lily-bell to the wild rose and the heather-sprig, fit for a man to put in his bosom, and look at Amy Rosedew.

It is told of a certain good man's child, whose lineage still is cherished, that when she was asked by her father (half bantering, half in earnest) to tell him the reason why everybody loved her so, she cast down her eyes with a puzzled air, then opened them wide, as a child does to the sunrise of some great truth,—"Father, perhaps it is because I love everybody so." Lucan has it in a neater form: "*amorem quæris amando.*" And that was Amy Rosedew's secret, by herself undreamed of—lovely, because she could not help loving all our God has made. And of all the fair things He has made, and pronounced to be very good, since sunshine first began to gleam, to glow, and to fade away, what home has beauty found so bright, so rich in varied elegance, so playfully receptive of the light shed through creation—the light of the Maker's smile, as a young maiden, pure of heart, natural, true, and trusting?

She came to the brink of a forest pool, and looked at herself in the water. Not that she thought more than she could help of the outward thing called "Amy;" but that she wondered how her old favourites, Cradock and Clayton Nowell, would esteem her face and style of dress now she was turned seventeen. Most likely they had seen ever so many girls, both at Oxford and in London, compared with whom poor Amy was but a rustic Phidyle, just fit to pick sticks in the New Forest.

The crystal mirror gave her back even the shade on her own sweet face, which fell from the cloud of that simple thought; for she stood where the westering sunshine failed to touch the water, but flushed with rich relief of gold the purity of her figure. Every sapling, dappled hazel, sloughing birch, or glabrous maple, glistened with the plumes of light, and every leaf was twinkling. The columns of the larger trees stood like metal cylinders, whereon the level gleam rules a streak, and glints away round the rounding. Elbows, arms, and old embracings, backed with a body-ground of green, laced with sunset's golden bodkin, ever shifting every eyelet,—branch, and bough, and trunk, and leaves, ruffling and twisting, or stanch and grand, they seemed but a colonnade and arch, for the sun to peep through at the maiden, and tell of her on the calm waters.

Floating, fleeting, shimmering there, in a frame of stately summer flags, vivid upon the crystal shade, and twinkling every now and then to the splash of a distant moorhen, or the dip of a swallow's wing, lay her graceful image, wondering in soft reply to her play of wonder. She took off her light chip hat, and laughed; lo! the courteous picture did the same. She offered, with a mincing air, her little frail of wood-strawberries; and the shadowy Amy put them back with the prettiest grace ever dreamed of. Then she cast the sparkling night of her tresses down the white shoulders and over her breast; and the other Amy was looking at her through a ripple of cloudiness, with the lissome waist retiring. She smoothed her hair like a scarf around her, withdrew her chin on the curving neck, and bowed the shapely forehead, well pleased to see thus the foreshortening undone, and the pure, bright oval shown as in a glass. Then, frightened almost at the lustrous depth of her large grey eyes, deep-fringed with black, she thought of things all beyond herself, and woke, from Nature's innocent joy in her own brief luck of beauty, to the bashful consciousness, the down of a maiden's dreamings. Bridling next at

her mirrored face, with a sudden sense of humour, all the time she watched the red lips, and the glimmer of pearls between them, "Amy," she cried, "now, after this, don't come to me for a character, unless you want one, you pretty dear, for conceit and self-admiration."

So saying, she tossed her light head at herself, and looked round through her flickering cloudlets. What did she see? What made the dark water flame upon the instant with a richer glow than sunset? The delicate cheeks, the fair forehead and neck, even the pearly slope of the shoulders, were flooded with deepest carmine. Her pride fell flat, as the cistus stamen at a touch droops away on the petal. Then she shrank back into a flowering broom, and cowered among the spikelets, and dared not move to wipe away the tears she was so mad with. Oh! the wretched abasement earned by a sweet little bit of vanity!

How she hated herself, and the light, and the water, her senseless habit of thinking aloud, above all, her despicable fancy that she was growing—what nonsense!—such a pretty girl! Thenceforth and for ever, she felt quite sure, she never could look in a glass again, unless it were just for a moment, to put her hair to rights, when she got home.

"To think of my hair all down my neck, and the way I had turned in the gathers!"—the poor little thing had been making experiments how she would look in a low-necked dress—"Oh! that was the worst thing of all. I might have laughed at it but for that. And now I am sure I can never even peep at his face again. Whatever will he think of me, and what would my papa say?"

After crying until she began to laugh, she resolved to go straight home, and confess all her crime to Aunt Eudoxia, John Rosedew's maiden sister, who had come to live with him when he lost his wife, three dreary years ago. So Amy rolled up her long hair anyhow, without a bit of pride in it, shrank away and examined herself, to be sure that all was right, and, after one peep, came bravely forth, trying to look as much as

possible like her good Aunt Doxy; then she walked at her stateliest, with the basket of strawberries, picked for papa, in one hand, and the other tightly clasped upon the bounding of her heart. But her eyes were glancing right or left, like a fawn's when a lion has roared; and even the youngest trees saw quite well that, however rigid with Miss Eudoxia the gliding form might be, it was poised for a dart and a hide behind them at every crossing shadow.

But fortune favours the brave. She won her own little sallyport without the rustle of a blackberry-leaf, and thereupon rushed to a hasty and ostrich-like conclusion. She felt quite sure that, after all, none but the waters and winds could tell the tale of her little coquetry. Beyond all doubt, Cradock Nowell was deep in the richest mental metallurgy, tracing the vein of Greek iambics, as he did before his beard grew, and she never, never would call them "stupid iambs" again.

Cradock, who had seen her, but turned away immediately (as became a gentleman), did not, for the moment, know his little Amy Rosedew. A year and a half had changed her from a stripling, jumping girl to a shy and graceful maiden, dreadfully afraid of sweethearts. She had not been away from Nowellhurst throughout that year and a half, for her father could not get on without her for more than a month at a time, and all that month he fretted. But the twins had spent the last summer in Germany, with a merry reading (or talking) party; and their Christmas and Easter vacations were dragged away in London, through a strange whim of Sir Cradock Nowell; at least, they thought it strange, but there was some reason for it.

Young Cradock Nowell was not such a muff as to be lost in Greek senarii; no trimeter acatalectics of truest balance and purest fall could be half so fair to scan; not "Harmony of the golden hair," and her nine Pierid daughters round the crystal spring, were worth a glance of the mental eye when fortune granted bodily vision of our unconscious Amy. But he did not stand

there watching mutely, as some youths would have done; for a moment, indeed, he forgot himself in the flush of admiration. The next moment he remembered that he was a gentleman; and he did what a gentleman must have done—whether marquis or labourer: he slipped away through the bushes, feeling as if he had done some injury. Then the maiden, glancing round, caught one startled glimpse, as Nyssia did of the stealthy Gyges, or Diana of Actæon. From that one glimpse she knew him, though he was so like his brother; but he had failed to recognise the Amy of his boyhood.

CHAPTER IX.

MISS EUDOXIA was now the queen of the little household, and the sceptre she bore was an iron one to all except her niece. John—that easy, good-natured parson, who, coming in from the garden or parish, any summer forenoon, would halt in the long low kitchen, if a nice crabbed question presented itself, take his seat outright upon the corner of the ancient dresser, and then and there discuss some moot point in the classics, or tie and untie over again some fluffy knot historical (which after all is but a pucker in the tatters of a scarecrow); and all the while he would appeal to the fat cook or the other maid—for the house only kept two servants; and all the while Miss Amy, *δαφνολάτρουσα θέσιν*, would poke in little pike-points of impudence and ignorance—John, I must confess at last, was threatened so with dishcloths, pepper, and even rolling-pins, that the cook began to forget the name of Plato (which had struck her), and the housemaid could not justly tell what Tibullus says of Pales.

"John, you are so lamentably deficient in moral dignity! And the mutton not put down yet, and the kidney-beans getting ropy! If you must sit there, you might as well begin to slice the cucumber. I dare say you'd do that even."

"To be sure, Doxy; so I will, I sharpened my knife this morning."

"Doxy, indeed! And before the servants! I am sure Johanna must have heard you, though she makes such a rattle in there with the rolling-pin, like a doctor's pestle and mortar. She always does when I come out, to pretend she is so busy; and most likely she has been listening for half an hour, and laughing at your flummery. What do I care about Acharnius?—now don't tell me any jokes, if you please, brother John; with butter on both your legs too! Oh, if I could only put you in a passion! I might have some hopes of you then. But I should like to see the woman that could; you have so little self-respect."

"Eudoxia, that is the very converse of Seneca's proposition."

"Then Seneca didn't know how to converse, and I won't be flouted with him. Seneca to me, indeed, or any other heathen! Let me tell you one thing, John Rosedew"—Miss Eudoxia now was wrathful, not nettlesome only, but spinous—hence the word spinster, for they spine much more than they spin—"let me tell you one thing, and perhaps you'll try to remember it; for, with all your wonderful memory, you never can tell to-morrow what I said to-day."

"Surely not, dear Doxy, because you talk so much. It is related of that same Seneca that he could repeat—"

"Fiddlesticks. Now you want to turn off the home-truth you feel to be coming. But you shall have it, John Rosedew, and briefly it is this: Although you do sit on the dresser, your taste is too eclectic. You are a very learned man, but your learning gilds foul idols. You spend all your time in pagans' company, while the epistles and gospels have too little style for you."

"Oh, Aunt Eudoxia, how dare you talk to my papa like that, my own daddy, and me to hear you? And just now you flew into a pet, because you fancied Johanna heard him call you 'Doxy.' I am astonished at it, Aunt Doxy; and it is not true, not a word of it. Come with me, father, dearest, and we won't say a word to her all the afternoon."

Even young Amy saw that her father was hit very hard. There was so much truth in the accusation, so much spiteful truth—among thy beauties, *nuda veritas*, a smooth skin is not one—that poor John felt as if Aristophanes were sewn up henceforth in a pig-sack. He slunk away quietly to his room, and tried to suck some roots Hebraic, whence he got no satisfaction. He never could have become a great theological scholar. After all, a man must do what God has shaped his mind for. So in a week John Rosedew got back to his native element; but sister Doxy's rough thrust made the dresser for many a month like the bottom of a pincushion, when the pins are long, and the bran has leaked out at the corner.

Now Miss Eudoxia Rosedew was always very sorry when she had indulged too much in the pleasure of hurting others. It was not in her nature to harm any living creature; but she could not understand that hurt is the feminine of harm—the feminine frequentative, if I may suggest that anomaly. She had a warm impulsive heart, and sided almost always with the weaker party. Convinced profoundly as she was of her brother's great abilities, she believed, whenever a question arose, that the strength was all on his side, and so she went "dead against him." One thing, and the most material one, she entirely overlooked, as a sister is apt to do: to wit, the breadth and modesty of her brother's nature. One thing, I say, for the two are one, so closely are they united.

It is a goodly sight to see John Rosedew and his sister upon their way to church. She supporting the family dignity, with a maid behind her to carry the books—that it may please thee to defend us with a real footman!—just touching John's arm with the tips of her glove, because he rolls so shockingly, and even his Sunday coat may be greasy; then if a little girl comes by, "Lady Eudoxia"—as the village, half in joke, and half in earnest, has already dubbed her—Lady Eudoxia never looks at her (they are so self-important now, even

those brats of children !), but she knows by instinct whether that little girl has curtsied. If she has, it is nicely acknowledged ; but if she has not, what a chill runs down the lady's rigid spine !

"John, did you see that?"

"See what, Doxy?—Three sugar-plums, my little dear, and a few of our cough-lozenges. I heard you cough last Sunday ; and you may suck them in the sermon time, because they don't smell of peppermint, and they are quite as nice as liquorice. How is your mammy, my darling?"

"Well, John—well, Mr. Rosedew !—If you have no more sense of propriety—and so near the house of God——"

And Miss Eudoxia walks on in front, while the girl who failed to curtsy has thrust one brown hand long ago into the parson's ample palm, and with the other is stoking that voracious engine whose vernacular name is "mouth." Amy, of course, is at the school, where this little girl ought by rights to have been, only for her cough, which would come on so dreadfully when the words were hard to spell ; and, when they meet Amy by the gate (the double gate of the churchyard—both sides only opened for funerals), how smooth, and rich, and calm she looks—calm, yet with a heart of triumph, as her own class clusters round her, and won't even glimpse at the boys—not even the very smallest boy—one of whom has the cheek to whistle, and pretends that he meant the "Old Hundredth."

But, in spite of all this Eudoxian grandeur, there was not a poor man in Nowelhurst—no, nor even a woman—who did not feel, in earnest heart, faith and good will towards her. For the worldly nonsense was cast aside when she stood in the presence of trouble, and her native kindness and vigour shone forth, till the face of grief was brightened. Then she forgot her titled grandmother—so often quoted and such a bore, the Countess of Driddledrum and Dromore—and glowed and melted, as all must do who are made of good carbon and water. So let her walk into the village-church with the pride which she is

proud of, her tall and comely figure shown through the scarf of lavender crape, her dark silk dress on the burial flags, wiping dust from the memory of John Stiles and his dear wife Susan. And oh, Johanna, thou goodly fat cook-maid, dishing up Prayer-books, and Guides to the Altar, and thy gloves on the top ostentatiously—gloves whose fingers are to thine as vermicelli to sausages : Johanna, spoil not our procession by loitering under the hollow oak to wink at thy sweetheart, Jem Pottles. Neither do thou, oh hollow oak, look down upon us, and tell of the tree only one generation before thee. Under thy branches, the Arab himself had better not talk of lineage. Some acorn spat forth, half-crunched and bedribbled, by the deer or the swine of the forest, and in danger perhaps of being chewed afterwards by the ancestors of royalty—our family-trees are young fungus to thee, and our roots of nobility pignuts.

CHAPTER X.

THE scenery of the New Forest is of infinite variety ; but the wooded parts may be ranged, perhaps, in a free, loose-branching order (as befits the subject), into some three divisions, which cross and interlace each other, as the trees themselves do.

First, and most lovely, the glades and reaches of gentle park and meadow, where the beech-tree invades not seriously, or, at any rate, not with discipline, but straggles about like a tall centurion amused by ancient Britons. Here are the openings winged with fern, and ruffling to the west wind ; and the crimped oval leaves of the alder rustle over the backs of the bathing cows. In and out we glance, or gaze, through the groined arcade of trees, where the sun goes wandering softly, as if with his hand before his eyes. Of such kind is the Queen's Bower Wood, beside the Boldre Water.

Of the second type, most grand and solemn, is the tall beech-forest, darken-

ing the brow of some lonely hill, and draping the bosomed valleys. Such is Mark Ash Wood, four miles to the west of Lyndhurst. Overhead is the vast cool canopy; underfoot, the soft brown carpet, woven by a thousand autumns. No puny underwood foils the gaze, no coppice-whispers circulate; on high there moves one long unbroken and mysterious murmur, and all below grey twilight broods in a lake of silent shadow. Through this the ancient columns rising, smooth, dove-coloured, or glimpsed with moss, others fluted, crannied, bulging, hulked at the reevings of some great limb; others twisted spirally and tortuously rooting; a thousand giants receding, clustering, opening lattice-peeps between them, standing forth to stop the view, or glancing some busy slant of light, in the massive depth of gloom they seem almost to glide.

The third and most rudely sylvan form is that of the enclosures, where the intolerant beech is absent, and the oak, the spruce, and the Spanish chestnut protect the hazel, the fern and bramble, the dogrose and the honeysuckle.

In a bowering, gleaming, twinkling valley, such as I have first described, we saw Miss Amy Rosedew admiring her own perfections; and now, some three months afterwards, a certain young lady, not wholly unlike her, is roaming in a deep enclosure, thick with oaks and underwood. It lies about a furlong from the western lodge of Nowelhurst, and stretches away towards the sunset, far from the eye of house or hut. Even the lonely peatman, who camps (or camped, while so allowed) beneath the open sky, wherever the waste yields labour freely, and no prescription bars him—even he finds nothing here to draw his sauntering footstep. The gorse prefers more open places, the nuts are few and hard to reach, the fuel-turf is not worth cutting, and the fuel-wood he dare not hew. In short, there is nothing there to tempt him. As for shade, and solitude, and the crystal rill, he gets a deal too much of that sort of thing already.

By the side of that crystal rill, and where the trees hung thickest, in the

grey gloom of that Michaelmas evening walked the aforesaid maiden, and (what we had not bargained for) a gentle youth beside her. The light between the lapping boughs and leaves—whose summer whisper grew hoarse in autumn's rustle—the clouded light fell charily, but showed the figures comely, as either could wish of the other.

The maiden's face was turned away, but one hand lay in her lover's; with the other she was drawing close the loose folds of her mantle—her flushing cheek was glad of shade, and the grass thought her feet were trembling.

His eager, glistening, wavering eyes told of hope with fear behind it; and all his life was waiting for a word or look. But for the moment neither came. She trembled more and more before him, and withdrew a little, as the silver-weed at her feet withdrew from the runnel's passion. She thought he would yet say more—she longed for him to say more; oh that her heart would be quiet!

But never another word he said, till she turned to him, sadly and proudly, with her soft eyes full of tears.

"Mr. Nowell, you are very eloquent; but you do not know what love is."

She lifted her left hand towards her heart, but was too proud to put it there, and dropped it, hiding the movement.

"I not know what love is! And I have been saying things I should have laughed at any fellow for saying, though I am fit to cry while I say them. Oh, how cold-blooded you are; for I cannot make you feel them!"

He looked at her so ardently, that her sweet gaze fell like a violet in the May sun.

"No, Mr. Clayton Nowell, I am not cold-blooded; but, at least, my blood is pure, though not in the eyes of the world so high and refined as your own."

"What has that got to do with it? My own—own—own——" He was in a great hurry to embrace her, because she looked at him tenderly, to palliate the toss of her head.

"Wait, if you please. Throughout all your rhapsody" (here she smiled so

that none could be angry) "you have not said a single word to show whether—that is—I mean to say whether——"

She burst into tears, turned from him, and clung to the dead arm of the old oak.

"Whether what?" asked Clayton, sharply, in spite of her deep distress; for he began to doubt if he truly were loved, and to tire of the high-strung suspense. "Whether I have got money enough to support us both *respectably*? Isn't that the proper word for it? And because I am the younger son?"

He frowned very hard at the bark of the oak, and crushed the grey touchwood under his foot, though his hand was still seeking for her's. Then she turned full upon him suddenly, too proud to dissemble her tears.

"Oh Clayton, Clayton Nowell, can you think me so mean as that? Though my father would cast me off, perhaps, in his gratitude to Sir Craddock, do you think I would care for all the world, so long as I only had you? What I meant was only that you never said if you meant me to be—to be—your wife." Her long lashes fell on her glistening cheeks, like the willow-leaves over the Avon.

"Why, what—well, that beats cock-fighting!—why, what else did you suppose I meant, you darling of all born darlings?"

"I am sure I don't know, Clayton. Only I beg your pardon."

He gave her no time to beg it twice, with those wistful eyes upon him, but made her earn it thoroughly with her round arms on his neck, and other proceedings wherewithal we have no right to meddle.

"Yes, you may call me now your own"—ever so many interruptions—"your own; your's only, for ever."

"And you would rather have me than my elder brother?"

"Sooner than a thousand elder brothers, all as grave as Methusalem."

Clayton was so delighted hereat, that he really longed to squeeze her, although it is a thing which young ladies nowadays never think of allowing. Let them

hope that he did not do it. The probabilities are in their favour.

"Oh, Clayton, how can I be such a simpleton? What *would* my father say to me?"

"What do I care, my gem, my jewel, my warm delicious pearl? For three long months I have been dying to kiss you; and now I won't be cheated so. Surely you are not afraid of me, my beautiful wild rose?"

Her gardening hat had fallen off, her eyes were bright with tears, and the glow upon her cheeks had faded to a pellucid gleam. So have I seen the rich red Aurora weep itself, in a pulse-throb, to a pearly and waxen pink.

"No, Clayton, I am not afraid of you. I know that you are a gentleman."

"Well," thought Clayton, "she must be a witch, or the cleverest girl in the universe, as well as the most beautiful. She knows the way to manage me, as if we had been married fifty years."

He looked so disconcerted at the implied rebuke, that she could have found it in her sweet heart to give him fifty kisses; but, with all her warmth of passion she was a pure and sensitive maiden, full of self-respect. Though abashed for the moment, and bowing her head to the sunrise of young affection, she possessed a fine and very sensible will and way of her own. She was just the wife for Clayton Nowell—a hot, impulsive, wayward youth; proud to be praised by every one, more than proud of deserving it. With such a wife, he would ripen and stiffen into a fine full character; with a weak and volatile spouse, he would swing to and fro to his ruin. His goodness as yet was in the material; only a soft, firm hand could fashion it.

So she kept him at his distance; except every now and then, when her warm loving nature looked forth from her eyes, for fear of hurting his feelings. Hand in hand they walked along, as if they still were children, and held much counsel, as they went, about the difficulties between them. But happen what would, they made up their minds about one thing; and for them henceforth both

plural and singular were entirely merged in the dual. That sentence is priggish and pedantic, but I think young lovers can solve it; if not, let them put their heads together, and unriddle it in *labiales*.

Nothing ever, ever, ever, in the world of fact, or in the reach of imagination, should hold apart that faithful pair, whose all in all was to each the other. This they settled with much satisfaction, before discussing anything else.

"Except, of course, you know, darling," said the more thoughtful maiden, "if either of us should die."

Clayton shuddered at the idea, for it was a dark place of the wood, and the rustle of the ivy-leaves seemed to whisper "die." Then he insisted upon his amends for such a nasty suggestion; and she, with the tender thought moving her heart, could not refuse strict justice.

"And so you say, love, I must stay at Oxford until I take my degree. What a long time it does seem! Doesn't it?"

"Never mind, dearest, how long it is, if we are true to one another."

"Oh, that of course there's no doubt about. And you think I must tell my father?"

"Of course you must, Clayton. We are not very old, you know; he will think that he can part us, and that may make him less angry,"—here she laughed at her own subtlety,—“and putting that out of the question, neither of us could bear to be deceiving him so long. After all, you are but a younger son; and I am a lady, I hope. I have been thoroughly educated; and there is nothing but money against me.”

She looked so proud in the shade of the spruce, that he was obliged to stop and admire her. At least he thought it his duty to do so, and the opinion did not offend her.

"But what will your brother Craddock say? He is so different from you. So odd, so determined and—upright."

"I don't care *that* for what he says. Only he had better be civil. He treated me very badly that time about the Ireland. I have a very great regard for Craddock; he is a very decent fellow;

but I must teach him his proper place."

"And you can beat him easily in Latin; my father says you can. What a shame that he would not go in for the Hertford, that you might turn the tables upon him! He would not even have got a proxy, or whatever it was he gave you."

"I don't know that," said Clayton, who was truthful in spite of vanity; "very likely he would have beaten me. But I have cut him out in two things; for I can't help thinking that he has a hankering after you."

He looked at her with a keen, shrewd glance, for he was desperately jealous. She saw it, and smiled, and only said—"Would you believe that he could help it? But it happens that I know otherwise."

"Oh, then, you would have had him, if you could?"

"Now, Clayton, don't be childish. In your heart you know better."

Of course he did, a great deal better. Then there was that to make up again, because she looked so hurt and so charming. But we can't stop here all day, or follow all these little doings, even if honour allowed us.

"And another thing, not so important, though, I have cut him out in, most decidedly," said Clayton, lifting his head again, "the governor likes me long chalks better than he does Craddock, I can tell you."

"No doubt of it, I should say, dear. But I don't think you ought to talk of it."

"No, only to you. No secrets from one's wife, you know. But you won't tell your father yet, till I've opened upon Sir Craddock?"

"Why not? I intend to tell him directly I get home. And one thing is certain, Clayton, he will be more angry than your's will."

Clayton found it very difficult to change her determination. But at last he succeeded in doing so.

"But only for a week, mind; I will only put it off for a week, Clayton; and I would not do that, only as you say he would rush off at once to Sir Craddock;

and I must give you time to take your father at the very best opportunity."

"And when will that be, my sweet prime minister, in your most sage opinion?"

"Why, of course, on my dear love's birthday, next week, when all those rejoicings are to be at his brother becoming of age."

The young lady meant no mischief at all, but her lover did not look gracious.

"My brother! oh yes, to be sure, my brother! And I dreamed last night that I was the elder. He used to talk about giving me half; but I haven't heard much of that lately. As for my majority, as the lawyers are pleased to call it, nobody cares two straws for that. All my life I shall be a minor."

"Yes, somebody cares for it, darling; and more than all the hundreds put together who will shout and hurrah for your brother."

And she looked at him fondly from her heart. What a hot little partisan! The whole of that heart was now with Clayton, and he felt its strength by sympathy. So he lifted her hand to his lips, as a cavalier does in a picture. For the moment all selfish regrets lost their way in the great wide world of love.

"And my fealty shall be to you," he cried, kneeling half in play before her, "you are my knightly fee and fortune, my castle, my lands, and my home."

They had stopped at a point where two forest-paths met, and the bushes fell back a little, and the last of the autumn sunset glanced through the pales of a moss-grown gate, the mark whereby some royalty, or right of chase, was limited. Kneeling there, Clayton Nowell looked so courtly and gentle, with the bowered light of the west half saddening his happy, affectionate countenance, that his newly-betrothed must needs stoop graciously, and kiss his uncovered forehead.

While Clayton was admiring secretly the velvet of her lips, back she leaped, as if stung by a snake; then proudly stood confronting. Clayton sprang up to defend her; but there was no an-

tagonist. All he saw was a man on horseback, passing silently over the turf, behind a low bank crowned with fern. Here a narrow track, scarce visible, saved the traveller some few yards, subtending as it did the angle where the two paths met. Clayton could not see the horse, for the thick brake-fern eclipsed him. But he felt that the nag was rather tired, and getting sad about supper-time. The rider seemed to be making a face, intended to express the most abstract philosophy possible, and superlunary contemplation. Any rabbit skilled in physiognomy would have come out of his hole again, quite reassured thereby. A short man he was, and apparently one meant by his mother for ruddiness; and still the brick-red of his hair proclaimed some loyalty to her intention. But his face was browned, and flaked across, like a red potato roasting, and his little eyes, sharp as a glazier's diamond, and twinkling now at the zenith, belied his absent attitude. Then as he passed by a shadowy oak, which swallowed him up in a moment, that oak (if it had been duly vocal) would have repeated these words—

"Well, if that ain't the parson's daughter, grind me under a curry-stone. What a sly minx!—but devilish pretty. You're a deal too soft, John Rosedew."

As he passed on towards Nowelhurst the lovers felt that they had been seen, and perhaps watched ever so long; and then they felt uncomfortable. The young lady was the first to recover presence of mind. She pressed on her glossy round head the hat which had been so long in her left hand, and, drawing a long breath, looked point-blank at the wondering stare of her sweetheart.

"Well, Clayton, we may make up our minds for it now."

"For what, I should like to know? Who cares for that interloping, beet-root-coloured muff?"

"He is no muff at all, I can tell you, but an exceedingly clever man. Do you mean to say you don't know him?"

"Not I, from Esau or Ishmael. And he looks like a mixture of both."

"He is Doctor Rufus Hutton."

Clayton indulged in a very long whistle, in-drawn, and not melodious. 'Twas a trick he had learned at Oxford; it has long been discarded elsewhere, but at both Universities still subsists, as the solace of newly-plucked men; the long-drawn sound seems to wind so soothingly down the horns of dilemma. Then the youth jumped up, and gathered a nut, cracked it between his white front teeth, and offered it, husk and all, without any thought of hygrometry, to his beautiful frightened darling. She took it, as if his wife already, and picked out the thin shell, piece by piece, anxiously seeking the kernel; neither felt she scandalized at the gossamer thread which the salt husk contrived somehow to draw from the acorns of her nails. Then she laughed and jumped, as it proved to be a magnificent double nut—two fat kernels close together, shaped by one another. Of course she gave him one, and of course we know what they did about it. I will only state that they very soon forgot all about Dr. Rufus Hutton, and could scarcely part where the last branch-path was quite near to the maiden's window. Even there, where the walks divided, when neither could see the other, each stepped aside, very proud of love's slyness, to steal the last of the other's footfall; and soon, with a blush of intuition, each knew that the other was lingering, and each felt ashamed of himself or herself, and loved the other all the more for it. So they broke from the bushes, detected and laughing, to put a good face upon it, and each must go to tell the other how it came about. They kissed once more, for they felt it was right now that the moon was risen; then home ran both, with a warmth of remembrance and hope glowing in the heart.

CHAPTER XI.

WHATEVER the age, or the intellect of the passing age, may be, even if ever arise again such a galaxy of great minds as dawned upon this country three hundred years ago, though all those great minds start

upon their glorious career, comprising and intensifying all the light engendered by, before, and since the time of Shakespeare, Bacon, Newton; then, though they enhance that light tenfold by their own bright genius, till a thousand waking nations gleam, like hill-tops touched with sunrise—to guide men on the human road, to lead them heavenward, all shall be no more than a benighted river wandering away from the stars of God. Do what we will, and think as we may, enlarging the mind in each generation, growing contemptuous of contempt, casting caste to the winds of heaven, and antiquating prejudice, nevertheless we shall never outrun, or even overtake Christianity. Science, learning, philosophy, may regard it through a telescope: they touch it no more than astronomy sets foot upon a star. To a thoughtful man, who is scandalized at all the littleness felt and done under the holy name, until he almost begin to doubt if the good outweigh the evil, it is reassurance to remember that we are not Christians yet, and comfort to confess that on earth we never can be. For nothing shows more clearly that our faith is of heaven, than the truth that we cannot rise to it until it raise us thither. And this reflection is akin to the stately writer's sentiment, that our minds conceive so much more than our bodies can perform, to give us token, ay, and earnest, of a future state.

Of all the creeds which have issued as yet from God, or man, or the devil, there is but one which is far in advance of all human civilization. True Christianity, like hope, cheers us to continual effort, exalts us to unbounded prospect, flies in front of our best success. Let us call it a worn-out garb, when we have begun to wear it; as yet the mantle is in the skies, and we have only the skirt with the name on it.

Such thoughts as these were always stirring in the heart of a man of power, a leading character in my story, a leading character everywhere, whithersoever he went. Bull Garnet was now forty-five years old, and all who met him were surprised at his humble place in

the commonwealth. A sense of power so pervaded even the air he breathed, that strong men rebelled instinctively, though he urged no supremacy; weak men caught some infection from him, and went home and astonished their families. Strong and weak men alike confessed that it was a mysterious thing how a man of such motive strength, and self-reliance illimitable, could be content with no higher post than that of a common steward. But neighbourly interest in this subject met with no encouragement. Albeit his views of life expanded into universal sympathy, his practice now and then admitted some worldly-wise restrictions. And so, while really glad to advise on the doings of all around him, he never permitted brotherly interference with his own.

Whoever saw Bull Garnet once was sure to know him again. If you met him in a rush to save the train, your eyes would turn and follow him. "There goes a man remarkable, whether for good or evil." Tall though he was, and large of frame, with swinging arms, and a square expression, it was none of this that stopped the bystander's glance into a gaze. It was the cubic mass of the forehead, the span between the enormous eyes, and the depth of the thick-set jowl, which rolled with the volume of a tiger's. The rest of the face was in keeping therewith: the nose bold, broad, and patulous, the mouth large and well-banked up, the chin big and heavily rounded. No shade of a hair was ever allowed to dim his healthy colouring, his head was cropped close as a Puritan's, and when beard grew fast he shaved twice in a day. High culture was a necessity to him, whether of mind, or body, or of the world external; he would no more endure a moustache on his lip than a frowsy hedgerow upon his farm. That man, if you came to think about him, more and more each time you saw how different he was from other men. Distinctness is a great merit in roses, especially when the French rosarians have so overpiled the catalogue. It is pleasant to walk up to a standard, and say, "You are 'Jules Margottin,' and your neighbour

the 'Keespeaks of Malmaison;' I cannot mistake you for any other, however hot the weather may be." Distinctness is also a merit in apples, pears, and even peaches; but most of all in man. And so, without knowing the reason, perhaps, we like a man whom we cannot mistake for any other of our million brethren. The same principle tells in love at first sight. But, lo! here again we are wandering.

Mr. Garnet's leading characteristic was not at first sight amiable. It was—if I may be allowed for once, upon the strength of my subject, not to mince words into *entremets*—a furious, reckless, damnable, and thoroughly devilish temper. All great qualities, loving-kindness, yearnings for Christian ideals, fell like sugar-canes to a hurricane in the outburst and rush of that temper. He was always grieved and deeply humbled, when the havoc was done; and, being a man of generous nature, would bow his soul in stonement. But in the towering of his wrath, how grand a sight he afforded! as fine as the rush of the wild Atlantic upon St. David's Head. For a time, perhaps, he would chafe and fret within the straits of reason, his body surging to and fro, and his mind making grasp at boundaries. Then some little aggravation, some trifle which no other man would notice—and out would leap all the pent-up fury of his soul. His great eyes would gather volume, and spring like a mastiff from his kennel; his mighty forehead would scarp and chine like the headland when the plough turns; and all his aspect grow four-square with more than hydraulic pressure. Whoever then could gaze unmoved at the raging fire of his eyes must be either a philosopher or a fool—and often the two are synonymous.

But touch him, even then, with a single word of softness, the thought of some one dear to him, a large and genial sentiment, or a tender memory—and the lines of his face would relax and quiver, the blazing eyes be suffused and subdued to a tremulous glow; and the man, so far beyond reason's reach, be led back, like a boy, by the feelings.

All who think they can catch and analyze that composite, subtle, volatile gas—neither body nor spirit, yet in fief to the laws of either—which men call “human nature,” these, I say, will opine at once from even this meagre description, that Mr. Bull Garnet’s nature was scant of that playful element, humour. If thought be (as German philosophers have it) an electric emanation, then wit is the forked flash, gone in a moment, humour the soft summer lightning that shows us the clouds and the depth, the background and night of ourselves. No man of large humour can be in a passion, without laughing inwardly at himself. And wrath, which laughs at itself, is not of much avail in business. Mr. Garnet’s wrath, on the contrary, was a fine free-boiling British anger, not at all amenable to reason, and therefore very valuable. By dint of it he could score at night nearly twice as much work done in the day as a peaceable man could have reckoned. Man or woman, boy or girl, Mr. Garnet could extract from each all the cubic capacity, leaving

them just enough of power to crawl home stiff, and admire him. For the truth of it is, as all know to their cost, who have had much to do with spade or plough, hod or hammer, that the British workman admires most the master who makes him sweat most. Perhaps it ought not to be so. Theoretically we regard it thus, that a man ought to perspire, upon principle, when he is working for another man. But tell us where, and oh! where, to find the model British labourer, who takes that view of the subject.

Sith it will na better be, let us out and look for him. The sky is bright blue, and the white clouds flock off it, like sheep overlapping each other. What man but loves the open air, and to walk about and think of it, with fancies flitting lazily like fluff of dandelion? What man but loves to sit under a tree, and let the winds go wandering, and the shadows come and play with him; to let work be a pleasant memory, and hurry a storm of the morning? Everybody except Bull Garnet.

MISS METEYARD'S LIFE OF WEDGWOOD.¹

It needs no special advertisement to make us aware, so soon as we open the book, that this is *the* Life of the great Wedgwood; executed with an enthusiastic industry, and illustrated with a taste which will be sufficient to satisfy Mr. Gladstone himself—high as his own standard is known to be in regard to such subjects as Miss Meteyard’s. She has bestowed several years on her task, and she has been enabled, by the possessors of the family papers, including many curious documents relating to the works at Etruria and elsewhere, to trace,

for the first time, the life of this distinguished “Captain of Industry” with a minuteness which (although here and there, perhaps, too discursive) we are not disposed to consider too precise, when accompanied with sense and good taste. Miss Meteyard has been also careful to gather in Staffordshire what traditions still linger upon the earlier glories of the great Pottery Field, and she has taken the pains to put together a singularly curious and vivid description of that interesting district, as it appeared during the last century. Drawings of every kind of English ware, from the rude jug of the Britons to the reproduction of the Portland Vase, and woodcuts of the chief places and houses noticed in the narrative, serve to paint the scene more vividly to the eye; and, in an age

¹ Life of Josiah Wedgwood, from his Private Correspondence and Family Papers; with an Introductory Sketch of the Art of Pottery in England. By E. Meteyard. Two vols. With numerous Illustrations. London: Hurst and Blackett, 1865.

of catch-work biography and careless illustration, Messrs. Hurst and Blackett may be fairly congratulated on having turned out the best English book of the year on art—unless Mr. Street's beautiful "Architecture in Spain" be entitled to rank with it.

Owing to "trade" circumstances, on which we need not express an opinion, the first volume of this long-prepared work has been brought out alone. We will therefore defer till the publication of the second, which is shortly to be issued, the attempt to analyse what Wedgwood did for English pottery, and content ourselves with a few words by way of announcing the contents and scope of the book before us. Miss Meteyard states in her Preface:—"I have entered upon my task with a brief history of pottery in this country. It is drawn with much pains from many rare sources, and will, I hope, be acceptable to the general reader, more particularly as there does not exist, to my knowledge, any *résumé* of the kind." The narrative which follows traces with sufficient clearness the ethnology, as one might call it, of the potter's art in England. The rude ware of the native Britons hardly exists in sufficient specimens to warrant any inference as to the race of the makers. All we learn is the singularly wide diffusion of the manufacture over the island; a fact which may not be unimportant in its bearing on the early distribution of the population. The Romans, more choice in the selection of materials, and far more able to transport goods about the country, concentrated their factories in fewer centres. Castor, in Northamptonshire, and Upchurch, on the Medway, were their two principal pot-works. Miss Meteyard traces the well-known brilliant-red "Samian" mainly to Central France and to Arezzo; but it appears to have been largely imported into England, and was also much imitated by the Romano-Britons. Like all the art of Rome, a Greek original is strangely stamped on this beautiful ware, which has never been revived. We should think this would answer well to

a modern manufacturer, and there can be no undiscoverable secret about the clay or the texture of the surface.

To the native fondness of the Saxons for vessels of wood or of metal the paucity of their earthenware is here ascribed, with much show of reason. The same causes appear operative far into the Middle Ages, which have, at any rate, left us few specimens of merit: amongst which reproductions of Roman types curiously occur. This is one of several instances given in the book tending to show that the "solidarity" of human life and ways is more profound and durable than a first glance at history may be apt to suggest. Flemish earthenware was also imported, and held in high esteem. Oriental porcelain, a few stray bits excepted, appears under Elizabeth, and becomes common, together with its *contrefaçon* from Holland, under Charles II.—a diffusion which Miss Meteyard properly traces to the gradual use of tea and coffee.

It may be inferred, even from our brief summary (in which we have passed over a hundred interesting details affording curious insight into the life of our ancestors), that the English race was, for a very long time, not distinguished by skill in pottery. This conclusion, which the author would, perhaps, be unwilling to admit, is, however, confirmed by the narrative she gives of our first important manufactures. The Dutch imported clay and kelp from England long before our potters thought of applying their materials with equal skill; and the first fine red earthenware of Staffordshire itself, was produced by the German Elers, who afterwards transferred his ability to the works at Bow. From this date (the beginning of the eighteenth century), an almost unbroken series of discovery and advance, connected from the commencement with the name Wedgwood, leads us on to the great Josiah himself. This volume relates the earlier portion of that noble career. What Miss Meteyard has perhaps brought most clearly forward is not only the strenuous endeavours of the man to improve his art equally in

the directions of Utility and of Beauty, but the earnest and high-toned character of Wedgwood himself, and the means which he took to enlarge and refine his own mind. We never saw a clearer proof of that which (in our judgment), lies at the root of all art:—namely, that success in it is strictly, absolutely, and eternally proportioned to the ability of the intellect and the largeness of the nature which produce it. The hand of an artist is only his head transformed. There is something so unpleasant to

human vanity in this truth—it is in itself so immediately fatal to all in art that rests on trick and unusual dexterity and ingenious adaptation, that we do not wonder it ranks among those truths which are under a cloud. But to those who accept it as a natural law, against which no struggle is of use, the details given in this book of Wedgwood's early career will afford a splendid example how much a man, working in the 'spirit of this creed,' may advance himself and do honour to his country.

HEREDITARY TALENT AND CHARACTER.

BY FRANCIS GALTON.

PART I.

THE power of man over animal life, in producing whatever varieties of form he pleases, is enormously great. It would seem as though the physical structure of future generations was almost as plastic as clay, under the control of the breeder's will. It is my desire to show, more pointedly than—so far as I am aware—has been attempted before, that mental qualities are equally under control.

A remarkable misapprehension appears to be current as to the fact of the transmission of talent by inheritance. It is commonly asserted that the children of eminent men are stupid; that, where great power of intellect seems to have been inherited, it has descended through the mother's side; and that one son commonly runs away with the talent of a whole family. My own inquiries have led me to a diametrically opposite conclusion. I find that talent is transmitted by inheritance in a very remarkable degree; that the mother has by no means the monopoly of its transmission; and that whole families of persons of talent are more common than those in which one member only is possessed of it. I justify my conclusions by the statistics

I now proceed to adduce, which I believe are amply sufficient to command conviction. They are only a part of much material I have collected, for a future volume on this subject; all of which points in the same direction. I should be very grateful to any of my readers for information that may help me in my further inquiries.

In investigating the hereditary transmission of talent, we must ever bear in mind our ignorance of the laws which govern the inheritance even of physical features. We know to a certainty that the latter exist, though we do not thoroughly understand their action. The breeders of our domestic animals have discovered many rules by experience, and act upon them to a nicety. But we have not advanced, even to this limited extent, in respect to the human race. It has been nobody's business to study them; and the study is difficult, for many reasons. Thus, only two generations are likely to be born during the life of any observer; clothing conceals shape; and each individual rarely marries more than once. Nevertheless, all analogy assures us that the physical features of man are equally transmissible with those of brutes. The resemblances between parent and offspring, as they

appear to a casual observer, are just as close in one case as in the other; and, therefore, as a nearer scrutiny has established strict laws of hereditary transmission in brutes, we have every reason for believing that the same could also be discovered in the case of man.

So far as I am aware, no animals have ever been bred for general intelligence. Special aptitudes are thoroughly controlled by the breeder. He breeds dogs that point, that retrieve, that fondle, or that bite; but no one has ever yet attempted to breed for high general intellect, irrespective of all other qualities. It would be a most interesting subject for an attempt. We hear constantly of prodigies of dogs, whose very intelligence makes them of little value as slaves. When they are wanted, they are apt to be absent on their own errands. They are too critical of their master's conduct. For instance, an intelligent dog shows marked contempt for an unsuccessful sportsman. He will follow nobody along a road that leads on a well-known tedious errand. He does not readily forgive a man who wounds his self-esteem. He is often a dexterous thief and a sad hypocrite. For these reasons an over-intelligent dog is not an object of particular desire, and therefore, I suppose, no one has ever thought of encouraging a breed of wise dogs. But it would be a most interesting occupation for a country philosopher to pick up the cleverest dogs he could hear of, and mate them together, generation after generation—breeding purely for intellectual power, and disregarding shape, size, and every other quality.

As no experiment of this description has ever been made, I cannot appeal to its success. I can only say that the general resemblances in mental qualities between parents and offspring, in man and brute, are every whit as near as the resemblance of their physical features; and I must leave the existence of actual laws in the former case to be a matter of inference from the analogy of the latter. Resemblance frequently fails where we might have expected it to hold; but we may fairly ascribe the

failure to the influence of conditions that we do not yet comprehend. So long as we have a plenitude of evidence in favour of the hypothesis of the hereditary descent of talent, we need not be disconcerted when negative evidence is brought against us. We must reply that just the same argument might have been urged against the transmission of the physical features of our domestic animals; yet our breeders have discovered certain rules, and make their living by acting upon them. They know, with accurate prevision, when particular types of animals are mated together, what will be the character of the offspring. They can say that such and such qualities will be reproduced to a certainty. That others are doubtful; for they may appear in some of the descendants and not in the rest. Lastly, that there are yet other qualities, excessive in one parent and defective in the other, that will be counterbalanced and be transmitted to the offspring in a moderate proportion.

I maintain by analogy that this prevision could be equally attained in respect to the mental qualities, though I cannot prove it. All I can show is that talent and peculiarities of character are found in the children, when they have existed in either of the parents, to an extent beyond all question greater than in the children of ordinary persons. It is a fact, neither to be denied nor to be considered of importance, that the children of men of genius are frequently of mediocre intellect. The qualities of each individual are due to the combined influence of his two parents; and the remarkable qualities of the one may have been neutralized in the offspring, by the opposite or defective qualities of the other. It is natural that contrast of qualities, in the parents' dispositions, should occur as frequently as harmony; for one of the many foundations of friendship and of the marriage union is a difference of character; each individual seeking thereby to supplement the qualities in which he feels his own nature to be deficient. We have also good reason to believe that every special talent or character depends

Hereditary Talent and Character.

on a variety of obscure conditions, the analysis of which has never yet been seriously attempted. It is easy to conceive that the entire character might be considerably altered, owing to the modification of any one of these conditions.

As a first step in my investigation, I sought a biographical work, of manageable size, that should contain the lives of the chief men of genius whom the world is known to have produced. I ultimately selected that of Sir Thomas Phillips, in his well-known work of reference, "The Million of Facts;" because it is compiled with evident discrimination, and without the slightest regard to the question on which I was engaged. It is, moreover, prefaced,—
"It has been attempted to record, in brief, only the ORIGINAL MINDS, who founded or originated. Biography in general is filled with mere imitators, or with men noted only for chance of birth, or necessary position in society." I do not mean to say that Sir Thomas Phillips's selection is the best that could have been made, for he was a somewhat crotchety writer. It did not, however, much matter whose biography I adopted, so long as it had been written in the above-mentioned spirit, and so long as I determined to abide steadfastly within its limits, without yielding to the temptation of supplying obvious omissions, in a way favourable to any provisional theory.

According to this select biography, I find that 605 notabilities lived between the years 1453 and 1853. And among these are no less than 102 relationships, or 1 in 6, according to the following list:—

| Art. | Lit. & science. | More distant. | Brothers. | Father & son. | Number. | |
|------|-----------------|---------------|-----------|---------------|---------|---|
| 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 3 | J. Adams, Pr also patri president. |
| 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 | W. Belsham, Belsham, U |
| 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | J. Bernoulli, of John, al |
| 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | Breughel, fatl |
| 5 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 5 | Buxtorff, fatl |
| 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | Caracci, An. cousin, pai |
| 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | Cartwright, chanist. |
| 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | Casini, grand all mathem |
| 9 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 9 | Cooper, Priv grandson, l |
| 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | De Witt, two |
| 11 | 11 | 11 | 11 | 11 | 11 | Elizabeth, q VIII. and Bullen. |
| 12 | 12 | 12 | 12 | 12 | 12 | Fontana, tw Josephs. |
| 13 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 13 | Forster, fatl (Goek's voy |
| 14 | 14 | 14 | 14 | 14 | 14 | Gronovius, s all, learned |
| 15 | 15 | 15 | 15 | 15 | 15 | Gustavus Ad and grands |
| 16 | 16 | 16 | 16 | 16 | 16 | Herschel, fat |
| 17 | 17 | 17 | 17 | 17 | 17 | Hunter, two |
| 18 | 18 | 18 | 18 | 18 | 18 | Jussieu, uncl |
| 19 | 19 | 19 | 19 | 19 | 19 | Medici, gran and Cathet |
| 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | Orleans, Ega lippe. |
| 21 | 21 | 21 | 21 | 21 | 21 | Ostade, two |
| 22 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 22 | Perrault, fon |
| 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | Penn, admin |
| 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | Phillibert, P William, a His grands |
| 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | Pitt, father a |
| 26 | 26 | 26 | 26 | 26 | 26 | Scaliger, clas |
| 27 | 27 | 27 | 27 | 27 | 27 | Sforzas, fath |
| 28 | 28 | 28 | 28 | 28 | 28 | Shaftesbury, author. |
| 29 | 29 | 29 | 29 | 29 | 29 | Sheridan, fat |
| 30 | 30 | 30 | 30 | 30 | 30 | Stael, Mada financier. |
| 31 | 31 | 31 | 31 | 31 | 31 | Stephens, fa editors. |
| 32 | 32 | 32 | 32 | 32 | 32 | Teniers, fath |
| 33 | 33 | 33 | 33 | 33 | 33 | Tytler, histo Woodhouse |
| 34 | 34 | 34 | 34 | 34 | 34 | Vanderwelde |
| 35 | 35 | 35 | 35 | 35 | 35 | Vanderwurt, small histo |
| 36 | 36 | 36 | 36 | 36 | 36 | Valnoo, two painters. |
| 37 | 37 | 37 | 37 | 37 | 37 | Walpole, Sir Horace, au |
| 38 | 38 | 38 | 38 | 38 | 38 | Van Tromp, |
| 39 | 39 | 39 | 39 | 39 | 39 | Villiers, stat probate po |
| 40 | 40 | 40 | 40 | 40 | 40 | Vossius, fatl latives, ⁴⁷¹ |
| 41 | 41 | 41 | 41 | 41 | 41 | Warton, 1 |
| 9 | 52 | 14 | 22 | 66 | 102 | |

It will be observed
swelled by four large
those of Gronovius an

members each, and of the Medici and the House of Orange, of four members each. The two first might be objected to, as hardly worthy of the distinguished place they occupy. But we must adhere to our biography; there are many more relationships that could very fairly have been added, as a set-off against these names. Such are two more Vanderweldes, and the family of Richelieu; besides others, like Hallam the historian, and Watt the mechanic, whose sons died early, full of the highest promise. Even if sixteen names were struck out of our list, the proportion of the relationship would remain as $\frac{8}{80}$, or 1 in 7. And these are almost wholly referable to transmission of talent through the male line; for eminent mothers do not find a place in mere biographical lists. The overwhelming force of a statistical fact like this renders counter-arguments of no substantial effect.

Next, let us examine a biographical list of much greater extension. I have selected for this purpose an excellent brief dictionary by Mr. C. Hone. It is not yet published, but part of its proof sheets have been obligingly lent to me. The entire work appears to contain some 19,000 names; it is, therefore, more than thirty times as extensive as the list we have hitherto been considering. I have selected one part only of this long series of names for examination, namely, those that begin with the letter M. There are 1141 names that remain under this letter, after eliminating those of sovereigns, and also of all persons who died before A.D. 1453. Out of these, 103, or 1 in 11, are either fathers and sons, or brothers; and I am by no means sure that I have succeeded in hunting out all the relationships that might be found to exist among them.

It will be remarked that the proportion of distinguished relationships becomes smaller, as we relax the restrictions of our selection; and it is reasonable that it should be so, for we then include in our lists the names of men who have been inducted into history through other conditions than the possession of eminent talent.

Again, if we examine into the relationships of the notabilities of the present day, we obtain even larger proportions. Walford's "Men of the Time" contains an account of the distinguished men of England, the Continent, and America, who are now alive. Under the letter A there are 85 names of men, and no less than 25 of these, or 1 in $3\frac{1}{2}$, have relatives also in the list; 12 of them are brothers, and 11 fathers and sons.

Abbott, Rev. Jacob (U.S.A.), author on religious and moral subjects.

Abbott, Rev. John, younger brother of above, author on religious and moral subjects.

A'Beckett, Sir William, author, Solicitor-Gen. of New South Wales, and brother of late Gilbert Abbott A'Beckett.

Adam Jean Victor, painter, son of an eminent engraver.

Adams, American minister, son of John Quincy Adams.

Ainsworth, William Francis, editor of "Journal of Natural and Geographical Science," "Explorations in Asia Minor and Kurdistan."

Ainsworth, William Harrison, novelist, cousin of above.

Aivazooski, Gabriel, Armenian, born in the Crimea, Professor of European and Oriental languages, and member of Historical Institute of France.

Aivazooski, Ivan, a marine painter, brother of above.

Albermarle, Earl of (brother Keppel).

Albert, Prince (brother).

Aldis, Sir Charles, medical.

Aldis, Charles J. B. medical, son of above.

Alexander, James Waddell, American divine (son of a Professor).

Alexander, Joseph Addison, Professor of Ancient languages, and of Biblical and Ecclesiastical history, brother of the above.

Alison, Sir Archibald, historian, son of author of "Essays on Taste;" his mother belonged to "a family which has for two centuries been eminent in mathematics and the exact sciences."

Ampère, member of French Academy, and Professor in College of France (literary), son of the celebrated physicist of the same name.

Arago, Etienne, journalist and theatrical writer, brother of the celebrated philosopher.

Argyropopulo, statesman, son of grand interpreter to the Porte.

Aristarchi, ecclesiastic and statesman, son of grand interpreter to the Porte.

Arnold, Matthew, son of late Dr. Arnold.

Arwidson, Librarian R. Library, Stockholm, author, son of a person who held a high position in the Church.

Ashburton, Lord, son of Rt. Hon. Alexander Baring.

Azeglio, Massimo, statesman and painter.
Azeglio, Marquis, *nephew* of above, diplomatist and painter.

So if we examine the biographies of artists. In Bryan's large "Dictionary of Painters," the letter A contains 391 names of men, of whom 65 are near relatives, or 1 in 6 : 33 of them are fathers and sons, 30 are brothers. In Fétis "Biographie Universelle des Musiciens" the letter A contains 515 names, of which 50 are near relations, or 1 in 10. Two-third are fathers and sons, one-third are brothers.

It is justly to be urged, in limitation of the enormous effect of hereditary influence, implied by the above figures, that when a parent has achieved great eminence, his son will be placed in a more favourable position for advancement, than if he had been the son of an ordinary person. Social position is an especially important aid to success in statesmanship and generalship ; for it is notorious that neither the Legislature nor the army afford, in their highest ranks, an open arena to the ablest intellects. The sons of the favoured classes are introduced early in life to both these fields of trial, with every encouragement to support them. Those of the lower classes are delayed and discouraged in their start ; and when they are near the coveted goal, they find themselves aged. They are too late : they are not beaten by the superior merit of their contemporaries, but by time ; as was once touchingly remarked by Sir De Lacy Evans.

In order to test the value of hereditary influence with greater precision, we should therefore extract from our biographical list the names (they are 330) of those that have achieved distinction in the more open fields of science and literature. There is no favour here beyond the advantage of a good education. Whatever spur may be given by the desire to maintain the family fame, and whatever opportunities are afforded by abundant leisure, are more than neutralised by those influences which commonly lead the heirs of fortune to idleness and dilettantism.

No. 68.—VOL. XII.

Recurring to our list, we find fifty-one literary men who have distinguished relations. Therefore, no less than $\frac{51}{330}$, or one distinguished man in every twelve, has a father, son, or brother, distinguished in literature. To take a round number at a venture, we may be sure that there have been far more than a million students educated in Europe during the last four centuries, being an average of only 2,500 in each a year. According to our list, about 330 of these, or only 1 in 3,000, achieved eminent distinction : yet of those who did so, 1 in 12 was related to a distinguished man. Keeping to literature alone, it is 51 to $330 = 1$ to $6\frac{1}{2}$, that a very distinguished literary man has a very distinguished literary relative, and it is (leaving out the Gronovius and Stephensens) 20 to $330 = 1$ to 16 , and 12 to $330 = 1$ to 28 , that the relationship is father and son, or brother and brother, respectively.

The Law is, by far, the most open to fair competition of all the professions ; and of all offices in the law there is none that is more surely the reward of the most distinguished intellectual capacity than that of the Lord Chancellor. It therefore becomes an exceedingly interesting question to learn what have been the relationships of our Lord Chancellors. Are they to any notable degree the children, or the parents, or the brothers of very eminent men ? Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors" forms a valuable biographical dictionary for the purpose of this investigation. I have taken it just as it stands ; including, as Lord Campbell does, certain Lord Keepers and Commissioners of the Great Seal, as of equal rank with the Chancellors. I may further mention, that many expressions in Lord Campbell's works show that he was a disbeliever in hereditary influence.

Now what are the facts ? Since Henry VIII.'s time, when Chancellors ceased to be ecclesiastics, and were capable of marrying, we have had thirty-nine Chancellors, &c. whose lives have been written by Lord Campbell, of whom the following had eminent relationships :—

M

Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper : son, Lord Chancellor Bacon.

Coventry : son of a very learned judge of the Common Pleas.

Bacon : father as above.

Littleton : son of a judge.

Whitelock : son of a judge, father of two sons, one of great eminence as a lawyer, the other as a soldier.

Herbert : three sons. One had high command in army ; the second, the great naval officer, created Lord Torrington ; the third, Chief Justice of Queen's Bench.

Finch, son of Speaker of House of Commons, and first cousin to the Lord Chancellor Finch of previous years, had a son who "almost rivalled his father," and who was made Solicitor-General and Earl of Aylesford.

Macclesfield : son, President of Royal Society.

Talbot : father was bishop, consecutively, of Oxford, Salisbury, and Durham ; had sons, of one of whom there were great hopes, but he died young ; the other "succeeded to his father's virtues."

Hardwick had five sons, all very distinguished. One, a man of letters ; second, Lord Chancellor Yorke ; third, an ambassador ; fourth, "talented as the others ;" fifth, Bishop of Ely.

Northington : father was "one of the most accomplished men of his day."

Pratt : father was Chief Justice of King's Bench ; his son was distinguished for public service.

Yorke : father was Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. (See above.)

Bathurst : father was the Lord Bathurst of Queen Anne's time ; his son was the Lord Bathurst who filled high office under George III. and IV.

Erskine : his brothers were nearly as eminent. The whole family was most talented.

Eldon : brother was the famous Lord Stowell, Judge of Admiralty.

Thus out of the 39 Chancellors 16 had kinsmen of eminence. 13 of them—viz. Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Bacon, Coventry, Littleton, Whitelock, Herbert, Finch, Hardwick, Pratt, Yorke, Bathurst, Erskine, and Eldon—had kinsmen of great eminence. In other words, 13 out of 39—that is, 1 in every 3—are remarkable instances of hereditary influence.

It is astonishing to remark the number of the Chancellors, who rose from mediocre social positions, showing how talent makes its way at the Bar, and how utterly insufficient are favouritism and special opportunities to win the great legal prize of the Chancellorship. It is not possible accurately, and it is hardly worth while

roughly, to calculate the numerical value of hereditary influence in obtaining the Chancellorship. It is sufficient to say that it is enormous. We must not only reckon the number of students actually at the Chancery bar, and say that the Lord Chancellor was the foremost man among them, but we must reckon the immense number of schools in England, in any one of which, if a boy shows real marks of eminence, he is pretty sure to be patronised and passed on to a better place of education ; whence by exhibitions, and subsequently by University scholarships and fellowships, he may become educated as a lawyer. I believe, from these reasons, that the chances of the son of a Lord Chancellor to be himself also a Chancellor, supposing he enters the law, to be more than a thousandfold greater than if he were the son of equally rich but otherwise undistinguished parents. It does not appear an accident that, out of 54 Lord Chancellors or Lord Keepers, two—viz. Sir Nicholas Bacon and Lord Hardwick—should have had sons who were also Chancellors, when we bear in mind the very eminent legal relationships of Herbert, Finch, Eldon, and the rest.

The intellectual force of English boys has, up to almost the present date, been steadily directed to classical education. Classics form the basis of instruction at our grammar schools, so that every boy who possesses signal classical aptitudes has a chance of showing them. Those who are successful obtain exhibitions and other help, and ultimately find their way to the great arena of competition of University life.

The senior classic at Cambridge is not only the foremost of the 300 youths who take their degrees in the same year, but he is the foremost of perhaps a tenth part of the classical intellect of his generation, throughout all England. No industry, without eminent natural talent to back it, could possibly raise a youth into that position.

The institution of the class list at Cambridge dates from 1824 ; so there

have been 41 senior classics up to the present year. Wherever two names had been bracketed together, I selected the one that stood best in other examinations, and then extracted the following names from the list of them, as instances of hereditary influence :—

1827. Kennedy : father was a classic of eminence ; two brothers, *see* below ; another brother, almost equally distinguished in classics.
 1828. Selwyn : brother M.P. for Cambridge, an eminent lawyer.
 1830. Wordsworth : nephew to the poet, brother of an almost equally distinguished classic, son of the Master of Trinity.
 1831. Kennedy (*see* above.)
 1832. Lushington : brother (*see* below) ; nephew to the Right Hon. Sir Stephen Lushington. The family has numerous other members of eminent talent.
 1834. Kennedy (*see* above).
 1835. Goulbourn : father, Chancellor of the

- Exchequer, nephew of Serjeant Goulbourn, cousin to Dr. Goulbourn, Head Master of Rugby, the well-known preacher.
 1835. Vaughan : many relationships like those of Goulbourn, including the Judge, the Professor at Oxford, and Mr. Hawkins. (*See* below.)
 1842. Denman : father was the eminent Chief Justice Lord Denman.
 1846. Lushington : brother (*see* above).
 1854. Hawkins : *see* Vaughan.
 1855. Butler : son of Senior Wrangler of 1794 ; three brothers, of whom two held University Scholarships in Oxford, and the other was a double first-class man at Cambridge.

12 of the 41, or about 1 in $3\frac{1}{2}$, show these influences in a more or less marked degree ; 7 of them, or 1 in 6, viz. 3 Kennedy, 1 Wordsworth, 2 Lushington, and 1 Butler, very much so.

The data we have been considering are summed up in the following table :—

| Number of cases. | | Occurrence of near male relationship. | Percentages. | |
|------------------|---|---------------------------------------|---|--|
| | | | Distinguished father has a distinguished son. | Distinguished man has a distinguished brother. |
| 605 | All the men of "original minds" (Sir T. Phillips) and of every profession between 1453 and 1853 | 1 in 6 cases. | 6 times in 100 cases. | 2 times in 100 cases. |
| 85 | Living notabilities (Walford's "Men of the Times," letter A) | 1 in $3\frac{1}{2}$ cases. | 7 " " | 7 " " |
| 391 | Painters of all dates (Bryan's Dicty. A) | 1 in 6 cases. | 5 " " | 4 " " |
| 515 | Musicians (Fétis Dicty. A) | 1 in 10 cases. | 6 " " | 3 " " |
| 54 | Lord Chancellors (Lord Campbell) | 1 in 3 cases. | 16 " " | 4 " " |
| 41 | Senior Classics of Cambridge | 1 in 4 cases. | Too recent | 10 " " |
| | Averages | 1 in 6 cases. | 8 in 100 cases. | 5 in 100 cases. |

Everywhere is the enormous power of hereditary influence forced on our attention. If we take a list of the most brilliant standard writers of the last few years, we shall find a large share of the number have distinguished relationships. It would be difficult to set off, against the following instances, the same number of names of men of equal eminence, whose immediate relatives were undistinguished. Brontë (Jane Eyre and her two sisters) ; Bulwer (and his brother the ambassador) ; Disraeli (father, author of "Curiosities of Literature") ; Hallam (son, the subject of "In Memoriam") ; Kingsley (two brothers eminent novelists,

two others no less talented) ; Lord Macaulay (son of Zachary Macaulay) ; Miss Martineau (and her brother) ; Merivale, Herman and Charles (brothers) ; Dean Stanley (father the bishop, and popular writer on birds) ; Thackeray (daughter, authoress of "Elizabeth") ; Tennyson (brother also a poet) ; Mrs. Trollope (son, Anthony).

As we cannot doubt that the transmission of talent is as much through the side of the mother as through that of the father, how vastly would the offspring be improved, supposing distinguished women to be commonly married to distinguished men, generation after

generation, their qualities being in harmony and not in contrast, according to rules, of which we are now ignorant, but which a study of the subject would be sure to evolve!

It has been said by Bacon that "great men have no continuance." I, however, find that very great men are certainly not averse to the other sex, for some such have been noted for their illicit intercourse, and, I believe, for a corresponding amount of illegitimate issue. Great lawyers are especially to be blamed in this, even more than poets, artists, or great commanders. It seems natural to believe that a person who is not married, or who, if married, does not happen to have children, should feel himself more vacant to the attractions of a public or a literary career than if he had the domestic cares and interests of a family to attend to. Thus, if we take a list of the leaders in science of the present day, the small number of them who have families is very remarkable. Perhaps the best selection of names we can make, is from those who have filled the annual scientific office of President of the British Association. We will take the list of the commoners simply, lest it should be objected, though unjustly, that some of the noblemen who have occupied the chair were not wholly indebted to their scientific attainments for that high position. Out of twenty-two individuals, about one-third have children; one-third are or have been married and have no children; and one-third have never been married. Among the children of those who have had families, the names of Frank Buckland and Alexander Herschel are already well-known to the public.

There has been a popular belief that men of great intellectual eminence, are usually of feeble constitution, and of a dry and cold disposition. There may be such instances, but I believe the general rule to be exactly the opposite. Such men, so far as my observation and reading extend, are usually more manly and genial than the average, and by the aid of these very qualities, they obtain a recognised as-

cendancy. It is a great and common mistake to suppose that high intellectual powers are commonly associated with puny frames and small physical strength. Men of remarkable eminence are almost always men of vast powers of work. Those among them that have fallen into sedentary ways will frequently astonish their friends by their physical feats, when they happen to be in the mood of a vacation ramble. The Alpine Club contains a remarkable number of men of fair literary and scientific distinction; and these are among the strongest and most daring of the climbers. I believe, from my own recollections of the thews and energies of my contemporaries and friends of many years at Cambridge, that the first half-dozen class-men in classics or mathematics would have beaten, out of all proportion, the last half-dozen class-men in any trial of physical strength or endurance. Most notabilities have been great eaters and excellent digesters, on literally the same principle that the furnace which can raise more steam than is usual for one of its size must burn more freely and well than is common. Most great men are vigorous animals, with exuberant powers, and an extreme devotion to a cause. There is no reason to suppose that, in breeding for the highest order of intellect, we should produce a sterile or a feeble race.

Many forms of civilization have been peculiarly unfavourable to the hereditary transmission of rare talent. None of them were more prejudicial to it than that of the Middle Ages, where almost every youth of genius was attracted into the Church, and enrolled in the ranks of a celibate clergy.

Another great hindrance to it is a costly tone of society, like that of our own, where it becomes a folly for a rising man to encumber himself with domestic expenses, which custom exacts, and which are larger than his resources are able to meet. Here also genius is celibate, at least during the best period of manhood.

A spirit of caste is also bad, which

compels a man of genius to select his wife from a narrow neighbourhood, or from the members of a few families.

But a spirit of clique is not bad. I understand that in Germany it is very much the custom for professors to marry the daughters of other professors, and I have some reason to believe, but am anxious for further information before I can feel sure of it, that the enormous intellectual digestion of German literary men, which far exceeds that of the corresponding class of our own countrymen, may, in some considerable degree, be traceable to this practice.

So far as beauty is concerned, the custom of many countries, of the nobility purchasing the handsomest girls they could find for their wives, has laid the foundation of a higher type of features among the ruling classes. It is not so very long ago in England that it was thought quite natural that the strongest lance at the tournament should win the fairest or the noblest lady. The lady was the prize to be tilted for. She rarely objected to the arrangement, because her vanity was gratified by the *éclat* of the proceeding. Now history is justly charged with a tendency to repeat itself. We may, therefore, reasonably look forward to the possibility, I do not venture to say the probability, of a recurrence of some such practice of competition. What an extraordinary effect might be produced on our race, if its object was to unite in marriage those who possessed the finest and most suitable natures, mental, moral, and physical!

Let us, then, give reins to our fancy, and imagine a Utopia—or a Laputa, if you will—in which a system of competitive examination for girls, as well as for youths, had been so developed as to embrace every important quality of mind and body, and where a considerable sum was yearly allotted to the endowment of such marriages as promised to yield children who would grow into eminent servants of the State. We may picture to ourselves an annual ceremony in that Utopia or Laputa, in which the Senior Trustee of the Endowment Fund

would address ten deeply-blushing young men, all of twenty-five years old, in the following terms:—"Gentlemen, I have
"to announce the results of a public examination, conducted on established
"principles; which show that you
"occupy the foremost places in your
"year, in respect to those qualities of
"talent, character, and bodily vigour
"which are proved, on the whole, to
"do most honour and best service to our
"race. An examination has also been conducted on established principles among
"all the young ladies of this country who
"are now of the age of twenty-one, and
"I need hardly remind you, that this examination takes note of grace, beauty,
"health, good temper, accomplished
"housewifery, and disengaged affections,
"in addition to noble qualities of heart
"and brain. By a careful investigation of
"the marks you have severally obtained,
"and a comparison of them, always
"on established principles, with those
"obtained by the most distinguished
"among the young ladies, we have been
"enabled to select ten of their names
"with especial reference to your individual
"qualities. It appears that
"marriages between you and these ten
"ladies, according to the list I hold in
"my hand, would offer the probability
"of unusual happiness to yourselves,
"and, what is of paramount interest
"to the State, would probably result
"in an extraordinarily talented issue.
"Under these circumstances, if any or
"all of these marriages should be agreed
"upon, the Sovereign herself will give
"away the brides, at a high and solemn
"festival, six months hence, in Westminster Abbey. We, on our part, are
"prepared, in each case, to assign
"5,000*l.* as a wedding-present, and to
"defray the cost of maintaining and
"educating your children, out of the
"ample funds entrusted to our disposal
"by the State."

If a twentieth part of the cost and pains were spent in measures for the improvement of the human race that is spent on the improvement of the breed of horses and cattle, what a galaxy of genius might we not create! We

might introduce prophets and high priests of civilization into the world, as surely as we can propagate idiots by mating *crétins*. Men and women of the present day are, to those we might hope to bring into existence, what the pariah dogs of the streets of an Eastern town are to our own highly-bred varieties.

The feeble nations of the world are necessarily giving way before the nobler varieties of mankind; and even the best of these, so far as we know them, seem unequal to their work. The average culture of mankind is become so much higher than it was, and the branches of knowledge and history so various and extended, that few are capable even of

comprehending the exigencies of our modern civilization; much less of fulfilling them. We are living in a sort of intellectual anarchy, for the want of master minds. The general intellectual capacity of our leaders requires to be raised, and also to be differentiated. We want abler commanders, statesmen, thinkers, inventors, and artists. The natural qualifications of our race are no greater than they used to be in semi-barbarous times, though the conditions amid which we are born are vastly more complex than of old. The foremost minds of the present day seem to stagger and halt under an intellectual load too heavy for their powers.

To be continued.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

OD. III. 21.

"O NATA MECUM."

My good contemporary cask, whatever thou dost keep
Stored up in thee,—smiles, tears, wild loves, mad brawls, or easy sleep;
Whate'er thy grape was charged withal, thy day is come, descend:
Corvinus bids; my mellowest wine must greet my best-loved friend.
Sage and Socratic though he be, the juice he will not spurn,
That many a time made glow, they say, old Cato's virtue stern.
There's not a heart so hard but thou beneath its guard canst steal;
There's not a soul so close but thou its secret canst reveal.
There's no despair but thou canst cheer,—no wretch's lot so low,
But thou canst raise, and bid him brave the tyrant and the foe.
Please Bacchus, and the Queen of Love, and the linkt Graces three,
Till lamps shall fail and stars grow pale, we'll make a night with thee.

OD. I. 11.

"TU NE QUÆSIERIS."

My sweet Leuconoe, seek no more
To learn thy own, thy lover's date:
Put by thy dark Chaldaean lore,
For Heaven has closed the book of fate.
Are merry winters yet to come
For thee and me? Is this, whose blast
Shivers the blustering waves to foam
On yon bluff rocks, to be our last?
We know not, and we can but bow
In blindness to the Power Divine
That shapes the lot of all below:
Then broach yon flask of mellow wine.

Short as our span our hopes must be :
While thus we prate, life's hour is flown.
The morrow does but flatter thee ;
To-day, dear girl, is all thine own.

OD. I. 31.

"QUID DEDICATUM."

God of the poet, at thy new-built shrine
I bend. Apollo, hear a poet's prayer,
While from the chalice streams the hallowed wine ;
Not for the grain Sardinian cornfields bear,
Nor shapely herds that hot Calabria breeds,
Nor ivory nor gold of Ind I crave,
Nor for broad lands where through the quiet meads
The Liris eats his way with silent wave.
Unenvied still let Fortune's favourite son
Engross the vintage of Calenian vines,
And the rich trader, his great venture won,
Quaff from his golden bowl the priceless wines,
And vaunt himself kind Heaven's peculiar care,
Since he so oft the perilous wave hath past
Unscathed. Let olives and the simple fare
The garden yields be still the poet's feast.
Son of Latona, hale in mind and frame,
May I enjoy mine own nor more desire.
May growing years ne'er quench the poet's flame,
Nor paralyse the hand that sweeps the lyre.

OD. III. 13.

"O FONS BANDUSIÆ."

SPRING of Bandusia, crystal clear,
Worthy the cup of votive wine
With choicest blossoms of the year !
To-morrow shall a kid be thine.
Yon kid whose horns begin to bud,
And promise coming loves and fight.
In vain ; the little wanton's blood
Is doomed to dye thy streamlet bright.
The sultriest summer's burning ray
Taints not thy virgin wave : and dear
Is its cool draught at close of day
To wandering flock and weary steer.
Thou too shalt be a spring renowned,
If verse of mine can fame bestow
On yonder cave with ilex crowned
From which thy babbling waters flow.

OUR NEW ZEALAND CONQUESTS.

BY J. E. GORST.

OUR New Zealand war is carried on neither in one place nor against one enemy. There have been already no less than four distinct seats of war—Waikato, Tauranga, Taranaki, and Wanganui, hundreds of miles apart from each other, where we have been contending against tribes differing in character, and fighting for different objects. In the eyes of the Maories themselves, however, these wars have a common nature; each is a struggle against European aggression, and in each case the fighting tribes possess the sympathy of the whole Maori race. The feeling of a common interest in resisting the European Government was first called forth by the Waikato war of 1863. All previous wars had been strictly local: they were riots, not revolts. Little passion was excited away from the actual battle ground, the rest of the natives sympathising with us as much as with our opponents. Even the Taranaki war of 1860, at its first outbreak, possessed this character. And although the mistaken policy of Government soon began to draw the Waikatos and other tribes into the conflict, the mischief was stopped for the time by the intervention of the New Zealand chief, Wiremu Tamihana, and by the arrival of Sir George Grey as governor.

The Waikato war was national from the outset. We attacked the Waikatos, because they had "rebelled" by repudiating the Queen's sovereignty, and establishing a native king; and they fought to defend their king, their country, and their independence. This native king had been in existence for seven years before the war. The chiefs who appointed him declared that they had no feeling of hostility to the Queen or the Europeans, but merely desired to obtain the advantages of law and order in their territories. Those promises of

civilizing the Maories, by which, five-and-twenty years ago, our Government first gained a footing in New Zealand, had never been kept. The natives had sold us land readily and cheaply, until we grew powerful enough to be feared. They then became startled by the rapidity of our progress as contrasted with the slowness of their own. Finally, a constitution was given to New Zealand, in which their very existence was forgotten. They found that, instead of being, with their white brethren, fellow-subjects of the Queen, they were to become the subjects of the European race in New Zealand. Against this future they revolted by stopping all further sale of land to the European Government, and establishing an independent king of their own race. From the date of this act it became a necessity for us to recognise Maori independence or to undertake the conquest of the Maori race. Yet Colonial politicians, who have always under-estimated the Maori love of liberty, long cherished the hope of persuading the natives to give up their inconvenient designs. At length the Taranaki war revealed how dangerous a power the Maori king might become, and Sir George Grey's peace convinced the New Zealand public that nothing short of force would induce the natives to resign their independence. The colonists had just received what the Imperial Government had long withheld, "responsibility for native affairs;" that is, the right to govern the natives as they pleased, with 10,000 English troops to give effect to their policy. The opportunity of finally settling the Native question at Imperial expense was too tempting to be resisted—and so, with one consent, they resolved on war.

By a bold assertion the New Zealand Government induced the belief in this country that the Maories themselves

began the war: a delusion from which the Colonial Office has never been able to extricate itself. But, in fact, the war with the Maori king was begun in July, 1863, by our troops crossing the Mangatāwhiri, a tributary of the Waikato, which bounded his alleged dominions, and building a redoubt upon Maori soil. This invasion was resisted, not only by chiefs who had long desired war with the English, but also by Wiremu Tāmihana and his adherents, who had up to that period exerted themselves with success to repress the war party and preserve peace.

The troops were hurried to the front in consequence of one of the periodical panics in Auckland, caused by the revelation of the latest plot for the murder of all Europeans. Their movement proved to have been premature. General Cameron could only advance two or three miles into the Maori country. His further progress along the river bank was stopped by a fortification at Meremere, and he had no steamers upon the Waikato by means of which the enemy's position could be turned. From July to November, a long range of forest hills, called the Hunna, lying between Auckland and the Waikato, swarmed with bands of Maori plunderers, who burnt houses, wasted fields, drove off cattle, and in many cases shot or tomahawked the settlers.

At length the arrival from Sydney of a steam gunboat, defended with thin iron plates, changed the fortune of war. The stronghold of Meremere was passed, and a detachment was landed in its rear; but just as General Cameron thought his enemies in his power, his long preparations were rendered fruitless by their suddenly absconding without the loss of a single man. At Rangiriri, however, where they made their next stand, they were not so fortunate. After a most desperate struggle, which lasted all night long, their position was taken, and, for the first time in New Zealand wars, a large number of prisoners captured. The General and all his officers were struck with the courage shown by the defenders. Five times

the storming parties were repulsed, with heavy loss, and though they were as often rallied by the gallantry of their officers, it was through a lucky accident rather than by main force that the place was at last entered. This decisive and brilliant affair produced a profound effect upon the minds of the natives. The prisoners, among whom were many of the principal Waikato chiefs, admitted with the utmost candour that they had been thoroughly beaten. They said that the Maori power was gone, and they wrote to their friends, recommending them to make peace at any price, to give up the sovereignty to the Governor, and the land to the Europeans. There was but one drawback to the victory. The blow had fallen upon the wrong victim. It was the old peace-party that was thus crushed — the followers of Tāmihana, fighting only in self-defence.

Some days before the engagement, Rewi Maniapoto, the leader of the war-party, had quarrelled with them, had left Rangiriri, and was gone safe and sulky to the hills.

While the English troops were thus gaining victory in the field, the Colonial Parliament was busily preparing to reap the fruits of success. A "great plan" was formed to raise a loan of 3,000,000*l.* in England, and to empower the Colonial Government to confiscate Maori land to any extent, and in any district which they might pronounce to be in a state of "rebellion." The money and the land were to be used in procuring military settlers to protect the Auckland colonists, and immigrants to swell the Auckland population; and it was thought that after providing for these objects there would remain a surplus of a million and a half of confiscated acres, which might be sold at 2*l.* an acre, and thus repay the loan. At the same time, in order to keep up the rebellion, so profitable to the Auckland capitalists, an Act was passed to suspend the legal rights of all suspected persons, and to render them liable to summary conviction and punishment by military tribunals.

It was, however, difficult to prevent

the victory at Rangiriri from defeating the "great plan," by bringing about a premature peace. Tamihana wrote to the Governor that his tribe had but thirty men left, and that he could no longer continue the war; and Te Wharepu, the principal chief of Lower Waikato, who was mortally wounded at Rangiriri, formally sued for peace. The answer given was that the General must advance without opposition to Ngaruawahia, the king's capital, and that afterwards the Government would treat about peace. So broken and dispirited were the Maories at that time that they submitted even to these hard terms. They let the invader pass without hindrance through the defile of Taupiri, a place with singular natural advantages for defence; they surrendered without a blow their national flag, and the graves of their ancestors, and then our promise to negotiate was broken. It would have been folly for the Colonial Government to make peace while the plains of Upper Waikato were still unconquered. Rewi was happily strong enough and undaunted enough to carry on the war, and therefore, leaving Tamihana and the remnant of his tribe to retire unmolested up the Waikato to Maunga-tautari, immediate military operations were directed against Rewi and his tribe along the line of the Waipa. Such an opportunity for peace as that lost after the victory at Rangiriri has never since occurred. Our operations against Rewi produced no very decisive success. We gained territory, which can only be retained by military force and at ruinous expense, but we lost prestige. The Maories had constructed a chain of redoubts in the open country so skilfully, that it was not thought prudent to attempt to carry the position by assault. And although, after some delay, the position was turned by a body of troops marching by night to the rear of the chain of forts, yet the natives succeeded in evacuating all their posts, and retiring unconquered to their fastnesses among the hills. A few roving parties only were engaged and defeated; and the Colonial forces distinguished themselves by a very cruel

raid upon the undefended village of Rangiaowhia, in which a dozen natives, who occupied a house and held it with great gallantry against the invaders, were burnt alive.

There was, however, no opportunity of striking a decisive blow. The Waikato country was conquered, but the men were still unsubdued. At Orakau, where the last stand in the Waikato country was made, 300 or 400 men, women, and children were besieged in an unfinished pa by nearly 1,500 of our troops. The defenders had only a few double-barrelled smooth-bores and old sticks of arms to oppose to our Enfield rifles, hand grenades, and conical shells. Yet without food, except berries, and without a drop of water, they held the place against this overpowering force for three days, until the flanking angle of their pa was blown up by our sap. The general vainly urged them to surrender, or, at least, to give up their women and children. The reply was, "We shall fight on for ever, and ever, and ever." At last, when the position was laid open to assault, they sallied forth and cut their way through our lines, leaving one-third of their number, men and women (for the latter fought and fell as bravely as the men), dead upon the field. On the other side of the plain, Tamihana, who had been followed up and again attacked at Maungatautari, probably appalled by the fate of Orakau, did not await a conflict, but abandoned his defences and fled to the mountain. It was reported by an old friendly chief, Wiremu Nera, that all Tamihana's followers would surrender. Up went Sir George Grey in full uniform to the front, where everybody was on the tiptoe of expectation. Presently a fleet of canoes was seen coming round a point of the river; the canoes landed, and let out old women, puppies, babies, pigs, fleas, parrots, and all the contents of a Maori pa, except the men, who, having got the two or three days' start they wanted, had gone over the hills to Tauranga.

In fact, the Colonial Government had taken measures to make the continuance

of the war certain and the submission of the natives impossible. Composed chiefly of Auckland men, and being for the moment absolute, they simply played a game for the aggrandizement of the Auckland province at the expense of the British Government. They published a declaration to the natives, which the Governor had neither authorised nor even seen, to which no warrior race like the New Zealanders could possibly submit. It was not in truth intended that they should submit, but rather that they should go on fighting. The gist of the terms was that these men, who had fought like warriors for their liberty, should give up their arms and their persons, and submit to be tried as traitors and rebels. The natives, uncertain as to the crime which was to be laid to their charge and the punishment that would be inflicted upon them, rejected such terms, and, though defeated at all points, refused to surrender. The remnant of the Waikatos at the present day occupy the rugged hills which overlook the plains we have confiscated, still defiant and unconquered.

The district of Tauranga, in which our next New Zealand war was carried on, is remote from the Waikato, on the east coast of New Zealand. The Colonial Government, confident that no one at home would distinguish Tauranga from Waikato, never took the trouble to furnish an excuse for the war that was deliberately provoked in that district. The Tauranga natives were known to be disloyal, and their lands were wanted for the "great plan." A military force was therefore sent down to stir them up, by occupying their land and seizing their crops and cattle, to some overt act of rebellion that might furnish a pretext for confiscation. There was at first some difficulty in provoking the Tauranga natives to rebel. When, at last, joined by the refugees from Waikato and tribes from the east coast, they rose to resist the invasion, they inflicted upon us at the Gate Pa the most disastrous defeat our arms have ever suffered in New Zealand. And though our losses were afterwards retrieved at a place further

inland, where the Maories, fool-hardy from success, stood their ground in an unfinished pa and were routed with great slaughter, yet, on the whole, we lost more military prestige at Tauranga than we had gained in Waikato. Our policy has in the same place suffered no less discredit than our arms. After the second engagement there was what was called "submission and peace." A few worthless arms were surrendered, the oath of allegiance was taken, and a tract of country was surrendered by the insurgents, of which they are said not to have been the owners. The Maories, who appeared to be quite destitute, were supplied at colonial expense with seed and with provisions. For several months, except a demand for protection from the military settlers who were stationed on the confiscated land at Tauranga, there was no alarm of war. But on Christmas Day, 1864, our new subjects abandoned the settlement and fled to the forests. They were visited on that day by the emissaries of the Angel, Te Hau, the chief of a new and strange superstition, called the "Pai Marire," which, beginning from Wanganui, is spreading over the whole of New Zealand. The envoys announced speedy destruction by a Divine Power to the English and all their allies. The Tauranga natives packed up in haste, crying out, "Hasten! the time allotted for our salvation is short." They abandoned their standing crops, and in some cases their horses, and left their villages strewn with cooking vessels, saddles, clothes, and other goods. They declared in departing that they would not fight the Europeans, but separated from them lest they should share their destruction. However, as one of the fugitives who returned to fetch his horse was knocked down with the butt-end of a riding-whip by a zealous servant of the Government, it is possible that this determination may be reconsidered.

After the supposed submission of the Tauranga natives, the war languished. Only at Taranaki, where war has long been chronic, fighting still went on. We gained a few "great victories,"

when four or five hundred troops, headed by friendly natives, drove about a score of enemies from one pa and occupied others that were undefended. But the real war was raging in the town of Auckland between Sir George Grey and the Colonial Ministry. Hostilities were provoked by despatches from the Imperial Government. Hitherto the Colonial Ministry had been paramount in the conduct of the war, and had used the Imperial troops as mercenaries supplied to them gratis by England for the furtherance of their designs.

But their "great plan" was now interrupted by the arrival of a series of despatches from the Secretary of State, which virtually restored to Sir George Grey power and responsibility in Native affairs. It was declared that so long as England was fighting even in part the Colonial battle, she had a right to dictate the use that was to be made of victory; and Sir George Grey was therefore instructed to act on his own judgment, and if necessary against the advice of his Ministers, and to use the power of the Imperial troops to give effect to his determination. This was a restoration of the vicious system of double government, which was the immediate cause of the New Zealand war. The Governor's authority was to be exercised specially in three matters—the conditions of peace, the confiscation of native lands, and the disposal of prisoners. The New Zealand Ministers, thus shorn of their brief authority—for the Secretary of State's language was in effect, "I will disallow your confiscation scheme unless you carry it out in my way"—ought to have resigned, or called the New Zealand Assembly to discuss their new relations with the Imperial Government. Instead of this they took the strange course of remaining in office, to bait the Governor by reading him flippant lectures on Native affairs, and bullying him into carrying out their "great plan." Sir George Grey, however, far too astute to be so taken in, succeeded in catching them in one trap after another; until, at length, losing their temper and becoming quarrelsome and rude, they wrote a

series of memoranda in abuse of the Governor, for the impertinence whereof it would be difficult, even in a colony, to find a parallel. The point most hotly contested was the disposal of Maori prisoners.

The prisoners taken in the battle of Rangiriri, with a few others subsequently captured, were confined in an old coal-hulk moored in the Auckland harbour. The Colonial Ministers stated that the general health and condition of the prisoners had improved marvellously during confinement; that there was no depression of spirits among them; and that nothing could be better managed than the prison ship: in fact, that these men, accustomed to the freedom of savage life, were rather rewarded than punished by being kept in prison. On the other hand, the highest medical officers of the army thought it their duty to tell the Governor that the hulk was a most unfit prison, and that many of the prisoners were contracting the seeds of disease that would shorten their lives when released. After a series of eighty-four memoranda, some of great length and with copious appendices, had failed to elicit the truth, it was at last agreed to send the prisoners to the Island of Kawau, a private property of Sir George Grey, about thirty miles north of Auckland, where they were to form a sort of Moravian settlement. The hulk was towed to the spot, with a clergyman, a magistrate, a medical officer, seeds, implements—everything, in short, but a guard to keep the captives in their prison. Who forgot or neglected to send the guard, is a matter that will probably never be known. Eighty fresh memoranda written in one month have failed to prove anything more than that Sir George Grey is very clever, and his late Ministers very rude. The prisoners were not long in showing that they preferred freedom to living as a model settlement on the Kawau. They are said to have been frightened by a man-of-war that went to Kawau to practise her guns; but it seems hardly necessary to account for men who had been nine or ten months in captivity taking the

first opportunity to escape. From Kawai they crossed a mile of sea to the mainland, where they occupied and fortified a mountain, which is, I believe, within sight of the town of Auckland. All attempts to frighten or cajole them into a return to their pleasant prison have failed. They repudiate the idea of harming the settlers unless molested by the Government, and they deny with indignation certain depredations on the cows and poultry of their neighbours with which they have been charged. But to all terms proposed they turn a deaf ear. Even an offer of safe conduct to their friends in Waikato has been declined; they cannot trust our good faith, and prefer to run the risk of finding their own way home. The Government cannot take them by force without kindling a war in the North, and sacrificing the lives and property of hundreds of English settlers; and so the Rangiriri prisoners, though they have abandoned their useless fortress on the mountain, still remain scattered in small parties about the district safe and free.

As to confiscation, it was a matter of vital importance to the New Zealand Government that a large tract of native territory should be confiscated. They had enlisted militia in Australia and other places by promising them a share of the spoil; and they had spent large sums of money in making roads, bridges, and other improvements in the Waikato country, which they already looked upon as their own. However they might admire in the abstract the justice and humanity enforced in Mr. Cardwell's despatches, it was impossible to carry his theories into practice and yet fulfil the engagements of the colony. Sir George Grey on the other hand wished to issue a proclamation offering the natives the most complete pardon for all that was past, upon the one single condition of taking the oath of allegiance to the Queen and promising submission to the Colonial Government for the time to come, and he accused the Ministers of prolonging the war and closing the avenues of peace because

they refused to join him in the issue of such a proclamation. After a great deal of very smart and uncomplimentary writing, the Colonial Ministers, who from ignorance of Maori character, were not aware that the natives were sure to refuse the condition, at last resigned. Sir George Grey issued his proclamation. The natives treated the offer with ridicule and contempt, proving thereby that they love liberty even more than their lands, and that after all our expenditure of blood and treasure they still remain unsubdued. Yet Sir George Grey's proclamation had one result. It justified confiscation, which had become a political necessity in the eyes of the Imperial Government. It was therefore not so foolish an act as it seemed to be.

The next New Zealand Ministry under Mr. Weld exacted written pledges from the Governor before they would take office. They insisted upon an immediate stop being put to the double Government. The Imperial troops were to be sent home, and the colonists were again to enjoy supreme power in native affairs. Their policy was accepted by all the colonists except the inhabitants of Auckland. These shrewd commercial men cling to the profits of a war expenditure, and have petitioned the Queen to take away their constitutional rights, and make Auckland a Crown Colony, rather than thus prematurely deprive them of the profits of the Maori wars.

Unfortunately, however, the Colonial Ministry obtained immediate authority in native affairs, while they took it for granted that the troops were to stay until the decision of the Home Government should be made known. They proposed meanwhile to employ a military force between Taranaki and Wanganui, in "reducing to submission" the Wanganui natives, and "opening up" the country by a road. Forts were to be erected at convenient positions along the line of road; land was to be confiscated, and military settlers stationed thereupon. Considering that the Governor had just announced to the natives by his proclamation confiscating the

Waikato, which was issued with the concurrence of his Ministers, "The Governor will make no further attack on those who remain quiet," the Wanganui scheme must have taken the Maories a little by surprise. The result has been a fresh war, tediously like those which have gone before. The chief difference is that we have fallen among a set of fanatics, who are animated by religious zeal as well as patriotism to make a desperate resistance. By a special revelation from heaven through the Angel, Te Hau, they are promised final victory over the European foe. The sort of temper in which the Wanganui war is likely to be waged may be estimated from the following extract from the *Wanganui Chronicle*:—"A wounded Maori was making his escape from the field of battle, when a boy ten or twelve years of age, who came from Auckland with the 50th, knocked him down and killed him with a piece of stick. He was rewarded by a gift of 20s. from one officer and 10s. from another."

The latest news that Wiremu Tamihana has surrendered to the Government is, if true, significant. If so zealous a supporter of Maori nationality has given up the conflict, it is because he despairs of controlling the ferocity and fanaticism with which the war is to be henceforth conducted. The fact proves that our stupid policy is at last consummated. We have crushed the party of Maories most friendly to us; we have destroyed the elements of law and civilization; and we have now a savage foe unfettered by the restraints of Christianity, and confident in his mountain fastnesses, with whom to carry on the struggle.

Fresh attacks upon the natives may delay, but will not prevent, the withdrawal of the Imperial forces. Most people both at home and in New Zealand have at last perceived that this is the first step necessary for the termination of native wars. There is little doubt that the immediate result of such a step would be at least a temporary peace.

Not that one single matter of controversy between the colonists and Maories has been disposed of by the wars. Politically the two parties are nearly as they were. The province of Auckland has gained a tract of territory at the cost of others, and the natives have greatly increased their distrust and hatred of the Europeans. But, when hostilities are once suspended, the Maories have a superstitious feeling against being the aggressors. Upon this Sir George Grey very cleverly worked during the first two years of his government. During that time the Maories always believed that they would be attacked, and were well aware that the Governor's military preparations made their position daily less defensible, and yet, with the exception of Rewi and his party, who continually urged war, the chiefs of Waikato were steady to the principle—"Let the Pakeha begin." According to Maori views, we have been the aggressors in all New Zealand wars. We were the first to employ military force at Taranaki in 1860; the first to disturb the *status quo* at Taranaki in 1863; the first to cross the boundary line between Auckland and Waikato in the same year; the first at Tauranga; the first at Wanganui. Besides this motive for peace, the war has undoubtedly increased the respect of the Maories for European power. The assertion that they began the war with the confident expectation of driving the Europeans out of the country is not indeed true, but the experience of former wars justified them in thinking that they could defend their country against our attack. The rapidity with which we overran and conquered Waikato, and the fact that their occasional victories neither stopped nor even delayed our progress, have taught them a lesson. They will not rashly provoke the vengeance of so powerful a foe.

On the other hand, the colonists will be as little disposed to fight as the natives. To the colonists of the Southern Island war can bring nothing but pecuniary loss. They are as determined as the people of this country to have no

more native wars carried on at their expense, and being nearer the spot, have a better chance of carrying their determination into effect. Indeed, the war, though so much of its cost in blood and treasure has been borne by this country, has brought the colony to the verge of ruin. New countries, competing with each other for capital and labour, soon reach the limit of debt which they can bear without stagnation and bankruptcy. New Zealand has already reached, and has all but passed that limit.

But peace cannot be prolonged unless the colonists recognise their true position towards the Maories. The latter have maintained, in spite of defeat, the independence which they asserted before hostilities began. They must therefore be treated as independent until the colony is prepared to renew single-handed that attempt at subjugation which has for the present failed. It is, therefore, idle to talk of imposing on them oaths of allegiance, and making roads into their territories. Such acts will provoke war in any part of New

Zealand where the natives think themselves strong enough to resist.

But the great obstacle to the continuance of peace is the confiscation of the Waikato lands. Mr. Cardwell thinks this confiscation unsafe, but not unjust.

Those who are aware that the territory seized belongs chiefly to the party who several times saved Auckland from the savage mountain tribes, and long and successfully laboured to prevent those acts for which confiscation is the punishment, and that their only offence is a refusal to do what we have no right to ask—submit to the Colonial Government—may dissent from the latter part of Mr. Cardwell's opinion. About the former part there can be little doubt. General Cameron assures us that the country cannot be held without a large body of troops; the military settlers refuse to stay on their allotments unless they are efficiently protected; and Rewi, having embraced the "Pai Marire" religion, is watching the opportunity of descending from the hills and waging a horrid war upon the intruders.

THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

WE were writing of President Lincoln but a few months ago. His death and its probable consequences call for a few additional words.

The small country lawyer of Illinois has died lamented by the nations, and all that is most august in the world has paid its tribute to his grave. What is more, the best men among his own people feel that America has gained one more ideal character, the most precious and inspiring of national possessions. If it be so, the second of the two ideal characters bears a close resemblance to the first. The glory of Lincoln, like that of Washington, has nothing in it dazzling or grandiose; it is the quiet halo which rests round the upright, self-devoted, unwavering and

unwearying performance of the hardest public duty. But its quiet light will shine steadily when many a meteor that has flamed in history has been turned, by the judgment of a sounder morality, to darkness.

Washington was an honourable and high-minded English gentleman, cast in that ancient mould of self-control, dignity, and duty. Lincoln was an English yeoman, with all the qualities of that strong, kindly, and devout race, to which his legal training, not commenced soon enough to alter the ground-plan of his character, had superadded a legal acuteness, useful in constitutional discussions, and an abiding reverence for law, which, in spite of a few questionable exertions of his military authority

in the shape of arbitrary arrests, never deserted him in the midst of a raging revolution. Between the Presidencies of these two men there was an almost uninterrupted succession of politicians formed in a very different school—the school of French revolutionary sentiment and Slaveowning Republicanism—the school of which Jefferson was the type and the chief: Jefferson, whose French vanity embittered with slander and intrigue the last years of Washington, and whose bloodthirsty philanthropy, of the true French model, prepared the way for the wicked war of 1812.

It has been said that in the work of those whom the world calls great there are always two elements; one produced by their just discernment of their times, which is almost always lasting, the other more individual, and more connected with personal schemes and aspirations, which is apt to pass away. Guizot, in a well-known passage, has illustrated this remark in the case of Charlemagne. No man's work ever had in it more of the first element, and less of the second, than that of Lincoln. No man's work, therefore, by this rule, ought to be more lasting. His action as a statesman was, and he avowedly desired that it should be, simply a wise and seasonable embodiment of the national will. He registered in his policy the resolutions of his people—their determination to take up the gage of battle which the slave-owners flung down at Fort Sumpter—their determination, having entered on the contest, to carry it through, in spite of all reverses, to a victorious issue—above all, their awakening morality and increasing fixedness of purpose on the cardinal subject of slavery. With unaffected modesty he disclaimed all credit for extraordinary foresight or for originality of conception. He professed to wait on events, or rather on the manifestations of the moral forces around him, wherein, with a mind sobered by responsibility and unclouded by selfishness, he earnestly endeavoured to read the will of God, which, having read it, he patiently followed to the best of his

power. In him his nation has lost not a king or a prophet—not a creative moulder of its destinies or an inspired unfold of its future—but simply a sensible interpreter and a wise, temperate, honest executor of its own better mind.

No popular chief has played so great a part since Cromwell. But the difference between Cromwell and Lincoln is the difference between an era of great men and an era of great nations.

To act worthily, however, as the head of a great nation—to discern its better mind—to retain its confidence in dire extremity, a man must have no ordinary qualities of his own, and may claim for himself a noble share in the result. Mr. Bancroft has put the case well in a speech on the President's death, which has just come over to us.

“Those who come after us will decide how much of the wonderful results of his public career is due to his own good common sense, his shrewd sagacity, readiness of wit, quick interpretation of the public mind, his rare combination of fixedness and pliancy, his steady tendency of purpose; how much to the American people, who, as he walked with them side by side, inspired him with their own wisdom and energy; and how much to the overruling laws of the moral world, by which the selfishness of evil is made to defeat itself. But after every allowance, it will remain that members of the Government which preceded his administration opened the gates to treason, and he closed them; that when he went to Washington the ground on which he trod shook under his feet, and he left the republic on a solid foundation; that traitors had seized public forts and arsenals, and he recovered them for the United States to whom they belonged; that the capital, which he found the abode of slaves, is now the home only of the free; that the boundless public domain which was grasped at, and, in a great measure, held for the diffusion of slavery, is now irrevocably devoted to freedom; that then men talked a jargon of a balance of power in a republic between slave States and free States, and now the foolish words are blown away for ever by the breath of Maryland, Missouri, and Tennessee; that a terrible cloud of political heresy rose from the abyss, threatening to hide the light of the sun, and under its darkness a rebellion was rising into indefinable proportions; now the atmosphere is purer than ever before, and the insurrection is vanishing away; the country is cast into another mould, and the gigantic system of wrong, which had been the work of more than

two centuries, is dashed down, we hope for ever. And as to himself personally: he was then scoffed at by the proud as unfit for his station, and now, against the usage of later years, and in spite of numerous competitors, he was the unbiassed and the undoubted choice of the American people for a second term of service. Through all the mad business of treason he retained the sweetness of a most placable disposition; and the slaughter of myriads of the best on the battle-field, and the more terrible destruction of our men in captivity by the slow torture of exposure and starvation, had never been able to provoke him into harbouring one vengeful feeling or one purpose of cruelty."

"The Emancipation Proclamation was signed July 5, 1864, and sealed with his blood, April 14, 1865." This is what a motto composed for an occasion of public excitement seldom is—a true account of the matter. Lincoln has fallen a martyr to the Abolition of Slavery. He was not a fanatical Abolitionist. He would have done nothing unconstitutional to effect immediate emancipation. In this respect, as in others, he was a true representative of the hard-headed and sober-minded farmer of the West. But he hated Slavery with all his heart. He was himself one of a family of fugitives from its dominion. He said that "if Slavery was not wrong, nothing was wrong;" and though these words were not violent, they were sincere. He said that the day must come when the Union would be all slave or all free; and here again he meant what he said. He did not, as President, suffer himself to hold fierce language against Slavery; nor would he, though hard pressed by those for whose character and convictions he had a high respect, allow himself to be led into premature and illegal measures for its instant extirpation. But biding his time with patient sagacity, he struck it deliberately and legally the blow of which it has died. It struck him in return the blow which will make him live in the love of his nation and of mankind for ever.

The instigators of Booth may not be traced. It is possible, perhaps most probable, that he had no instigators. It is morally certain that the aspiring,

No. 68.—VOL. XII.

though unscrupulous men, who were at the head of the Confederate Government, would not have stooped to suborn a kidnapper, much less an assassin.¹ But the deed was inspired by Slavery, under the full influence of which the assassin had lived, and of which, if the letter ascribed to him be genuine (and its genuineness seems not to be questioned), he proclaimed himself the fanatical devotee. It is of a piece with the assault on Mr. Sumner, with the St. Alban's raid, with the Fort Pillow massacre, with the attempt to fire New York, with the insults offered to the corpses of Federal soldiers, with the murderous maltreatment of the Federal prisoners at Andersonville, with the cruelties practised on slaves, with the burning of negroes alive, with the lynchings, bowie-knifings, and ferocious duels of the South. We cannot trace the instigators of Ravallac; probably in this case also there were none; but we do not doubt that the source of his inspiration was Jesuitism, and that he was virtually an emissary of that power. Mr. Mason tells us that the spirit of tyrannicide, associated with, and perhaps stimulated by, the name of *Junius Brutus*, is alien to "the Conservative South." But we venture to think he is much mistaken. *Sic semper tyrannis*, as all the world now know, is the motto of Virginia. It means, in the mouth of a Virginian, that the passions of the slaveowner shall be above the law, and that every one who thwarts those passions, though it is in the name of the law, shall be struck down as a tyrant. The tyrannicidal republics of heathen antiquity were republics of slaveowners. And the spirit of the heathen republics, though by no means their classical grace, is reproduced in the Slave States. The ideal of the Free States, however imperfectly realized, is that of a Christian community, not of a heathen republic.

It is pleasant now that Lincoln has

¹ The utmost that we expect to come to light is that the Richmond Government authorized the Canadian conspirators, and that these conspirators, or some of them, were connected in some way with a plot for kidnapping the President, which led to his assassination.

fallen, to recall his personal kindness and humanity. In the execution of his public duty, as chief of a nation engaged (not by his act, but by the act of those who fired upon Fort Sumpter) in civil war, he had to give terrible orders; orders which launched havoc upon great territories, and sent thousands of men to bloody graves. But he had done nothing to make a personal enemy. He might truly say, as he did when he refused to triumph over his defeated rival at the last Presidential election, "I have never willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom." And no doubt the consciousness of this conspired with the habitual freedom and unguardedness of American life to betray him into a neglect of precautions for his personal safety, which must have surprised every one who was accustomed to the guards of European sovereigns, and which held open the door to Murder. That a low assassin should have been allowed quietly to walk along the passage of the theatre leading to the President's box, and deliberately take aim at the most precious life in a great nation, is one of the strangest incidents in history. The Americans have had everything to learn in this war; and practical experience now teaches them that a "tyrant" requires a guard.

One protection, indeed, there was which Lincoln might think he possessed; and which he would have possessed, if an infuriated Malay were capable of reflecting on the consequences of his actions. Had the Vice-President officially advised the President to surround himself with a guard, the President might have replied, as Charles II. did to the Duke of York, "Brother, I thank you for your kindness, but depend upon it, nobody will kill me to make you king." Slavery seems determined thoroughly to work out its own doom, and it is difficult to accuse of superstition or presumption those who trace the action of Providence in this desperate and determined suicide of Evil.

Nothing but secession could have put the institution in immediate jeopardy, so strongly had it entrenched itself under

the old Democratic party. When secession had taken place, it is more than doubtful whether anything but the aggressive violence of the slave-owner which led him, instead of standing simply on the defensive, to fire on the National flag at Fort Sumpter, would have wound up the spirit of the nation to the point of coercing him with arms. All his early successes only served to render compromise impossible. The obstinacy and tenacity of his resistance first drew forth the Emancipation Proclamation, and at length brought negro soldiers into the field. And now that slavery has at last been vanquished, it strikes down mercy. Were there some things yet remaining to be done in order to secure the fruits of the victory to the nation and humanity, from which the kind heart, depicted on Lincoln's pensive countenance, would have shrunk? The thought is a dangerous one, but the South and their friends can scarcely be astonished if it rises in Northern minds.

In passing from Lincoln to Johnson the sceptre (and the President under the present circumstances is really an elective king) has passed into sterner hands. So much even the American ambassador intimates in no ambiguous terms. Lincoln came from Illinois, a state which had never suffered from Southern invasion, and which had waged the war, indomitably indeed, and with a lavish expenditure of its best blood (as many a grave beside its villages, many a vacant place beside its hearths, bears witness), but in no spirit of deadly bitterness against the Southerners, and with probably as little animosity as one of two belligerent communities can feel towards the other. Johnson comes from Tennessee, where the feeling between the Union and Secession parties is as that between the Guelphs and Ghibelines in an Italian republic at the height of their deadly feud—where, at the outbreak of the revolt, the Unionists were hunted down like wild beasts by the dominant Secessionists, and where Johnson himself, as an Abdiel among the Rebel Powers, had suffered treatment at their

hands which could hardly fail to leave its trace. We seem to have been deceived as to the character of this man. His intoxication on the day of his inauguration as Vice-President, is positively stated to have been accidental, or rather to have arisen from the injudicious following of medical advice. All that he has done since his accession to the Presidency has been good. His speech to our ambassador was statesmanlike in conception, as well as most friendly in tone. If, as we are assured, and as appears to be the case, he is a strong man, he will be sobered by high responsibility, and redeemed from the violence of provincial faction by the influences of an ampler scene. Perhaps, after startling and alarming the world by his elevation, he may win its confidence by his conduct, and, like his predecessor, change astonishment into respect. He has hitherto adopted no practical measure of severity against the South—for we can scarcely regard as a measure of severity the removal of ex-Confederate officers, who were flaunting their "rebel" uniforms in the eyes of the loyal citizens of Washington and Baltimore. But he holds stern language against "traitors," and says ominous things about the deserved penalties of "treason;" and it is clear that the public impression, which can hardly be mistaken, is that, since his accession, Mercy, though she has not been "turned out of doors," has, to some extent, given way to Justice.

It is easy for us, sitting at our ease and exempt from the mortal agony and peril of the civil war, to play the fine part of preaching clemency to a nation which has just narrowly escaped being murdered in its sleep by its own trusted servants, and has saved its life, only at the expense of a heavy mortgage on its industry and an ocean of its best blood. When we had crushed the Sepoys, different counsels were heard, not only amidst the cruel panic of Calcutta, but among Englishmen themselves. Neither the people nor the statesmen of America have yet shown any want of humanity or even of generosity towards

their defeated enemy. Their treatment of the Southern prisoners in their hands was a sure earnest of their treatment of the vanquished South itself. They can see, as well as we, that what they have now to do is not, like a European despotism, to hold down a subjugated province, but to reincorporate a part of a divided nation; and that to effect this, they will have to re-establish ultimately, not only outward submission, but the allegiance of the heart. They know as well as we do, that the grass grows over blood shed on the field of battle but not over blood shed on the scaffold. History preaches as plainly to them as to us; and tells them as plainly as she tells us that the execution of Charles I. was an error, the fatal effects of which have not ceased to be felt by the political heirs of the party which committed it, down to the present hour.

The Confederates are continually spoken of as "rebels," and "traitors," but these terms may fairly be taken rather as passionate expressions of loyalty on the part of those who utter them, than as seriously denoting an intention of inflicting the legal penalties of treason on those who for four years have been treated as regular belligerents, with a constant interchange of all the forms, humanities, and courtesies of war. When General Grant permitted the officers of the capitulating army to retain their side-arms, he recognised their character as officers, and consequently the validity of their commissions, and the existence of the *de facto* Government from which their commissions had been received. In like manner, the President, by meeting envoys from the Confederate Government, under whatever name, or in whatever guise, recognised the *de facto* existence of that Government, and barred himself and all whom he represented from inflicting upon those who had adhered to it, during its actual existence, and within the range of its actual power, the penalties of treason. It may not be easy to define the attributes of an insurgent Government, or to say what degree of consistency must have been attained

before the *status* of such a Government can be acquired; but policy as well as humanity suggests a liberal construction, since the opposite construction is, in effect, a proclamation of internecine war. One thing seems clear. The established Government may, at the outset, elect to treat the insurgents either as rebels or as belligerents, at its discretion. If it elects to treat them as rebels, it incurs the terrible responsibility of suspending, for both parties alike, the laws of war. If it elects to treat them as belligerents, it by no means abjures thereby its own right to restore its dominion over them, if it can, by force of arms; but it does abjure the right of afterwards treating them as rebels.

Viewing the Confederates as insurgents to whom the character of belligerents has been accorded during the civil war by the Government which has now re-established its dominion over them, there are three classes of measures, more or less of a penal character, which morality seems to permit, and, so far as they are necessary, to prescribe—(1) All measures necessary for the complete and final extirpation of Slavery, the manifest cause of the late disruption and of the calamities which it has entailed; (2) all measures necessary for the complete and final suppression of military resistance; (3) all such suspensions or limitations of political rights as may be necessary to guard against treasonable action in the councils of the State. The Government is of course also authorized to punish in the ordinary way of justice, all criminal acts not covered by the laws of war, such as complicity in the murder of the President, and complicity (if it can really be traced) in the murder, by wilful maltreatment, of Federal prisoners of war. Such murder of prisoners seems to fall under the same category as the murder of the wounded on the field of battle, for which we very properly hanged a Russian officer in the Crimea. These

appear to be the limits; and the temper of the Southerners and of the partizans of the insurrection in the North, will, it is to be feared, render them comprehensive enough.

For the rest, of all that the prophets of evil have predicted, nothing has yet come to pass, or seems likely to come to pass. The submission of the South appears to be complete. The regular armies having been overthrown, there appears no sign of desperate popular resistance or protracted guerilla warfare. The "Revolution," which we were told was to open on the conclusion of the war, has not yet emerged from the darkness of the future. The army and its chiefs remain in dutiful subordination to the civil power. No irregular personal ambition has yet broken loose; not the slightest attempt to erect a military dictatorship has been made. Those who predicted so confidently that "the bauble would be taken away" again were, in fact, about two centuries astray in their reckoning. In the very article of victory, the military expenditure has been promptly reduced; and the charges of meditated aggression upon foreign nations have received from the "filibustering" Government of the United States the most practical and decisive confutation. This moderation is more terrible than the most piratical aggression. As to Mexico, if anything has been done or permitted in that direction, the Americans have at least as good a right to lend assistance to the champions of institutions congenial to their own, as the French Emperor had to take advantage of American calamities for the purpose of setting up an Imperial satrapy in a continent which lies beyond the sphere of his legitimate ambition. Altogether, the "bubble" continues to imitate with singular success the outward appearance of adamant; and we must ask, what is the next date fixed for its inevitable "bursting?"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

LINCOLN! when men would name a man
Just, unperturbed, magnanimous,
Tried in the lowest seat of all,
Tried in the chief seat of the house,—

Lincoln! when men would name a man
Who wrought the great work of his age,
Who fought and fought the noblest fight,
And marshalled it from stage to stage,

Victorious, out of dusk and dark,
And into dawn and on till day,
Most humble when the pæans rang,
Least rigid when the enemy lay

Prostrated for his feet to tread,—
This name of Lincoln will they name,
A name revered, a name of scorn,
Of scorn to sundry, not to Fame.

Lincoln, the man who freed the slave;
Lincoln, whom never self enticed;
Slain Lincoln, worthy found to die
A soldier of his captain Christ.

R.

ESSAYS AT ODD TIMES.

VII. OF SUCCESS IN LIFE.

ONE of the minor vices of the age seems to be a tendency amongst us to the undue exaltation of the successful. That this should be the case in an age of keen competition between man and man, in that struggle for existence which obtains amongst men as it does, *teste* Mr. Darwin, amongst plants, is scarcely to be wondered at; but it must be allowed that it has its inconveniences, both from an ethical and a social point of view. This tendency crops up here and there upon the surface of our literature like an unwholesome stratum upon the surface of our earth. The historian indeed makes the characters of his drama revolve around a few successful heroes—heroes too often simply by virtue of

their success. But the historian excuses himself upon the plea that he has to record the great deeds done in the world, and not the great "might-have-beens." The fictionist has less excuse, whilst he too offends after this sort. In nothing indeed is the distinction more clearly marked between the old and the new than in the literature of fiction. The classical dramatist shows us his hero as ever waging an unsuccessful warfare with calamity—wave upon wave, the billows of misfortune rolling over his soul till they engulf him—whilst the hero of our modern drama is nothing if not successful. It was only the other day that a play, which up to that point had been favourably received, was hissed off the stage, because the hero failed in all his efforts, and got himself killed in

the last act. The author altered the end of his story, and the play became a great success. And, if we fall back upon biography, the case is the same, or worse. Take up any recent book of biography, especially if it is intended for young people and written with what is called a serious aim; and, even if it does not go so far as to teach the readers "How to make the best of both worlds," yet the chances are that it is headed "Boys who have risen in life," or "Self-made Men"—that it is in fact a short cut on the road "to be healthy, wealthy, and"—successful. And yet we must not be too hard upon this tendency of the age we live in. To most men success in life is simply a means to an end, and to an end which in itself is good. It is not merely a selfish ambition, or the hope of gratifying the baser part of his nature, which generally spurs a man on in the race, and bids him "spurn delights, and live laborious days."

Many professional men, it must be remembered, marry early in life—almost as soon as they have entered upon a professional career; and success in that career means that a man's wife shall enjoy the comforts she has been used to, and that his children shall receive as good an education as their father had. And, even if the motive for exertion be a more selfish one, it is not generally selfishness of the baser kind—merely a desire for better wines, more horses, a bigger house—which urges a man on. But success in life means to an educated man the ability to travel,—it means pictures, books, intercourse with clever and intellectual people: in a word, the indulgence of intellectual tastes and pursuits which an advanced civilization begets and fosters, and which can only be gratified by those who are born rich, or who get money by professional success. The love of money may be the root of all evil, but it has been the root of a good deal of tangible good in the world too. It has done something to conquer space and time: it has bridged wide rivers, and connected continents with telegraphic wires. It has alleviated disease, and lengthened life. It has cultivated home feelings in

the penny post. It has amused and instructed countless thousands by means of a well-paid literature. These things would probably never have been done, or would have been done badly, but for the desire of getting on in life. Want, like steam, is a very useful expansive power when you can give it a safety-valve in success. Still the undue exaltation of the successful has a tendency to vulgarize ambition in the minds of young people, to give them a low aim, and to make life too much a matter of barter and traffic. And, for my part, I should like to see a few biographies of unsuccessful men—of men whose lives, after a worldly sense, have been failures. I am not sure but that we should have a finer individuality in such men. For, after all, great men have been great not by virtue of their success, but in spite of it. And success has been too often an acid which has eaten off the thin electro-plate of gilt that overlay a substratum of baser metal.

It has been said, indeed, and upon good authority too, that the world knows nothing of its greatest men. This of course in a sense may be true. But the world is no fool. It knows perfectly well what it wants, and is always ready to reward those who can produce what it wants. It may not want that which is best and greatest in a man, but only the best of that which he can give to serve its uses. And we may depend upon it that the men who have succeeded in the world are the men who, from a worldly point of view, have deserved to succeed. We sometimes hear the remark made by foolish people of some person who is their friend, that so-and-so might have been anything he had chosen; if he is a barrister, he might have been Lord Chancellor; if a clergyman, the Archbishop of Canterbury. They forget to take into account the fact that their friend may want just that power of concentrating his faculties, the power of work, which is nine-tenths of genius. For the most part I hold that a man is only equal to what he has done. The measure of a man's success is generally the measure of his powers.

It is instructive to notice in some of our modern biographies, how the writer (of the bat-biographer species) sums up the various causes which have contributed to make his hero a successful man, heaven and earth apparently combining for the purpose; whilst he generally neglects to take into account the hindrances in spite of which the man whose life he pretends to write became great and famous. If we could get hold of these—the hindrances pushed aside, and the obstacles surmounted—most biographies would be much more instructive reading than they now are. “Best men, they say, are moulded out of faults,” and the greatest men, I am sure, have been moulded out of difficulties.

But, suppose we touch upon one or two of the hindrances to success in a professional career, which young men are likely to meet with when they first start upon the race of life. And it must be remembered that a man’s foes are generally they of his own household—the idols of the market-place, as Bacon phrased it, those home influences which surround him in early life; and the idols of the den, those which lie wholly within himself. And first, of shyness; though I doubt whether the shyness which sometimes shows itself in young people is to be looked upon as an unfavourable symptom. I believe that very much of the world’s work has been done by shy men. It may seem at the outset to be a hindrance to success, but it is generally accompanied by qualities which are essential to success, and the reaction against it may give just that stimulus which the mind needs to brace it for success. Listen to Archbishop Whately. “I suffered,” he says, “all the extreme agonies of shyness for many years, and, if the efforts to which I was continually stimulated (to think about his *gaucherie*, copy other people’s manners, &c.) had been applauded as such, I should probably have gone on to affection; but, finding no encouragement, “I was fortunately driven to despair. I then said to myself, Why should I endure this torture all my life to no purpose? . . . From this time I

“struggled as vigorously to harden myself against censure as I ever had to “avoid it.” In fact, in the reaction against shyness, his mind stiffened into self-reliance. Through weakness he was made strong. There is no better friend, no friend more staunch and true, than the one you make out of a foe. And shyness, like all other hindrances, if conquered betimes, may be converted into an element of strength. Demosthenes was a stammerer; I have no doubt he was also naturally a shy man. And one of the best public speakers I know tells me that, as a young man at college, he made such a fool of himself at a debating society, simply through nervousness, that he broke down in his opening sentence, amid peals of laughter, and rushed away to his rooms to hide his shame and his shyness, like Mr. Winkle after that memorable trial in which he so distinguished himself in the witness-box. Shyness, in fact, is like the tension of the harp-string, which renders it liable to break, but also makes it musical. It is the mind’s self-consciousness. Some one has said that all clever men are conceited. And I believe that all clever men are naturally shy. Nor are the two qualities opposed to one another, as a careless reader might fancy. Three parts of shyness are made up of conceit. For this reason shyness generally wears off with advancing age, or rather is rubbed off through contact with the world. Most men find, as they grow older and wiser, and enlarge their mental horizon, that they are not so clever as they thought, or at any rate that there are a hundred others as clever, or cleverer than themselves. And with their conceit they lose their shyness.

Another hindrance to success in a professional career is what I will beg to call a want of breadth. The word breadth is of course borrowed from the painters’ vocabulary, and signifies that combination of many parts into a whole, which gives unity to a subject,—the “one in many,” without which there can be no perfection in art or life. It is in this quality of breadth that the begin-

ner's picture generally fails. The parts may be good enough in themselves, the incidents may be well contrived, but yet the picture—as a whole—is naught. Every master knows that he has generally to strike out of his pupil's picture a multiplicity of petty details which only mar its effect. And the want of breadth is equally fatal to success in life. "Concentrate your powers" must be the young man's motto. Professional success is impatient of a divided allegiance. Lawyers, I believe, look very shyly upon the barrister who has written a poem; and the lawyers are right. Admirable Crichtons may be all very well in their way; but if you, my reader, have a liver complaint (which heaven forbid!) you will do well to consult a doctor who has made hepatic complaints his speciality. I was talking only the other day to a sage man of much experience in the world, a clubbist who has been conversant with many cities and men, about a friend of ours, a young man, whom his father expects to do wonders in his profession. "He will never get *on* in life," said Ulysses in a summary and judicial tone; "he is clever at too many things."

Another hindrance to success in a professional career is what is commonly called the want of a connexion. And this does seem in fact to be wholly beyond and outside of a man's own self, and to be irremediable by any efforts of his own. The young barrister who has no friends or relations among the clique of solicitors, the artist who has no interest in the Art world, the writer who dwells outside of that magic circle, as he deems it, wherein authors live and move and have their being: these men, it may be thought, are almost shut out from success, and have but a poor chance of getting on in the callings they have chosen. Give me but an opening, muses the young man of talent, and the world shall see what I can do. But herein, I take it, lies the difference between genius and dilettantism. The man of genius is he who makes a way if he cannot find one, who is content to bide his time, preparing himself the while for the

opening which is sure to present itself soon or late. A young, a very young musician sought the advice of a master in his art, who listened, as he thought, very coldly to his aspirations and complaints. "You think I am too young," said the pupil, "Why, you began your career when you were younger than I." "Yes," was the reply, "but I asked nothing about it." Of course there is a good deal in what mortals call chance. If biography teaches anything, it teaches this: that there has been a golden moment in the lives of most men, which genius has been enabled to seize and to employ; that there is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune. The sculptor Thorwaldsen has packed up his few belongings, and is about to leave Rome for Denmark. His life looks blank enough to him. His profession seems to be a great mistake. Nobody will buy his statues, or encourage the genius which he had fondly hoped was in him. But that very day an Englishman chanced to enter his studio, had the ability to recognise his talent, and the money to purchase his great statue, the Jason. The time and the man had come, and Thorwaldsen's fortune was made. And that golden opportunity will come to you also, my young friend. Only take care that you are ready for it when it does come. The stone that is fit for the wall does not lie long in the ditch.

And, after all, it must be remembered that success is but a relative term. When any man accomplishes that which he proposed to himself on setting out upon the journey of life, that man we call successful. A barrister, for instance, proposes to himself that some day or other he will be Lord Chancellor—now, if he stops short at a Puisne judgeship, are we to call his life a failure or a success? He has not, at any rate, reached the summit he meant to reach, and possibly may be therefore a discontented man. Whereas the boy who began life by sweeping out the lawyer's office, and ends by getting a desk there, may be the more successful man of the two. He aimed at being his master's clerk, and he has got what he aimed at.

It may be a question, too, whether there is not more happiness in the struggle to achieve distinction, to gain a prominent place in the eye of the world, than in the success which sometimes crowns it. Youth and health,—ah me! what possibilities of enjoyment are contained in those two words only! and these the struggling genius usually has, who laments his fate, and deems that happiness is only another name for success. But the old and the successful tell us a different tale. For success mostly comes to a man late in life, after much toil, after many bitter disappointments, after he has served a long and weary apprenticeship to failure. Like a tardy patron, it often comes to him too late—when he is old, and cannot enjoy it; when he is alone, and cannot impart it; when, in a word, he does not much care about it. It is not to him what it would have been twenty years before. He has reached his position gradually, and by degrees has got accustomed to it. It is not the wonderful thing it seemed to his young and eager eyes.

He is an old grey-haired man now, to whom earthly distinction and glory have possibly lost much of their zest and flavour. He has been, perhaps, a little soured by long waiting, a little saddened and tired by the weary strife. His wife—she who shared the struggle so bravely with him, bearing more than half the burden and heat of the day, cheering him on to exertion in those dark hours when his heart gave way, and he almost himself disbelieved in a genius which none but she would recognise—his wife is gone from his side, maybe, and cannot share the reward as she had shared the labour. His children are scattered, perhaps, in the four quarters of the globe. He accepts his position, indeed, and is thankful for it. But he owns to himself sadly in many a solitary hour—made more solitary by his having reached a pinnacle on which but few can stand beside him—that there are better things for a man even in this world than success in life.

L I N C O L N I A N A.

BY EDWARD DICEY.

I HAVE often wondered, of late, how the general chorus of praise, which has been raised above Abraham Lincoln's tomb throughout the length and breadth of England, would have impressed me, supposing that I had been an American of the Northern States. It is ill grace to look a gift horse in the mouth, and our kinsmen across the Atlantic are too happy in this, the moment of their triumph—the closing period of their long and gallant contest—too kindly, also, in their disposition, to take our tardy recognition of the dead President's merits in any other sense than that in which it is given, namely, as a heartfelt expression of genuine feeling. Still, I cannot but think that many of them must doubt whether our sympathy would have

been as loud if Lincoln had fallen in the days when the fortunes of the Union were thought to be on the wane. I can fancy men in the New England States—men to whom England was formerly a second country, and who felt the animosity displayed towards their cause amongst us as a bitter personal sorrow—saying, in their hearts, if not by their mouths, "We are grateful for your good will, but we wish it could have been shown us earlier. One kindly word spoken three years ago would have been better than an oration delivered now. At the time when our cause seemed the darkest, when every act of our Government was systematically misrepresented, when every victory was decried as worthless, when every discouragement was thrown

in our path, then we should have valued even more keenly than we do now your public recognition of the heroic qualities you have at last discovered in the man who has been from the beginning the representative of our struggle. 'Bis dat, qui cito dat,' says the Latin proverb; and you have been somewhat long in giving."

If such a response were made—I do not believe that it will be made—to our national expression of condolence for Lincoln's death, I do not think that any honest Englishman would feel the retort altogether undeserved. But from this retort I hold that I may fairly exempt myself. Having belonged from the beginning to that "small knot of fanatics and sciolists" whom the *Times* declared, not so many months ago, to be the only persons who believed in the possibility of the Union ever being restored. Having expressed that belief in the pages of *Macmillan*, in days when the faith was an unpopular one, boasting but few disciples—I have some right, now to express my opinion with respect to Abraham Lincoln, without being liable to the suspicion that I am doing honour not to the man but his success. Moreover, it was my fortune, during my stay in Washington three years ago, to see something of the late President, and to hear his character and doings constantly discussed by those who were in daily communication with him. Let me try and recall the result of the impression thus left upon my mind.

In the spring, then, of 1862, Abraham Lincoln was certainly not popular with Washington society. Chance letters of introduction made me closely acquainted with two branches of the motley gathering which filled the capital of the United States during the first year of the war. I knew many of the Abolitionists, or Black Republicans, the men who were the vehement supporters of that policy, which at a later period was adopted by the Government. But at that time the great bulk of the nation could not realize the fact that the Southern States were really prepared to dissolve

the Union; and the public mind refused to adopt any decided view with reference to slavery, for fear the adoption of such a view might stand in the way of the ardently-desired reconciliation with the South. General McClellan was the typical representative of this state of public feeling, and the months preceding the departure of the grand army of the Potomac for the Peninsula was the epoch of McClellan's triumph. At this period, the belief in the "Young Napoleon's" ability as a commander, was almost universal, and what opposition there was to him was based on political, not on military grounds. The Abolitionists conceived that he would be enabled after one or two successful battles to patch up a peace by concessions to the slave-owning interest; and but few of them were sanguine as to any decisive blow being dealt against slavery. I remember a leading Republican senator saying to me at the time, "My only hope of seeing slavery abolished is my belief that the military power of the Confederacy is underrated. The prolongation of the war is the one chance for the triumph of our cause." Now, at this time, McClellan had no firmer supporter than the President. Personally there was little liking between Mr. Lincoln and the then Commander-in-Chief. But the President had convinced himself that McClellan was the right man for the war; and his first duty in his own eyes was to restore the authority of the Union. At this time, therefore, the Abolitionists were in opposition to the President. Deputations of the leading Republicans were constantly waiting on him to impress upon him the necessity of adopting more decided action with reference to slavery; but their representations met with no success. I used to hear frequently of the results of these audiences; and the men, who took part in them, expressed to me opinions about the President which I daresay now they would recall with wonder. To do them justice, they never doubted the sincerity of Abraham Lincoln's personal sympathy. In fact, the President went out of his way on

many occasions at this time to show his own feelings with reference to the peculiar institution. Amongst many illustrations of this, I can recall a story I heard from one of the deputation to whom it was addressed. A number of railway managers called at the White House in reference to some traffic arrangements. The President heard their statements, and then remarked, "I suppose you don't know, gentlemen, that I was once one of your body myself. But mine was a very peculiar line of railroad, for the trains all ran underground, and the passengers always went from South to North, never from North to South." Even so late as 1862, it required no considerable disregard for popular feeling for a President to acknowledge that he had thus been connected with the organization by which fugitive slaves were passed across the frontier. In the same way, none but a statesman who had resolved to leave no room for doubt as to his anti-slavery views, would have attended Mr. Wendell Phillips's lectures at the Smithsonian Institute, or would have dared to outrage every American precedent by receiving coloured men at the White House. But throughout this period Mr. Lincoln drew a distinct line between his personal and his public duty. "As a man,"—this was the invariable purport of his replies to Abolitionists,— "I agree with your views; as a President I have no right to interfere with the institutions of the country, except in as far as I find it necessary to support the authority of the Government." The Abolitionists, while they acknowledged the force of this argument, complained bitterly of the narrowness of mind which in their opinion incapacitated Mr. Lincoln from seeing that there existed a higher duty than mere observance of the letter of the law. In their judgment the conduct of the Secessionists had rescinded the compact entered into between the Slave States and the Union; and the timidity of the President was thus letting slip an opportunity, which would never return, for the overthrow of an accursed system.

"He is a good man, but not strong enough for the position." This is the verdict I have heard passed scores of times by men who learnt afterwards to modify their opinion.

The other section of society to which I have alluded, and with whom chance made me very intimate, was that of the old residents at Washington. With the election of Lincoln and the outbreak of secession, a social revolution had been inaugurated at Washington. The great bulk of the residents had been persons of Southern sympathies, and had thrown in their fortunes with the Confederacy. Those who remained faithful to the old flag had no especial love for the dominant section. Their traditions united them to the old democratic party; and they regarded the incursion of new men, which accompanied Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, with something of the same feelings as Whig county members may probably have regarded the new class of public men whom the Reform Bill brought into parliamentary circles. They approved, though not very cordially, of the cause which the free-soil party represented; but they had scant liking for the men whom the triumph of that cause had brought into power. Living as I did very much in this society, I heard pretty well everything that could be said against Mr. Lincoln by those whose dislike was not based on political grounds. That "all" amounted to very little. The persons of whom I speak recognised fully the honesty of the President, and I think did more justice to his greatness of character than his political supporters. But, if I must speak the truth, they were more or less ashamed of him as the representative of the nation. The man's character stands now so high, so above reproach, that nothing written can in any way depreciate it. And, even if any of my friends in Washington recollect now how sore they felt at times about the eccentricities of the President, they have little cause to be ashamed of their susceptibility. Englishmen have very little notion how much of a certain sort of state and etiquette there was upheld at Washington during the pre-

Secession administrations, or how complete a change was introduced in this respect by Mr. Lincoln. Taylor, and Fillmore, and Pierce, and Buchanan, with all their faults, were men of education and breeding. In the diplomatic circles of Washington they were on a level, in these respects, with the society in which they moved. Now Lincoln was not a vulgar man. No man who is perfectly simple, and unaffected, and yet bold enough to make his position felt if the occasion rise for the display of authority, can be vulgar. Moreover, he had a sort of natural courtesy, and kindly good nature, which more than supply the place of artificial good manners. But still he was utterly unlike the men who had occupied the Presidential chair before him, since the days of Andrew Jackson. There is something to me wonderfully touching now about the story how, at the first state-dinner he was present at, when the waiter asked him whether he would take claret or hock, he turned round and asked the servant which *he* would recommend himself. But still, I think any honest person would admit that if, like my informant, he had been an American, he would have felt annoyed at the time at this exhibition of ignorance of the ordinary rules of society on the part of the Chief Magistrate of his country. I recollect once being present with Hawthorne at a bar, where a certain very high functionary of the State was drinking, and telling somewhat broad anecdotes to a mixed audience. "How would you like yourself," Hawthorne whispered to me, with extreme disgust at his tone, "to see the Lord Chancellor, or the Prince Consort, 'liquoring-up at a public bar?'" I owned candidly that I should not feel gratified by the exhibition; and I think still that the Washington residents, who were at first bitterly annoyed by the want of breeding displayed by the President, cannot justly be accused of snobbish vulgarity. If at that time they failed to recognise his true merits, they erred only in common with their fellow-countrymen.

Then, too, at that period Mr. Lincoln suffered much in the estimation even of men whose opinion was not to be despised, by the character of jester-in-chief to the American people which the press had assigned to him. From all I can learn, the stories which he really told, however quaint they might be as illustrations, were never inappropriate, or unbecoming the occasion. There was about the man a sense of fitness, supplied by the possession of real humour, that told him whether a jest was permissible or not. But the papers daily attributed to him every joke that any buffoon throughout the States could pick out of "Joe Miller;" and many of these jokes, if really made at the times represented, would have betrayed not only want of artificial breeding, but absence of native delicacy. In no country is it so difficult to say what is truth as in America. I remember an English settler in the West telling me a long story about "Old Abe,"—as men called him there—whose scene was laid at a court-house, where my informant declared he was present himself. The whole point of the story, which, if true, was not a creditable one, rested on the fact of the President's being an immoderate smoker. At the time I heard it, I could not doubt the truth of the anecdote, but afterwards I happened to learn accidentally, from the President himself, that he had never been in the habit of smoking. Thus Mr. Lincoln bore the discredit of having made a variety of jests which he most certainly could never have made—of being, in fact, a man who never could resist the temptation of making a joke, be the occasion what it might. And Americans, who have a strong sense of dignity according to their own standard, felt deeply annoyed at the sort of merry-andrew reputation which, in the earlier days of his administration, clung to the late President. A friend of mine, who saw the President daily, told me at the time that the humour of Mr. Lincoln was used rather as a screen, than due to any innate love of joking. Probably no man ever became the ruler of a great nation with

such a small stock of knowledge as to the arts of governing as was possessed by Mr. Lincoln. He was far too shrewd a man not to be aware of his own ignorance ; and I believe the way which he adopted, of turning away all awkward questions by a joke, arose in great part from a desire to gain time, in order to weigh more fully matters with which he felt himself incompetent to deal on the spur of the moment. The anecdotes for which he was famous were seldom a real answer to the inquiry which called them forth.

I am inclined to think that this, the first year of his administration, was the gloomiest period of Lincoln's career. From the causes I have sought to indicate, the men with whose faith he personally sympathized looked upon him as deficient in courage and determination ; while the society amongst which he was necessarily thrown was disposed to exaggerate his personal deficiencies, and had not yet recognised his true nobility. He was far too keen an observer not to know what people thought of him ; and beneath his rough exterior there lay, I suspect, an almost morbid sensitiveness. Moreover, if my view of his character is right, he had a quality very rare amongst his countrymen, or, indeed, amongst our Anglo-Saxon race. He had that almost fatal gift of divination which enables men to see that there are two sides to every question. Thus, though he hated slavery fully as much as Mr. Johnson, he had none of the personal animosity towards slaveowners which seems to characterise his successor. A sort of Yankee Hamlet, he was born to set aright a world which was out of joint ; and never, I think, was there a man less gifted by natural inclination to undertake the task. The one point of which he could satisfy himself beyond a shadow of doubt was that he, the legally-elected President of the American Union, was bound by his oath "to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." With regard to this duty he never faltered ; but how that duty ought to be performed was to him, in the early days of his rule, a subject of most painful

doubt and difficulty. He could not tell whom to trust in those days, when many even of the Federal officers were suspected of secret complicity with the Confederate authorities ; he could not convince himself whether decisive action with reference to slavery was likely to shorten or prolong the war ; he could not, if what I heard at the time was true, altogether satisfy himself whether he was the right man in the right place after all. At a later period, when it became clear that nothing but the overthrow of the military power of the Confederacy would restore the Union, his course became, I fancy, much easier to himself. When once he was able to see that his duty commanded him simply, in his own words, "to keep pegging away," I have no doubt he was less burthened by a sense of responsibility. We all laughed very much in England at the simplicity of the ruler who confessed he had no policy except to "peg away ;" but this expression showed us, if we had but known it, the true strength of Lincoln's character, and also the limits within which that strength was contained.

There were other circumstances, too, which contributed to darken this first year of the Presidency, quite apart from the calamities of the State. Very early in the spring of 1862 little Willie Lincoln died suddenly. He was, if accounts were correct, a child of great promise ; at any rate, his father was extremely attached to him, as he was to all his children. He made companions of them to an extent not very common in America ; and, in the later years of his life, his youngest boy—"Tat," as they used to call him—followed him everywhere, and accompanied him on every occasion. But at that time poor little Willie was the Benjamin of his father's heart ; and those who lived with the President have told me that he felt the loss of the child with a grief more like a mother's than a father's. Then, too, at the moment of the child's last illness, the President was fearfully harassed with requests to spare the life of the slave-trader Gordon—the only man, I believe, who was executed by order of the

Federal Government during the first term of the Presidency. Extreme pressure was exerted to induce Mr. Lincoln to remit the capital sentence; nor, indeed, were specious reasons wanting to justify the exercise of leniency. At the very moment when his own child was in the agony of death, the relations of the condemned man obtained an audience of the President to solicit mercy. But, deeply agitated as Mr. Lincoln was, he positively refused to interfere. "The 'slave-trade,' he said, 'will never be put down till our laws are executed, and the penalty of death has once been enforced upon the offenders.'" But, unbending as his determination was, the responsibility of having virtually to sentence a fellow-being to the gallows weighed very painfully on a heart whose natural instincts invariably prompted to kindness.

Never in my knowledge have I seen a sadder face than that of the late President during the time his features were familiar to me. It is so easy to be wise after the event; but it seems to me now that one ought somehow to have foreseen that the stamp of a sad end was impressed by nature on that rugged, haggard face. I described in the pages of *Macmillan* his personal appearance, at the time when I first saw him. There is little that I can add to that description, nor, indeed, is there much I would take from it. All I can say is, that, if I had fancied it would be copied, as it was, by all the American newspapers, and thus brought, in all human likelihood, to the eyes of the man I sought to portray, I should have modified something of the terms in which it was expressed. Words look very different in writing from what they do in cold, hard, clear letter-press; and I have often regretted since, as I do now more than ever, that there should have been aught in those lines to give pain to a man whom it was my wish to honour. But in that sketch I think I failed to do justice to the exceeding sadness of the eyes, and also to their strange sweetness; they were the one redeeming feature in a face of unusual plain-

ness, and there was about them that odd, weird look, which some eyes possess, of seeming to see more than the outer objects of the world around. And that expression of sadness was, I believe, at all times the habitual one with him. I have heard his private secretary say that in his own house he was not talkative, not given much to making jokes or telling anecdotes, but grave, silent, and, as it seemed, depressed by a feeling of constant dejection. Every now and then his spirits would rise, and his face would light up with a quaint flash of humour; but, as a rule, his look was not that of a happy or a cheerful man. I recollect the first time I saw him was at the White House. I had gone there to call on one of the officials, and, as usual, had found the doors open, and nobody, as far as I can remember, to show me up the stairs. Opening one of the doors in search of my destination, I met the President going alone to speak to his secretaries. He was one of those men whom you know at a glance by his likeness to the portraits of him exhibited in the shop windows. No artist, however careless, could fail to catch—no picture, however hasty, could fail to reproduce—the distinguishing features of that marked countenance, that strange, gaunt figure. It struck me at the time how utterly unprotected the man was who carried in some sense on his shoulders the fortunes of the Union. Any assassin might have entered the White House, and made his way up to the President with perfect ease; and I believe that the same facility of access was open to all comers till the end. On more than one occasion, I recollect meeting Mr. Lincoln walking alone in Washington. The only symptom of respect paid to him was that the sentinels saluted him as he passed; otherwise there was nothing to distinguish him from any one of the motley multitude who at that period crowded the streets of the capital.

The time when I saw most of the President was on the occasion of a trip down the Potomac. Some of the

Northern regiments were then being embarked at Alexandria for the Peninsula. The spectacle in those days was a novel one; and Mr. Seward had engaged a steamer to go and witness the embarkation. The party to which the Secretary of State was kind enough to invite me was intended to be a very small one; and, owing to some mistake, I think, about the hour, I and a foreign attaché were the only visitors on board the steamer, besides the President and some members of Mr. Seward's family. It was, by the way, a curious illustration of the odd manner in which things were managed or mismanaged during the McClellan régime, that, on reaching our destination, we discovered the troops had embarked on their transports, and set sail for the Peninsula, hours before our arrival. But the real attraction of the excursion—for me at least—lay in the opportunity it gave me of seeing something of the President in private life. With that odd humour of which Mr. Seward is so fond, and which by the way so woefully perplexed the late Duke of Newcastle on the occasion of his interview with the Secretary of State, I was, I remember, introduced to the President as "one of his enemies." "I did not know that I had any enemies," was the answer; and I can still feel, as I write, the grip of that great bony hand held out to me in token of friendship. In my life I have seen a good number of men distinguished by their talents or their station, but I never saw any one, so apparently unconscious that this distinction conferred upon him any superiority, as Abraham Lincoln. Such salient points as there were in the conversation I have published ere now in these pages. I remember that the President asked me a good deal about England; seemed genuinely anxious to learn why public feeling should be so hostile to the North; and, unlike most of his countrymen, never intimated a conviction that he understood England much better than an Englishman could be expected to. But indeed throughout it was clear that the President preferred listening to talk-

ing. He spoke freely enough on public affairs; laughed a good deal about the pretensions put forward by the Southern statesmen to a strict observance of legality in all their internal government; said, amongst other things, that they reminded him of an innkeeper he had known down at St. Louis, who boasted he had never had a death in his house during the cholera, because, whenever an inmate of the house was dying, he turned him out of his room, and laid him in the gutter outside the doors. He joked too, pleasantly enough, with Mr. Seward about the latter's passion for smoking and his own inability to use tobacco; and told us some curious observations he had made with reference to the health of confirmed whisky-drinkers in the West. But, except when he was forced by civility to take part in the conversation, he sat silent, brooding for the most time over the stove, or else walking slowly up and down the long saloon cabin. The shadow of sadness sat on him, and it was only by an effort he could throw off its gloom. How far his look of depression was increased by his then recent domestic affliction, I cannot say. But the deep careworn lines about his rugged face told of trouble or melancholy of far older standing than any late misfortune could have occasioned.

Conning over my recollections, recalling the opinions I heard expressed by men whose opportunities of judging were perhaps unprecedented, looking at the record of his life as events have made it known, I have often asked myself of late whether Mr. Lincoln was really a great man or not. To this question I find it very hard to give an answer. If sterling goodness of heart, wonderful native shrewdness, and an unflinching resolution to do what was just and right, constitute greatness, then the victim of Wilkes Booth's crime was a very great man indeed. But if something other—though not perhaps higher—than all this is wanted to imprint upon a man the stamp of absolute greatness, then I still doubt whether the verdict of posterity will place Lin-

coln in the category of men who have made history. His real merit, in my judgment, was, that he represented so faithfully the people who had chosen him for their ruler. To no human being could the President have been—to use an Italian phrase—more “antipathetic” than he was to Hawthorne; but yet I recollect the latter saying to me one day, that he supposed there must after all be some fitness about Lincoln for his work, as the blind popular instinct was never wrong in its selection of a ruler. In this case, at any rate, Hawthorne was right. A saviour of society, a Napoleon or a Cromwell, or even a Cavour, was not needed at this crisis of American history. All that was required was a man honest enough to resist temptation, resolute enough to carry out his purpose, shrewd enough to see his end clear before him and follow none other, and single-hearted enough to seek the welfare of the country, and that only. All these requisites were found in “Honest Abe”—as the American papers of the

day delighted to call him—in marvelous perfection. I am not sure that a man of genius could have done as well as this plain rough Western settler; but, for all that, I do not believe the last President was in any sense a man of genius. His record is grand and noble enough without our needing to attribute to him qualities which he did not possess. A purer Nelson, a wiser Garibaldi, his name will, if I mistake not, be cherished by the American people much as the memory of the two heroes I have mentioned is honoured in their own countries. Not only “in our island story” has the way of duty been found to be also the path of glory. We heard much, not so long ago, of the degeneracy of the nation which once was worthy to be led by Washington. History, I think, will say that our own days produced a yet nobler representative of American courage, and honesty, and self-sacrifice in the person of Abraham Lincoln.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1865.

GROTE'S PLATO.¹

THE NEGATIVE, OR SEARCH DIALOGUES.

BY PROFESSOR BAIN.

ALTHOUGH, in the celebrated chapters on the Sophists and on Sokrates, in his "History of Greece," Mr. Grote made a commencement of his intended account of Grecian philosophy, he found it advisable to reserve Plato and Aristotle for a separate work. He has now fulfilled his promise as regards Plato.

Perhaps no man in the Grecian world has inspired a wider or a deeper interest than Plato. He has divided with Aristotle, and exerted after a manner of his own, the sway of Greek intellect over the civilized world. If Aristotle is more sagacious, sober, and various in scientific accomplishments, Plato has coupled with philosophy the Hellenic graces of style, and his emotional charms have made him appear almost divine. But idolatry is not favourable to exact appreciation; and a leading aim of the present work is to undo what the author considers a mistaken estimate of Plato's character and method, which has taken a firm hold of the great mass of his readers and commentators.

A short extract from the preface will introduce us to the scope of the work:—

¹ "Plato and the other Companions of Sokrates." By George Grote, F.R.S., D.C.L., Oxon, and LL.D., Cambridge, Vice-Chancellor of the University of London. 3 vols. Murray.

"The title of these volumes will sufficiently indicate that I intend to describe, as far as evidence permits, the condition of Hellenic philosophy at Athens during the half century immediately following the death of Sokrates in 399 B.C. My first two chapters do indeed furnish a brief sketch of Pre-Sokratic philosophy: but I profess to take my departure from Sokrates himself, and these chapters are inserted mainly in order that the theories by which he found himself surrounded may not be altogether unknown. Both here, and in the sixty-ninth chapter of my History, I have done my best to throw light on the impressive and eccentric personality of Sokrates: a character original and unique, to whose peculiar mode of working on other minds I scarcely know a parallel in history. He was the generator, indirectly and through others, of a new and abundant crop of compositions—the "Sokratic dialogues:" composed by many different authors, among whom Plato stands out as unquestionable coryphæus, yet amidst other names well deserving respectful mention as seconds, companions, or opponents.

"It is these Sokratic dialogues, and the various companions of Sokrates from whom they proceeded, that the present work is intended to exhibit. They form the dramatic manifestation of Hellenic philosophy—as contrasted with the formal and systematising, afterwards prominent in Aristotle.

"But the dialogue is a process containing commonly a large intermixture, often a preponderance, of the negative vein: which was more abundant and powerful in Sokrates than in any one. In discussing the Platonic dialogues, I have brought this negative vein into the foreground. It reposes upon a view of the function and value of philosophy which is less dwelt upon than it ought to be, and for which I here briefly prepare the reader."

The author then proceeds to describe the nature of philosophy as *reasoned truth*, borrowing a happy phrase from the lamented Ferrier. In this respect, it is radically opposed to unreasoned beliefs, generated by the mere sentiments of the mind, or by traditional or other authority. The business of the philosopher lies in calling for proof where others believe without proof, to reject received doctrines if the proof appears insufficient, and to urge in their stead what he considers to be true. But then his truth must be reasoned truth, supported by proofs, and fortified against all objections. Philosophy is thus (as Ferrier so well showed) by necessity polemical; the assertion of independent reason by individual reasoners, dissenters from the prevalent unreasoning belief, and yielding to no authority save the counter-reasons of others. It will happen, moreover, that philosophers are dissenters from one another, to the great gain of philosophy itself.

Now this polemic character did not fully show itself at the earliest stage of Greek philosophy. The first philosophers, from Thales downwards, departed materially from the unreasoning beliefs as to natural agency, rejecting the polytheistic explanations, and adopting each some independent hypothesis upon more or less of reason assigned. But there appears to have been little or no refutation or negation in their procedure. None of them tried to *disprove* the received point of view, and to throw its supporters on their defence. The dialectic age had not yet arrived.

That age was prepared by the Eleatic Zeno, and formally opened by Sokrates. The saying that Sokrates brought philosophy down from heaven to earth,—from cosmical speculation to human affairs—is true, but not the whole truth. He revolutionized the method of philosophy. He gave the negative and polemic aspect of reasoned truth a prominence and an emphasis unknown before. His gift of cross-examination was employed to disabuse men of the conceit of knowledge, and give them

the torpedo shock of humiliating conscious ignorance, which he considered the preparation for true knowledge. The peculiar features of the spoken dialogues of Sokrates are necessary for the understanding of half of the written dialogues of Plato, which are devoid of meaning, unless construed with reference to the separate function and independent value of negative dialectic.

"Whether readers may themselves agree in such estimation of negative dialectic, is another question; but they must keep it in mind as the governing sentiment of Plato during much of his life, and of Sokrates throughout the whole of his life; as being moreover one main cause of that antipathy which Sokrates inspired to many orthodox contemporaries. I have thought it right to take constant account of this orthodox sentiment among the ordinary public, as the perpetual drag-chain, even when its force is not absolutely repressive, upon free speculation."

The first chapter is devoted to the Speculative Philosophy of Greece, up to the time of Sokrates. The three Milesians—Thales, Anaximander, and Anaximenes—Pythagoras, Xenophanes of Kolophon, Parmenides of Elea, Herakleitus of Ephesus, Empedokles of Agrigentum, Anaxagoras of Klazomenæ, Diogenes of Apollonia, Leukippus of Elea, Demokritus of Abdêra,¹ are suc-

¹ We must make room in a note for a few sentences on Demokritus:—

"Among the lost treasures of Hellenic intellect, there are few which are more to be regretted than the works of Demokritus. Little is known of them except the titles: but these are instructive as well as multifarious. The number of different subjects which they embrace is astonishing. Besides his atomic theory, and its application to cosmogony and physics, whereby he is chiefly known, and from whence his title of *physicus* was derived—we find mention of works on geometry, arithmetic, astronomy, optics, geography or geology, zoology, botany, medicine, music and poetry, grammar, history, ethics, &c. In such universality he is the predecessor, perhaps the model, of Aristotle. It is not likely that this wide range of subjects should have been handled in a spirit of empty generality, without facts or particulars: for we know that his life

cessively passed in review. Of this chapter we will say only that it is an attempt to construct, from the slender remaining accounts and fragments of these philosophers, an intelligible representation of the problems they endeavoured to solve, and of their manner of solving them; and we doubt much whether it is now possible to give a better statement of their views.

In the second chapter, the author makes some interesting general reflections on the schemes of these twelve beginners in philosophy, contrasting them with the prevailing popular conceptions of nature. He notes in them, not merely "the growth and development of scientific curiosity, but also "the spontaneity and exuberance of "constructive imagination—that prominent attribute of the Hellenic mind "displayed to the greatest advantage "in the poetical, oratorical, historical, "artistic productions, and transferred "from thence to minister to their scientific curiosity." While the primitive theories had no positive character in common, their common negative characteristic was remarked by Aristotle: "The earlier philosophers (he says) had "no part in Dialectics; *dialectical force* "did not yet exist." The invention of this new arm is attributed by the same authority to Zeno; and accordingly Mr. Grote enters fully into the Zenonian

was long, his curiosity insatiable, and his personal travel and observation greater than that of any contemporary. We know too that he entered more or less upon the field of dialectics, discussing those questions of evidence which became so rife in the Platonic age. He criticised, and is said to have combated, the doctrine laid down by Protagoras, 'Man is the measure of all things.' It would have been interesting to know from what point of view he approached it: but we learn only the fact that he criticised it adversely. The numerous treatises of Demokritos, together with the proportion of them which relate to ethical and social subjects, rank him with the philosophers of the Platonic and Aristotelian age. His *Summum Bonum*, as far as we can make out, appears to have been the maintenance of mental serenity and contentment: in which view he recommended a life of tranquil contemplation, apart from money-making, or ambition, or the exciting pleasures of life."

dialectics as the prelude to Sokrates and Plato.

The Eleatic Zeno is best known by his puzzles and paradoxes on motion; but these have to be viewed in connection with the doctrine of Parmenides—the commencement of all Ontology—recognising, together with the sensible or Phenomenal world, an Ultra-Phenomenal, Noumenal, or Absolute world, of which certain attributes could be affirmed. It was on this last world that Zeno brought to bear his contradictory propositions; and by means of them, somewhat in the manner of the logical dilemma, he refuted those opponents of Parmenides, who contended that the Absolute was plural and discontinuous, against his (Parmenides') view of the One and the Continuous (*Ens unum continuum*).

"It is the opening of the negative "vein which imparts from this time "forward a new character to Grecian "philosophy. It is no longer sufficient "to propound a theory, either in obscure, "oracular metaphors, and half-intelligible aphorisms, like Herakleitus, or "in verse more or less impressive, like "Parmenides or Empedokles. The "theory must be sustained by proofs, "guarded against objections, defended "against imputations of inconsistency; "moreover, it must be put in comparison with rival theories. Here are "new exigencies, to which dogmatic "philosophers had not before been "obnoxious. They were now required "to be masters of the art of dialectic "attack and defence, not fearing the "combat of question and answer—a "combat in which, assuming tolerable "equality between the duellists, the "questioner had the advantage of the "sun, or the preferable position, and "the farther advantage of choosing "where to aim his blows."

After these preliminaries, our author proceeds to Plato's life, making the most of the few authentic particulars. Born 427 B.C. at Aegina, of a noble family, and constitutionally robust, he showed remarkable quickness in learning, attained a great familiarity with the poets,

and composed poetry of his own, but which he burned when he came under Sokrates, possibly about his twentieth year. Taking into account the extraordinary and trying political circumstances of Athens from 499-403 B.C. Mr. Grote concludes that a robust young citizen like Plato, entering military life in 409, must have been occupied in hard military service, if not abroad, in the defence of Attica, or in garrison duty at Athens. The battle of Arginusæ, the crushing defeat of Ægospotami, the blockade of Athens, when many died of famine, the tyranny of the Thirty, the gallant combat of Thrasybulus, followed by the intervention of the Lacedæmonians and the restoration of the democracy, were the political surroundings of Plato's youthful years. He felt the impulse of political ambition usual with many Athenians of good family; and continued in Athens till the condemnation of Sokrates in 399, when he temporarily retired with the other Sokratic companions to Megara, threw up practical politics, and resolved to devote himself exclusively to philosophical speculation, unless in the event (which happened, little to his credit) of an invitation from some city or state to legislate for it upon exalted principles. The interval of thirteen years, between the death of Sokrates and the opening of his own school, may have been spent partly at Athens, but was also in part occupied with foreign travel, in Kyrênê, Egypt, Italy, and Sicily. He was forty-one when he entered (386) on his public vocation of teacher of philosophy in a garden adjoining the precinct sacred to the hero Akadêmus, about a mile from the gate of Athens on the road to Eleusis. In this precinct there were shady walks, a gymnasium for bodily exercises, and a museum with library and class-room; and adjoining was a small dwelling-house and garden, Plato's private residence. "Here, under the name of Academy, was founded the earliest of those schools of philosophy, which continued for centuries forward to guide and stimulate the speculative minds of Greece and Rome."

Mr. Grote considers it necessary to devote two chapters to the Platonic canon: the necessity arising not from any doubt in the ancient world as to what were the genuine Dialogues, but from the turn of the discussions during the present century. He first enters on a minute survey of the external evidences for the received canon, called the catalogue of Thrasyllus; showing that the works of Plato must have been acquired, from authentic sources, by the Alexandrine Library, on whose authority the canon rests. He then applies himself to the refutation of the new system of criticism, originating with Schleiermacher, and professing, regardless of the external testimonies, to discriminate the genuine writings of Plato by a kind of internal evidence. The alleged evidence supposes, first, a systematic unity of purpose, a process of regular development in the mind of Plato, traceable throughout his Dialogues; and, secondly, that the Dialogues can be now arranged in their proper chronology. Mr. Grote disputes both assumptions, with arguments that appear to be overwhelming. And although, in the course of this controversy with Schleiermacher and the German commentators, he takes occasion to set forth, by way of contrast, his view of the real method of Plato, we prefer to draw on the chapter succeeding, which is made to bear on the Platonic compositions generally.

The first impression produced by these writings is their great variety. No single epithet can describe them all. Some critics of antiquity described Plato as essentially a searcher or inquirer, and as never reaching any certain result. This is going too far; he is sceptical in some Dialogues, dogmatical in others. Again, Aristotle characterised his style of writing as something between poetry and prose, and declared that the doctrine of Ideas obtained all its plausibility from metaphors. This is also true to a certain extent. Many of the Dialogues possess a degree of poetic exuberance condemned as excessive by contemporary and subsequent critics, who had

before them, for comparison, the most finished compositions of Greece. Moreover, the power of his dramatic situations would have carried away the prizes at the Dionysiac festivals, if he had followed the drama as a profession. But these poetic attributes are not found in all the Dialogues.

"It is in truth scarcely possible to resolve all the diverse manifestations of the Platonic mind into one higher unity; or to predicate, about Plato as an intellectual person, anything which shall be applicable at once to the Protagoras, Gorgias, Parmenides, Phædrus, Symposium, Philébus, Phædon, Republic, Timæus, and Leges. Plato was sceptic, dogmatist, religious mystic and inquisitor, mathematician, philosopher, poet (erotic as well as satirical), rhetor, artist—all in one: or at least, all in succession, throughout the fifty years of his philosophical life. At one time the exuberant dialectical impulse claims satisfaction, manifesting itself in a string of ingenious doubts and unsolved contradictions: at another time, he is full of theological antipathy against those who libel Helios and Seléné, or who deny the universal providence of the Gods: here, we have unqualified confessions of ignorance, and protestations against the false persuasion of knowledge, as alike wide-spread and deplorable—there, we find a description of the process of building up the Kosmos from the beginning, as if the author had been privy to the inmost purposes of the Demiurgus. In one dialogue the erotic fever is in the ascendant, distributed between beautiful youths and philosophical concepts, and confounded with a religious inspiration and *furor* which supersedes and transcends human sobriety (Phædrus): in another, all vehement impulses of the soul are stigmatised and repudiated, no honourable scope being left for anything but the calm and passionless *Nous* (Philebus, Phædon). Satire is exchanged for dithyramb, and mythe,—and one ethical point of view for another (Protagoras, Gorgias). The all-sufficient dramatising power of the master gives full effect to each of these multifarious tendencies. On the whole—to use a comparison of Plato himself—the Platonic sum total somewhat resembles those fanciful combinations of animals imagined in the Hellenic mythology—an aggregate of distinct and disparate individualities, which look like one because they are packed in the same external wrapper."

Another circumstance must be taken into the account. We know Plato mainly in one character, the composer of Dialogues. He was, besides, a lecturer; but the nature of his lecturing is almost unknown. The only occasions of his speaking in his own person are

presented by his few epistles (written, after he was sixty years of age, to Dionysius II. Dion, and others), from which we gather, first, his opinion that direct written exposition was useless for conveying real instruction to the reader; next, his reluctance to publish any such exposition under his own name, and carrying with it his responsibility. Writing to Dionysius, in answer to a demand for further explanations of his higher doctrines, he advises the dependence, not on writing, but on meditation and debate, as the proper mode of acquiring and retaining them. "These matters cannot be communicated in words, as other sciences are. Out of repeated debates on them, and much social intercourse, there is kindled suddenly a light in the mind, as from fire bursting forth, which when once generated keeps itself alive." "I have never myself written anything on these subjects. There neither is, nor shall there ever be, any treatise of Plato. The opinions called by the name of Plato are those of Sokrates in his days of youthful vigour and glory." His idea of the true position of a learner was in oral communication with the teacher; a written exposition, sown broadcast among the multitude, was to him altogether incongruous and futile proceeding. The necessity of personal adaptation on the part of the tutor was intensely present to his view; and, as a Greek, he felt, what we can realize only in an inferior degree, the action and re-action of the human presence in stimulating the forces of the intellect, as well as in the social pleasures. The drama and dialectics, both of Hellenic origin, had for a principal root the sociability of the Hellenic temperament. But the strongest objection to the dead letter remains. The only test of mastery of any subject is that the learner shall be able to endure from others, and himself apply to others, a Sokratic Elenchus, or cross-examination as to all the difficulties. No written exposition will qualify up to this point; nothing short of a course of tuition conducted in the very fashion will do.

The author next goes on to divide the Dialogues. He excludes the Epistles, the Apology of Sokrates, and the Menexenus, as compositions apart. There are, then, thirty-three Dialogues in all, nineteen of Search, and fourteen of Exposition. The most elaborate specimen of the Search Dialogues is Theætetus; Menon, Lachês, Charmidês, Lysis, Euthyphron, &c. are perfect specimens in their way, but less worked out. Among Expository Dialogues, Timæus and Epinomis are the most marked examples, being devoid of all negative criticism. The Republic, Phædon, and Philêbus display exposition, preceded or accompanied by search. Many others are of the mixed character, being placed under search or under exposition according as either quality preponderates.

Let us now follow our author in a more particular description of those Dialogues of Search. A philosopher, as commonly conceived, is one that has made up his mind to certain opinions, which he expounds with authority, illustrates, and proves. Such was Plato in some of his compositions. But in by far the greater number, he could give no opinion at all on the questions raised. There is a process of inquiry, of search, not only fruitless, but devious, circuitous, and intentionally protracted. The position of authority is disclaimed. Not only does he never give judgment in his own name, but his principal spokesman declares that he has not made up his own mind, that he is only a searcher along with others, more eager in the chase than they. Philosophy is a search after the unknown, not a deliverance respecting the known. The pursuit is considered as profitable and invigorating, even though what is sought is not found. The efficacy of Sokrates, both as he pursued his cross-questioning vocation among the Athenians, and as he appeared in the Platonic Dialogues, is not producing, but obstetric. He furnishes a stimulus to the parturition of something in the pregnant brain of the respondent. The relationship of teacher and learner, with authority on the one side, and reciprocity and trust

on the other, does not exist. In modern times, the general public are not admitted to the process of searching for truth; before the finished work is presented, the scaffolding is removed. Plato has a strong interest in viewing the different stages of the erection. If we could suppose, what sometimes happens, that a research is carried on by two persons in co-partnery, and that their correspondence and discussions were all preserved, the recital would furnish the basis of a composition after Plato's own heart; he would dress it up with dramatic touches, and send it forth as a dialogue of search. At Athens, in his day, co-partnery in intellectual labour was the rule; the active minds were either the Rhetors, addressing the multitude on particular issues, or the Dialecticians, debating between themselves on general questions. In the dialectic process, one person set up a thesis, another cross-examined upon it; and the most irresistible of all cross-examiners was Sokrates. Play was thus given to the negative arm of philosophy, the art of disproving the false. The Eleatic Zeno, Sokrates, and Plato considered that a great service was rendered, even if they stopped short at this point. They felt no shame in the confession of ignorance. Most historians of ancient philosophy fail to realize, because themselves disliking, this process of mere negation. They would tolerate it in small doses, and as an aid to affirmation; requiring that, when you deprive a man of one affirmative solution, you must be prepared at once with another. "*Le Roi est Mort: Vive le Roi!*" the dogmatic throne must never be empty. But, if we look at the practice of Plato, we shall find a different case. The Parmenides, for example, is throughout a protest against forward affirmation, an assertion of an independent *locus standi* for the negationist. The claims of the objector must be satisfied before the affirmer can be held solvent. Parmenides selects for criticism Plato's own theory of Ideas, and indicates an array of difficulties that are not removed, and that appear irremovable. That a map

should make an unanswerable case against his own darling theory of the world, is not human nature, think the commentators. Plato thinks otherwise, and Grote, perhaps conscious of being capable of the same thing, sides with him.

But we must now advert to the more special ground assigned by Sokrates for his negative procedure. It referred to that chronic and deep-seated malady of the human mind, the false persuasion of knowledge. Men constantly credit themselves with knowing what they do not know; the first step of their intellectual progress is to be disabused of this belief, and feel in room of it a mortifying sense of ignorance. Sokrates claimed for himself the distinction of having thoroughly passed this preliminary stage. "I am distinguished" (says he) from others, by this "character only—that I am conscious of my own ignorance: the wisest of men would be he that had the like consciousness: but as yet I have looked for such a man in vain." So deeply did he take to heart the prevalent false persuasion of knowledge among all classes, that (under what he conceived a mission from the Delphian god) his whole life was a continued warfare against it. His instrument was a cross-examination that sooner or later involved every respondent in the meshes of self-contradiction. The topics chosen by him for testing men's knowledge (and herein lay another of his characteristics) were, not the recondite speculations of the early philosophers—the Kosmos, Astronomy, Meteorology—but matters of everyday talk, experience, and practice; respecting which every one was ready to give a confident opinion. What is justice? what is injustice? what are temperance and courage? what is law, lawlessness, democracy, aristocracy? what is the government of mankind, and the attributes qualifying for the governing function? It was in these matters that he detected universal ignorance, coupled with a firm but illusory persuasion of knowledge.

Mr. Grote, not content with forcibly reciting the Sokratic and Platonic

method of negative cross-examination, applied to the false persuasion of knowledge, endorses it with his hearty concurrence. He believes both in the existence of the evil, and in the suitability of the remedy, so far as the disease is curable (in which he is not over-sanguine). We must give his views in his own words:—

"This aggregate of beliefs and predispositions to believe, ethical, religious, æsthetic, social, respecting what is true or false, probable or improbable, just or unjust, holy or unholy, honourable or base, respectable or contemptible, pure or impure, beautiful or ugly, decent or indecent, obligatory to do or obligatory to avoid, respecting the status and relations of each individual in the society, respecting even the admissible fashions of amusement and recreation—this is an established fact and condition of things, the real origin of which is for the most part unknown, but which each new member of the society is born to and finds subsisting. It is transmitted by tradition from parents to children, and is imbibed by the latter almost unconsciously from what they see and hear around, without any special season of teaching, or special persons to teach. It becomes a part of each person's nature—a standing habit of mind, or fixed set of mental tendencies, according to which particular experience is interpreted and particular persons appreciated. It is not set forth in systematic proclamation, nor impugned, nor defended: it is enforced by a sanction of its own, the same real sanction or force in all countries, by fear of displeasure from the Gods, and by certainty of evil from neighbours and fellow-citizens. The community hate, despise, or deride, any individual member who proclaims his dissent from their social creed, or even openly calls it in question. Their hatred manifests itself in different ways, at different times and occasions, sometimes by burning or excommunication, sometimes by banishment or interdiction from fire and water; at the very least, by exclusion from that amount of forbearance, good-will, and estimation, without which the life of an individual becomes insupportable: for society, though its power to make an individual happy is but limited, has complete power, easily exercised, to make him miserable. The orthodox public do not recognise in any individual citizen a right to scrutinise their creed, and to reject it if not approved by his own rational judgment. They expect that he will embrace it in the natural course of things, by the mere force of authority and contagion—as they have adopted it themselves: as they have adopted also the current language, weights, measures, divisions of time, &c. If he dissents, he is guilty of an offence described in the terms of the indictment preferred against Sokrates—'Sokrates commits crime, inasmuch as he does not believe in the Gods, in whom the city believes, but introduces new religious beliefs,' &c.

'Nomos (Law and Custom), King of All' (to borrow the phrase which Herodotus cites from Pindar), exercises plenary power, spiritual as well as temporal, over individual minds; moulding the emotions as well as the intellect according to the local type—determining the sentiments, the belief, and the predisposition in regard to new matters tendered for belief, of every one—fashioning thought, speech, and points of view, no less than action—and reigning under the appearance of habitual, self-suggested tendencies. Plato, when he assumes the function of Constructor, establishes special officers for enforcing in detail the authority of King Nomos in his Platonic variety. But even where no such special officers exist, we find Plato himself describing forcibly (in the speech assigned to Protagoras) the working of that spontaneous, ever-present police by whom the authority of King Nomos is enforced in detail—a police not the less omnipotent because they wear no uniform, and carry no recognised title."

The first condition of philosophy as reasoned truth is dissent and disenfranchisement from traditional and consecrated authority—the existence, at all hazards, of a small minority, asserting the right of self-judgment. This position was taken in greater or less degree by several eminent poets and philosophers in early Greece, by Pindar and by Xenophanes. So the various theories of the Kosmos, from Thales downwards, were the free offspring of individual minds, although as yet unaccompanied with the dialectic process of attack and rejoinder. It was in the fifth century B.C. that the two-sided procedure, familiar in the drama and in the dikastery, was enlisted in the service of philosophy, that Zeno and Sokrates assumed the aggressive. Never before had the authority of King Nomos met such an enemy as the Sokratic cross-examination; the prescriptive creed and the unconsciously imbibed sentiment were thrown upon their defence before the reason of an individual citizen. "You, Polus, bring against me the authority of the multitude, as well as of the most eminent citizens, who all agree in upholding your view. But I, one man, standing here alone, do *not* agree with you. And I engage to compel you, my one respondent, to agree with *me*."

It is from the conversation of So-

krates that the Platonic Dialogues of Search take their rise, and we must read them in the light of the Sokratic dictum: "False persuasion of knowledge is almost universal: the Elenchus, which eradicates this, is salutary and indispensable; the dialectic search for truth between two active self-working minds, both of them ignorant, yet both feeling their own ignorance, is instructive, as well as fascinating, though it should end without finding any truth at all, and without any other result than to discover some proposed hypotheses to be untrue."

The Sokratic method was the initiative of a genuine scientific operation, in propounding as an end the exact definition of general notions—such generalities as Knowledge, Justice, Law, Temperance, Courage, Holiness. In ordinary usage, these terms are left vague and undefined, and are therefore liable to indiscriminate and improper application. Sokrates plies his respondents more especially on this head; and his dialectic process soon exposes their weakness. Every one pretends to know what Justice is, but, when he asks them for a precise definition, and cross-examines them upon it, they break down; and he leaves the desideratum unsupplied. In fact, both he and Plato are aware that the definition of the leading terms of ethics, politics, mind, &c., is a serious business; and we may regard the Platonic Ideas, or eternal self-existent Forms—the Form of the Just, of the Good—as a transcendental solution of the difficulty, emanating from the mystic and *a priori* side of Plato's mind. But, however this may be, it is certain that Sokrates, by his dialectic sifting of the meanings of general words, is entitled to be considered the originator of Inductive Definition.

In arranging the Dialogues, Mr. Grote thinks it best to commence with such as delineate Sokrates at work in his own manner, as attested by the unidealized report of Xenophon. These are pure Search Dialogues. He places last of all such as depart most widely from Sokrates and from negation, believed to

be also the latest of Plato's compositions—*Timæus*, *Kritias*, *Leges*. These are in glaring contrast to the searching questions, the negative acuteness, the confessed ignorance, of Sokrates; Plato, in his old age, has not maintained consistency with his youth, as Sokrates did, but has passed round from the negative to the affirmative pole of philosophy. The character of Exposition attaches in its purity to this class of dialogues. Between the extreme specimens of the two classes, the intermediate Dialogues are placed according as they seem to approximate to one or other type.

According to this plan, the *Apology* of Sokrates is the starting point. Although not properly a Dialogue, but the address of Sokrates in his trial before the *Dikasts*, it is purely Sokratic in its ideas. It is believed to be in substance the real defence pronounced by Sokrates, reported and dressed up, yet not intentionally transformed, by Plato. In the poorest translation, this discourse reaches the moral sublime. Sokrates explains at length his mission and his vocation—1. To cross-examine men, and to destroy the false persuasion of wisdom and of virtue so widely diffused among them. 2. To reproach them, and make them ashamed of pursuing wealth and glory more than wisdom and virtue. He disclaims the imparting of positive knowledge. He cannot teach what wisdom or virtue is. He declares his resolution to follow his own sense of duty whatever danger attends it. "Where a man may have posted himself—either under his own belief that it is best, or under orders from the magistrate—there he must stay and affront danger, not caring for death or anything else in comparison with disgrace."

"As to death, Sokrates knows very little what it is, nor whether it is good or evil. The fear of death, in his view, is only one case of the prevalent mental malady—men believing themselves to know that of which they really know nothing. If death be an extinction of all sensation, like a perpetual and dreamless sleep, he will regard it as a prodigious benefit compared with life: even the Great King will not be a loser by the exchange. If, on the

contrary, death be a transition into Hades, to keep company with those who have died before—Homer, Hesiod, the heroes of the Trojan War, &c.—Sokrates will consider it supreme happiness to converse with and cross-examine the potentates and clever men of the past—Agamemnon, Odysseus, Sisyphus; thus discriminating which of them are really wise, and which of them are only unconscious pretenders. He is convinced that no evil can ever happen to the good man; that the protection of the Gods can never be wanting to him, whether alive or dead. 'It is not lawful for a better man to be injured by a worse. He may indeed be killed, or banished, or disfranchised; and these may appear great evils, in the eye of others. But I do not think them so. It is a far greater evil to do what Meletus is now doing—trying to kill a man unjustly.'

The *KRITON* is not a Dialogue of Search, but our author takes it next as intended to rectify the one-sided impression of the character of Sokrates left by the *Apology*. It professes to record a conversation held with him two days before his death, with a view to urge his availing himself of the means of escape provided by his friends. Among other topics advanced, by way of persuading him, was the public disgrace of the situation. "Disgraced in the opinion of every one," exclaims he; "that is not the proper test of the propriety of your recommendation. I am now, as I have always been, prepared to follow nothing but that voice of reason which approves itself to me in discussion as the best and soundest." "We have before agreed that the opinions general among men ought not to be followed in all cases." "In the treatment and exercise of the body, we must not attend to the praise, the blame, or the opinion of every man, but only to the one professional trainer or physician." "The point to be decided is not what will be the general opinion, if I decline your proposition, but whether it will be just or unjust—right or wrong—if I consent to escape from prison against the will of the Athenians and the sentence of the law." "Even though others act wrong to us, we ought not to act wrong to them in return." "Most men hold the contrary to this, but it is a cardinal

"point ; between those affirming it and those denying it, there is no common ground ; they can only regard each other with contempt." Accordingly he delivers an eloquent pleading in favour of obedience to the laws of the Athenian state, such as would have befitted Pericles or Demosthenes, and would have been warmly applauded by an Athenian audience. Gratitude, affection, the mutual covenant between citizen and state, and his own reputation as a teacher of justice and virtue, forbade him to violate the laws. Mr. Grote considers that the main drift of the Dialogue is to counterwork the effect of that apparent defiance of the city and its institutions exhibited in the Apology. The accusation against him was contempt for the laws, and he meets it in this fashion. The marked specialities of his character being kept in the background, he is made to exemplify the austere type of citizen virtue. But, then, it is not from blind faith, but from self-formed conviction that he acts thus. "This is, and has long been, *my* conviction." The good orthodox citizen would probably have elected to escape from prison.

Two other recurring doctrines are broached in this Dialogue. First, in reply to the Sokratic inquiry, What is justice ? it is stated 'analogically, that just and honourable are to the mind what health and strength are to the body ; a faint shadowing of the great Platonic principle, that justice is not so much a social obligation or reciprocal regard to others, as a lofty, self-regarding attribute. The second point is also very frequent in the Dialogues, namely, the contrast of "The one specially instructed, professional, theorising expert — *versus* prevailing sentiment, common sense, intuition, instinct, pre-judice," &c. A prominent feature of the original method of Sokrates lay in perpetually citing the common trades by way of parallel to the arts of politics and ethics. When a young man aspired to political power, he was laid hold of by Sokrates and interrogated as to when, where, and how, he had learned the political craft — questions that every

shoemaker could answer in his own case.

The EUTHYPHRON is an ethical Dialogue of Search, also in some degree related to the trial. The indictment having been entered in the office of the King Archon, Sokrates had come to plead to it. In the portico of the office he meets Euthyphron, a prophet and adviser in points of theological difficulty, who has come to indict his own father for a homicide. The conversation between the two on the circumstances of the homicide leads to a Sokratic cross-examination of Euthyphron, as to the general constituent feature, or definition, of Holiness. Euthyphron's first reply is, the example of the Gods. Sokrates asks if he believes the current narratives respecting the discords and quarrels of the Gods ; Euthyphron believes them all, and a number besides not in common circulation. Mr. Grote here takes occasion to remark that the very putting of the question was an offence to an orthodox Athenian. Then, says Sokrates, as the quarrels of men usually turn upon just and unjust, good and evil, so must the quarrels of the Gods ; and one God may think right what another thinks wrong. On receiving this thrust, Euthyphron maintains that some things are repugnant to all the Gods, and homicide is one. Sokrates now retorts with fine-drawn logic, "Do the Gods love the holy because it is holy, or is it holy because they love it ?" Euthyphron, unaware of the masked battery, answers, "They love it because it is holy ;" so that something apart from their opinion determines holiness, and we are as far off as ever. Sokrates has another logical arrow : "You will admit that whatever is holy is necessarily just, but is every thing just necessarily holy ?" holiness is a species under the genus just, but are the two co-extensive, or not ? This is too deep for the respondent, and necessitates a series of examples to make plain the nature of genus and species ; which understood, he replies that holiness is that species of the genus just, having for its specific character ministration to the Gods ; whereas the other species concern ministration to men.

Sokrates now demands the nature of such ministrations to the Gods, and lands his respondent on the rocks of that puzzling question, How can our services benefit the Gods? we can only gain their favour by doing what they love—the holy—the very point to be determined. So ends the dialogue, unsettling without settling.

This being the first of the proper Socratic, or Search Dialogues, Mr. Grote reiterates upon it his views of the purport of those Dialogues. It contains the cross-examining Elenchus applied to implicit and unexamined faith and the false persuasion of knowledge; it turns upon the defining of a general name in common use; it shows the insufficiency of a number of tentative definitions, but provides nothing in their room, the reason being that the author had none to give. Then, as to the machinery of the cross-examination, we see how much of it consisted in the employment of logical distinctions, now for the first time brought into notice. The very operation of defining a general term was new; so was the distinction of higher and lower genera; and both innovations are due to Sokrates. Also, as regards the criterion or measure of ethical truth—of what makes the just, the good, the holy—instead of this being each man's inward sentiment, Sokrates insisted that some objective criterion should be assigned, something that all would recognise alike, and that would be a convincing reason to the sceptic. Euthyphron was satisfied in his own mind what holiness was, and what things were holy, but he could not assign a defining mark that would stand the logical sifting of Sokrates; no more can Plato himself.

Remark also the dramatic manner of Plato in bringing forward his discussions. The scene is laid at the King Archon's office; the speakers came there, each on matters of life and death; and out of these strong personal interests the discussion takes its rise.

The two Dialogues named ALKIBIADES follow. They are both cross-examinations of that noted personage, in his early youth, when he gave himself up

to Sokrates. In the first, he is an aspirant after political power. A few sentences will show how he is handled.

"*Sokr.* You are about to step forward as adviser of the public assembly. Upon what points do you intend to advise them? Upon points which you know better than they? *Alk.* Of course. *Sokr.* All that you know has been either learnt from others or found out by yourself. *Alk.* Certainly. *Sokr.* But you would neither have learnt anything, nor found out anything, without the desire to learn or find out: and you would have felt no such desire, in respect to that which you believed yourself to know already. That which you now know, therefore, there was a time when you believed yourself not to know? *Alk.* Necessarily so. *Sokr.* Now all that you have learnt, as I am well aware, consists of three things—letters, the harp, gymnastics. Do you intend to advise the Athenians when they are debating about letters, or about harp-playing, or about gymnastics? *Alk.* Neither of the three. *Sokr.* Upon what occasions, then, do you propose to give advice? Surely, not when the Athenians are debating about architecture, or prophetic warnings, or the public health: for to deliver opinions on each of these matters belongs not to you but to professional men—architects, prophets, physicians; whether they be poor or rich, high-born or low-born? If not *then*, upon what other occasions will you tender your counsel? *Alk.* When they are debating about affairs of their own."

Sokrates carries out the comparison of the politician to the professional man, and brings Alkibiades to the confession that he learned politics, not as a regular craft, but from the floating opinions of the multitude. But the multitude (like the Gods in the Euthyphron) are disqualified as teachers by their hopeless differences of opinion as to the just and unjust. Then, by a farther string of questions, with no little verbal equivocation, also frequent in Plato, he compels Alkibiades to the admission of the truly Platonic doctrine that the just is also the honourable, good, and expedient; after which follow discussions on the good, on taking care of one's-self, and on self-knowledge, and an ethical conclusion to the effect that, not wealth and power, but justice and temperance are the conditions of happiness.

The second Dialogue has for its dramatic prelude the incident of Alkibiades being about to offer prayer and sacrifice to the Gods. In convincing Alkibiades that he is too ignorant of what is good

for him to put any definite request to the Gods, Sokrates brings out another Platonic point of view, relative to the doctrine of the good. Assuming one to possess a number of good things in detail—health, money, family, &c.—he farther desiderates the skill to apply these in proper measure to the supreme end of life. “We have here (says our author) the title and the postulate, but “nothing more, of a comprehensive “Teleology, or right comparative estimate of ends and means against one “another, so as to decide when, how far, “and under what circumstances, each “ought to be pursued.” This high regulating function is declared one of the attributes of philosophy, and is often elaborately illustrated; yet never passing out of that state of dreamy grandeur that characterises Plato as an expositor.

The two succeeding dialogues, the GREATER HIPPIAS and the LESSER HIPPIAS, are occupied with various interesting discussions—as Law, Beauty, (handled at great length), Veracity, and Mendacity—and are good Sokratic specimens. But we are unable, within our limits, even to allude to the whole of the nineteen Dialogues of Search. Our remaining space must be devoted to illustrating our author's manner as a commentator in the higher questions of philosophy.

Let us then take the THEÆTETUS, wherein is propounded the question, What is Knowledge—Cognition—Science?

In answer to the question put by Sokrates—What is Knowledge or Cognition?—the respondent, Theætetus, at first replies, there are many different kinds of knowledge—geometry, arithmetic, the various arts and trades. This of course will not do, and Sokrates points out by easy examples (as clay, square and oblong numbers) what it is to give a general definition. The respondent does not see his way clearly yet, and Sokrates gives him an encouraging lecture, pointing out the nature of his own obstetric function in such matters. Theætetus now answers, “Cognition is sensation (or sensible perception).” Upon this Sokrates remarks that it is the same

doctrine, though in other words, as was laid down by Protagoras—“Man is the “measure of all things; of things existent, that they exist, of things non-existent, that they do not exist. As “things appear to me, so they are to me: “as they appear to you, so they are to “you.” Our author complains that the management of the dialogue is tortuous and perplexed, and refuses to admit the equivalence of the two doctrines—“Knowledge is sensible perception,” and “Man is the measure of all things.” He treats them as totally distinct doctrines, both of cardinal importance in philosophy. Let first quote from his exposition of the second:—

“The Protagorean doctrine—Man is the measure of all things—is simply the presentation in complete view of a common fact—uncovering an aspect of it which the received phraseology hides. Truth and Falsehood have reference to some believing subject—and the words have no meaning except in that relation. Protagoras brings to view this subjective side of the same complex fact, of which Truth and Falsehood denote the objective side. He refuses to admit the object absolute—the pretended *thing in itself*—Truth without a believer. His doctrine maintains the indefeasible and necessary involution of the percipient mind in every perception—of the cognipient mind in every conception—of the cognisant mind in every cognition. Farther, Protagoras acknowledges many distinct believing or knowing Subjects: and affirms that every object known must be relative to (or in his language, *measured by*) the knowing Subject: that every *cognitum* must have its *cognoscens*, and every *cognoscibile* its *cognitionis capax*: that the words have no meaning unless this be supposed: that these two names designate two opposite poles or aspects of the indivisible fact of cognition—actual or potential—not two factors, which are in themselves separate or separable, and which come together to make a compound product. A man cannot in any case get clear of or discard his own mind as a Subject. Self is necessarily omnipresent; concerned in every moment of consciousness, and equally concerned in all, though more distinctly attended to in some than in others. The subject, self, or Ego, is that which all our moments of consciousness have in common and alike: Object is that in which they do or may differ—although some object or other there always must be. The position laid down by Descartes—*Cogito, ergo sum*—might have been stated with equal truth—*Cogito, ergo est (cogitatum aliquid): sum cogitans—est cogitatum*—are two opposite aspects of the same indivisible mental fact—*cogitatio*. In some cases, doubtless, the objective aspect may absorb our attention,

eclipsing the subjective: in other cases, the subjective attracts exclusive notice: but in all cases and in every act of consciousness, both are involved as co-existent and correlative. That alone exists, to every man, which stands, or is believed by him to be capable of standing, in some mode of his consciousness as an Object correlative with himself as a Subject. If he believes in its existence, his own believing mind is part and parcel of such fact of belief, not less than the object believed in: if he disbelieves it, his own disbelieving mind is the like. Consciousness in all varieties has for its two poles Subject and Object: there cannot be one of these poles without the opposite pole—north without south—any more than there can be a concave without convex (to use a comparison familiar with Aristotle), or front without back: which are not two things originally different and coming into conjunction, but two different aspects of the same indivisible fact.

"In declaring that 'Man is the measure of all things'—Protagoras affirms that Subject is the measure of Object, or that every object is relative to a correlative Subject. When a man affirms, believes, or conceives, an object as existing, his own believing or concipient mind is one side of the entire fact. It may be the dark side, and what is called *the object* may be the light side, of the entire fact: this is what happens in the case of tangible and resisting substances, where Object, being the light side of the fact, is apt to appear all in all: a man thinks of the Something which resists, without attending to the other aspect of the fact of resistance, viz. his own energy or pressure, to which resistance is made. On the other hand, when we speak of enjoying any pleasure or suffering any pain, the enjoying or suffering Subject appears all in all, distinguished plainly from other Subjects, supposed to be not enjoying or suffering in the same way: yet it is no more than the light side of the fact, of which Object is the dark side. Each particular pain which we suffer has its objective or differential peculiarity, distinguishing it from other sensations, correlating with the same sentient Subject."

This, then, is a statement of some of the things implied in the great doctrine called the Relativity of Knowledge, which has risen by slow degrees to its present high position in philosophy. Plato himself, although here arguing against it in the Protagorean statement, has in various places exposed fallacies arising from the suppression of relativity and the assumption of an absolute. Our author's vindication of the doctrine from the subtle objections of the dialogue is a masterly combination of independent thinking and erudite reference.

The arguments whereby Sokrates im-

pugns the doctrine of Protagoras are such as these:—"It puts every man on a par as to wisdom and intelligence; and not only every man, but every horse, dog, frog, and other animal along with him. Each man is a measure for himself; all his judgments and beliefs are true; he is, therefore, as wise as Protagoras, and has no need to seek instruction from Protagoras. Reflection, study, and dialectical discussion are superfluous and useless to him; he is a measure to himself on the subject of geometry, and need not, therefore, consult a professed geometrician like Theodorus. Moreover, every man believes that there are some things where he is not so wise as others. It is true that in matters of present sensation—hot, cold, dry, moist, sweet, bitter—what each man judges is true *for himself*. But in regard to what is good, profitable, advantageous, healthy, one man judges more truly than another." To all these, Mr. Grote replies, that the doctrine is not that every opinion of every man is true, but that *every opinion of every man is true to that man himself*.

"The fact that all exposition and discussion is nothing more than an assemblage of individual judgments, depositions, affirmations, negations, &c. is disguised from us by the elliptical form in which it is conducted. For example:—I, who write this book—can give nothing more than my own report, as a witness, of facts known to me, and of what has been said, thought, or done by others,—for all which I cite authorities:—and my own conviction, belief or disbelief, as to the true understanding thereof, and the conclusions deducible. I produce the reasons which justify my opinion: I reply to those reasons which have been supposed by others to justify the opposite. It is for the reader to judge how far my reasons appear satisfactory to his mind. To deliver my own convictions, is all that is in my power: and if I spoke with full correctness and amplitude, it would be incumbent on me to avoid pronouncing any opinion to be *true* or *false* simply: I ought to say, it is *true to me*—or *false to me*. But to repeat this in every other sentence, would be a tiresome egotism. It is understood once for all by the title page of the book: an opponent will know what he has to deal with, and will treat the opinions accordingly. If any man calls upon me to give him *absolute truth*, and to lay down the canon of evidence for identifying it—I cannot comply with the request, any farther than to

deliver my own best judgment, what is truth—and to declare what is the canon of evidence which guides my own mind. Each reader must determine for himself whether he accepts it or not. I might indeed clothe my own judgments in oracular and vehement language: I might proclaim them as authoritative dicta: I might speak as representing the Platonic Ideal, Typical Man,—or as inspired by a *δαίμων* like Sokrates: I might denounce opponents as worthless men, deficient in all the sentiments which distinguish men from brutes, and meriting punishment as well as disgrace. If I used all these harsh phrases, I should only imitate what many authors of repute think themselves entitled to say, about ~~THEIR~~ beliefs and convictions. Yet in reality, I should still be proclaiming nothing beyond my own feelings:—the force of emotional association, and antipathy towards opponents, which had grown round these convictions in my own mind. Whether I speak in accordance with others, or in opposition to others, in either case I proclaim my own reports, feelings, and judgments—nothing farther. I cannot escape from the Protagorean limit or measure."

Equally striking and pertinent is our author's reply to the argument that dialectical discussion is at an end, if the doctrine of Protagoras be admitted. Dialectic operates altogether by question and answer; the questioner takes all his premises from the answers of his respondent, and can only proceed in the direction where the respondent leads him. The appeal is made in the last resort to the individual mind, which is installed as the measure of truth or falsehood *for itself*. Sokrates undertakes only the obstetric process of evolving from the respondent mind what already exists in it without the means of escape. He repudiates all appeal to authority, except the respondent's own. If you pronounce a man unfit to be the measure of truth for himself, you constitute yourself the measure in his place. As soon as he is declared a lunatic, some other person must manage his property for him. You cannot get out of the region of individual judgments, more or fewer in number: the king, the pope, the priest, the judges or censors, the author of some book, the promulgator of some doctrine. In most instances a believer entirely forgets that his own mind is the product of a given time and place, and of a conjunction of circumstances always peculiar, for the most

part narrow. He cannot be content to be a measure for himself and such as his arguments may satisfy. He insists upon constituting himself—or some authority worshipped by himself—or some abstraction interpreted by himself—a measure for all others besides. The doctrine of Protagoras is the real foundation of the right of private judgment. Aristotle, we find, impugned the doctrine; but though we must be grateful to him for his efforts to lay down objective canons of research, yet each of us has to judge for ourselves as to the sufficiency of those canons; which is the real meaning of the Protagorean formula. No one demands more emphatically to be a measure for himself, even when all authority is against him, than Sokrates in the Platonic *Gorgias*.

The next part of the dialogue consists in examining the doctrine that "Knowledge is sensible perception." The Socratic sifting of this doctrine is peculiarly rich in suggestions of a psychological kind. It exemplifies the great lengths that Plato had gone in opening up important and leading questions in philosophy.

In some of the experiences of sense, people differ; the wind, cold to one man, is not cold to another. On the other hand, in matters of weight and measure (the muscular element in sensation) all men are unanimous. This is one vital distinction to be kept in view. Then two men may look at an inscription; the sensible fact is the same to both; not so the thoughts that it gives rise to. This, too, is an important opening, but not followed up in the dialogue. Sokrates next remarks that the doctrine excludes memory, which is knowledge, but not present sensation; the only reply is, that the doctrine could never have been meant as excluding the remembered facts of sense. Again, Sokrates acutely points out that what distinguishes the senses is their several organs; but perception must have a deeper and a common seat, where all these converge. We perceive *through* the senses, and *with* the central force or soul. Then there are many of our judgments that do not

belong to any sense in particular, but to the sensations generally; as existence, likeness, unity, plurality; these the soul must be supposed to apprehend by itself and not by the sense organs.

Many a time has this last observation been reproduced in philosophy as an argument for innate ideas; but that doctrine was not held by Plato. He supposes the central intelligent mind to work altogether upon the facts of sense; to review and compare them with one another; and to compute facts present or past, with a view to the future. The sentient mind operates through special bodily organs of sense; the intelligent mind has no special bodily organs. The common man lives altogether in the sentient region; only the few laborious thinkers rise to the high operations of the intelligent mind.

Mr. Grote here, as everywhere else, places himself at the most advanced point of view of the subject in dispute, and his criticisms are a lesson in mental philosophy. He pertinently remarks that, though it is convenient to distinguish intellect from sensation (or sensible perception), the distinction is arbitrary, and the line has been variously drawn. So indeterminate is the language of psychology, that it is difficult to say how much any writer means to include under the terms sense, sensation, sensible perception. Of this position our author gives an instructive commentary by extensive citations from ancient and from modern philosophers. The propositions of our knowledge affirm relations of likeness, difference, succession, &c. between two or more sensations or facts of sense. We rise thus to states of mind more complicated than simple sensation, or including, along with sensation, the intellectual processes of memory, comparison, and discrimination, and the complicated functions of these. This is what Plato calls opinion or belief. In a certain inferior form, it is possessed by all men; in its highest form it is knowledge, or cognition, and is attained only by a select few. The crowning height of cognition is distinguished from opinion by being infallible and unmitakeable; by apprehending

the real essence of things, or real truth; and, lastly, by this, that the possessor can maintain his own consistency under cross-examination, and can test the consistency of others by cross-examining them.

Theætetus being driven out of his definition of knowledge as sensible perception, now advances another—"Knowledge consists in right or true opinion." Opinion may be false, but, when it is true, it is knowledge. Sokrates, however, is much perplexed to understand that state of mind called false opinion, although he has often thought it over and debated it with others. He suggests various hypotheses, and refutes them all. A man must either know a thing or not know it; and, if he knows it, how should he be mistaken about it?

Theætetus recollects another definition learnt from some one whose name he forgets. "Knowledge is true opinion, coupled with *rational explanation*." This leads Sokrates into an account of the various modes of rational explanation. It means, first, the power of enunciating the opinion in clear and appropriate words; this every one can do that is not dumb or an idiot; a function so universally owned cannot claim the dignity of knowledge. Secondly, it implies the power of describing the thing by its component elements. Thus Hesiod says that there are a hundred distinct wooden pieces in a waggon; any one that could specify all these would give a rational explanation of the waggon. And, thirdly, the most common meaning is to assign the specific mark wherein a thing differs from other things. On which Sokrates remarks that, in knowing a thing, we must trace its agreements as well as its differences. He has now hit the nail, without being aware of it. These two facts—cognisance of Difference and cognisance of Agreement can be shown to exhaust the essence of knowledge; and both are requisite. All that we know of a gold ring is summed up in its agreements with certain things—round things, small things, gold things, &c. and its differences from others—square, oblong, silver, iron, &c. Instead of

amending the definition, Sokrates simply rejects it, and ends the dialogue without positive result.

"Such a string of objections never answered, and of difficulties without solution, may appear to many persons nugatory as well as tiresome. To Plato they did not appear so. At the time when most of his dialogues were composed, he considered that the Search after truth was at once the noblest occupation, and the highest pleasure, of life. Whoever has no sympathy with such a pursuit—whoever cares only for results, and finds the chase in itself fatiguing rather than attractive—is likely to take little interest in the Platonic dialogues. To repeat what I said in Chapter VI.—Those who expect from Plato a coherent system in which affirmative dogmas are first to be laid down, with the evidence in their favour—next, the difficulties and objections against them enumerated—lastly, these difficulties solved—will be disappointed. Plato is, occasionally, abundant in his affirmations: he has also great negative fertility in starting objections: but the affirmative current does not come into conflict with the negative. His belief is enforced by rhetorical fervour, poetical illustration, and a vivid emotional fancy. These elements stand to him in the place of positive proof; and, when his mind is full of them, the unsolved objections, which he himself had stated elsewhere, vanish out of sight. Towards the close of his life (as we shall see in the *Treatise De Legibus*), the love of dialectic, and the taste for enunciating difficulties even when he could not clear them up, died out within him. He becomes ultra-dogmatical, losing even the poetical richness and fervour which had once marked his affirmations, and substituting in their place a strict and compulsory orthodoxy."

We shall make only one other reference to complete the illustration of Mr. Grote's view respecting the Dialogues of Search. The fragment called KLEITOPHON reflects to us the complaints that would naturally arise against this one-sided, negative, critical, or destructive dialectic. The speaker in the Dialogue profoundly admires the procedure of Sokrates in so far as it stimulates men out of intellectual sloth; but prays that he would go on to impart some positive instructions respecting virtue, justice, and the health of the mind. "Proceed, Sokrates, I supplicate you, to deal with me as I have described; in order that I may never more have occasion, when I talk with Lysias, to blame you on some points while

"praising you on others. I will repeat, that to one who has not yet received the necessary stimulus, your conversation is of inestimable value; but to one who has already been stimulated, it is rather a hindrance than a help to his realizing the full acquisition of virtue, and thus becoming happy." Mr. Grote is little surprised that the dialogue is not brought to conclusion, and that no answer is given by Sokrates to the respectful, yet emphatic requisition of Kleitophon. The case is too strong for reply. It resembled the objections in Parmenides to the theory of Ideas; which are unanswered and unanswerable. Kleitophon complains to Sokrates: "You are perpetually stirring us up and instigating us; you do this admirably; but, when we have become full of fervour, you do not teach us how we are to act, nor indicate the goal that we are to aim at." But this is the account that Sokrates gives of himself to the Dikasts. It is his mission from the Delphian God to worry the Athenians with perpetual stimulus, like the gadfly exciting a horse. But his mission finishes with the negative; inspiration fails him when he deals with the affirmative. The gadfly excites the animal, but does not show him in what direction to expend his awakened energy.

"His affirmative dicta,—as given in the *Xenophontic Memorabilia*, are for the most part plain, homebred, good sense,—in which all the philosophical questions are slurred over, and the undefined words, Justice, Temperance, Holiness, Courage, Law, &c. are assumed to have a settled meaning agreed to by every one—while, as given by Plato, in the *Republic* and elsewhere, they are more speculative, highflown, and poetical, but not the less exposed to certain demolition, if the batteries of the Sokratic Elenchus were brought to bear upon them. The challenge of Kleitophon is thus unanswerable. It brings out in the most forcible, yet respectful, manner the contrast between the two attributes of the Sokratic mind: in the negative, irresistible force and originality: in the affirmative, confessed barrenness alternating with honest, acute, practical sense, but not philosophy. Instead of this, Plato gives us transcendental hypotheses, and a religious and poetical ideal; impressive indeed to the feelings, but equally inadmissible to a mind trained in the use of the Sokratic tests."

WOMEN AND THE FINE ARTS.

BY F. T. PALGRAVE.

(Continued.)

II

WE have now tried to pursue the external conditions of art through their numerous—I fear, their tedious,—varieties of aspect. Turning to the inner or personal qualifications, the task, if not less difficult, is however less diffuse in its nature. For Imagination and Fancy on the side of the Intellect, with Pre-dominance of Emotional Instinct on the side of the Heart (to repeat our former general definition), if accepted as practically correct, will be essentials common to Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, and Music. To this definition was added above a certain instinct or devotion to beauty of form, and the physical aptitude for rendering or realizing it, as what might be called the sensuous qualifications. But these last have already been dealt with in the main when considering the effect of education on female aptitude for art. As, therefore, the chief inner prerequisites are shared amongst the Fine Arts; and as it is more difficult to trace their existence in visible forms, or notes, or colour (certain though it be that their presence is what makes a Mozart, Mozart, or gives “Correggiosity” to Correggio) than in Poetry, it may be best to take examples from that art which both presents an easier field for analysis, and enables us to transfer them bodily to our pages.

If, then, we select the works of Miss Joanna Baillie, Miss Landon, and Mrs. Hemans, as the best known of our recent, but not quite contemporary female poets (the horrible word *poetess* I avoid when possible), and as those who, on the whole, did most to deserve the wide reputation which they enjoyed whilst living,—no one will deny that they were aware of the primary functions of poetry, or that

No. 69.—VOL. XII.

they were more or less gifted with the primary faculties for creating it. So far from displaying any conscious weakness in regard to these qualities, Imagination, Fancy, and Passion are aimed at or present in every page of their volumes. Few poets have, indeed, ventured to deal with so many and such diverse themes as Mrs. Hemans entrusted to her imaginative faculties: no one has attempted a treatment of the Passions so systematic and so ingeniously characterized, as Miss Baillie: the fancy and the emotions form the groundwork of Miss Landon’s verse. Why then would truth—the only honourable eulogy on the dead—forbid reckoning any one of the three among those writers who are probably destined, we will not say to immortality, but even to average human permanence? Why can no one poem by them be quoted equal to the single ballad by which Lady Ann Lindsay will be remembered whilst our language is sung or spoken? High as was their aim, and deep their devotion to their art, why can we barely class any of them with the second-rate poets of their day,—with Rogers, or Southey, or Moore? Why is their place, on the whole, already perilously near the “circle” (to take Dante’s term) consecrated to those once famous names, who now live only a shadowy life in literary tradition?

Far be it from us to imply that no better fate is deserved by the whole work of the three ladies first named. There are two fair ballads by Miss Baillie, and a few fine descriptive passages are introduced with taste and skill in her dramas. Miss Landon shows signs of an intensity which in less unhappy circumstances might have passed from promise into fulfilment. Mrs. Hemans retains a place in our collections and our memories by

F

a few musical and pathetic stanzas. In this respect they stand, it must be remembered, on the level of an immense number of male poets, whose names survive only in some single piece, or whose ballad has come down to us without preserving a clue to its author. I think I am correct in saying that the poems of each of the two whose career was not prematurely closed, respectively equal in bulk the whole that was published by Burns, Keats, and Shelley together. They rival in bulk Wordsworth or Byron. I need not go back to the days when the golden canons of brevity and finish were more strictly observed in the art of poetry. But this comparison is, it is believed, enough to make it clear in what sense these distinguished female writers have failed to accomplish an ambition, laudable as any by which human creatures can be inspired.

Difficult as the task may be, and diffidently as it should be undertaken, we must, however, endeavour to give some suggestions as to the cause of what, under whatever limitations, must still be spoken of as failure. It is only by some such method as I have already noticed, that we can hope to reach results of useful character: whether the final result of the whole inquiry be to confirm the opinion that Nature, fitting women for other duties, has not qualified her, or qualified her but rarely, for this; or to strengthen the doctrine of those, who in the noble phrase of Tennyson,

Know the woman's cause is man's,

ascribe the deficiencies in her work as an artist to the tyrannous limits set to her education, with the inferior position really assigned to her for others' pleasure or convenience, and affirm that the natural bar cannot at least be pleaded until more than one or two generations have been trained in an equal share of those advantages which have been hitherto the male monopoly.

I might express the general criticism which would first be suggested by a survey of the poetry of women, in the phrase that it is not the work of "imagination all compact." It has abundance

of tales, of situations, of thought, feeling, and description; but rarely are they grasped with that power which renders the poet's version of them that which burns itself into the memory as *the* version *par excellence*. Originality is not wanting; it is no mere echo from other voices that we hear: the strain is sweet and pleasing, yet the impression left is that the form in which it has been cast is not the one best and closest to the idea. This is sometimes expressed by saying that the verse of women wants strength. I should be inclined rather to say that it wants closeness of grasp. The thought is often new and powerful; but it is not wrought into that intimate and vital union with the words, which makes one feel as if it could not have been said otherwise. But to effect this is the leading, the central aim of art. No doubt the Material—what has to be said or sung or represented—is the basis of the whole. But art, as such, has nothing to do with providing the material. It has the duty of arranging, selecting, and rendering it beautiful. In a word, art is that which gives us Form in its widest sense. Let me illustrate this by an example or two: it lies at the root of the whole matter of our inquiry. Aristotle had undoubtedly a greater command of physical and metaphysical science than Lucretius. The matter treated by the two was identical. Aristotle possessed more of it, and possessed it in a much more thorough manner. Why then is he not a poet? Because he had not the gift of throwing "the nature of things" into those forms of beauty which give the obsolete philosophy of Lucretius so strange a hold over us. Lord Bacon, to judge by his Essays, was not less deeply read than Shakspeare in human character. Why is he not his equal in poetry? We give the same answer: he wanted the formative power of art. And if we now ask why women have been deficient in recognizing this first law of poetry, some answer at least may be found in the facts that they want men's severer training both in mind and in the great models, and that they

work under the knowledge that they will not be judged by the same standard. So intensely difficult is it to use our powers to the uttermost, that either cause might be sufficient to debar genius from reaching excellence. Combined, they are fatal.

Let me add here a remark to which I would venture to request attention, from the bearing it will be found to have on the final results of my argument. It is, that the adverse criticisms, so to call them, often made upon the poetry of women, in regard whether to its want of grasp or to its excess in the emotional and moral elements, do not, as the objectors have apparently believed, point out weaknesses peculiar to it as such. These are not, in any essential sense, feminine characteristics. They are precisely the shortcomings which we notice in much of the poetry of men, when it does not reach first-rate quality. It will hence be obvious that such criticisms are justly applicable to the large majority of poets. They, also, fail of excellence through deficiency in grasp, form, and moderation. When an open criticism is applied (after their death) to women, their work is tacitly compared with the first-rate work of men. And this is undoubtedly the only standard worth anything. But it is so difficult to keep in practical remembrance the infinitely larger number of poets whose work is not first-rate, that a critic is apt, perhaps, to overlook the fact that even numerically considered, the band of female artists—so inferior to the male in positive amount—must be expected to produce, in any circumstances, a lesser average of excellence: and that, when we honestly consider the absolute smallness of that average amongst men, and add to it the heavily adverse conditions under which women have worked, it is only natural that the result (of first-rate quality), should have hitherto been scanty.

It is not easy to find instances so parallel that they can be brought forward as complete exemplifications. Under this reserve, however, two short poems, written in the same key, may be quoted in illustration of my former remarks.

The first is by Mrs. Hemans; the second by Scott.

TRUBADOUE SONG

The warrior cross'd the ocean's foam,
For the stormy fields of war;
The maid was left in a smiling home,
And a sunny land afar.

His voice was heard where javelin-showers
Pour'd on the steel-clad line;
Her step was midst the summer flowers,
Her seat beneath the vine.

His shield was cleft, his lance was riven,
And the red blood stain'd his crest;
While she—the gentlest wind of heaven,
Might scarcely fan her breast!

Yet a thousand arrows pass'd him by,
And again he cross'd the seas;
But she had died as roses die,
That perish with the breeze—

As roses die, when the blast is come,
For all things bright and fair;
There was death within the smiling home—
How had death found her there?

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH

O! lovers' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower,
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decay'd by pining,
Till through her wasted hand, at night,
You saw the taper shining.
By fits a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying;
By fits so ashy pale she grew,
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear
Seem'd in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear
She heard her lover's riding;
Ere scarce a distant form was kenn'd
She knew and waved to greet him;
And o'er the battlement did bend
As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he pass'd—a heedless gaze,
As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing:—
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan
Which told her heart was broken.

Here more of the elements or motives of the pathetic are contained in the first poem than in Scott's; it is also

written with more care and finish in the verse, and contains no such flat prosaicism as the unfortunate first lines of his third stanza; yet how far below it in pathos! how little in it, that lies not deeper than, but nearly as deep as tears! Why is this? We think, because the "Troubadour" wants concentration, wants simplicity—in one word, wants form.

The same remarks apply to that province of poetry in which, as in case of painting, one would naturally expect from women peculiar success, as it is certainly a province to which they have devoted immense labour. Natural scenery, in all its aspects, has been sung by them in England and in America in many thousand graceful and thoughtful lines; they have drawn not only the landscape in its details, but in its moral. Yet, when the book has been closed, where are the passages which recur to the reader's mind, at those moments when an actual scene reminds him at once of Shakespeare and Milton, of Wordsworth and Shelley? Where, we would ask, is even the short phrase like the many which, to all feeling minds, arise when we are alone with Nature, and make us conscious that Byron, or Keats, or Tennyson have anticipated what we see, and set it to music for us?

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet fanes.

Through glowing orchards forth they peep
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep
As the bird beneath their eaves.

. . . An English home—gray twilight pour'd
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient Peace.

How far more perfect in its beauty is here the second picture! Let us add another example from Wordsworth's "Admonition to a Traveller," illustrating the poet's singular faculty of painting the outward landscape through his intense grasp of its inner significance.

Yes, there is holy pleasure in thine eye!
—The lovely cottage in the guardian nook

Hath stirr'd thee deeply; with its own dear
brook,
Its own small pasture, almost its own sky!

"Its own small pasture, *almost its own sky!*" Turner himself could not have touched this with more spiritual fineness—with more ethereal accuracy. One more similar contrast, and we pass to other aspects of the subject. The following are both pictures of the sea at evening—both beautiful; but only one has that entrancing magic of first-rate poetry which forbids its images to fade, and seems written as if it must be so, and would be no otherwise;—like Luther at Wittenburg, "*So muss ich! ich kann nicht anders!*"

DISTANT SOUND OF THE SEA AT EVENING
Yes, rolling far up some green mountain-dale
Oft let me hear, as oftimes I have heard,
Thy swell, thou Deep; when evening calls the
bird
And bee to rest; when summer tints grow
pale,

Seen through the gathering of a dewy veil,
And peasant steps are hastening to repose,
And gleaming flocks lie down, and flower-cups
close
To the last whisper of the falling gale.

Then, 'midst the dying of all other sound,
When the soul hears thy distant voice profound,
Lone worshipping, and knows that through
the night

'Twill worship still, then most its anthem-tone
Speaks to our being of the Eternal One,
Who girds tired nature with unslumbering
might.

BY THE SEA WITH A CHILD

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;

The gentleness of heaven is on the Sea:
Listen! the mighty being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.

Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me
here,
If thou appear untouch'd by solemn thought
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:

Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
And worshipping'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

We divided the internal qualifications
or prerequisites of art between Imagi-

nation and Fancy, as it were, on one side, and Predominance of Emotional Instinct, on the other. But, whilst maintaining this division for convenience, I would wish to have it remembered that it is of an arbitrary nature, and that Passion and Imagination might be more accurately described, not as the workings of Heart and Head, but rather as dual functions of that single Force (or whatever it be) which an excellent though somewhat old-fashioned term speaks of as the Soul. Indeed, the word functions, just used, has perhaps itself a misleading tendency; and it might be best to think of Imagination, Fancy, and Passion rather as simple manifestations of the soul in its unity and vitality. No one, we apprehend, who puts aside the technicalities of theory, or the infinitely more confusing metaphors and careless phrases of common phraseology, will seriously believe that the Head can turn itself to produce Imagination only, without respect to the Feelings, as the tongue might utter French or English at will; or that the Heart can at pleasure apply emotions quite irrespective of reason. Science traces what she calls sympathetic action between certain organs of the body. There is a similar sympathetic action between the energies of the soul. And hence, returning to our subject, it is probable that what we have remarked on the Imaginative element in the poetry of women will find a parallel in that other Emotional element which the hasty criticism I am all through contending with has often assumed as the peculiar province of the fair writers.

Our remarks tended to this: that want of force and concentration in grasping a scene, painting a character, or realizing a sentiment, whether exhibited in male or female verse, might be summed up, mainly, as deficiency in comprehending poetry as an art. A thousand graceful images, and phrases in which to express them, arise within any cultivated and feeling soul at the sight of natural beauty, or the contemplation of human character in its unselfish moods.

But he alone will select those images and phrases, and those only, which are new, penetrating, and musical, who has trained his natural gift by assiduous study of what has been done before him by those who were similarly gifted. In a word, whilst the root of poetry is in the soil of nature, her flowers will only grow in the atmosphere of art. The same law applies, equally and exactly, making the necessary changes in regard to subject matter, to the other Fine Arts. The result of this process of selection to the poet, will often be silence; to the painter, a blank canvas. But the result to the world will be, that we are saved a commonplace picture, or a second-rate poem. In these high regions, there is no success unless our powers are not only strained, but trained, to the very utmost; and fortunate is he, one of ten thousand, who even thus achieves it! Without these conditions, to succeed is simply impossible.

Those difficulties, then, arising from limited and shallow education, and the want of an honest judgment from the world, which hinder the serious pursuit of poetry, will not be felt less in reference to its emotional elements, than to its imaginative. But they will show themselves in a different manner. They weaken poetical imagination by destroying grasp and closeness. They equally weaken poetical emotion by leading the poet to give us too much of it. Conscious that it is this quality which may be said to lend Colour (as we might speak of Imagination as lending Form) to poetry, the bias will be to lay on the passions thick and rich over every square inch of the picture. There is no need to prove at length that this is a special tendency or temptation of women. Whilst comparing their work in the Fine Arts with that of men, I have never taken for granted (although for the general scope of my argument it was not required that I should dwell upon the subject), that what they might do, had they a fair chance, would be *similar* in quality, any more than the circumstances of life would allow it to be equal in positive quantity, to the production of the other

sex. It is, undoubtedly, within the region of the emotions that nature authorises us to look for the highest success, and for most of it, from female hands. Experience confirms this. From Sappho downwards, this is the side on which women have most impressed the world as poets. Men, it is true, have probably far exceeded them in the actual amount of verse overflashed with feeling which they have created. "The purple light of love," beautiful as it is, has been shed with far too lavish a profusion over their landscapes; nay, there are some, and not of small repute either (Moore is an example), whose whole atmosphere, like what we read of the lakes of Cashmere, is charged rather with rose-pink than with the nobler colour. But this is because so much more verse by men than by women has been printed. If we make a *comparative* estimate, the Affections and the Emotions, whether as subjects for direct handling, or as the light in which incidents and landscapes are viewed, hold a much larger part in female poetry. And we must sympathize here with what I think may be correctly called the common opinion, that the part thus held is disproportioned to good effect. The due balance is wanting. And there is no one lesson which strict art teaches more strongly than balance. I will add, there is also no lesson more forcibly taught by that study of the great ancient models which is sedulously refused to women.

I give here one eminently beautiful instance, wherein this want of balance and moderation appears to me to mar the pleasure which the poem would otherwise afford us. It may be compared with Scott's "Maid of Neidpath," quoted above. The effect of that, as fixed on the mind by its last stanza, as a great living poet once remarked to me, might be spoken of as almost too pathetic:—

He came—he pass'd—a heedless gaze
As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing:—
The castle-arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan
Which told her heart was broken.

The laws of art would have been violated, as I will presently try to show, had the *moral* image left been other than simply tragic: but we may, perhaps, be allowed to miss the absence of any pleasure-giving image of beauty, such as Campbell has suggested in the two final lines of his poem on the same theme. Compare Scott's, however, with the stanzas by Mrs. Hemans to her sister:—

Sister! since I met thee last
O'er thy brow a change has past;
In the softness of thine eyes
Deep and still a shadow lies;
From thy voice there thrills a tone
Never to thy childhood known;
Through thy soul a storm hath moved:
—Gentle sister! thou hast loved!

Yes! thy varying cheek hath caught
Hues too bright from troubled thought;
Far along the wandering stream
Thou art follow'd by a dream;
In the woods and valleys lone
Music haunts thee, not thine own!
Wherefore fall thy tears like rain?
—Sister! thou hast loved in vain.

Tell me not the tale, my flower!
On my bosom pour that shower;
Tell me not of kind thoughts wasted;
Tell me not of young hopes blasted;
Wring not forth one burning word,
Lest thy heart no more be stirr'd!
Home alone can give thee rest:
—Weep, sweet sister, on my breast!

This is too intense, too delicate, too *intime* a picture: we feel instinctively that the outer world has hardly a right to disclosures so poignantly pathetic.

A few more words on some of the conditions of art already alluded to may lead us to a further insight why the Pathetic and the Passionate in female hands have failed of the excellence to which the sincerity, delicacy, and strength of the emotion itself entitled it. One of the most imperative of these laws is that the work shall leave a sense of high and lofty pleasure. This has been generally accepted as the true end of art. Its object is not, as such, to tell us facts, or to reveal Nature to ordinary souls, or to honour the Deity, or to do us good—powerfully as it may in fact fulfil these purposes. As art, it must give *pleasure*, or it fails precisely in that which forms its speciality, and distinguishes it from other forms of human energy. An over-

abundance of the pathetic may defeat the aim of pleasure. Yet to please has been, probably, less consciously neglected by poetesses than by poets. But women have, I think, been far less willing than men to accept that which necessarily flows from this first condition of poetry—that poetry, like all Fine Art, must not aim at doing us direct good. In this sense the often-abused phrase is true, that art—directly religious, of course, excepted—has no morality. I see no reason to suppose there is anything special in female nature that leads it to finish its poem with a text, or to teach a gracious moral in its picture. These at least are errors common to innumerable male practitioners. But it is quite natural to suppose that the knowledge of the laws and the study of the great models of art (the ancient examples in particular; one of the principal lessons of which is the familiarity they give us with a world where all our problems were approached from a point of view quite different from ours), totally denied to women, may be at least one main reason why this all-important rule, which makes pleasure the end of Art, has been observed by the men who have been the leading poets and artists of the world. Be this as it may, it appears to me indisputable that the introduction of a definite, frequently indeed of a directly religious, moral, is not only a mark or note of poetry by women, but is one chief reason why they have not carried their poetry to greater excellence. I do not contend that ideas of this character are necessarily, or often, excluded from first-rate verse. A sense of ultimate justice softens even the most tragic dramas of Sophocles or Shakespeare. “To justify the ways of God to man” was one avowed object,—it may be doubted whether it can be reckoned one of the successes,—of “Paradise Lost.” But with women it is not enough to let Christian hopes, for instance, form the unseen though not unfelt background of the picture. Such a feeling as Tennyson’s “behind the veil,” is alien from them. There must too often even be a

positive allusion to heaven in the last stanza. Take the justly-admired lines—I suppose the most admired—of that charming writer who has furnished our former illustrations :—

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD

They grew in beauty side by side,
They fill’d one home with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O’er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One, ’midst the forest of the West,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest
Far in the cedar-shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O’er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain;
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o’er *her* the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fann’d,
She faded ’midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who play’d
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they pray’d
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth!—
Alas for love! if *thou* wert all,
And naught beyond, O earth!

Beautiful as this is, may I own that, beside a certain want of ease in the last two lines, their sentiment appears to me to destroy the effect of the preceding; and, by so doing, to bring the whole poem down to an inferior level?

Alas for love! if *thou* wert all,
And naught beyond, O earth!

The very greatness of the idea thus suggested—precisely what would elevate a practical address of consolation—is precisely what lowers and diminishes the poem as poetry. Why? Because before the vast thoughts of eternity, with its accompanying images of love restored,

and the family reunited for ever, the pathetic partings of our short human life are annihilated. The colours of passion grow pale before the everlasting light of heaven. The poet who writes thus, undoes his own work: he seems to turn round on us, like Prospero, in the "Tempest," at the winding up of the masque, and say, "Time after all is nothing before eternity." Yet the "Graves" is not only one of the best pieces of English poetry by a female hand, but has been unconsciously recognised as such mainly because it is more free than most from the weight of too much moralization. I will add one or two specimens more, with contrasting pictures in which the law that poetry is above all things to give us noble pleasure through perfect form, and not make teaching its obvious end,—in a word, that it must observe the commands of art, first and foremost,—seems to me more accurately kept: adding first, in sequence to the poem just quoted, a somewhat similar piece from a poet who has certainly shown no unreadiness, in due place—because in his *In Memoriam* they are the actual subject-matter of the poem—to deal with the images of the other world.

Home they brought her warrior dead :
She nor swoon'd nor uttered cry :
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe ;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face ;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

This is a far slighter sketch than that of Mrs. Hemans, yet how effective it is, by the very reason that it aims at so much smaller an effect! It keeps its limits: it observes moderation. I leave comment on the remaining examples to my readers.

Oh! Skylark, for thy wing!
Thou bird of joy and light,
That I might soar and sing
At heaven's empyreal height;
With the heathery hills beneath me,
Whence the streams in glory spring,
And the pearly clouds to wreath me,
O Skylark! on thy wing.

Free, free, from earth-born fear,
I would range the blessed skies,
Through the blue divinely clear
Where the low mists cannot rise!
And a thousand joyous measures
From my chainless heart should spring,
Like the bright rain's vernal treasures,
As I wander'd on thy wing.

But oh! the silver cords
That around the heart are spun,
From gentle tones and words,
And kind eyes that make our sun!
To some low, sweet nest returning,
How soon my love would bring
There, *there*, the dews of morning,
O Skylark! on thy wing.

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares
abound?

Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music
still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond
Mount, daring warbler!—that love-
prompted strain—

"Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond—
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
Yet mightst thou seem, proud privilege! to
sing

All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a
flood

Of harmony, with instinct more divine:
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—
True to the kindred points of Heaven and
Home!

TO CAROLINE

When thy bounding step I hear,
And thy soft voice low and clear;
When thy glancing eyes I meet,
In their sudden laughter sweet—
Thou, I dream, wert surely born
For a path by care unworn!
Thou must be a sheltered flower,
With but sunshine for thy dower.
—Ah! fair child! not e'en for thee
May this lot of brightness be;
Yet, if grief must add a tone
To thine accents now unknown;
If within that cloudless eye
Sadder thoughts one day must lie,

Still I trust the signs which tell
On thy life a light shall dwell,
Light—thy gentle spirit's own,
From within around thee thrown.

TO A YOUNG LADY

Sweet stream, that winds through yonder
glade—

Apt emblem of a virtuous maid—
Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay busy throng :
With gentle yet prevailing force
Intent upon her destined course ;
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes ;
Pure-bosom'd as that watery glass,
And heaven reflected in her face.

Finally, and that we may close with
pure pleasure unalloyed by the ungrate-
ful though salutary and instructive
lessons of comparison, let me add two
great poems—great with all their brevity,
each in its style so high and perfect that
they stand unmistakeably on the list of
masterpieces : observing in Lady Ann
Lindsay's how severely she has main-
tained the sadness of truth in an imagi-
native tale ; in Cowper's how the same
exquisite and admirable veracity has
restrained him equally from glossing over
by words of comfort the tragedy with
which "an owre true tale" supplied him.

LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

Toll for the Brave !
The brave that are no more !
All sunk beneath the wave
Fast by their native shore !
Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds
And she was overset ;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

—Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes !

And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full-charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main :

But Kempenfelt is gone :
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

AULD ROBIN GRAY

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the
kye at hame,
And a' the warld to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae
my e'e,

While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me
for his bride ;

But saving a crown he had naething else
beside ;

To make the crown a pund, young Jamie
gaed to sea ;

And the crown and the pund were baith for
me.

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
When my father brak his arm, and the cow
was stoun awa' ;

My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at
the sea—

And Auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work, and my mother
couldna spin ;

I toil'd day and night, but their bread I
couldna win ;

Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, an wi'
tears in his e'e

Said, Jennie, for their sakes, O marry me !

My heart it said Nay ; I look'd for Jamie
back ;

But the wind it blew high, and the ship it
was a wrack ;

His ship it was a wrack—why didna Jamie
dee ?

Or why do I live to cry, Wae's me ?

My father urgit sair : my mother didna
speak ;

But she look'd in my face till my heart was
like to break :

They gi'd him my hand, but my heart was
at the sea ;

Sae Auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the
door,

I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think
it he—

Till he said, I'm come hame to marry thee.

O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did
we say ;

We took but ae kiss, and I bade him gang
away :

I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to
 dee ;
 And why was I born to say, Wae's me !
 I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin ;
 I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a
 sin ;
 But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,
 For Auld Robin Gray he is kind unto me.

III

I will now try to draw together the threads of this long web ; though, I fear, not such a work of art as that spun by the female fingers of Arachne. If the main argument be correct, that, after centuries of more or less continuous attempt, the success of women in the four Fine Arts treated of has been limited and imperfect, shall we ascribe this mainly to obstacles which can and should be, or to obstacles which should not and cannot be removed ? Is what we are examining a law of Nature or a law of man—man emphatically ?

I would not have the presumption to affirm that this may not ultimately prove a law of Nature. Such a judgment would, in truth, be especially presumptuous where the net result of the inquiry is, that woman having never yet been either treated or tried as on an intellectual, imaginative, or spiritual equality with man, the first condition of a sound comparison is wanting. What I here contend is that, whether we take the external or inward prerequisites and circumstances of success, women have been hitherto debarred from them by the deficient education they receive themselves, and, to speak honestly, by the contemptuous treatment in regard to these matters which they receive at the hands of men.

Putting aside minor hindrances, and minor objections (more especially and scornfully each and all of those objections which belong to the gallantry, learned lady, and other ornamental or ball-room species), I am bound to meet the following, which may be urged against the above conclusions.

The first argument I notice will be one already slightly treated of—that women have other, as lofty but differ-

ent, functions. So far as this does not beg the whole question (in which point it is directly at variance with the fact of the number who have attempted the pursuits before us), it has been met by my former statement, that we are not to expect a *positively* equal number of female aspirants. All claimed is, an equal *comparative* number of eminent successes.

The next argument touches, not upon the special studies needful to follow any art or profession, but on the general place assigned to education strictly so called, in bringing out and forming the mind. It may be stated thus : That the common-sense of mankind, in fixing the close of a girl's education three or four years before that of a youth, has not only rightly taken the measure of her understanding, but properly leaves the rest of her training to be given by the school of experience, which is superior to all the schoolrooms in Europe.

So far as study proper is here opposed to practical experience, the point need not be discussed. That experience will always come in its degree, and whether a little sooner or later is of small importance. Indeed, and except in cases where a profession by men, or the married state by women, has been entered early, practical experience can rarely be active before one or two and twenty. The poet or painter then has his share with the rest of mankind, and it has been already noticed, how far success in the Fine Arts, whether male or female, is affected by it.

Had the training of either men or women, or indeed the conduct of their lives in general, been really settled and governed by a true common sense, there would be another world than that we know of, and one in which, *inter alia*, essays on education would be unnecessary. To call the custom or rule which closes a girl's studies at seventeen "common sense," is only to evade argument by a "foregone conclusion." Those who maintain that her brains are not capable of more make just such an assumption as those who should forbid a boy to learn swimming on the ground that it

is impossible to swim. Those, on the other hand, who rate the girl's mental quickness so high, that by that age she will, they say, have equalled the boy four years older, appear to me to confuse the readiness gained by going out into the world with the readiness of a well-cultivated mind. If a boy of seventeen be treated as a mere boy, but a girl of seventeen as an "ornament to society," she will of course exhibit a superior quickness; but this will be gained at the expense of her mental power. It is a forced flower against a natural blossoming. Besides, as before remarked, the assumption is untrue in fact. The young girl is no more really capable of mastering serious studies than her contemporary. But an additional hardship, perhaps equally injurious, has also arisen from the arbitrary limitation of the time permitted for self-improvement. She does not even start fair with the boy of her own age. If his training be broken off, he may at least have learned thoroughly what he has learned. He has obtained foundations on which he may afterward resume his studies. But his sister's whole course of intellectual work has been crammed into the space allowed him to begin his. He has learned only the formal grammar and vocabulary, for instance, of a foreign language during the years allotted her to master the language, and some of the literature also. She has, further, been compelled to set her mind to this arduous labour at an age when she can rarely have reached the power of heartily enjoying her studies; for she is to be out of the schoolroom during the years when she would have worked to ten-fold profit, and with ten-fold ease, through growing ability to take pleasure in the work, to see it in relation to present life, and to other studies: and know, in a word, where it is taking her. What injustice is here! If the mind, when young, be mainly developed and improved by experience of other and stronger minds, and if nineteen-twentieths of this experience, during youth, comes, and can come, only through sheer study and intercourse with older minds already so trained—truths which it

would be out of place here to demonstrate—women have not yet had a fair chance.

But here it will be urged, that the case is, at any rate, exaggerated; for that a fair number of women, including undoubtedly the majority of those who have distinguished themselves in any of the Fine Arts, have actually obtained, or have given themselves, thorough education. So far as this statement is correct in regard to those so distinguished, it, of course, supports my main argument. It is clear at least that the women have themselves thought a complete training advantageous. Nor is it denied that these exceptions exist; and, in general, to the very great and visible gain of the individuals in all the relations of their lives. But, with reference to success in poetry or painting, it may be strongly questioned whether the simple fact that this *thorough* (to take Lord Strafford's expressive word), was exceptional, did not of itself undo much of its improving or fertilizing power. Genius is delicate in its operations: it works best when following the most quiet ways. Everything that tends to take its possessor—rather say, him or her who is possessed by it—out of the common path, especially during the period of his own growth and training, disturbs its balance. Nor can such an education, after the very best efforts (and women, in all spheres of life, have been eminent in making them), equal—it cannot even nearly reach—that which is not exceptionally given. Besides a want in depth and force, it wants that which is most encouraging to the energies of the soul, the spur of knowing that it has a thousand rivals. It is also without the support needful for encouragement to undergo the great labour and pain inseparable from any work of thought,—a knowledge that the way has been trodden by hundreds of thousands before us. There is no greater bar to the course of originality than an exceptional position.

Somewhat the same line of argument applies to that absence of a true judgment from the world at large (in which I include women, who copy men on

this point), spoken of as only next in force to deficient education in retarding female success. Men often pretend to judge women's work as they occasionally do their own. I put it to the conscience of my readers whether this be not a pretence. The inevitable flourish always comes in, and compliment supplants criticism. This takes away another of the essential spurs to excellence—that without which even Milton, the most self-centred and proudly independent of poets, could not write—the “fit audience, though few.”

The last argument refers to a wider and a more difficult subject. For it may be naturally said that, after all, even allowing the views here taken on the general effect of education, and the limited, forcing-house quality of that allotted to women, genius in art is matter of nature, and that art itself is not amenable to rules or susceptible of education. There is a sense in which all this is true. But that sense does not affect my argument. It is possible that the answer to the whole may lie in the fact that nature does not give genius of this kind to women. But there is another sense, in which we may say that all that nature gives is useless, if it be not cultivated and worked carefully out. The poet is born; but, like every other human creature, he is born to grow from infancy to strength. Now the whole history of every art shows that this growth can only be effected through education in the strict sense. Almost uniformly, poets have been men highly and completely educated. Take a list of English poets—Chaucer, Lydgate, Surrey, Wyatt, Spenser, Cowley, Donne, Herbert, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Collins, Gray, Cowper, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth—all amongst the most cultivated, as well as the most gifted men of their day. Against these may be doubtfully and imperfectly set, as exceptions, Keats, Burns, and possibly, though not probably, that greatest poet, of whose life we practically know little more than of Homer's—Shakespeare, the always exceptional! If I enumerated the Hellenic and the Latin poets, or those of modern Europe,

my catalogue would repeat the same tale. We can trace the lives of poets, generally, in more detail than that of other artists; yet, so far as this may be done in their case, we meet everywhere the identical lesson. Training is useless without the gift; but the gift comes to nothing without training,—including that co-operation of many minds towards the same object, and under pressure of the same public trial of their work, which women have hitherto not obtained.

Man, or woman either, can only reach the level which the gift of God marks out for them; in that sense original genius is everything; “only a great mind can produce great work.” But, when it is once seen that the rule which renders all the Fine Arts simply the exponents and equivalents of mental force is absolute; that the hand is here simply the measure of the head: everything is granted which the strongest advocate of training, as above defined, can require, including Locke himself, who, in words which it is much easier to evade than to disprove, assigned nine-tenths of what we are to education. Should any one prefer to speak of all the circumstances of education, internal or external, as secondary in comparison of the original vital force, or God-given genius, the metaphor may be conceded willingly. But, as regards our argument, it is a barren concession. As human creatures, all we can practically deal with to useful ends is that part of our nature which we can ourselves influence. Until these influences have been fully, honestly, and perseveringly tried (for man's education, such as it is, has been the growth, not of years, but of centuries), it is idle and evasive to attempt a decision, whether the genius and gift allotted to the highest of one sex may not be equally implanted in the other. Before pronouncing that man, in these respects, necessarily excels woman, woman must be treated on an equality with man. Meanwhile, however, we are perhaps authorized by experience to draw two inferences in a provisional way, regarding female success in Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, and Music. One

has been already noticed in part. It is not improbable that the number of women who can turn to these noble pursuits will always be less than the number of men, consistently with that portion in the scheme of life which nature has given them. My argument has throughout strictly followed the principle that the main duties of life remain unchanged; it has never assumed, nor needed to assume, that women should be simply as men; only that they should have equal facilities when they pursue the same objects. And it may be also not improbable that the number of women originally gifted with genius of the order needed may be less than that of the other sex. This also has been throughout allowed for; all claimed is, that they should show an equal *proportion* of high excellence.

My second inference is partly derived from a region which, in order to avoid dubious questions and personal susceptibilities, has been excluded from this essay. In general terms I may however now be allowed to remark, that what has been done in our own time by women in painting and poetry affords no small support to the conclusions of my argument. England in the latter art, France in the former, has recently given us examples of that sort of work which the world does not willingly let die; even though the best things referred to may, if judged by the equal weight and one balance, which alone are righteous or valid, show that we may hope from women higher advance when those who are gifted with

real genius, and have done what justice they could to it, are no longer looked on as exceptional beings. The parallel, and perhaps more complete advance which they have made in other fields of literature, not within my province, is also a powerful argument in favour of the views here put forward. For there can be no rational doubt that our gains from female artists in prose, in verse, or on canvass, are mainly due to the tardy and reluctant recognition of a right to thorough education, to a trial by the serious standard—in a word, to fair play, which man has, more or less, recently conceded to woman. That recognition has been, so far as at this distance of time we can judge, once in the world's history fully and frankly made and acted on. The result was, simply, Sappho and her sisters in art, to whom the most gifted, the most sensitive, and the most finely critical race that ever existed awarded the palm of first-rate excellence. And whenever this shall have been fully and frankly acknowledged and acted on again, the essayist of some future day, far off in the summers which we shall not see, will wonder that the civilized world so long suffered itself to be beguiled by unproved theories, or blinded by vulgar commonplace, to throw away one-half of that high and lasting pleasure which poetry in words, sounds, form, and colour affords us. *Detur pulchriori!* may then, perhaps, once more be the decision, when the prize for success in the Fine Arts is awarded by a just and enlightened criticism.

ROSES AND ROSEMARY.

I WALKED through my garden to cull me fresh posies,
Well I remember, on Midsummer's day:

I bound the sweet bay
With pansies rich and gay,
And with red red roses!

O, garlands will wither, and seasons will vary:
To-night I have plucked me a posy anew;
Of cypress and yew,
And the bitter bitter rue,
And the pale rosemary!

THE DOVE IN THE EAGLE'S NEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE."

CHAPTER VII.

THE SCHNEIDERLEIN'S RETURN.

THE poor little unowned bride had more to undergo than her imagination had conceived at the first moment.

When she heard that the marriage was to be a secret, she had not understood that Eberhard was by no means disposed to observe much more caution than mere silence. A rough, though kindly man, he did not thoroughly comprehend the shame and confusion that he was bringing upon her by departing from his former demeanour. He knew that, so enormous was the distance then supposed to exist between the noble and the burgher, there was no chance of any one dreaming of the true state of the case, and that as long as Christina was not taken for his wife, there was no personal danger for her from his mother, who—so lax were the morals of the German nobility with regard to all of inferior rank—would tolerate her with complacency as his favourite toy; and he was taken by surprise at the agony of grief and shame with which she slowly comprehended his assurance that she had nothing to fear.

There was no help for it. The *oubliette* would probably be the portion of the low-born girl who had interfered with the sixteen quarterings of the Adlerstein shield, and poor Christina never stepped across its trap-door without a shudder lest it should open beneath her. And her father would probably have been hung from the highest tower, in spite of his shrewd care to be aware of nothing. Christina consoled herself with the hope that he knew all the time why he had been sent out of the way, for, with a broad grin that had made her blush painfully, he had said he knew she would be well taken care

of, and that he hoped she was not breaking her heart for want of an escort. She tried to extort Eberhard's permission to let him at least know how it was; but Eberhard laughed, saying he believed the old fox knew just as much as he chose; and, in effect, Sorel, though now and then gratifying his daughter's scruples, by serving as a shield to her meetings with the young baron, never allowed himself to hear a hint of the true state of affairs.

Eberhard's love and reverence were undiminished, and the time spent with him would have been perfectly happy could she ever have divested herself of anxiety and alarm; but the periods of his absence from the castle were very terrible to her, for the other women of the household, quick to perceive that she no longer repelled him, had lost that awe that had hitherto kept them at a distance from her, and treated her with a familiarity, sometimes coarse, sometimes spiteful, always hateful and degrading. Even old Ursel had become half-pitying, half-patronizing, and the old Baroness, though not molesting her, took not the slightest notice of her.

This state of things lasted much longer than there had been reason to expect at the time of the marriage. The two *Freiherren* then intended to set out in a very short time to make their long talked-of submission to the Emperor at Ratisbon; but, partly from their German tardiness of movement, partly from the obstinate delays interposed by the proud old *Freiherrinn*, who was as averse as ever to the measure, partly from reports that the Court was not yet arrived at Ratisbon, the expedition was again and again deferred, and did not actually take place till September was far advanced.

Poor Christina, worn worlds to go with

have given
and even en-

treated to be sent to Ulm with an avowal of her marriage to her uncle and aunt, but of this Eberhard would not hear. He said the Ulmers would thus gain a hostage, and hamper his movements; and, if her wedding was not to be confessed—poor child!—she could better bear to remain where she was than to face Hausfrau Johanna. Eberhard was fully determined to enrol himself in some troop, either Imperial, or, if not, among the Free Companies, among whom men of rank were often found, and he would then fetch or send for his wife and avow her openly, so soon as she should be out of his mother's reach. He longed to leave her father at home, to be some protection to her, but Hugh Sorel was so much the most intelligent and skilful of the retainers as to be absolutely indispensable to the party—he was their only scribe; and, moreover, his new suit of buff rendered him a creditable member of a troop that had been very hard to equip. It numbered about ten men-at-arms, only three being left at home to garrison the castle—namely, Hatto, who was too old to take; Hans, who had been hopelessly lame and deformed since the old Baron had knocked him off a cliff in a passion; and Squinting Mätz, a runaway servant, who had murdered his master, the mayor of Strasburg, and might be caught and put to death if any one recognised him. If needful, the villagers could always be called in to defend the castle: but of this there was little or no danger—the Eagle's Steps were defence enough in themselves, and the party were not likely to be absent more than a week or ten days—a grievous length of time, poor Christina thought, as she stood straining her eyes on the top of the watch-tower, to watch them as far as possible along the plain. Her heart was very sad, and the omen of the burning wheel so continually haunted her that even in her sleep that night she saw its brief course repeated, beheld its rapid fall and extinction, and then tracked the course of the sparks that darted from it, one rising and gleaming high in air till it shone like a

star, another pursuing a fitful and irregular, but still bright course amid the dry grass on the hill-side, just as she had indeed watched some of the sparks on that night, minding her of the words of the Allhallow-tide legend: "*Fulgébunt justi et tanquam scintillæ in arundinete discurrunt*"—a sentence which remained with her when awake, and led her to seek it out in her Latin Bible in the morning.

Reluctantly had she gone down to the noontide meal, feeling, though her husband and father were far less of guardians than they should have been, yet that there was absolute rest, peace, and protection in their presence compared with what it was to be alone with Freiherrinn Kunigunde and her rude women without them. A few sneers on her daintiness and uselessness had led her to make an offer of assisting in the grand chopping of sausage-meat and preparation of winter stores, and she had been answered with contempt that my young lord would not have her soil her delicate hands, when one of the maids who had been sent to fetch beer from the cellar came back with startled looks, and the exclamation, "There is the Schneiderlein riding up the Eagle's Ladder upon Freiherr Ebbo's white mare!"

All the women sprang up together, and rushed to the window, whence they could indeed recognise both man and horse; and presently it became plain that both were stained with blood, weary, and spent; indeed, nothing but extreme exhaustion would have induced the man-at-arms to trust the tired, stumbling horse up such a perilous path.

Loud were the exclamations, "Ah, no good could come of not leading that mare through the Johannisfeuer."

"This shameful expedition! Only harm could befall. This is thy doing, thou mincing city-girl."

"All was certain to go wrong when a pale mist widow came into the place."

The angry and dismayed cries all blended themselves in confusion in the ears of the only silent woman present;

the only one that sounded distinctly on her brain was that of the last speaker, "A pale mist widow," as, holding herself a little in the rear of the struggling, jostling little mob of women, who hardly made way even for their acknowledged lady, she followed with failing limbs the universal rush to the entrance so soon as man and horse had mounted the slope and were lost sight of.

A few moments more, and the throng of expectants was at the foot of the hall steps, just as the lansknecht reached the arched entrance. His comrade Hans took his bridle, and almost lifted him from his horse; he reeled and stumbled as, pale, battered, and bleeding, he tried to advance to Freiherrinn Kungunde, and, in answer to her hasty interrogation, faltered out, "Ill news, gracious lady. We have been set upon by the accursed Schlangenwaldern, and I am the only living man left."

Christina scarce heard even these last words; senses and powers alike failed her, and she sank back on the stone steps in a deathlike swoon.

When she came to herself she was lying on her bed, Ursel and Else, another of the women, busy over her, and Ursel's voice was saying, "Ah, she is coming round. Look up, sweet lady, and fear not. You are our gracious Lady Baroness."

"Is he here? O, has he said so? O, let me see him—Sir Eberhard," faintly cried Christina with sobbing breath.

"Ah, no, no," said the old woman; "but see here," and she lifted up Christina's powerless, bloodless hand, and showed her the ring on the finger. Her bosom had been evidently searched when her dress was loosened in her swoon, and her ring found and put in its place. "There, you can hold up your head with the best of them; he took care of that—my dear young Freiherr, the boy that I nursed," and the old woman's burst of tears brought back the truth to Christina's reviving senses.

"O tell me," she said, trying to raise

herself, "was it indeed so? O say it was not as he said!"

"Ah, woe's me, woe's me, that it was even so," lamented Ursel; "but oh, be still, look not so wild, dear lady. The dear, true-hearted young lord, he spent his last breath in owning you for his true lady, and in bidding us cherish you and our young baron that is to be. And the gracious lady below—she owns you; there is no fear of her now; so vex not yourself dearest, most gracious lady."

Christina did not break out into the wailing and weeping that the old nurse expected; she was still far too much stunned and overwhelmed, and she entreated to be told all, lying still, but gazing at Ursel with piteous bewildered eyes. Ursel and Else, helping one another out, tried to tell her, but they were much confused; all they knew was that the party had been surprised at night in a village hostel by the Schlangenwaldern, and all slain, though the young baron had lived long enough to charge the Schneiderlein with his commendation of his wife to his mother; but all particulars had been lost in the general confusion.

"O let me see the Schneiderlein," implored Christina, by this time able to rise and cross the room to the large carved chair; and Ursel immediately turned to her underling, saying, "Tell the Schneiderlein that the gracious Lady Baroness desires his presence."

Else's wooden shoes clattered downstairs, but the next moment she returned. "He cannot come; he is quite spent, and he will let no one touch his arm till Ursel can come, not even to get off his doublet."

"I will go to him," said Christina, and, revived by the sense of being wanted; she moved at once to the turret, where she kept some rag and some ointment, which she had found needful in the latter stages of Ermentrude's illness—indeed, household surgery was a part of regular female education, and Christina had had plenty of practice in helping her charitable aunt, so that the superiority of her skill to that of Ursel had

long been avowed in the castle. Ursel made no objection further than to look for something that could be at once converted into a widow's veil—being in the midst of her grief quite alive to the need that no matronly badge should be omitted—but nothing came to hand in time, and Christina was descending the stairs, on her way to the kitchen, where she found the fugitive man-at-arms seated on a rough settle, his head and wounded arm resting on the table, while groans of pain, weariness, and impatience were interspersed with imprecations on the stupid awkward girls who surrounded him.

Pity and the instinct of affording relief must needs take the precedence even of the desire to hear of her husband's fate; and, as the girls hastily whispered, "Here she is," and the Lanzknecht hastily tried to gather himself up, and rise with tokens of respect, she bade him remain still, and let her see what she could do for him. In fact, she at once perceived that he was in no condition to give a coherent account of anything, he was so completely worn out, and in so much suffering. She bade at once that some water should be heated, and some of the broth of the dinner set on the fire; then with the shears at her girdle, and her soft light fingers, she removed the torn strip of cloth that had been wound round the arm, and cut away the sleeve, showing the arm not broken, but gashed at the shoulder, and thence the whole length grazed and wounded by the descent of the sword down to the wrist. So tender was her touch that he scarcely winced or moaned under her hand; and, when she proceeded, with Ursel's help, to bathe the wound with the warm water, the relief was such that the wearied man absolutely slumbered during the process, which Christina protracted on that very account. She then dressed and bandaged the arm, and proceeded to skim—as no one else in the castle would do—the basin of soup, with which she then fed her patient as he leant back in the corner of the settle, at first in the same somnolent, half-conscious

state in which he had been ever since the relief from the severe pain; but after a few spoonfuls the light and life came back to his eye, and he broke out, "Thanks, thanks, gracious lady! This is the Lady Baroness for me! My young lord was the only wise man! Thanks, lady, now am I my own man again. It had been long ere the old Freiherrinn had done so much for me! I am your man, lady, for life or death." And, before she knew what he was about, the gigantic Schneiderlein had slid down on his knees, seized her hand, and kissed it—the first act of homage to her rank, but most startling and distressing to her. "Nay," she faltered, "prithce do not; thou must rest. Only if—if thou canst only tell me if he, my own dear lord, sent me any greeting, I would wait to hear the rest till thou hast slept."

"Ah! the dog of Schlangenwald!" was the first answer; then, as he continued, "You see, lady, we had ridden merrily as far as Jacob Müller's hostel, the traitor," it became plain that he meant to begin at the beginning. She allowed Ursel to seat her on the bench opposite to his settle, and, leaning forward, heard his narrative like one in a dream. There, the Schneiderlein proceeded to say, they put up for the night, entirely unsuspecting of evil, Jacob Müller, who was known to himself, as well as to Sorel, and to the others, assuring them that the way was clear to Ratisbon, and that he heard the Emperor was most favourably disposed to any noble who would tender his allegiance. Jacob's liquors were brought out, and were still in course of being enjoyed, when the house was suddenly surrounded by an overpowering number of the retainers of Schlangenwald, with their Count himself at their head. He had been evidently resolved to prevent the timely submission of the enemies of his race, and suddenly presenting himself before the elder Baron, had challenged him to instantaneous battle, claiming credit to himself for not having surprised them when asleep. The disadvantage had been scarcely less than if this had been

the case, for the Adlersteinern were all half-intoxicated, and far inferior in numbers—at least, on the showing of the Schneiderlein—and a desperate fight had ended by his being flung aside in a corner, bound fast by the ancles and wrists, the only living prisoner, except his young lord, who, having several terrible wounds, the worst in his chest, was left unbound.

Both lay helpless, untended, and silent, while the revel that had been so fatal to them was renewed by their captors, who finally all sunk into a heavy sleep. The torches were not all spent, and the moonlight shone into the room, when the Schneiderlein, desperate from the agony caused by the ligature round his wounded arm, sat up and looked about him. A knife thrown aside by one of the drunkards lay near enough to be grasped by his bound hands, and he had just reached it when Sir Eberhard made a sign to him to put it into his hand, and therewith contrived to cut the rope round both hands and feet—then pointed to the door.

There was nothing to hinder an escape; the men slept the sleep of the drunken; but the Schneiderlein, with the rough fidelity of a retainer, would have lingered with a hope of saving his master. But Eberhard shook his head, and signed again to escape; then, making him bend down close to him, he used all his remaining power to whisper, as he pressed his sword into the retainer's hand—

"Go home; tell my mother—all the world—that Christina Sorel is my wife, wedded on the Friedmund Wake by Friar Peter of Offingen, and, if she should bear a child, he is my true and lawful heir. My sword for him—my love to her. And, if my mother would not be haunted by me, let her take care of her."

These words were spoken with extreme difficulty, for the nature of the wound made utterance nearly impossible, and each broken sentence cost a terrible effusion of blood. The final words brought on so choking and fatal a gush that, said the Schneiderlein, "he

fell back as I tried to hold him up, and I saw that it was all at an end, and a kind and friendly master and lord gone from me. I laid him down, and put his cross on his breast that I had seen him kissing many a time that evening, and I crossed his hands and wiped the blood from them and his face. And, lady, he had put on his ring; I trust the robber caitiffs may have left it to him in his grave. And so I came forth, walking soft, and opening the door in no small dread, not of the snoring swine, but of the dogs without. But happily they were still, and even by the door I saw all our poor fellows stark and stiff."

"My father?" asked Christina.

"Ay, with his head cleft open by the Graf himself. He died like a true soldier, lady, and we have lost the best head among us in him. Well, the knave that should have watched the horses was as drunken as the rest of them, and I made a shift to put the bridle on the white mare and ride off."

Such was the narrative of the Schneiderlein, and all that was left to Christina was the picture of her husband's dying effort to guard her, and the haunting fancy of those long hours of speechless agony on the floor of the hostel, and how direful must have been his fears for her. Sad and overcome, yet not sinking entirely while any work of comfort remained, her heart yearned over her companion in misfortune, the mother who had lost both husband and son; and all her fears of the dread Freiherrinn could not prevent her from bending her steps, trembling and palpitating as she was, towards the hall, to try whether the daughter-in-law's right might be vouchsafed to her, of weeping with the elder sufferer.

The Freiherrinn sat by the chimney, rocking herself to and fro, and holding consultation with Hatto. She started as she saw Christina approaching, and made a gesture of repulsion; but, with the feeling of being past all terror in this desolate moment, Christina stepped nearer, knelt, and clasping her hands said, "Your pardon, lady."

"Pardon!" returned the harsh voice,

even harsher for very grief, "thou hast naught to fear, girl. As things stand, thou canst not have thy deserts. Dost hear?"

"Ah, lady, it was not such pardon that I meant. If you would let me be a daughter to you."

"A daughter! A wood-carver's girl to be a daughter of Adlerstein!" half laughed the grim baroness. "Come here, wench," and Christina underwent a series of sharp searching questions on the evidences of her marriage.

"So," ended the old lady, "since better may not be, we must own thee for the nonce. Hark ye all, this is the Frau Freiherrinn, Freiherr Eberhard's widow, to be honoured as such," she added, raising her voice. "There, girl, thou hast what thou didst strive for. Is not that enough?"

"Alas! lady," said Christina, her eyes swimming in tears, "I would fain have striven to be a comforter, or to weep together."

"What! to bewitch me as thou didst my poor son and daughter, and well-nigh my lord himself! Girl! Girl! Thou know'st I cannot burn thee now: but away with thee; try not my patience too far."

And, more desolate than ever, the crushed and broken-hearted Christina, a widow before she had been owned a wife, returned to the room that was now so full of memories as to be even more home than Master Gottfried's gallery at Ulm.

CHAPTER VIII.

PASSING THE OUBLIETTE.

Who can describe the dreariness of being snowed-up all the winter with such a mother-in-law as Freiherrinn Kunigunde?

Yet it was well that the snow came early, for it was the best defence of the lonely castle from any attack on the part of the Schlangenwaldern, the Swabian League, or the next heir, Freiherr Kasimir von Adlerstein Wildschloss. The elder baroness had, at least, the merit

of a stout heart, and, even with her sadly-reduced garrison, feared none of them. She had been brought up in the faith that Adlerstein was impregnable, and so she still believed; and, if the disaster that had cut off her husband and son was to happen at all, she was glad that it had befallen before the homage had been paid. Probably the Schlangenwald Count knew how tough a morsel the castle was like to prove, and Wildschloss was serving at a distance, for nothing was heard of either during the short interval while the roads were still open. During this time an attempt had been made through Father Norbert to ascertain what had become of the corpses of the two barons and their followers, and it had appeared that the Count had carried them all off from the inn, no doubt to adorn his castle with their limbs, or to present them to the Emperor in evidence of his zeal for order. The old baron could not indeed have been buried in consecrated ground, nor have masses said for him; but for the weal of her son's soul Dame Kunigunde gave some of her few ornaments, and Christina added her gold earrings, and all her scanty purse, that both her husband and father might be joined in the prayers of the Church—trying with all her might to put confidence in Hugh Sorel's Loretto relic, and the Indulgence he had bought, and trusting with more consolatory thoughts to the ever stronger dawns of good she had watched in her own Eberhard.

She had some consoling intercourse with the priest while all this was pending; but throughout the winter she was entirely cut off from every creature save the inmates of the castle, where, as far as the old lady was concerned, she only existed on sufferance, and all her meekness and gentleness could not win for her more than the barest toleration.

That Eberhard had for a few hours survived his father, and that thus the Freiherrinn Christina was as much the Dowager Baroness as Kunigunde herself, was often insisted on in the kitchen

by Ursel, Hatto, and the Schneiderlein, whom Christina had unconsciously rendered her most devoted servant, not only by her daily care of his wound, but by her kind courteous words, and by her giving him his proper name of Heinz, dropping the absurd *nom de guerre* of the Schneiderlein, or little tailor, which had been originally conferred on him in allusion to the valiant tailorling who boasted of having killed seven flies at a blow, and had been carried on chiefly because of the contradiction between such a title and his huge brawny strength and fierce courage. Poor Eberhard, with his undaunted bravery and free reckless goodnature, a ruffian far more by education than by nature, had been much loved by his followers. His widow would have reaped the benefit of that affection even if her exceeding sweetness had not gained it on her own account; and this giant was completely gained over to her, when, amid all her sorrow and feebleness, she never failed to minister to his sufferings to the utmost, while her questions about his original home, and revival of the name of his childhood, softened him, and awoke in him better feelings. He would have died to serve her, and she might have headed an opposition party in the castle, had she had not been quite indifferent to all save her grief; and, except by sitting above the salt at the empty table, she laid no claim to any honours or authority, and was more seldom than ever seen beyond what was now called her own room.

At last, when for the second time she was seeing the snow wreaths dwindle, and the drops shine forth in moisture again, while the mountain paths were set free by the might of the springtide sun, she spoke almost for the first time with authority, as she desired Heinz to saddle her mule, and escort her to join in the Easter mass at the Blessed Friedmund's Chapel. Ursel heaped up objections; but so urgent was Christina for confession and for mass, that the old woman had not the heart to stop her by a warning to the elder baroness, and took the alternative of accom-

panying her. It was a glorious sparkling Easter day, lovely blue sky above, herbage and flowers glistening below, snow dazzling in the hollows, peasants assembling in holiday garb, and all rejoicing. Even the lonely widow, in her heavy veil and black muffings took hope back to her heart, and smiled when at the church door a little child came timidly up to her with a madder-tinted Easter egg—a gift once again like the happy home customs of Ulm. She gave the child a kiss—she had nothing else to give, but the sweet face sent it away strangely glad.

The festival mass in all its exultation was not fully over, when anxious faces began to be seen at the door, and whisperings went round and many passed out. Nobody at Adlerstein was particular about silence in church, and, when the service was not in progress, voices were not even lowered, and, after many attempts on the part of the Schneiderlein to attract the attention of his mistress, his voice immediately succeeded the *Ita missa est*, "Gracious lady, we must be gone. Your mule is ready. There is a party at the Debateable Ford, whether Schlangenwald or Wildschloss we know not yet, but either way you must be the first thing placed in safety."

Christina turned deadly pale. She had long been ready to welcome death as a peaceful friend; but, sheltered as her girlhood had been in the quiet city, she had never been brought in contact with warfare, and her nervous, timid temperament made the thought most appalling and frightful to her, certain as she was that the old baroness would resist to the uttermost. Father Norbert saw her extreme terror, and, with the thought that he might comfort and support her, perhaps mediate between the contending parties, plead that it was holy tide, and proclaim the peace of the church, or at the worst protect the lady herself, he offered his company; but, though she thanked him, it was as if she scarcely understood his kindness, and a shudder passed over her whenever the serfs, hastily summoned to augment the garrison, came hurrying down the path, or

turning aside into the more rugged and shorter descents. It was strange, the good father thought, that so timorous and fragile a being should have her lot cast amid these rugged places and scenes of violence, with no one to give her the care and cherishing she so much required.

Even when she crept up the castle stairs, she was met with an angry rebuke, not so much for the peril she had incurred as for having taken away the Schneiderlein, by far the most availing among the scanty remnant of the retainers of Adlerstein. Attempting no answer, and not even daring to ask from what quarter came the alarm, Christina made her way out of the turmoil to that chamber of her own, the scene of so much fear and sorrow, and yet of some share of peace and happiness. But from the window, near the fast subsiding waters of the Debateable Ford, could plainly be seen the small troop of warriors, of whom Jobst the Kohler had brought immediate intelligence. The sun glistened on their armour, and a banner floated gaily on the wind; but they were a fearful sight to the inmates of the lonely castle.

A stout heart was, however, Kuni-gunde's best endowment; and, with the steadiness and precision of a general, her commands rang out, as she arranged and armed her garrison, perfectly resolved against any submission, and confident in the strength of her castle; nay, not without a hope of revenge either against Schlangenwald or Wildschloss, whom, as a degenerate Adlerstein, she hated only less than the slayer of her husband and son.

The afternoon of Easter day, however, passed away without any movement on the part of the enemy, and it was not till the following day that they could be seen struggling through the ford, and preparing to ascend the mountain. Attacks had sometimes been disconcerted by posting men in the most dangerous passes; but, in the lack of numbers, and of trustworthy commanders, the Freiherrinn had judged it wiser to trust entirely to her walls, and keep her whole force within them.

The new comers could hardly have had any hostile intentions, for, though well armed and accoutred, their numbers did not exceed twenty-five. The banner borne at their head was an azure one, with a white eagle, and their leader could be observed looking with amazement at the top of the watch-tower, where the same eagle had that morning been hoisted for the first time since the fall of the two *Freiherren*.

So soon as the ascent had been made, the leader wound his horn, and, before the echoes had died away among the hills, Hatto, acting as *seneschal*, was demanding his purpose.

"I am Kasimir von Adlerstein Wildschloss," was the reply. "I have hitherto been hindered by stress of weather from coming to take possession of my inheritance. Admit me, that I may arrange with the widowed Frau *Freiherrinn* as to her dower and residence."

"The widowed Frau *Freiherrinn*, born of Adlerstein," returned Hatto, "thanks the *Freiherr* von Adlerstein Wildschloss; but she holds the castle as guardian to the present head of the family, the *Freiherr* von Adlerstein."

"It is false, old man," exclaimed Wildschloss; "the *Freiherr* had no other son."

"No," said Hatto, "but *Freiherr* Eberhard hath left us twin heirs, our young lords, for whom we hold this castle."

"This trifling will not serve!" sternly spoke the knight. "Eberhard von Adlerstein died unmarried."

"Not so," returned Hatto, "our gracious Frau *Freiherrinn*, the younger, was wedded to him at the last *Friedmund* wake, by the special blessing of our good patron, who would not see our house extinct."

"I must see thy lady, old man," said Sir Kasimir, impatiently, not in the least crediting the story, and believing his cousin Kunigunde quite capable of any measure that could preserve her the rule in Schloss Adlerstein, even to erecting some passing love affair of her son's into a marriage. And he hardly

did her injustice, for she had never made any inquiry beyond the castle into the validity of Christina's espousals, nor sought after the friar who had performed the ceremony. She consented to an interview with the claimant of the inheritance, and descended to the gateway for the purpose. The court was at its cleanest, the thawing snow having newly washed away its impurities, and her proud figure, under her black hood and veil, made an imposing appearance as she stood tall and defiant in the archway.

Sir Kasimir was a handsome man of about thirty, of partly Polish descent, and endowed with Slavonic grace and courtesy, and he had likewise been employed in negotiations with Burgundy, and had acquired much polish and knowledge of the world.

"Lady," he said, "I regret to disturb and intrude on a mourning family, but I am much amazed at the tidings I have heard; and I must pray of you to confirm them."

"I thought they would confound you," composedly replied Kunigunde.

"And pardon me, lady, but the Diet is very nice in requiring full proofs. I would be glad to learn what lady was chosen by my deceased cousin Eberhard."

"The lady is Christina, daughter of his esquire, Hugh Sorel, of an honourable family at Ulm."

"Ha! I know who and what Sorel was!" exclaimed Wildschloss. "Lady cousin, thou wouldst not stain the shield of Adlerstein with owning aught that cannot bear the examination of the Diet!"

"Sir Kasimir," said Kunigunde, proudly, "had I known the truth ere my son's death, I had strangled the girl with mine own hands! But I learnt it only by his dying confession; and, had she been a beggar's child, she was his wedded wife, and her babes are his lawful heirs."

"Knowest thou time—place—witnesses?" inquired Sir Kasimir.

"The time, the Friedmund Wake; the place, the Friedmund Chapel," replied the Baroness. "Come hither, Schneiderlein. Tell the knight thy young lord's confession."

He bore emphatic testimony to poor Eberhard's last words; but as to the point of who had performed the ceremony, he knew not—his mind had not retained the name.

"I must see the Frau herself," said Wildschloss, feeling certain that such a being as he expected in a daughter of the dissolute Lansknecht Sorel would soon, by dexterous questioning, be made to expose the futility of her pretensions so flagrantly that even Kunigunde could not attempt to maintain them.

For one moment Kunigunde hesitated, but suddenly a look of malignant satisfaction crossed her face. She spoke a few words to Squinting Mätz, and then replied that Sir Kasimir should be allowed to satisfy himself, but that she could admit no one else into the castle; hers was a widow's household, the twins were but a few hours old, and she could not open her gates to admit any person besides himself.

So resolved on judging for himself was Adlerstein Wildschloss that all this did not stagger him; for, even if he had believed more than he did of the old lady's story, there would have been no sense of intrusion or impropriety in such a visit to the mother. Indeed, had Christina been living in the civilized world, her chamber would have been hung with black cloth, black velvet would have enveloped her up to the eyes, and the blackest of cradles would have stood ready for her fatherless babe; two steps, in honour of her baronial rank, would have led to her bed, and a beaufet with the due baronial amount of gold and silver plate would have held the comfits and caudle to be dispensed to all visitors. As it was, the two steps built into the floor of the room, and the black hood that Ursel tied over her young mistress's head, were the only traces that such etiquette had ever been heard of.

But when Baron Kasimir had clanked up the turret stairs, each step bringing to her many a memory of him who should have been there, and when he had been led to the bedside, he was completely taken by surprise.

Instead of the great, flat-faced, coarse comeliness of a German wench, treated as a lady in order to deceive him, he saw a delicate, lily-like face, white as ivory, and the soft sweet brown eyes under their drooping lashes, so full of innocence and sad though thankful content, that he felt as if the inquiries he came to make were almost sacrilege.

He had seen enough of the world to know that no agent in a clumsy imposition would look like this pure white creature, with her arm encircling the two little swaddled babes, whose red faces and bald heads alone were allowed to appear above their mummy-like wrappings; and he could only make an obeisance lower and infinitely more respectful than that with which he had favoured the Baroness *née* von Adlerstein, with a few words of inquiry and apology.

But Christina had her sons' right to defend now, and she had far more spirit to do so than ever she had had in securing her own position, and a delicate rose tint came into her cheek as she said in her soft voice, "The Baroness tells me, you, noble sir, would learn who wedded me to my dear and blessed lord, Sir Eberhard. It was Friar Peter of the Franciscan brotherhood of Offingen, an agent for selling indulgences. Two of his lay brethren were present. My dear lord gave his own name and mine in full after the holy rite; the friar promising his testimony if it were needed. He is to be found or at least heard of at his own cloister; and the hermit at the chapel likewise beheld a part of the ceremony."

"Enough, enough, lady," replied Sir Kasimir; "forgive me for having forced the question upon you."

"Nay," replied Christina, with her blush deepening, "it is but just and due to us all;" and her soft eyes had a gleam of exultation, as she looked at the two little mummies that made up the *us*—"I would have all inquiries made in full."

"They shall be made, lady, as will be needful for the establishment of your son's right as a free baron of the

empire, but not with any doubt on my part, or desire to controvert that right. I am fully convinced, and only wish to serve you and my little cousins. Which of them is the head of our family?" he added, looking at the two absolutely undistinguishable little chrysalises, so exactly alike that Christina herself was obliged to look for the black ribbon, on which a medal had been hung, round the neck of the elder. Sir Kasimir put one knee to the ground as he kissed the red cheek of the infant and the white hand of the mother.

"Lady cousin," he said to Kuni-gunde, who had stood by all this time with an anxious, uneasy, scowling expression on her face, "I am satisfied. I own this babe as the true *Freiherr* von Adlerstein, and far be it from me to trouble his heritage. Rather point out the way in which I may serve you and him. Shall I represent all to the Emperor, and obtain his wardship, so as to be able to protect you from any attacks by the enemies of the house?"

"Thanks, sir," returned the elder lady, severely, seeing Christina's gratified, imploring face. "The right line of Adlerstein can take care of itself without greedy guardians appointed by usurpers. Our submission has never been made, and the Emperor cannot dispose of our wardship."

And Kunigunde looked defiant, regarding herself and her grandson as quite as good as the Emperor, and ready to blast her daughter-in-law with her eyes for murmuring gratefully and wistfully, "Thanks, noble sir, thanks."

"Let me at least win a friendly right in my young cousins," said Sir Kasimir, the more drawn by pitying admiration towards their mother, as he perceived more of the grandmother's haughty repulsiveness and want of comprehension of the dangers of her position. "They are not baptized? Let me become their godfather."

Christina's face was all joy and gratitude, and even the grandmother made no objection; in fact, it was the babes' only chance of a noble sponsor; and Father Norbert, who had already been

making ready for the baptism, was sent for from the hall. Kunigunde, meantime, moved about restlessly, went half way down the stairs, and held counsel with some one there; Ursel, likewise, bustled about, and Sir Kasimir remained seated on the chair that had been placed for him near Christina's bed.

She was able again to thank him, and add, "It may be that you will have more cause than the lady grandmother thinks to remember your offer of protection to my poor orphans. Their father and grandfather were, in very deed, on their way to make submission."

"It is well known to me," said Sir Kasimir. "Lady, I will do all in my power for you. The Emperor shall hear the state of things; and, while no violence is offered to travellers," he added, lowering his tone, "I doubt not he will wait for full submission till this young baron be of age to tender it."

"We are scarce in force to offer violence," said Christina, sighing. "I have no power to withstand the Lady Baroness. I am like a stranger here; but oh! sir, if the Emperor and Diet will be patient and forbearing with this desolate house, my babes, if they live, shall strive to requite their mercy by loyalty. And the blessing of the widow and fatherless will fall on you, most generous knight," she added, fervently, holding out her hand.

"I would I could do more for you," said the knight. "Ask, and all I can do is at your service."

"Ah, sir," cried Christina, her eyes brightening, "there is one most inestimable service you could render me—to let my uncle, Master Gottfried, the wood-carver of Ulm, know where I am, and of my state, and of my children."

Sir Kasimir repeated the name.

"Yes," she said. "There was my home, there was I brought up by my dear uncle and aunt, till my father bore me away to attend on the young lady here. It is eighteen months since they had any tidings from her who was as a daughter to them."

"I will see them myself!" said Kasimir; "I know the name. Carved

not Master Gottfried the stall work at Augsburg?"

"Yes, indeed! In chestnut leaves! And the misereres all with fairy tales!" exclaimed Christina. "O sir, thanks indeed! Bear to the dear, dear uncle and aunt their child's duteous greetings, and tell them she loves them with all her heart, and prays them to forgive her, and pray for her and her little ones!"

"And," she added, "my uncle may not have learnt how his brother, my father, died by his lord's side. Oh! pray him, if he ever loved his little Christina, to have masses sung for my father and my own dear lord."

As she promised, Ursel came to make the babes ready for their baptism, and Sir Kasimir moved away towards the window. Ursel was looking uneasy and dismayed, and as she bent over her mistress, she whispered, "Lady, the Schneiderlein sends you word that Mätz has called him to help in removing the props of the door you wot of when *he* yonder steps across it. He would know if it be your will?"

The oubliette! This was Frau Kunigunde's usage of the relative who was doing his best for the welfare of her grandsons! Christina's whole countenance looked so frozen with horror, that Ursel felt as if she had killed her on the spot; but the next moment a flash of relief came over the pale features, and the trembling lip commanded itself to say, "My best thanks to good Heinz! Say to him that I forbid it. If he loves the life of his master's children, he will abstain! Tell him so. My blessings on him if this knight leave the castle safe, Ursel;" and her terrified earnest eyes impelled Ursel to hasten to do her bidding, but whether it had been executed there was no knowing, for almost immediately the Freiherrinn and Father Norbert entered, and Ursel returned with them. Nay, the message given, who could tell if Heinz would be able to act upon it? In the ordinary condition of the castle, he was indeed its most efficient inmate; Mätz did not approach him in strength, Hans

was a cripple, Hatto would be on the right side; but Jobst the Kohler, and the other serfs who had been called in for the defence, were more likely to hold with the elder than the younger lady. And Frau Kunigunde herself, knowing well that the five and twenty men outside would be incompetent to avenge their master, confident in her narrow-minded, ignorant pride that no one could take Schloss Adlerstein, and incapable of understanding the changes in society that were rendering her isolated condition untenable, was certain to scout any representation of the dire consequences that the crime would entail. Kasimir had no near kindred, and private revenge was the only justice the Baroness believed in; she only saw in her crime the satisfaction of an old feud, and the union of the Wildschloss property with the parent stem.

Seldom could such a christening have taken place as that of which Christina's bed-room was the scene—the mother scarcely able even to think of the holy sacrament for the horror of knowing that the one sponsor was already exulting in the speedy destruction of the other; and, poor little feeble thing, rallying the last remnants of her severely-tried powers to prevent the crime at the most terrible of risks.

The elder babe received from his grandmother the hereditary name of Eberhard, but Sir Kasimir looked at the mother inquiringly, ere he gave the other to the priest. Christina had well-nigh said, "*Oubliette*," but, recalling herself in time, she feebly uttered the name she had longed after from the moment she had known that two sons had been her Easter gift, "*Gottfried*," after her beloved uncle. But Kunigunde caught the sound, and exclaimed, "No son of Adlerstein shall bear a base craftsman's name. Call him *Rächer* (the avenger); and in the word there already rang a note of victory and revenge that made Christina's blood run cold. Sir Kasimir marked her trouble. "The lady mother loves not the sound," he said, kindly. "Lady, have you any other wish? Then will I call him *Friedmund*."

Christina had almost smiled. To her the omen was of the best. Baron *Friedmund* had been the last common ancestor of the two branches of the family, the patron saint was so called, his wake was her wedding day, the sound of the word imported peace, and the good Barons *Ebbo* and *Friedel* had ever been linked together lovingly by popular memory. And so the second little baron received the name of *Friedmund*, and then the Knight of *Wildschloss*, perceiving, with consideration rare in a warrior, that the mother looked worn out and feverish, at once prepared to kiss her hand and take leave.

"One more favour, Sir Knight," she said, lifting up her head, while a burning spot rose on either cheek, "I beg of you to take my two babes down—yes, both, both, in your own arms, and show them to your men, owning them as your kinsmen and godsons."

Sir Kasimir looked exceedingly amazed, as if he thought the lady's senses taking leave of her, and Dame Kunigunde broke out into declarations that it was absurd, and she did not know what she was talking of; but she repeated almost with passion, "Take them, take them, you know not how much depends on it." Ursel, with unusual readiness of wit, signed and whispered that the young mother must be humoured, for fear of consequences; till the knight in a good-natured, confused way, submitted to receive the two little bundles in his arms, while he gave place to Kunigunde, who hastily stepped before him in a manner that made Christina trust that her precaution would be effectual.

The room was reeling round with her. The agony of those few minutes was beyond all things unspeakable. What had seemed just before like a certain way of saving the guest without real danger to her children, now appeared instead the most certain destruction to all, and herself the unnatural mother who had doomed her new-born babes for a stranger's sake. She could not even pray; she would have shrieked to have them brought back, but her

voice was dead within her, her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth, ringings in her ears hindered her even from listening to the descending steps. She lay as one dead, when ten minutes afterwards the cry of one of her babes struck on her ear, and the next moment Ursel stood beside her, laying them down close to her, and saying exultingly, "Safe! safe out at the gate, and down the hill side, and my old lady ready to gnaw off her hands for spite!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE EAGLETS.

CHRISTINA'S mental and bodily constitution had much similarity—apparently most delicate, tender, and timid, yet capable of a vigour, health, and endurance that withstood shocks that might have been fatal to many apparently stronger persons. The events of that frightful Easter Monday morning did indeed almost kill her; but the effects, though severe, were not lasting; and by the time the last of Ermentrude's snow-wreath had vanished, she was sunning her babes at the window, happier than she had ever thought to be—above all, in the possession of both the children. A nurse had been captured for the little Baron from the village on the hill-side; but the woman had fretted, the child had pined, and had been given back to his mother to save his life: and ever since both had thriven perfectly under her sole care, so that there was very nearly joy in that room.

Outside it, there was more bitterness than ever. The grandmother had softened for a few moments at the birth of the children, with satisfaction at obtaining twice as much as she had hoped; but the frustration of her vengeance upon Kasimir of Adlerstein Wildschloss had renewed all her hatred, and she had no scruple in abusing "the burgher-woman" to the whole household for her artful desire to captivate another nobleman. She, no doubt, expected that de-

generate fool of a Wildschlosser to come wooing after her; "if he did he should meet his deserts." It was the favourite reproach whenever she chose to vent her fury on the mute, blushing, weeping young widow, whose glance at her babies was her only appeal against the cruel accusation.

On Midsummer eve, Heinz the Schneiderlein, who had all day been taking toll from the various attendants at the Friedmund Wake, came up and knocked at the door. He had a bundle over his shoulder and a bag in his hand, which last he offered to her.

"The toll! It is for the Lady Baroness."

"You are my Lady Baroness. I levy toll for this my young lord."

"Take it to her, good Heinz, she must have the charge, and needless strife I will not breed."

The angry notes of dame Kunigunde came up: "How now, knave Schneiderlein! Come down with the toll instantly. It shall not be tampered with! Down, I say, thou thief of a tailor."

"Go; prithee go, vex her not," entreated Christina.

"Coming, lady!" shouted Heinz, and, disregarding all further objurgations from beneath, he proceeded to deposit his bundle, and explain that it had been entrusted to him by a pedlar from Ulm, who would likewise take charge of anything she might have to send in return, and he then ran down just in time to prevent a domiciliary visit from the old lady.

From Ulm! The very sound was joy; and Christina with trembling hands unfastened the cords and stitches that secured the canvas covering, within which lay folds of linen, and in the midst a rich silver goblet, long ago brought by her father from Italy, a few of her own possessions, and a letter from her uncle secured with black floss silk, with a black seal.

She kissed it with transport, but the contents were somewhat chilling by their grave formality. The opening address to the "honour-worthy Lady Baroness and love-worthy niece," con-

veyed to her a doubt on good Master Gottfried's part whether she were still truly worthy of love or honour. The slaughter at Jacob Müller's had been already known to him, and he expressed himself as relieved, but greatly amazed, at the information he had received from the Baron of Adlerstein Wildschloss, who had visited him at Ulm, after having verified what had been alleged at Schloss Adlerstein by application to the friar at Offingen.

Freiherr von Adlerstein Wildschloss had further requested him to make known that, feud-briefs having regularly passed between Schlangenwald and Adlerstein, and the two barons not having been within the peace of the empire, no justice could be exacted for their deaths; yet, in consideration of the tender age of the present heirs, the question of forfeiture or submission should be waived till they could act for themselves, and Schlangenwald should be withheld from injuring them so long as no molestation was offered to travellers. It was plain that Sir Kasimir had well and generously done his best to protect the helpless twins, and he sent respectful but cordial greetings to their mother. These, however, were far less heeded by her than the coldness of her uncle's letter. She had drifted beyond the reckoning of her kindred, and they were sending her her property and bridal linen as if they had done with her, and had lost their child in the robber-baron's wife. Yet at the end there was a touch of old times in offering a blessing, should she still value it, and the hopes that heaven and the saints would comfort her; "for surely, thou poor child, thou must have suffered much, and, if thou wilt still to write to thy city kin, thine aunt would rejoice to hear that thou and thy babes were in good health."

Precise grammarian and scribe as was uncle Gottfried, the lapse from the formal *Sie* to the familiar *Du* went to his niece's heart. Whenever her little ones left her any leisure, she spent this her first wedding day in writing so earnest and loving a letter as, in spite of medi-

æval formality, must assure the good burgomaster that, except in having suffered much and loved much, his little Christina was not changed since she had left him.

No answer could be looked for till another wake-day; but, when it came, it was full and loving, and therewith were sent a few more of her favourite books, a girdle, and a richly scented pair of gloves, together with two ivory boxes of comfits, and two little purple silk, gold-edged, straight, narrow garments, and tight round brimless lace caps for the two little barons. Nor did henceforth a wake-day pass by without bringing some such token, not only delightful as gratifying Christina's affection by the kindness that suggested them, but supplying absolute wants in the dire stress of poverty at Schloss Adlerstein.

Christina durst not tell her mother-in-law of the terms on which they were unmolested, trusting to the scanty retinue and her own influence with the Schneiderlein to hinder any serious violence. Indeed, while the Count of Schlangenwald was in the neighbourhood, his followers took care to secure all that could be captured at the Debateable Ford, and the broken forces of Adlerstein would have been insane had they attempted to contend with such superior numbers. That the castle remained unattacked was attributed by the elder Baroness to its own merits; nor did Christina undeceive her. They had no intercourse with the outer world, except that once a pursuivant arrived with a formal intimation from their kinsman, the Baron of Adlerstein Wildschloss, of his marriage with the noble Fraulein, Countess Valeska von Trautbeck, and a present of a gay dagger for each of his godsons. Frau Kunigunde triumphed a good deal over the notion of Christina's supposed disappointment; but the tidings were most welcome to the younger lady, who trusted they would put an end to all future taunts about Wildschloss. Alas! the handle for abuse was too valuable to be relinquished.

The last silver cup the castle had pos-

sessed had to be given as a reward to the pursuivant, and mayhap Frau Kunigunde reckoned this as another offence of her daughter-in-law, since, had Sir Kasimir been safe in the oubliette, the twins might have shared his broad lands on the Danube instead of contributing to the fees of his pursuivant. The cup could indeed be ill spared. The cattle and swine, the dues of the serfs, and the yearly toll at the wake were the sole resources of the household; and, though there was no lack of meat, milk, and black bread, sufficient garments could scarce be come by, with all the spinning of the household, woven by the village webster, of whose time the baronial household, by prescriptive right, owned the lion's share.

These matters little troubled the two beings in whom Christina's heart was wrapped up. Though running about barefooted and bare-headed, they were healthy, handsome, straight-limbed, noble-looking creatures, so exactly alike, and so inseparable, that no one except herself could tell one from the other save by the medal of Our Lady worn by the elder, and the little cross carved by the mother for the younger; indeed, at one time, the urchins themselves would feel for cross or medal, ere naming themselves "Ebbo," or "Friedel." They were tall for their age, but with the slender make of their foreign ancestry; and, though their fair rosy complexions were brightened by mountain mists and winds, their rapidly darkening hair, and large liquid brown eyes, told of their Italian blood. Their grandmother looked on their colouring like a taint, and Christina herself had hoped to see their father's simple, kindly blue eyes revive in his boys; but she could hardly have desired anything different from the dancing, kindling, or earnest glances that used to flash from under their long black lashes when they were nestling in her lap, or playing by her knee, making music with their prattle, or listening to her answers with faces alive with intelligence. They scarcely left her time for sorrow or regret.

They were never quarrelsome. Either

from the influence of her gentleness, or from their absolute union, they could do and enjoy nothing apart, and would as soon have thought of their right and left hands falling out as of Ebbo and Friedel disputing. Ebbo, however, was always the right hand. *The Freiherr*, as he had been called from the first, had, from the time he could sit at the table at all, been put into the baronial chair with the eagle carved at the back; every member of the household, from his grandmother downwards, placed him foremost, and Friedel followed their example, at the less loss to himself, as his hand was always in Ebbo's, and all their doings were in common. Sometimes, however, the mother doubted whether there would have been this perfect absence of all contest had the medal of the first-born chanced to hang round Friedmund's neck instead of Eberhard's. At first they were entirely left to her. Their grandmother heeded them little as long as they were healthy, and evidently regarded them more as heirs of Adlerstein than as grandchildren; but, as they grew older, she showed anxiety lest their mother should interfere with the fierce lawless spirit proper to Adlerstein.

One winter day, when they were nearly six years old, Christina, spinning at her window, had been watching them snowballing in the castle court, smiling and applauding every large handful held up to her, every laughing combat, every well-aimed hit, as the hardy little fellows scattered the snow in showers round them, raising their merry fur-capped faces to the bright eyes that "rained influence and judged the prize."

By and by they stood still; Ebbo—she knew him by the tossed head and commanding air—was proposing what Friedel seemed to disapprove; but, after a short discussion, Ebbo flung away from him, and went towards a shed where was kept a wolf-cub, recently presented to the young barons by old Ulrich's son. The whelp was so young as to be quite harmless, but far from amiable; Friedel never willingly approached it, and the snarling and whining replies to all advances had

begun to weary and irritate Ebbo. He dragged it out by its chain, and, tethering it to a post, made it a mark for his snowballs, which, kneaded hard, and delivered with hearty good-will by his sturdy arms, made the poor little beast yelp with pain and terror, till the more tender-hearted Friedel threw himself on his brother to withhold him, while Mätz stood by laughing and applauding the baron. Seeing Ebbo shake Friedel off with unusual petulance, and pitying the tormented animal, Christina flung a cloak round her head and hastened downstairs, entering the court just as the terrified whelp had made a snap at the boy, which was returned by angry, vindictive pelting, not merely with snow, but with stones. Friedel sprang to her crying, and her call to Ebbo made him turn, though with fury in his face, shouting, "He would bite me! the evil beast!"

"Come with me, Ebbo," she said.

"He shall suffer for it, the spiteful ungrateful brute. Let me alone, mother!" cried Ebbo, stamping on the snow, but still from habit yielding to her hand on his shoulder.

"What now?" demanded the old baroness, appearing on the scene; "Who is thwarting the baron?"

"She; she will not let me deal with yonder savage whelp," cried the boy.

"She! Take thy way, child," said the old lady. "Visit him well for his malice. None shall withstand thee here. At thy peril!" she added, turning on Christina. "What, art not content to have brought base mechanical blood into a noble house? Wouldst make slaves and cowards of its sons?"

"I would teach them true courage, not cruelty," she tried to say.

"What should such as thou know of courage? Look here, girl: another word to daunt the spirit of my grandsons, and I'll have thee scourged down the mountain-side! On! At him, Ebbo! That's my gallant young knight! Out of the way, girl, with thy whining looks! What, Friedel, be a man and aid thy brother. Has she made thee a puling woman already?" and Kunigunde laid

an ungentle grasp upon Friedmund, who was clinging to his mother, hiding his face in her gown. He struggled against the clutch, and would not look up or be detached.

"Fie, poor little coward!" taunted the old lady; "never heed him, Ebbo, my brave baron!"

Cut to the heart, Christina took refuge in her room, and gathered her Friedel to her bosom, as he sobbed out, "Oh, mother, the poor little wolf! Oh, mother, are you weeping too? The grandmother should not so speak to the sweetest, dearest motherling," he added, throwing his arms round her neck.

"Alas, Friedel, that Ebbo should learn that it is brave to hurt the weak."

"It is not like Walther of Vögelwiede," said Friedel, whose mind had been much impressed by the Minnesinger's bequest to the birds.

"Nor like any true Christian knight. Alas, my poor boys, must you be taught foul cruelty, and I too weak and cowardly to save you?"

"That never will we," said Friedel, lifting his head from her shoulder. "Hark! what a howl was that!"

"Listen not, dear child, it does but pain thee."

"But Ebbo is not shouting. Oh, mother, he is vexed, he is hurt," cried Friedel, springing from her lap; but, ere either could reach the window, Ebbo had vanished from the scene. They only saw the young wolf stretched dead on the snow, and the same moment in burst Ebbo, and flung himself on the floor in a passion of weeping. Stimulated by the applause of his grandmother and of Mätz, he had furiously pelted the poor animal with all missiles that came to hand, till a blow, either from him or Mätz, had produced such a howl and struggle of agony, and then such terrible stillness, as had gone to the young baron's very heart, a heart as soft as that of his father had been by nature. Indeed, his sobs were so piteous that his mother was relieved to hear only, "The wolf! the poor wolf!" and to find that he himself was unhurt, and she was scarcely satisfied of this when dame Kunigunde

came up also alarmed, and thus turned his grief to wrath. "As if I would cry in that way for a bite!" he said. "Go, grandame; you made me do it, the poor beast!" with a fresh sob.

"Ulrich shall get thee another cub, my child."

"No, no; I never will have another cub! Why did you let me kill it?"

"For shame, Ebbo! Weep for a spiteful brute! That's no better than thy mother or Friedel."

"I love my mother! I love Friedel! They would have withheld me. Go, go; I hate you!"

"Peace, peace, Ebbo," exclaimed his mother, "you know not what you say. Ask your grandmother's pardon."

"Peace, thou fool!" screamed the old lady. "The baron speaks as he will in his own castle. He is not to be checked here, and thwarted there, and taught to mince his words like a cap-in-hand pedlar. Pardon! When did an Adlerstein seek pardon? Come with me, my baron; I have still some honey-cakes."

"Not I," replied Ebbo; "honey-cakes will not cure the wolf whelp. Go: I want my mother and Friedel."

Alone with them, his pride and passion were gone; but alas! what augury for the future of her boys was left with the mother!

To be continued.

MOGHA NEID.

A CELTIC FRAGMENT.

DOCTOR ANSTER.

Among the modes of interment mentioned by Keating in his "Three Sharp-pointed Shafts of Death," is the following:—"The dead were placed in a standing position, and circular cairns (heaps) of earth and stones were raised over them, and their arms were buried with them. It was in this fashion that very many of the Irish nobles were interred in the olden time; the interment of Mogha Neid by Dearg Damhsa the Druid may be instanced, as we read in the 'Battle of Magh Tualaing.'"—*Ossianic Society's Transactions*, vol. i. p. 65, 1853; and *Battle of Magh Leana* (Celtic Society, 1865), p. 21.

ON the plain of Tulaigh, in his last battle-field,
King Mogha Neid's tomb did his warriors build.
Where over the chieftain they heaped the high cairn
Streams the heath's purple pall, wave the plumes of the fern—
But He hath his palace-hall still in the cave
Of the cairn, and his throne-room of state in the grave;
And there—hath he robed him again for the strife
Of heroes?—he stands in dread semblance of life.

In his right hand the broad-sword, before him the shield,
And the helmet still guarding his head,
Again the red lightnings of war will he wield,
Again lead the thousands he led.
The keene hath been chaunted, the sepulchre sealed,
But say not that Mogha is dead!

The gold torques rést upon his breast,
The javelins are at his side,
And the snow-white steed, of matchless speed,
Is there in his trappings of pride.
Oh that one ray, breaking in, of the day,
Could see what these dark chambers hide!

Beam of light, or breath of air
From our sky, came never there;
Never since the stars of night
Saw the sacrificial rite,
When beneath the golden knife
The proud war-horse poured his life;
And the Druid sang his spell,

“That the courser white to the land of light,
Of dauntless truth, of the dream of youth,
To the heaven where Hope betrayeth not,
Where the bud to blossom delayeth not,
Where the flower unfolded decayeth not,
Where the worm on the green leaf preyeth not,
Where the cold rain-cloud down-weigheth not,
Might bear King Mogha well.”

Sword, shield, javelins, snow-white steed,
Trance-like all, in that marble hall,
All longing to be freed!

Sword, shield, javelins, battle-steed,
Wait the waking of Mogha Neid.

CRADDOCK NOWELL: A TALE OF THE NEW FOREST.

BY RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE.

CHAPTER XII.

ALL the leaves of the New Forest, save those of the holly and mistletoe, some evergreen spines, and the blinder sort that know not a wink from a nod—all the leaves, I mean, that had sense of their position, and when to blush and when to retire, and how much was due to the roots that taught them—all these leaves were beginning to feel that their time in the world was over. The trees had begun to stand tier upon tier, in an amphitheatrical fashion, and to sympathise more with the sunset; while the sun every evening was kissing his hands, and pretending to think them younger. Some outspoken trees leaned forward, well in front of the forest-galleries, with amber sleeves, and loops of gold, and braids of mellow abandonment, like liberal Brazilian ladies bowing from the balconies. Others drew away behind them, with their mantles folded, leaning

back into unprobed depths of semi-transparent darkness, as the forest of the sky amasses, when the moon is rising. Some had cast off their children in parachutes, swirling as the linden berries do throughout September; some were holding their treasures grimly, and would, even when they were naked. Now the flush of the grand autumnal tide had not risen yet to its glory, but was freaking and glancing and morrising round the bays and the juts of the foliage. Or it ruffled, among the ferny knaps, and along the winding alleys. The sycamores truly were reddening fast, and the chesnut palms growing bronzy; the limes were yellowing here and there, and the sere leaves of the woodbine fluttered the cob of clear red berries. But the great beechen hats which towered and darkened atop of the moorland hollows and across the track of the woodman—these, and the oaks along the rise, where the turtle-

dove was cooing, had only shown their sense of the age by an undertint of olive.

It was now the fifth day of October—a day to be remembered long by all the folk of Nowelhurst. Mr. Garnet stood at the end of his garden, where a narrow pinewood gate opened to one of the forest rides. Of course he was doing something, and doing it very forcibly. His life was a fire that burned very fast, having plenty of work to poke it. But the little job which he now had in hand was quite a relaxation: there was nothing Bull Garnet enjoyed so much as cutting down a tree. He never cared what time of year it was, whether the leaves were on or off, whether the sap were up or down, as we incorrectly express it. The sap of a tree is ever moving, like our own life-blood; only it feels the change of season, more than we who have no roots. Has a dormouse no circulation when he coils himself up in his elbowed hole? Is there no evaporation from the frozen waters? The two illustrations are wide apart, but the principle is the same. Nature admits no absolute stoppage, except as death, in her cradle of life; and then she sets to, and transmutes it. Why Bull Garnet so enjoyed the cutting down of a tree, none but those who themselves enjoy it may pretend to say. Of course we will not refer it to the reason assigned in the well-known epigram, which contains such a wholesale condemnation of this arboricidal age. In another century, London builders will perhaps discover, when there are no trees left, that a bit of tuck-pointing by the gate, and a dab of mud-plaster beside it, do not content the heart of man like the leaves, and the drooping shadowy rustle, which is the type of himself.

Bull Garnet stood there in the October morning, with the gate wide open, flung back by his strong hand upon its hinges, as if it had no right to them. The round bolt dropped from the quivering force, dropped through the chase of the loop, and bedded deep in the soft, wet ground.

With much satisfaction the gate brought up, and felt itself anchored safely; Bull Garnet gave the bolt a kick, which hurled all the rusty screws out. Then he scarcely stopped to curse the blacksmith; he wanted the time for the woodcutters. At a glint from the side of his vast round eyes—eyes that took in everything, and made all the workmen swear and believe that he could see round a corner—he descried that the axemen were working the tree askew to the strain of the ropes. The result must be that the comely young oak, just proud of its first big crop of acorns, would swerve on the bias of the wind, stagger heavily, and fall headlong upon the smart new fence. There was no time for words—in a moment he had kicked the men right and left, torn off his coat, and caught up an axe, and dealt three thundering strokes in the laggard twist of the breach. Away went the young oak, swaying wildly, trying once to recover itself, then crashing and creaking through the brushwood, with a swish from its boughs and leaves, and a groan from its snaggy splinters. A branch took one of the men in his face, and laid him flat in a tussock of grass.

"Serve you right, you lubber; I'm devilish glad," cried Bull Garnet; "and I hope you won't move for a week."

The next moment, he went up and raised him, felt that his limbs were sound, and gave him a dram of brandy.

"All right, my fine fellow. Next time you'll know something of the way to fell a tree. Go home now, and I'll send you a bottle of wine."

But the change of his mood, the sudden softening, the glisten that broke through the flash of his eyes, was not caused this time by the inroad of rapid Christian feeling. It was the approach of his son that stroked the down of his heart the right way. Bull Garnet loved nothing else in this world, or in the world to come, with a hundredth part of the love wherewith he loved his only son. Lo, the word "love" thrice in a sentence—nevertheless let it stand so. For is there a word in our noble

tongue, or in any other language, to be compared for power and beauty with that little word "love?"

Bob came down the path of the kitchen garden at his utmost speed. He was like his father in one or two things, and most unlike in others. His nature was softer and better by far, though not so grand and striking—Bull Garnet in the young Adam again, ere ever the devil came. All this the father felt, but knew not: it never occurred to him to inquire why he adored his son.

The boy leaped the new X fence very cleverly, through the fork of the fingers, and stood before his father in a flame of indignation. Mr. Garnet, with that queer expression which the face of a middle-aged man wears when he recalls his boyhood, ere yet he begins to admire it, was looking at his own young life with a contemplative terror. He was saying to himself, "What cheek this boy has got!" and he was feeling all the while that he loved him the more for having it.

"Hurrah, Bob, my boy; you're come just in time."

Mr. Garnet tried very hard to look as if he expected approval. Well enough all the time he knew that he had no chance of getting it. For Bob loved nature in any form, especially as expressed in the noble cloquence of a tree. And now he saw why he had been sent to the village on a trifling errand that morning.

"Just in time for what, sir?" Bob's indignation waxed yet more. That his father should dare to chaff him!

"Just in time to tell us all about these wonderful red-combed fungi. What do you call them—some long name, as wonderful as themselves?"

Bob kicked them aside contemptuously. He could have told a long story about them, and things which men of thrice his age, who have neglected their mother, would be glad to listen to. Nature, desiring not revenge, has it in the credulous itch of the sons who have turned their backs on her.

"Oh father," said Bob, with the tears in his eyes; "father, you can't have

known that three purple emperors came to this oak, and sat upon the top of it, every morning for nearly a week, in the middle of July. And it was the most handsomest thirty-year oak till you come right to Brockenhurst bridge."

"Most handsomest, Bob!" cried Mr. Garnet, glad to lay hold of anything; "Come along with me, my son; I must see to your education."

Near them stood a young spruce fir, not more than five feet high. It had thrown up a straight and tapering spire, scaled with tender green. Below were tassels, tufts, and pointlets, all in triple order, pluming over one another in a pile of beauty. The tips of all were touched with softer and more glaucous tone. But all this gentle tint and form was only as a framework now, a loom to bear the web of heaven. For there had been a white mist that morning,—autumn's breath made visible; and the tree with its net of spider's webs had caught the lucid moisture. Now, as the early sunlight opened through the layered vapours, that little spruce came boldly forth a dark bay of the forest, and met all the spears of the orient. Looped and traced with threads of gauze, the lacework of a fairy's thought, scarcely daring to breathe upon its veil of tremulous chastity, it kept the wings of light on the hover, afraid to weigh down the whiteness. A maiden with the love-dream nestling under the bridal faldetta, a child of genius breathing softly at his own fair visions, even an infant's angel whispering to the weeping mother—what image of humanity can be so bright and exquisite as a common tree's apparel?

"Father, can you make that?" Mr. Garnet checked his rapid stride; and for once he admired a tree.

"No, my son; only God can do such glorious work as that."

"But it don't take God to undo it. Smash!"

Bob dashed his fists through the whole of it, and all the draped embroidery, all the pearly filigree, all the festoons of silver, were but as a dream when a yawning man stretches his

scraggy arms forth. The little tree looked woe-begone, stale, and dragged with drunken tears.

"Why, Bob, I am ashamed of you."

"And so am I of you, father."

Before the bold speech was well out of his mouth, Bob took heartily to his heels; and for once in his life Mr. Garnet could not make up his mind what to do. After all he was not so very angry, for he thought that his son had been rather clever in his mode of enforcing the moral; and a man who loves ability, and loves his boy still more, regards with a liberal shrewdness the proof of the one in the other.

Alas, it is hard to put Mr. Garnet in a clear, bold stereoscope, without breach of the third commandment. Somehow or other, as fashion goes—and happily it is on the go always—a man, and threefold thrice a woman, may, at this especial period, in the persons of his or her characters, break the sixth commandment lightly, and the seventh with great applause. Indeed no tale is much approved without lese majesty of them both. Then for what subterranean reason, or by what diabolical instrumentality (that language is strictly parliamentary, because it is words and water) is a writer now debarred from reporting what his people said, unless they all talked tracts and milk, or rubrics and pommel-saddles? In a word—for sometimes any fellow must come to the point—Why do our judicious and highly-respected Sosii score out all our d—ns?

Is it not true that our generation swears almost as hard as any? And yet it will not allow a writer to hint the truth in the matter. Of course we should do it sparingly, and with due reluctance. But unless all tales are written for women, and are so to be accepted, it is a weak attempt at imposture on our sons and grandsons to suppress entirely in our pictures any presence not indecent, however unbecoming.

Mr. Garnet was a Christian of the most advanced intelligence, so far as our ideas at the present time extend. He felt the beauty and perfection of the type

which is set before us. He never sneered, as some of us do, at things which were too large for him, neither did he clip them to the shape of his own œsophagus. Only in practice, like the rest of us, he was sadly centrifugal.

Now with his nostrils widely open, and great eyes on the ground, he was pacing rapidly up and down his sheltered kitchen-garden. Every square was in perfect order, every tree in its proper compass, all the edging curt and keen. The ground was cropped with that trim luxuriance which we never see except under first-rate management. All the coleworts for the winter, all the well-earthed celery, all the buttoning Brussels sprouts, salsify just fit to dig, turnips lifting whitely forth (as some ladies love to show themselves), modest savoy just hearting in and saying "no" to the dew-beads, prickly spinach daily widening the clipped arrowhead—they all had room to eat and drink, and no man grudged his neighbour; yet Puck himself could not have skipped through with dry feet during a hoar-frost. As for weeds, Bull Garnet—well, I must not say what he *would* have done. Suddenly a small, spare man turned the corner upon him, where a hedge of horn-beam, trimmed and dressed as if with a pocket-comb, broke the south-western violence. Most men would have shown their hats above the narrow spine, but Rufus Hutton was very short, and seldom carried a chimney-pot.

"Sir, what can I do for you?" said Mr. Garnet, much surprised, but never taken aback.

"Excuse me, sir, but I called at your house, and came this way to find you. You know me well, by name, I believe; as I have the pleasure of knowing you. Rufus Hutton; ahem, sir! Delightful occupation! I too, am a gardener. 'Dumelow Seedling,' I flatter myself. Know them well by the eye, sir. But what a difference the soil makes! Ah, yes, let them hang till the frost comes. What a plague we have had with ear-wigs! Get into the seat of the fruit; now just let me show you. Ah, you beggars, there you are. Never take

them by the head, sir, or they'd nip my fingers. Take them under the abdomen, and they haven't room to twist upon you. There, now; what can he do?"

"Not even thank you, sir, for killing him. And now what can I do for you?"

"Mr. Garnet, I will come to the point. A man learns that in India. Too hot, sir, for much talking. Bless my heart, I have known the thermometer at 10 o'clock P.M. sir—not in the barracks, mind me, nor in a stifling nullah——"

"Excuse me, I have read of all that. I have an engagement, Dr. Hutton, at eight minutes past eleven."

"Bless my heart, and I have an appointment at 11.9 and five seconds. How singular a coincidence!"

Bull Garnet looked down at the little doctor, and thought him too small to be angry with. Moreover, he was a practical man, and scarcely knew what chaff meant. So he kept his temper wonderfully, while Rufus looked up at him gravely, with his little eyes shining like glow-worms between the brown stripes of his countenance.

"I have heard of you, Dr. Hutton, as a very skilful gardener. Perhaps you would like to look round my garden, while I go and despatch my business. If so, I will be with you again in exactly thirty-five minutes."

"Stop, stop, stop! you'll be sorry all your life, if you don't hear my news."

So Rufus Hutton thought. But Mr. Garnet was sorry through all the rest of his life that he ever stopped to hear it.

CHAPTER XIII.

BULL GARNET forgot his appointment for eight minutes after eleven; indeed it was almost twelve o'clock when he came out of the summer-house (made of scarlet runners) to which he had led Dr. Hutton, when he saw that his tale was of interest. As he came forth, and the noon-day sun fell upon his features; any one who knew him would have been surprised at their expression. A well-known artist, employed upon a fresco in

the neighbourhood, had once described Mr. Garnet's face in its ordinary aspect, as 'violence in repose.' Epigrammatic descriptions of the infinite human nature are like tweezers to catch a whale with. The man who unified so rashly all the Garnetian impress, had only met Mr. Garnet once—had never seen him after dinner, or playing with his children.

Now Rufus Hutton, however garrulous, was a kind and sensible man, and loth to make any mischief. He ran after Mr. Garnet, hotly. Bull Garnet had quite forgotten him, and would take no notice. The doctor made a short cut through a quarter of Brussels sprouts (which almost knocked off his wide-awake hat) and stood in the arch of trimmed yew-tree, opening at the western side upon the forest lane. Here he stretched his arms to either upright, and mightily barred all exit. He knew that the other would not go home, because he had told him so.

Presently Bull Garnet strode up: not with his usual swing, however; not with his wonted self-confidence. He seemed to walk off from a staggering blow, which had dulled his brain for the moment. He stopped politely before Mr. Hutton (who expected to be thrust aside), and asked as if with new interest, and as if he had not heard the tale out,—

"Are you quite sure, Dr. Hutton, that you described the dress correctly?"

"As sure as I am of the pattern of my own unmentionables. Miss Rose-dew wore, as I told you, a lavender serge, looped at the sides with purple—a pretty dress for Christmas, but it struck me as warm for Michaelmas. Perhaps it was meant for the Michaelmas daisies; or, perhaps, she suffers from rheumatism, or flying pains in the patella."

"And the cloak and hat, as you described them—are you sure about them?"

"My dear sir, I could swear to them both, if I saw them on a scarecrow. How can I speak of such a thing after that lovely creature? Such an exquisite fall of the shoulders—good wide shoulders too—and such a delicious waist! I

assure you, my dear sir, I have seen fine women in India."

"Dr. Hutton," said Mr. Garnet, sternly, "let me hear no more of that. You are a newly-married man, a man of my time of life. I will have no warm description of—of any young ladies."

Rufus Hutton was a peppery man, and not very easily cowed. Nevertheless, his mind was under the pressure of a stronger one. So he only relieved himself with a little brag.

"Why, Mr. Garnet, you cross-examine me as I did the natives when I acted as judge in Churramuttee, when the two chuprassies came before me, and the water-carrier. I tell you, sir, I see more in a glance than most men do in a long set stare, when they are called in to appraise a thing. I could tell every plait in your shirt-front, and the stuff and cut of your coat, before you could say 'good morning.' It was only last Thursday that Mrs. Hutton, who is a most remarkable woman, made an admirable observation about my rapid perception."

"I have not the smallest doubt of it. And I believe that you fully deserved it. You will therefore perceive at once that this matter must go no further. Did you see my—son at the house here?"

"No. Only the maidservant, who directed me where to find you."

"Then you did not go in at all, I suppose?"

"No; but I admired greatly your mode of training that beautiful tro-pæolum over the porch. I must go and look at it again, with your kind permission. I never neglect the chance of a wrinkle such as that."

"Another time, Dr. Hutton, I shall hope to show it to you; though you must have seen it all at a glance, for it is simpler than my shirt-fronts. But my business takes me now to the Hall, and I shall be glad of your company."

"Hospitable fellow, with a vengeance!" thought little Rufus. "And I heard he had some wonderful sherry, and it's past my time for a snack. Serves me right for meddling with other people's business."

But while he stood hesitating, and casting fond glances towards the cottage, Mr. Garnet, without any more ado, passed his powerful long arm through the little wing of Rufus, and hurried him down the dingle.

"Excuse me, sir, but I have never much time to waste. This, as you know, is a most busy day, and all the preparations are under my sole charge. I laugh at the fuss, as a matter of course. But that question is not for me. Craddock Nowell is a noble fellow, and I have the highest respect for him."

"Well, I rather prefer young Clayton. Having brought them both into the world, I ought to understand them. But I hope he won't make a fool of himself in this matter we have been talking of."

Mr. Garnet jerked his companion's arm, and his face went pale as Portland stone.

"Make a d—d rogue more likely. And he won't be the first of his family."

"Yes, as you say," replied the doctor to all he could catch of the muttered words, which flew over the crown of his hat, "beyond all doubt the first family in this part of the kingdom, and so they must have their jubilee. But I trust you will use with the utmost caution what I thought it best to confide to you, under the bond of secrecy. Of course, I could not think of telling papa, either of lady or gentleman; and knowing how you stand with the family, you seemed to me the proper person to meet this little difficulty."

"Beyond a doubt, I am."

"Pooh, sir, a boy and a girl. I wonder you think so much about it. Men never know their own minds in the matter until they arrive at our age. And as for the chits on the other side—whew, they blow right and left, as the feathers on their hats do."

"That is not the case with *my* family. We make up our minds, and stick to them."

"Then your family is the exception, which only proves my rule; and I am

glad that it is not concerned in the present question."

When they came to that part of the lawn in front of the ancient hall where the fireworks' stage had been reared on a gently-rising mound, Cradock Nowell met them, with a book in his hand. To-morrow he would be twenty-one; and a more honest, open-hearted fellow, or a better built one, never arrived at man's estate, whether for wealth or poverty. He had not begun to think very deeply; indeed, who could expect it, where trouble had never entered? It is pain that deepens the channel of thought, and sorrow that sweeps the bar away. Cradock as yet was nothing more than a clever, fine young man, an elegant and accurate scholar, following thought more than leading it. Nevertheless he had the material of a grand unselfish character—of a nature which, when perfected, could feel its imperfections. Sorrow and trial were needed for him; and God knows he soon got enough of them.

He shoved away his Tauchnitz Herodotus in his shooting-coat pocket. Neither of the men he met was a scholar; neither would feel any interest in it. Being driven forth by his father's grumbling at the little pleasure he showed in the fuss that was making about him, he had brought his genial, true cosmopolite to show him a thing which his heart would have loved. Cradock had doubled down the leaf whereon was described the building of the boat-bridge over the Hellespont. Neither had he forgotten the interment of the Scythian kings. It was not that he purposed to instruct the carpenters thence, or to shed any light on their doings; but that he hoped to learn from them some words to jot down on the margin. He had discovered already, being helped thereto by the tongue of Ytene, that hundreds of forcible Saxon words still lurk in the crafts to which the beaten race betook itself—words which are wanted sadly, and pieced out very unpleasantly by roundabout foreign fanglements.

Even the gratitude now due to the

goodwill of all the neighbourhood had failed to reconcile his mind to the turgid part before him. At Oxford he had been dubbed already "Caradoc the Philosopher;" and the more he learned, the less he thought of his own importance. He had never regarded the poor around him as dogs made for him to whistle to; he even knew that he owed them some duties, and wondered how to discharge them. Though bred of high Tory lineage, and corded into it by the twists of habit and education, he never could hang by neck and gullet; he never could show basement only, as a well-roped onion does. Encased as he was by strict surroundings, he never could grow quite straight and even, without a seed inside him, as a prize cucumber does in the cylinder of an old chimney-glass.

Some of this dereliction sprang, no doubt, from his granulation, and some from the free trade of his mind with the great heart called "John Rosedew."

Now he came up, and smiled, like a boy of fourteen, in Mr. Garnet's face; for he liked Bull Garnet's larger qualities, and had no fear of his smaller ones. Mr. Garnet never liked; he always loved or hated. He loved Cradock Nowell heartily, and heartily hated Clayton.

"Behind my time, you see, Cradock. I am glad you are doing my duty.—Ha, there! *I see you, my man.*"

The man was skulking his work, in rigging out with coloured lamps an old oak fifty yards off. That ancient oak, the pride of the chace, was to represent, to-morrow night, a rainbow reflecting "Cradock Nowell." Young Crad, who regarded it all as ill-taste, if it were not positive sin, had lifted his voice especially against that oak's bedizenment. "It will laugh at us from every acorn," he had said to his father. But Sir Cradock was now a man of sixty; and threescore resents being budded. The incision results in gum only.

At the sound of that tremendous voice the man ran recklessly out on the branch, the creaking of which had alarmed him. Snap went the branch

at a cankered part, and the poor fellow dropped from a height of nearly forty feet. But the crashing wood caught in the bough beneath, which was sound and strong, and there hung the man, uninjured as yet, clinging only by one arm, and struggling to throw his feet up. In a moment Cradock had seized a ladder, reared, and fixed, and mounted it, and helped the poor fellow to slide off upon it, and stayed him there gasping and quivering. Bull Garnet set foot on the lowest rung, and Rufus Hutton added his weight, which was not very considerable. A dozen workmen came running up, and the man, whose nerves had quite failed him, was carefully eased to the ground.

"Mr. Garnet," said Cradock, with flashing eyes, "would you have walked on that branch yourself?"

"To be sure I would, after I had looked at it."

"But you gave this poor man no time to look. Is it brave to make another do what you yourself would fear?"

"Give me your hand, my boy. I was wrong, and you are right. I wish every man to hear me. Jem, come to my house this evening. You owe your life to Mr. Cradock."

Nature itself is better than the knowledge of human nature. Mr. Garnet, by generosity quicker than quickest perception, had turned to his credit an incident which would have disgraced a tyrant. A powerful man's confession of wrong always increases his power. While the men were falling to work again, every one under the steward's eyes, Sir Cradock Nowell and Clayton his son came cantering up from the stables. The dry leaves crackled or skirred away crisply from their horses' feet, for the day was fine and breezy; the nags were arching their necks and pricking their ears with enjoyment; but neither of the riders seemed to be in high spirits. The workmen touched their hats to them in a manner very different from that with which they received Mr. Garnet or Cradock Nowell. There was more of distant respect in it,

and less of real interest. Sir Cradock now was a perfect specimen of the well-bred Englishman at threescore years of age. Part of his life had been touched by sorrow, but in the main he had prospered. A man of ability and high culture, who has not suffered deeply, is apt, after passing middle age, to substitute tact for feeling, and common sense for sympathy. Mellow and blest is the age of the man who soberly can do otherwise.

Sir Cradock Nowell knew his age, and dressed himself accordingly. Neither stiffness nor laxity, neither sporting air nor austerity, could be perceived in his garb or manner. He respected himself and all whom he met, until he had cause to the contrary. But his heart, instead of expanding, had narrowed in the loneliness of his life; and he really loved only one in the world—the son who rode beside him. He had loved John Rosedew well and truly for many an honest year; of late, admiration was uppermost, and love grown a thing to be thought about. The cause of the change was his own behaviour, and John's thorough hate of injustice. That old friend of the family could not keep silence always at the preference of Clayton, and the disparagement of Cradock. The father himself could not have told whence arose this preference. Year by year it had been growing, for a long time unsuspected; suspected then and fought with, then smothered at once and justified; allowed at last to spread and thrive on the right of its own existence. And yet any one, to look at Sir Cradock, would have thought him justice personified. And so he was as Chairman of the Quarter Sessions. Clear intelligence, quick analysis, keen perception of motive in others, combined with power to dispense (when nature so does) with reason, and used with high sense of honour—all these things made him an oracle to every one but himself. Although he had never been in the army, he looked like a veteran soldier; and his seat on horseback was stiff and firm, rather than easy and graceful. Tall, spare figure, and grey moustache,

Roman nose, and clear, bright eyes, thin lips, and broad white forehead—the expression of the whole bespoke an active, resolute, upright man, not easily pleased or displeased.

As every one was to keep holiday, the farmers had challenged the Ringwood club to play them a game of cricket, and few having seen a bat till now, some practice seemed indispensable. Accordingly, while Bull Garnet was busy among the working men, the farmers, being up for play, were at it in hard earnest, labouring with much applause and merriment, threshing or churning, mowing or ploughing, and some making kicks at the ball. Rufus Hutton looked on in a spirited manner, and Cradock was bowling with all his might at the legs of a petty tyrant, when his father and brother rode up between the marquees and awnings. The tyrannical farmer received a smart crack on the shin, and thought (though he feared to say) “d—n.”

“Hurrah, Crad! more jerk to your elbow!” cried Clayton, who also disliked the man; “Blackers, you mustn’t break the ball, it’s against the laws of cricket.”

Grinning sympathy and bad wit deepened the bruise of the tibia, till Farmer Blackers forgot all prudence in the deep jar of the marrow.

“Boul awai, meester, and be honged to you. I carries one again *you*, mind.”

To the great surprise of all present there, Sir Cradock did not look at the speaker, but turned on his son with anger.

“Sir, you ought to know better. Your sense of justice will lead you, I hope, to apologise to that man.”

He did not wait to see the effect of this public reproof, which was heard by a hundred people, but struck his mare hastily on the shoulder, called Clayton, and rode away. Cradock, who now had the ball in his hands, threw it a hundred feet high.

“Catch it who will,” he said; “I shall bowl no more to-day. Farmer Blackers, I apologise to you; I did not know you were so tender.”

Feeling far more tender himself (for all that was the youth’s bravado) he went away, doubting right and wrong, to his own little room on the ground floor. There he would smoke his pipe, and meditate, and condemn himself, if the verdict were true. That young fellow’s sense of justice was larger, softer, more deeply fibred, than any Sir Cradock Nowell’s.

CHAPTER XIV.

MEN of high culture and sensitive justice, who have much to do with ill-taught workmen, lie under a terrible disadvantage. They fear to presume upon the mere accident of their own position, they dread to extract more dues from another than they in his place would render, they shrink from saying what may recall the difference betwixt them, they cannot bear to be stiff and dogmatic, yet they know that any light word may be taken in heavy earnest. True sympathy is the only thing to bring master and man together; and sympathy is a subtle vein, direct when nature hits it, but crooked and ungrammatical to the syntax of education. Cradock Nowell often touched it, without knowing how; and hence his popularity among the “lower classes.” Clayton hit upon it only in the softer sex. Bull Garnet knew how to move it deeply, and owed his power to that knowledge, even more than to his energy.

Cradock was pondering these things in the pipe of contemplation, when a pair of keen eyes twinkled in at the window, and a shrewd, shrill voice made entry.

“Pray let me in, Mr. Cradock Nowell; I want to inquire about the grapes.”

“What a wonderful man that is!” said Cradock to himself, as he came from his corner reluctantly, to open the French window; “there is nothing he doesn’t inquire about. Erotetic philosopher! He has only been here some three or four days, and he knows all our polity better than we do! I wish

his wife would come ; though I believe he is an honest fellow."

Unconscious of any satirical antithesis, he opened the window, and admitted the polypragmonic doctor ; and, knowing that homœopathic treatment is the wisest for garrulous subjects, he began upon him at once. Nor omitted a spice of domesticity, which he thought would be sovereign.

"Now, Dr. Hutton, it is too bad of you to wander about like a bachelor. How long before we have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Hutton ?"

"My dear boy, you know the reason ; I hope you know the reason. Ladies are not at all times so locomotive as we are." Here he tried hard not to give a wink, because Cradock was so much younger ; nevertheless, he did wink, being too much delighted to help it, having never yet owned a young Hutton. "But your father has promised most kindly to send a carriage to-morrow to Geopharmacy Lodge—the name of our little place, sir."

At the thought of his home, the little doctor pulled up both his shirt-collars, and looked round the room disparagingly.

"Oh, I am very glad to hear it. Meanwhile, you would like to see our grapes. Let me show you the way to the vinery ; though I cannot take you without misgivings. Your gardening fame has frightened us. Our old man, Snip, is quite afraid of your new lights and experience."

"Sensible lad," muttered Rufus Hutton, who was pleasantly conceited—"uncommonly sensible lad ! I am not at all sure that he isn't a finer fellow than Clayton. But I must take my opportunity now, while he has his stock off. There is something wrong : I am sure of it."

"Excuse me a moment," said Cradock ; "I am sorry to keep you waiting, but I must just put on my neckerchief, if I can only find it. How very odd ! I could have declared I put it on that table."

"What's that I see on the floor there, by the corner of the book-case ?" Rufus

pointed his cane at the tie, which lay where himself had thrown it.

"Oh, thank you ; I must be getting blind, for I am sure I looked there just now."

While the young man stooped forward, the little doctor, who had posted himself for the purpose, secured a quick glimpse at the back of his neck, where the curling hair fell sideways. That glance increased his surprise, and confirmed his strange suspicions. The surprise and suspicion had broken upon him, as he stood by the farmer's wicket, and Cradock sprang up to the bowling crease ; now, in his excitement and curiosity, he forgot all scruples. It was strange that he had felt any, for he was not very sensitive ; but Cradock, with all his good nature, had a certain unconscious dignity, from which Dr. Hutton retreated.

"The grapes I came to inquire about," said Rufus, with much solemnity, "are not those in the vinery, which I have seen often enough, but those on your neck, Mr. Nowell."

Cradock looked rather amazed, but more at the inquirer's manner than at his seeming impertinence.

"I really cannot see how the 'grapes,' as some people call the blue lines on my neck, can interest you, sir, or are important enough to be spoken of."

"Then I do, Cradock Nowell. Do you refuse to let me see them ?"

"Certainly not ; though I should refuse it to almost any one else. Not that I am sensitive about such a trifle. You, as a medical man, and an old friend of my father, are welcome to your autopsy. Is not that what you call it, sir ?"

Nevertheless, from the tone of his voice, Rufus Hutton knew that he liked it not—for it was a familiarity, and seemed to the youth a childish one.

"Sit down, young man, sit down," said the doctor, very pompously, and waiving further discussion. "I am not—I mean to say you are taller than when I first—ah, yes, manipulated you."

As the doctor warmed to his subject, he grew more and more professional,

Cradock Nowell: a Tale of the New Forest.

and perhaps less gentlemanly, until his good feelings came into play, for his heart, after all, was right. All the terms which he used shall not be repeated, because of their being so medical. Only this, that he said at last, after a long inspection—

"Sir, this confirms to a nicety my metrostigmatic theory."

"Dr. Hutton, I know not what you mean, neither do I wish to know."

Cradock put on his neckerchief anyhow, and walked to his chair by the mantelpiece, although no fire was burning. The medical man said nothing, but gravely looked out of the window. Presently the young gentleman felt that he was not acting hospitably.

"Excuse me, sir, if I have seemed rude; but you do not know how these things—I mean, when I think of my mother. Let me ring for some sherry and sandwiches; you have had no lunch."

"Ring for some brandy, my boy; and give me a cheroot. Fine property! Look at the sweep of the land—and to think of losing it all!"

Instead of ringing, Cradock went and fetched the cognac himself, and took down a glass from a cupboard.

"Two glasses, my dear boy, two."

"No, sir; I never touch it."

"Then take it now, for the first time. Here, let me feel your pulse."

"Once for all, I beg you to tell me what is all this mystery? Do you think I am a child?"

"Fill your pipe again, while I light a cigar."

Cradock did as he was told, although with trembling hands. Rufus Hutton went for a wine-glass, filled it with brandy, and pushed it across, then gulped down half a tumblerful; but Cradock did not taste his.

"Now, my boy, can you bear some very bad news indeed?"

"Anything better than this suspense. I have heard some bad news lately, which has seasoned me for anything."

He referred to Amy Rosedew.

"It is this. You are not your father's heir; you are only the younger son."

"Is that all?"

"All! Isn't that enough? God! What more would you don't deserve brandy."

"My father will be glad Clayton, and—perhaps one I don't mean to say that I

"I should rather fancy I take it uncommonly easily."

Dr. Hutton gazed at the fellow in surprise and admiration, vainly to make him out reached over to Cradock's his glass of cognac, and sw

"This has upset me, more than you. How miserable it! But perhaps you place the assertion I have made!

"Indeed, it has quite and I have had no time to. My head seems spinning round to say no more just for a moment unless you find it uncomfortable."

He leaned back in his chair to think, but could not.

Rufus Hutton said nothing of all his experience, though very strange to him; and he came out with interest, which was a strong feeling.

"Now, Dr. Hutton," said Cradock, trying to look as he thought though he could not keep back, "I beg you to tell me more. Let us have the story. I have not known you so long as you have known me—but you would not say what you would without the strongest evidence."

"Confound me for a fool! My dear boy, no more. Let us sink the matter. Least said, soonest mended."

"What do you mean? I am for a moment that I would guard?"

"Hush!—don't get so excited. You look as fierce as Bull. I mean is—you know the motto—'Quæta non movere.'"

"The motto of fools is 'Have it out,' is an old rule. No sneaking tricks. Oh, what a fool I am!"

pardon with all my heart; you will make allowances for me. Instead of being rude, I ought to be grateful for kindness which even involves your honour."

And he held out his hand to the doctor.

"Crad, my dear boy," exclaimed Mr. Hutton, with a big tear twinkling in each little eye, "the finest thing I ever did was showing you to the daylight. If I rob you of what has appeared your birthright, curse all memorandum-books, and even my metrostigmatic treatise, which I fully meant to immortalize me."

"And so I hope it may do. I am not so calm as I ought to be. Somehow a fellow can't be, when he is taken off the hooks so. I know you will allow for this; I beg you to allow for nothing else, except a gentleman's delicacy. Give me your reasons, or not, as you like. The matter will be for my father."

Craddock looked proud and beautiful. But the depth of his eyes was troubled. A thousand thoughts were moving there, like the springs that feed a lake.

"Hah, ho, very hard work!" said Rufus Hutton, puffing; "I vote that we adjourn. I do love the open air so, ever since I took to gardening."

Rufus Hutton hated "sentiment," but he could not always get rid of it.

CHAPTER XV.

ON the morning of that same day, our Amy at her father's side, in the pretty porch of the Rectory, uttered the following wisdom: "Darling Papples, Papelikidion—is there any other diminutive, half good enough for you, or stupid enough for me?—my own father (that's best of all), you must not ride Coræbus to-day."

"Amy amata, dilecta a me, aim of my life, amicula, in the name of sweet sense, why not?"

"Because, pa, he has had ten great long carrots, and my best hat full of new oats; and I know he will throw you off."

"Scrupulum injecisti. I shouldn't

like to come off to day. And it rained the night before last." So said the rector, proudly contemplating a pair of new kersimeres, which Channing the clerk had made upon trial. "Nevertheless, I think that I have read enough on the subject to hold on by his mane, if he does not kick unreasonably. And if he gives me time to soothe him—that horse is fond of Greek—and after all the ground is soft."

"No, dad, I don't think it is prudent. And you won't have me there, you know."

"My own pet, that is too true. And with all your knowledge of riding! Why, my own seems quite theoretical by the side of yours. And yet I have kept my seat under very trying circumstances. You remember the time when Coræbus met the trahea?"

"Yes, pa; but he hadn't had any oats; and I was there to advise you."

"True, my child, quite true. But I threw my equilibrium just as a hunter does. And I think I could do it again. I bore in mind what Xenophon says—"

"Pa, here he is! And he does look so fat, I know he will be restive."

"Prepare your Aunt Doxy's mind, my dear, not to scold more than she can help, in case of the worst—I mean if the legs of my trousers want rubbing. How rash of me, to be sure, to have put them on to day! Prius de mentat. I trust sincerely—and old Channing is so proud of them, and he says the cut is so fashionable. Nevertheless, I heard our Clayton, as he went down the gravel-walk, treating, with what he himself would have called 'colores orationis,' upon Uncle John's new bags; *θύλακες*, I suppose he meant, as opposed to *ἀναξυρίδες*. I was glad that the subject possessed so lively an interest for him; notwithstanding which, I was very glad Mr. Channing did not hear him."

"The impudence! Well, I am astonished. And to see the things he brought back from Oxford—quince-coloured, with a stripe that wide, like one of my fancy gourds. I'll be sure to have it out with him. No, I can't

though; I forgot." And Amy looked down with a rosy smile, remembering the delicacy of the subject. "But I am quite sure of one thing, pa: Mr. Cradock would never have done it.—Ræbus, don't kick up the gravel. Do you suppose we can roll every day? Oh, you are so fat, you darling."

"When the sides are deep," said the rector, quoting from Xenophon, "and somewhat protuberant at the stomach, the horse is generally more easy to ride. What a comfort, Amy! Stronger, moreover, and more capable of enjoying food."

"He has enjoyed a rare lot this morning. At least I hope you have, you sweetest. Why, pa, I declare you are whistling!"

"It also behoves a horseman to know that it is a time-honoured precept to soothe the steed by whistling, and rouse him by a sharp sound made between the tongue and the palate."

"Oh, father, don't do that. Promise me now, dear, won't you?"

"I will promise you, my child, because I don't know how to do it. I tried very hard last Wednesday, and only produced a guttural. But I think I shall understand it, after six or seven visiting days. At least, if the air is sharp."

"No, pa, I hope you won't. It would be so reckless of you; and I know you will get a sore throat."

"Sweet of my world, cor cordum, you have wrapped me with three involucre tighter than any hazel-nut. They will all go into my pocket the moment I am round the corner."

"No, daddy, you won't be so cruel. And after the rime this morning! Ræbus will tell if you do. Won't you now, my pretty?"

Coræbus was a handsome pony, but not a handsome doer. He could go at a rare pace when he liked, but he did not often like it. His wind was short, and so was his temper, and he looked at things unpleasantly. Perhaps he had been disappointed in love in the tenderness of his youth. Nevertheless he had many good points, and next to him-

self loved Amy. He would roll his black eyes, put his nose to her lips, and almost leave oats to look at her. His colour varied sensitively according to the season. In the height of summer, a dappled bay; towards the autumnal equinox, a tendency to nuttiness; then a husky bristle of deepest brown flaked with hairs of ginger; after the clips a fine mouse-colour, with a spirited sense of nakedness, fierce whiskers, and a love of buck jumps. Then ere the blessed Christmas-tide, nature began to blanket him with a nap the colour of black frost; and so through the grizzle of spring he came round to his proper bay once more. Amy declared she could tell every month by the special hue of Coræbus; but, albeit she was the most truthful of girls, her heart was many degrees too warm for her lips to be always at dew-point.

Both in the stable and out of it, that pony had a bluff way with his heels, which none but himself thought humorous. He never meant any harm however—it was only his mode of expressing himself; and he liked to make a point when he felt his new shoes tingling. But as for kicking his Amy, he was not quite so low as that. He would not even jump about, when she was on his back, more than was just the proper thing to display her skill and figure. "Oh, you sad Coræby," always brought him to sadness; and he expected a pat from her little gloved hand, and cocked his tail with dignity the moment he received it. Nevertheless, for her father, the rector of the parish, he entertained, when the oats were plentiful, nonconformist sentiments, verging almost upon scepticism. He liked him indeed, as the whole world must; he even admired his learning, and turned up his eyes at the Greek; but he was not impressed, as he should have been, by the sacerdotal office. Fatal defect of all, he knew that the rector could not ride. John Rosedew was a reasoning man, and uncommonly strong in the legs, but a great deal too philosophical to fit himself over a horse well. He had written a treatise upon

the Pelethroniam Lapiths (which he could never be brought to read before a learned society), he knew all about the Olympics and Pythics, and Xenophon gave him a text-book; but, for all that, he never put his feet the right way into the stirrups.

"Look at him now," said John, as the boy led the pony up and down, while Amy was knotting the mufflers so that they never might come undone again; "how beautifully Xenophon describes him! 'When the horse is excited to assume that artificial air which he adopts when he is proud, he then delights in riding, becomes magnificent, terrific, and attracts attention!' And again, 'persons beholding such a horse pronounce him generous, free in his motions, fit for military exercise, high-mettled, haughty, and both pleasant and terrible to look on.' Pleasant, I suppose, for other people, and terrible for the rider. But why our author insists so much upon the horse being taught to 'rear gracefully,' I am not horseman enough as yet to understand. It has always appeared to me that Coræbus rears too much already. And then the direction—'but if after riding, and copious perspiration, and when he has reared gracefully, he be relieved immediately both of the rider and reins, there is little doubt that he will spontaneously advance to rear when necessary.' What does that mean, I ask you? I never find it necessary, except, indeed, when the little girls jump up and pull my coat-tails, in their inquisition for apples, and then I am always afraid that they may suffer some detriment. But let us not overtask his patience; here he comes again. Jem, my boy, lead him hither."

"Any jam in your pocket, father?"

"No, my child, not any. Your excellent Aunt Eudoxia has it all under lock and key. Now I will mount according to Xenophon, though I do not find that he anywhere prescribes a Windsor chair. 'When he has well prepared himself for the ascent, let him support his body with his left hand, and stretching forth his right hand let him leap on horseback, and when he

mounts thus he will not present an uncomely spectacle to those behind.' There, I am up, most accurately; excellent horse, and great writer! And now for the next direction; 'We do not approve of the same bearing a man has in a carriage, but that an upright posture be observed, with the legs apart.'"

"How could they be otherwise, pa, when the horse is between them?"

"Your criticisms are rash, my child. Jem, how dare you laugh, sir? I will buy a pair of spurs, I declare, the next time I go to Ringwood. Good-bye, darling; Aunt Doxy will take you up to the park, when the sun comes out, to see all the wonderful doings. I shall be home in time to dress for the dinner at the Hall."

Sweet Amy kissed her hand, and curtsied—as she loved to do to her father; and, after two or three wayward sallies (repressed by Jem with the gardening broom), Coræbus pricked his little ears, and shook himself into a fair jog-trot. So with his elbows well stuck out, and shaking merrily to and fro, his right hand ready to grasp the pommel in case of consternation, and one leg projected beyond the other, after the manner of a fowl's side-bone, away rode John Rosedew in excellent spirits, to begin his Wednesday parochial tour.

Being duly victualled, and thoroughly found, for a voyage of long duration and considerable hazard, the good ship "John Rosedew" set sail every Wednesday for commerce with the neighbourhood. This expedition was partly social, partly ministerial, in a great measure eleemosynary, and entirely loving and amicable. There was no bombardment of dissenters, no firing of red-hot shot at Papists, no up with the helm and run him down, if any man launched on the mare magnum, or any frail vessel missed stays. And yet there was no compromise, no grand circle sailing, no luffing to a trade-wind; straight was the course, and the chart most clear, and the good ship bound, with favour of God, for a haven beyond the horizon. Barnacles and vile torpe-

does, algæ and desmidious trailers:—I doubt if there be more sins in our hearts to stop us from loving each other than parasites and leeching weeds to clog a stout ship's bottom. Nevertheless she bears them on, beautifies and cleanses them, until they come to temperate waters, where the harm has failed them. So a good man carries with him those who carp and fasten on him; content to take their little stings, if the utterance purify them.

The parish of Nowelhurst straggles away far into the depths of the forest. To the southward indeed it has moorland and heather, with ridges, and spinnets, and views of the sea, and fir-trees naked and worn to the deal by the chafing of the salt winds. But all away to the west, north, and east, the dark woods hold dominion, and you seem to step from the parish churchyard into the grave of ages. The village and the village warren, the chace, and the Hall above them, are scooped from out the forest shadow, in the shape of a hunting boot. Lay the boot on its side with the heel to the east, and the top towards the north, and we get pretty near the topography. The village scattered along the warren forms the foot and instep, the chace descending at right angles is the leg and ancle, the top will serve to represent the house with its lawns and gardens, the back seam may run as the little river which flows under Nowelhurst bridge. The shank of the spur is the bridge and road, the rowel the church and rectory. Away to the west beyond the toe, some quarter of a mile on the Ringwood road, stands the smithy kept by the well-known Roger Sweetland, who can outswear any man in the parish, and fears no one except Bull Garnet. Our sketchy boot will leave unshown the whereabouts of the Garnet cottage, unless we suppose the huntsman to insert just his toe in the stirrup. Then the top of the iron rung will mark the house of the steward, a furlong or so north-west of the village, with its back to the lane which leads from the smithy to the Hall. And this lane is the short cut from Nowelhurst

Hall to Ringwood. It saves three quarters of a mile, and risks a little more than three quarters of the neck. Large and important as the house is, it has no high road to Ringwood, and gets away with some difficulty even towards Lyndhurst or Lymington. Bull Garnet was always down upon the barbarity of the approaches, but Sir Cradock never felt sore on the subject, save perhaps for a week at Christmas-tide. He had never been given to broad indiscriminate hospitality, but loved his books and his easy chair, and his friend of ancient standing.

The sun came out and touched the trees with every kind of gilding, as John Rosedew having done the village, and learned every gammer's alloverishness, and every gaffer's rheumatics, drew the snaffle upon Coræbus longside of Job Smith's pigsty, and plunged southward into the country. He saw how every tree was leaning forth its green with yellowness; even proud of the novelty, like a child who has lost his grandmother. And though he could not see very far, he observed a little thing which he had never noticed before. It was that while the other trees took their autumn evenly, the elm was brushed with a flaw of gold while the rest of the tree was verdure. A single branch would stand forth from the others, mellow against their freshness, like a harvest-sheaf set up perhaps on the foreground of a grass-plot. The rector thought immediately of the golden spray of *Æneas*, and how the Brazilian manga glistens in the tropic moonlight. Then soothing his pony with novel sounds, emulous of equestrianism, he struck into a moorland track leading to distant cottages. Thence he would bear to the eastward, arrive at his hostel by one o'clock, visit the woodmen, and home through the forest, with the evening shadows falling.

CHAPTER XVI.

BESIDE the embowered stream that forms the eastern verge of the chace, young Cradock Nowell sat and gazed, every

now and then, into the water. Through a break in the trees beyond it, he could see one chimney-top and a streak of the thatch of the Rectory. In vain he hoped that Dr. Hutton would leave him to himself; for he did not wish to go into the proofs, but to meditate on the consequences. Some bitterness, no doubt, there was in the corner of his heart, when he thought of all that Clayton now had to offer Amy Rosedew. He had lately been told, as a mighty secret, something which grieved and angered him; and the more, that he must not speak of it, as his straightforward nature urged him. The secret was that innocent Amy met his brother Clayton, more than once, in the dusk of the forest, and met him by appointment. It grieved poor Cradock, because he loved Amy with all his unchangeable heart; it angered him, because he thought it very mean of Clayton to take advantage of one so young and ignorant of the world. But never until the present moment, as he looked at the homely thatch in the distance, and the thin smoke curling over it, had it occurred to his honest mind, that his brother might not be like himself—that Clayton might mean ill by the maiden.

And now for the moment it seemed more likely, as he glanced back at the lordly house, commanding the country for miles around, and all that country its fief and its thrall, and now the whole destined for Clayton. He thought of the meanness about the Ireland, and two or three other little things, proofs of a little nature. Then he gazed at the Rectory thatch again, and the smoke from the kitchen chimney, and seemed to see pure playful Amy making something nice for her father.

"Good God! I would shoot him if he did; or strike him dead into this water."

In the hot haste of youth he had spoken aloud, with his fist gathered up, and his eyes flashing fire. Rufus Hutton saw and heard him, and thought of it many times after that day.

"Oh, you are thinking of Caldo, because he snapped at me. There are

no signs of hydrophobia. You must not think of shooting him."

"I was not thinking of Caldo. I hope I did not mean it. God knows, I am very wicked."

"So we are all, my boy. I should like to see a fellow that wasn't. I'd pay 50*l.* for his body, and dissect him into an angel."

Cradock Nowell, strange it is, also called this speech to mind, in the dark times that clouded over him.

"Now let me show you my tracings, Cradock. Three times I have pulled them out, and you won't condescend to glance at them. You have made up your mind to abdicate upon my *ipse dixi*. Now look at the bend sinister, that is yours; the bend dexter is for the elder brother."

"Dr. Hutton, it may be, and is, I believe, false shame on my part; but I wish to hear nothing about it. Perhaps, if my mother were living, I might not have been so particular. But giving as she did her life for mine, I cannot regard it medically. The question is now for my father. I will not enter into it."

"Oh the subjectiveness of the age!" said Rufus Hutton, rising, then walking to and fro on the bank, as he held discourse with himself; "here is a youth who ought to be proud, although at the cost of his inheritance, of illustrating, in the most remarkable manner, indeed I may say of originating, my metro-stigmatic theory. He carries upon the cervical column a most exquisite bunch of grapes, because before the horticultural show at Romsey the gardener would not allow Lady Nowell to touch his choice Black Hamburgs. His brother carries the identical impress, only with the direction inverted—dexter in fact, and dexter was the mark of the elder son. This I can prove by the tracing made at the time, not with any view to future identification, but from the interest I felt, at an early stage of my experience, in a question then under controversy. If I prove this, what happens? Why, that he loses everything—the importance, the house, the lands, the title; and becomes the laugh-

ing-stock of the county as the sham Sir Cradock. What ought he to do at once, then? Why, perhaps to toss me into that hole, where I should never get out again. By Gad, I am rash to trust myself with him, and no other soul in the secret!" Here Dr. Hutton shuddered to think how little water it would take to drown him, and the river so dark and so taciturn! "At any rate he ought to fall upon me with forceps, and probe, and scalpel, and tear my evidence to atoms. For, after all, what is it, without corroboration? But instead of that, he only says, 'Dr. Hutton, no more of this, if you please, no more of this! The question is now for my father.' And he must know well enough to which side his father will lean in the inquiry. Confound the boy! If he had only coaxed me with those great eyes, I would have kept it all snug till Doomsday. Oh what will my Rosa say to me? She has always loved this boy, and admired him so immensely."

Perhaps it was his pretty young wife's high approval of Cradock which first had made the testy Rufus a partisan of Clayton. The cause of his having settled at "Geopharmacy Lodge," was that upon his return from India he fell in love with a Hampshire maiden, whom he met "above bar" at Southampton. How he contrived to get introduced to her, he alone can tell; but he was a most persevering fellow, and little hampered with diffidence. She proved to be the eldest daughter of Sir Cradock's largest tenant, a man of good standing and education, who lived near Fordingbridge. As Rufus had brought home tidy pickings from his appointment in India, the only thing he had to do was to secure the lady's heart. And this he was not long about, for many ladies like high colour even more than hairiness. First she laughed at his dancing ways, incessant mobility, and sharp eyes; but very soon she began to like him, and now she thought him a wonderful man. This opinion (with proper change of gender) was heartily reciprocated, and the result was that a happier couple never yet made fools of themselves, in the judgment of

the world; never yet enjoyed themselves, in the sterling wisdom of home. They suited each other admirably in their very differences; they laughed at each other and themselves, and any one else who laughed at them.

"Well, I shall be off," said Dr. Hutton at last, in feigned disgust; "you will stare at the water all day, Mr. Cradock, and take no notice of me."

"I beg your pardon, I forgot myself; I did not mean to be rude, I assure you."

"I know you did not. I know you would never be rude to any one. Good-bye, I have business on hand."

"You will be back, Dr. Hutton, when my father returns from his ride? It is very foolish of me, but I cannot bear this suspense."

"Trust me. I will see to it. But he will not be back, they tell me, till nearly four o'clock."

"Oh, what a time to wait! Don't send for me if you can help it. But if he wants me I will come."

"Good-bye, my lad. Keep your pecker up. There are hundreds of men in the world with harder lines than yours."

"I should rather think so. I only wish there were not."

Cradock attempted a lively smile, and executed a pleasant one, as Rufus Hutton shook his hand, and set off upon his business. And his business was to ride at once as far as the "Jolly Foresters," that lonely inn on the Beaulieu-road, at the eastern end of the parish, whereat John Rosedew baited Coræbus at the turn of the pastoral tour. The little doctor knew well enough, though he seldom passed that way, how the smart Miss Penny of former days, Mrs. O'Gaghan's assistant, was now the important Mrs. George Cripps, hostess of the "Jolly Foresters," where the four roads met.

Meanwhile the scaffolds went on merrily under Mr. Garnet's care, and so did the awnings, marquees, &c., and the terraces for the ladies. The lamps in the old oak being fixed, the boughs were manned, like a frigate's yards, with dexterous fellows hoisting flags, devices,

and transparencies, all prepared to express in fire the mighty name of Cradock. All the men must finish that night, lest any one lose his legitimate chance of being ancestrally drunk on the morrow. Cradock Nowell, wandering about, could not bear to go near them. Those two hours seemed longer to him than any year of his previous life. He went and told Caldo all about it; and that helped him on a little.

Caldo was a noble setter, pure of breed, and high of soul, and heavily feathered on legs and tail. His colour was such a lily white that you grieved for him on a wet fallow; and the bright red spots he was endowed with were like the cheeks of Helen. Delicate carmine, enriched with scarlet, mapped his back with islands; and the pink of his cheeks, where the whiskers grew, made all the young ladies kiss him. His nostrils were black as a double-lined tunnel leading into a pencil-mine; and his gums were starred with violet, and his teeth as white as new mushrooms. In all the county of Hants, there was no dog to compare with him; for he came of a glorious strain, made perfect at Kingston in Berkshire. Lift but a finger, and down he went, in the height of his hottest excitement; wave the finger and off he dashed, his great eyes looking back for repression. For style of ranging all dogs were rats to him, anywhere in the New Forest; so freely he went, so buoyant, so careful, and yet all the while so hilarious. Only one fault he had, and I never knew dog without one; he was jealous to the back-bone.

Cradock was dreadfully proud of him. Anything else he had in the world he would have given to Clayton, but he could not quite give Caldo; even though Clayton had begged, instead of backing his Wena against him. Wena was a very nice bitch, anxious to please, and elegant; but of a different order entirely from the high-minded Caldo. Dogs differ as widely as we do. Who shall blame either of us?

Cradock now leaned over Caldo, with the hot tears in his eyes, and gently titillating the sensitive part of his ears,

and looking straight into his heart, begged to inform him of the trouble they were both involved in. "Have they taken the shooting from us?" was Caldo's first inquiry; and his eyes felt rather sore in his head that he should have to ask the question. "No, my boy, they haven't. But we must not go shooting any more, until the whole matter is settled." "I hate putting off things till to-morrow," Caldo replied impatiently; "the cock-pheasants come almost up to my kennel. What the deuce is to come of it?" "Caldo, please to be frigid. You shall come to my room by and by. I shall be able then to smoke a pipe, and we will talk about it together. You know that I have never cared about the title and all that stuff."

"I know that well enough," said Caldo; "nevertheless, I do. It gives me a status as a dog, which I thoroughly appreciate. Am I to come down from goodly paunches to liver and lights and horses' heads and hounds' food? I don't think I could stand it. But I would live on a crust a day, if you would only come and live with me." And he nuzzled up to his master, in a way that would make your tears come.

Cradock was sent for suddenly. Old Hogstaff trotted across the yard (wherein he seldom ventured) to say that Sir Cradock Nowell wished to see his son. Cradock following hastily, with all his heart in his mouth, wondered at the penny-wort, the wall-rue, and the snapdragons, which he had never seen before. Hogstaff tottered along before him, picking uneasily over the stones, bobbing his chin, and muttering.

Sir Cradock sat in the long heavy room known as the "justice-hall," where he and his brother magistrates held oyer of many a culprit. The great oak table was dabbled with ink, and the gray walls with mop-shaped blotches, where sullen prisoners had thrown their heads back and refused to answer. At the lower end was Rufus Hutton, jerky, dogmatical, keenly important; while the old man sat at the head of the table, with his back to the pointed window, and looked (perhaps from local usage) more like a

magistrate than a father. Straight up the long room Craddock walked, as calmly as if he were going to see where his quoit was stuck; then he made salutation to his father as his custom was, for many bygone fashions were retained in the ancient family. Sir Craddock was proud of his son's self-command and dignified manly carriage, and if Dr. Hutton had not been there, he would have arisen to comfort him. As it was, he only said, with a faint and doubtful smile,

"So, sir, I find that, after all, you are but an impostor."

Young Craddock was a proud man—man from that day forth, I shall call him "lad" no longer—ay, a prouder man, pile upon pile, than the father who once had spoiled him. But his pride was of the right sort—self-respect, not self-esteem. So he did not appeal, by word or look, to the sympathy lurking, and no doubt working, in the pith of his father's heart, but answered calmly and coldly, though his soul was hot with sorrow—

"Sir, I believe it is so." His eyes were on his father's. He longed to look him down, and felt the power to do it; but dropped them as should a good son. Although the white-haired man was glad at the promotion of his favourite, his heart was yearning towards the child more worthy to succeed him. But his notions of filial duty—which himself had been called upon to practise chiefly in memory, having lost his father when fifteen years old—were of the stern, cold order now, the buckle and buckram style; though much relaxed at intervals in Master Clayton's favour. Finding no compunction, no humility in his son's look, for a mistake which was wholly of others, and receiving no expression of grief at the loss of heirship, Sir Craddock hardened back again into his proper dignity, and resumed his air of inquiry. "I wish John Rosedew were here," he thought, and then it repented him of the wish, for he knew how stubborn the parson was, and how he would have Craddy the foremost.

Rufus Hutton, all this time, was in the agony of holding his tongue. He

No. 69.—VOL. XII.

tried to think of his Rosa, and so to abstract himself airily from the present scene. He had ridden over to see her yesterday, and now dwelt upon their doings. Rosa was to come to-morrow, and he would go to fetch his wife in a carriage that would amaze her. Then he met Craddock Nowell's eyes, and wondered what he was thinking of.

"Now, Sir Craddock Nowell, this won't do at all. How long are we to play fast and loose with a finer fellow than either of us?" Oh, you hot-headed Rufus, what mischief you did then! "Although I have not the honour, sir, of being in the commission of peace for this little county, I have taken magisterial duty in a district rather larger than Ireland thrown into Great Britain. And I can grow, per acre, thrice the amount of corn that any of your farmers can." His colour deepened with self-assertion, like the central quills of a dahlia.

"We must have you to teach us, Dr. Hutton. It is a thing to be thought about. But at present you are kindly interested in—in giving your evidence."

Even then, if Dr. Hutton, with all his practised acumen, had mixed one grain of the knowledge of men, he might have done what he liked with Sir Craddock, and re-established the dynasty; unless, indeed, young Craddock were bent upon going through with everything. But the only mode Rufus Hutton knew of meeting the world was antagonism.

"Yes, sir, you may think nothing of it. But I have hunted a thing for three hundred leagues, and got at it through the biggest liars that ever stole a white man's breeches."

"Thank you, Dr. Hutton," said Craddock, diverting the contest; "*λωποδύτης* is the word you mean. And I fear it applies to me also."

"Perhaps, young man," cried Rufus Hutton, "you know more Hindustani than I do. "Translate—," and he poured out a sentence which I dare not try to write down. "But, my good fellow, you forget it is we who are stealing yours."

"I think," said Sir Craddock, slowly, and seriously displeased—Good heavens! to joke about the succession to the

Nowelhurst title and lands!—"I think, sir, this can hardly be looked upon as evidence. I always confine the issue, sir. As Chairman of the Quarter Sessions, I always confine the issue."

"And so, Sir Cradock, do I, both as judge, and in other ways." Rufus laughed at his own bad joke, and expected the others to laugh with him. It made things worse than ever. Sir Cradock was afraid to speak, lest he might say anything unseemly to a visitor. The young man saw his opportunity, and took advantage of it.

"Father, I beg you to let me go. You would not wish me, I am sure, to be here; only you think it my right to be. If you please, I will waive that right; I can wholly trust your decision."

He bowed to his father with cold respect, being hurt at his rapid conviction, to Rufus Hutton with some contempt and a smile at the situation. Then he marched down the long room placidly, and whistled when he was out of it. The next moment he bolted away to his bedroom, and wept there very heavily.

"Glorious fellow!" cried Dr. Hutton. "But we don't at all appreciate him. Requires a man of mind to do that. And now for Mrs. O'Gaghan!" Leaving Sir Cradock this speech to digest, he arose and rang the bell sharply. He felt himself fully invested now with supreme judicial authority, and he longed to be at the Irishwoman, who had called him a "red gossoon."

To be continued.

"CON ESPRESSIONE."

MELODIOUS lady, still be singing!
 With notes impassioned ringing
 Wild changes on the deep according tones
 The tranced spirit owns,—
 Unheard harmonics, fraught with rare delight!
 Sing on to-night!
 If e'er the time should come when thou
 Dost feel those moods thou feignest now,
 Wilt thou sing on?
 Ah, trust me, lady, never try
 The art and the reality
 Blent in that overwhelming unison!
 Nay, cease even now!
 For even now methinks I see,
 Within thy song, too much of *thee*!
 O woman of the mantling brow,
 Cease even now!
 The piercing diction
 Of all thine eloquent fiction
 Let Echo rock to death,
 With every breath
 Of that so little nourishing applause
 The artist from the undiscerning draws;
 Ay, and the dear thanks of the finer few
 Who base the beautiful upon the true!
 Wilt thou put on, thou lady gay,
 Like any other festival-array,
 The living treasures of the soul itself?—
 Wilt thou, for praise or pelf,
 Withdraw them from their inner shade,
 And flaunt withal in broad factitious glare?—
 Beware
 Lest even so they fade!

ON CÆSARISM.

BY JOSEPH MAZZINI¹

VIEWED as a history, the recently published work bearing the name of Louis Napoleon is unworthy of our spending either time or words upon it. The summary of the history of Rome anterior to Cæsar contains neither fact nor research that may not be met with in any good abridgment of Roman History; while the most important results of German criticism are neglected, the labours of English authors ignored, ancient writers frequently misunderstood, and the extracts given from their works incorrectly translated.

But the Preface contains a theory—the true purpose of the book—which the “Life of Cæsar” is shaped and fashioned to support; a theory, the tendency of which is systematically to falsify history, to cancel its teachings, and to corrupt the inexperienced mind by depriving it of all moral doctrine and direction in its judgment of past events.

This theory, the same set forth in many historical works during the last quarter of a century, is derived from the philosophy of Hegel, the philosophy taught at the present day—such is the tenderness of our rulers for the education of rising Italy—in the University of Naples, and which instils into the youthful mind the adoration of Force, represented by the *fait accompli*. Against this theory, it is well that some one should protest in the name of Human Conscience and of offended morality.

¹ Comments on the French Emperor's recent work, from different points of view, have already appeared in our pages. This new commentary, by Mr. Mazzini, is, of course, to be taken as peculiarly his own. But, as there can be few persons in Europe whose opinion of the French Emperor, and of the doctrine of his book, is better entitled to hearing and consideration, we have great pleasure in adding this paper to the two that have preceded it on the same subject—differing though it does from both.—EDITOR.

I.

The theory is as follows:

*When Providence raises up individuals like Charlemagne, Cæsar, Napoleon, it is for the purpose of indicating to the peoples the path they are to follow; of putting the seal of their genius upon a new era, and completing the work of centuries in a few years. Happy the peoples who recognise and follow them. Woe to those who misunderstand or resist them! They, like the Hebrews, crucify their Messiah.*²

The practical application of this theory to the lives of great potentates consists in judging their actions, not from the height of a moral doctrine or rule, but by special rules applicable only to these few; in attributing to their every act some solemn ideal aim,³ unsuspected by the mass; in claiming as a special illumination in them that which is but the reflex of that sum of truth which was in fact a previous collective acquisition, and in pointing to the visible progress of the succeeding period as a direct consequence of their work. This is the method that has led to what is called the *rehabilitation*, in France of such men as Louis XIV., in England of Henry VIII., and in Germany of Nero and Cleopatra.

Both the theory and its application tend to produce the most disastrous consequences. If the actions of men of genius are withdrawn from all moral criterion or rule, a first success is sufficient to render it the duty of the

² “Life of Cæsar,” Preface.

³ With regard to the compact between Crassus, Pompey, and Cæsar, the writer of the “Life of Cæsar” declares: “Historians generally have attributed this agreement to no other cause than personal interest. Undoubtedly Pompey and Crassus were not insensible to the advantages of a compact which favoured their love of wealth and power; but we are bound to attribute a higher aim to Cæsar, and to suppose him influenced by true patriotism.”

peoples to follow them. Genius becomes a tyranny. Even though its actions should be unintelligible, though they should put down the free conscience of the community, and substitute individual for collective inspiration, every protest is culpable or foolish. What do we know of the mission confided to genius by God? What of the characteristics of that *new era* it is destined to initiate? It belongs to genius to guide; it is for us to follow.

A people in whom such a doctrine as this should take root for ten years would become incapable of freedom, would acquire the habit of awaiting every initiative from its ruler, of entrusting every progress to its Cæsars, and, generalizing by degrees, would learn to see the Cæsar of each social sphere in its minister, general, and prefect.

The doctrine is false; false morally and historically.

II.

There exists but one certain *criterium* of truth for us—the moral law; one sole basis upon which to found our judgment of the acts of men—the distinction between moral good and moral evil, between devotion to the first and the egotism of the second.

All other *criteria* or rules of judgment that have hitherto been set up are either—like the *senses*—merely the means of providing materials for the supreme *criterium* or rule; or—like reason—mere instruments given to man wherewith to verify its application; and they are all doomed to lead us into error unless used in subordination to the Supreme Law.

Science,¹ apart from morals, is not, nor can ever be, the supreme *criterium*. It verifies that *criterium* in the various branches of intellectual activity, and facilitates its practical application, or points out the necessity of its fuller development, but it may not be substituted for it. It is the property only of a few, and the supreme *criterium* must be available to and embrace all men, and constitute their equality. The

moral law alone fulfils this condition; and, embodying and comprehending in itself the aim we are bound to reach, it represents that amount of the law of life known to and possessed by the epoch. It is therefore at once the highest and the most universal *criterium*.

Now, at the point our epoch has reached, morality, the moral law, may be summed up in one word, the religious significance of which is, as yet, unrecognised by the great number—Progress: the progress of all through each. None can work out his own individual progress or salvation, save by labouring in his own sphere, and according to his own capacity, to aid the progress or salvation of others. All that furthers this aim is good; all that opposes or leads astray from it is evil; the choice between the two constitutes human responsibility, the essential condition of which is liberty.

Any progress not freely achieved is but apparent—the form without the soul; it is doomed to perish.

From the authority of this *criterium*, none, whether great or little, are exempt. This, I repeat, is the religious basis of human equality. Any individual, or category of individuals, who should succeed in emancipating themselves from its authority would lay the foundation of a system of caste, and lead us back to the Brahminical dogma.

Upon this earthly path, which, each and all, we have to tread, I admit of leaders and followers; but under the double condition that he who leads leads towards progress, and he who follows follows freely.

I accept the doctrine that preaches sacrifice for the good of others—individual sacrifice for the collective good, the sacrifice of a generation for the generations to come. But that sacrifice, in order to be truly such, and sacred enough to deserve to achieve its aim, must be a sacrifice freely accepted, a sacrifice not to the will of others, but to the consciousness of a duty which would no longer exist if you cancel the moral *criterium*; a sacrifice not to the agent, but to the programme, the aim.

¹ Scienza, Scientia.

On these conditions alone is sacrifice a source of life for our fellow-men, and of a higher life, here or elsewhere, for him who performs it. The slave, the man who bows down before the nod of a man, simply because he recognises in him the symbol of power, is incapable of a religious act like that of sacrifice; with him the death of the soul has preceded the death of the body; the material of sacrifice no longer exists within him.

They who have read any of my writings will certainly not accuse me of irreverence towards genius, nor of that anarchical disposition of mind which delays so many great enterprises at the present day, and induces every insignificant individuality to hold himself aloof from every organization, hierarchy, or discipline. I venerate authority, and feel all the sanctity of obedience. But authority springs from God, and lives in His Law, the Truth. Whosoever a man says to me, "*Follow me; authority lives in me;*" it is both my duty and my right to examine whether his life represents and fulfils the moral law, virtue, and the power of sacrifice; then to inquire whereabouts he proposes to guide me; and, finally, if the sum of force he is able to direct towards that aim be greater than that of others. Then only—the three terms of the problem being affirmatively solved—will I follow him in joyful and reverent faith, without seeking to penetrate every detail of his conduct, exacting explanations of every movement, or tormenting him with factious opposition, or unworthy suspicion.

But the theory of which I have spoken suppresses the two first terms of the problem, and assumes that authority may be constituted by the third alone. Even as savages worship the thunder-bolt, it would have us prostrate ourselves before Force, in whatever aspect or direction it manifest itself. Attila destroys the conscience of the human race.

Genius is but a force, an instrument. It may be directed either to good or evil; it may either serve the progress of all, or lose itself in egotism. Genius

is not authority; it is a means of authority. Authority lies in virtue, illumined by genius. Genius increases the duties and responsibilities of man, for duty is ever in proportion to the power residing in the individual or collective being. But genius cannot in itself constitute any character of sovereignty. All sovereignty is in the *aim*.

They who depart from the guidance of these rules of judgment are doomed to misunderstand the history of men and things.

III.

It is not true that genius is always, by its very nature, the initiation of a new era. Genius either initiates or concludes an era.

It happens occasionally, towards the conclusion of an epoch, when the idea which was the soul of that epoch is, in the intellectual sphere at least, exhausted—when the human mind, urged on by the inexorable law of progress, is beginning to wander in hopeful search of a fresh source of life—that some powerful genius oversteps at one bound the confines marked out by the tradition of the epoch, and advances upon the unknown territory of the future. His soul is concentrated in a vast aspiration; his brow illumined by the rays of dawn. Sanctified by unconscious power and by love, he grasps by intuition the synthesis of the future, and makes known its fundamental conception or idea, an idea of which, perhaps, the ten, twelve, or fourteen succeeding centuries may be a commentary.

Occasionally, in a similar period, between the going down of one epoch and the dawn of its successor, a man of equal power—but especially displayed in energy of action and conscious capacity of rule—arises to concentrate and sum up in himself the intellectual labour of the past, and translate it into action; to spread its principles into other lands than that wherein it found its most visible expression and triumph. He unconsciously prepares the way for the future synthesis, but neither reveals nor recognises it.

The first—as I said—initiates : he is a prophet.

The second sums up and diffuses the summary of the thought of the epoch. He does not add to it. So little is there of initiative power in him that he generally carries with him to the tomb the initiative of the people from whom he derived his name and power of action. With Alexander the mission of Greece in the world perished for an indefinite period ; with Cæsar began the long death-agony of Rome ; with Napoleon died the *initiative* of France in Europe.

Religious genius belongs to the first category ; the genius of almost all great conquerors to the second. The first realizes, generally speaking, all the conditions of authority described above—a programme ; a life in harmony with the idea ; and the sign of moral power in the fascination it exercises over the minds of men.

The second—the only form of genius contemplated by the system I attack under the name of *Cæsarism*—substitutes for these conditions of authority an energetic tyrannical affirmation of its own individuality. To those who ask, “*Wherefore should I have faith in thee ?*” it answers, “*Because I have faith in myself.*”

Men of this second class of genius may achieve great things, but they do not initiate an epoch. An initiative is the apostolate—armed or pacific—of a *new* idea. Had they such, they would reveal it as a pledge for the belief they ask of us.

Now, we may serve an idea, but we cannot, without violation of our mission and duty here, serve an individual. We may follow him so long as an idea we have meditated and freely accepted is inscribed upon his banner ; but, where no such banner, no such idea, exists as security to us for his intentions, it is our duty profoundly to scrutinize every act of the man who summons us to follow him—our duty to preserve our liberty intact both as the pledge and the means of exercising that scrutiny—our duty to protest both by word and sword against his every attempt to rob us of it.

I believe in God and adore His Law.
I abhor idolatry.

IV.

A constant and complete confusion of two things essentially distinct is the soul of Cæsarism : a confusion of the agent with the remote and unforeseen results of his work—between the instrument and the law which governs its action : a confusion between the work of man and of God.

The world of history, as it slowly unfolds, reveals the action of two elements : the work of individuals, and the providential design. The first is defined by the word liberty ; the second by the word progress. Time and space are ours ; we may retard or accelerate progress ; we cannot prevent it.

Progress is the Law of God, to be fulfilled howsoever we may act. But that fulfilment does not abolish nor diminish our responsibility for our actions. The crimes or errors of one generation are a lesson to the generation that succeeds ; but the generation that has erred or sinned deserves blame or reprobation, and expiates its crimes or errors here or elsewhere.

The invasion of the Latin world by Northern races destroyed Roman civilization, and brought massacre and devastation upon Italy, producing a state of semi-barbarism where late flourished civil liberty, industry, and the arts. After the lapse of a few centuries, the Latino-Germanic world arose in the place of the Latin world. Civilization had regained in extension what it had lost in intensity ; the barbarians returned to their forests affected and influenced by the civilization against which they had waged mortal war ; a vast territory was laid open to the action of the new synthesis ; Roman civilization was superseded by Christian civilization. Yet are we therefore to regard Alaric and Attila as the apostles of civilization ? Was it the duty of the sons of Rome to range themselves beneath the banner of their invaders ?

The men who waded through rivers of blood to lay the foundations of their

monarchies in the second part of the middle ages, unconsciously prepared the way for, and fixed the boundaries of, those *nationalities* which, at the present day, by awakening the peoples to collective self-consciousness, are in their turn preparing the way for the overthrow of the Monarchical and triumph of the Republican dogma. Ought we, on this account, to venerate the cruelties and perjuries of Louis XI. and such as he?

The most insolent tyrannies infallibly lead, after ten, twenty, thirty, or more years, to a greater development of liberty; the action of the human mind is by the nature of things proportioned to the pressure exercised upon it. Shall we therefore raise altars to tyrants?

An ancient heresy venerated Judas, the betrayer of Christ. The members of the sect argued that without Judas there would probably have been no martyrdom, and therefore no redemption.

Cæsarism is the application of this theory to history. No; we may not confound the acts of the free responsible creature with the results of the Providential Laws. Infamy to Judas; glory to God, who does not allow the deeds of any Judas to change the destinies of humanity. This double cry of our hearts is one of the vital conditions which will prevent too long delay in the fulfilment of those destinies. The religion of protest is security for the religion of victory. Suppose the doctrines of Cæsarism universally to prevail; suppose that submission to the powerful fact, the *fait accompli*, were to become the doctrine of a whole people during an entire epoch, how many more centuries must then elapse, how many more martyrs must suffer, ere the broken tradition of progress through liberty could be relinked and carried on? The insurrectionary cry of Spartacus, though inefficacious in its day, is a part of that sacred tradition, as is the reprobation freely uttered by us upon conquering genius, when, in the pride of its strength, it crushes beneath its arbitrary will the free action of the people to whom it should have been not master, but guide. Cancel that reprobation, cancel Spar-

tacus, cancel all who have protested like him in the name of violated right, and genius will learn to despise you. In the face of a humanity composed of slaves, genius will infallibly become a tyrant.

Those writers who teach us at the present day that every fact has its *raison d'être*, and is therefore to be accepted by history as *legitimate*, forget the law of life—of humanity. Evil exists on earth, but it exists to be combated; in order that we, by a determined struggle and resistance against it, may deserve the power to destroy it, and advance towards good. Without the existence of evil our life would have neither progress, aim, nor sanctification: we are bound not to *accept* evil, but to cry anathema upon it, and ceaselessly to struggle against it. The *raison d'être* of evil lies in that holy warfare which its existence imposes as a duty upon humanity. The pretended philosophical formula is therefore immoral and absurd. The true pledge of future progress is the negation, not the acceptance, of Cæsarism—inevitable, it may be, at certain periods, but never legitimate. To accept it as such would be to decree its perpetuity, to abolish human liberty and spontaneity, the sources of progress.

V.

Rome was expiring when Cæsar arose. The corruption of manners; the adoration of material interests substituted for the Idea that had created the greatness of Rome; the tyranny of the Equestrian order, and of the farmers of public revenue; territorial possession based on usury and confiscation; the absorption of small proprietorships into large, and the reduction of these into pasture-land, whereby the slave-class took the place of the free cultivators of the soil; the aristocracy of wealth unaccompanied with activity of industry, and therefore without the means of renewing that wealth; the existence of a mass of freed slaves in Rome, servile of soul and careless of the future of the country; the poverty of the masses, and the consequent sale of votes; the poverty of the legions, and the consequent sale of the

armed force to any ambitious man able to purchase it—all the causes of the dissolution of the State are well known to me. But, because Rome was doomed to perish, am I bound to hold up him who hastened her death as an example to the future? Because society, even at the present day, elevates the scaffold into an altar of expiation for the guilty, am I bound to bow down before the executioner, and teach my fellow-men that an act of justice is performed whensoever he appears?

No. The words of Ferrucci,—“*Thou art come to slay the dead*”—involuntarily rise to my lips as a formula of supreme contempt and reprobation for him who usurps the part of God, and ferociously strangles the dying.

Rome was expiring, Liberty was expiring; but was it not the duty of the most powerful son of Rome to strive to save her? I know not if it may be given to genius to vanquish death, and call back life already sinking into the tomb; but I do know that the endeavour is holy, and that every holy endeavour bears fruit. Cæsar, who had power enough to impose his own tyranny upon the people, might have used that power in the attempt to inspire both senate and people with a noble pride in their ancient mission; in draughting among the legions the multitude of slaves who corrupted Rome; in resolutely combating the aristocracy of the few landed proprietors; in raising the banner of the social question—the sole important question of the period; in initiating a change in the distribution of property; and, without violent interruption of the Republican tradition, supported by the suffrages of the people, in restoring possession of the land to the sons of the ancient small cultivators and proprietors.

He might—probably he would—have failed in the attempt. But who can estimate the advantage to the future of the solemn spectacle of a terrible struggle sustained by genius in defence of the liberties of his country against death itself?

Cæsar was incapable of this. He saw his country expiring, and thought only

of the moment of seizing the inheritance. And, the moment in which he allowed the idea he might have sustained to be submerged beneath the egotism of dominion, and forgot his country in himself, was he disinherited of all *initiative*.

Fascinated by the strange power of the warrior and conqueror, we have all of us—adversaries and admirers—regarded him as a man who achieved a vast and decisive revolution. The truth is, that he hastened the last hour of Roman liberty—no more.

The social question, which was, as I have said, the only important question of the period, was left unsolved; the struggle between the rich and poor was not concluded. Writers have called Cæsar the man of Democracy, because he leaned for support upon the Plebeians against the Patricians who stood in his way; but what real progress did he obtain for that people who hailed him “Father” and “Liberator?” What change, other than political, did he produce in Rome? The constitution of property remained the same; the consequences of war, of proscriptions, and of the *largesse* bestowed upon the legions, substituted a certain number of new proprietors for the old, but without any alteration of principle, without any system of choice, without the introduction of any new legality; and after him, as before him, every civil struggle led inevitably to the same results. Large landed proprietorships—the mortal disease of Italy—remained unchanged; slave labour, substituted for free labour, remained; an idle, hungry, plebeian class, clamorous for public alms, remained. Cæsar intoxicated them with the spectacle of triumphs, naval fights, gladiatorial exhibitions, but did not relieve the misery of their condition. All the causes condemning Rome to dissolution remained unchanged.

Cæsar did fulfil a mission; but it was an unconscious one, and therefore he was utterly without merit in its accomplishment. It was the same that was fulfilled at a later period by the conquering barbarians.

The first epoch of the life of Rome—

that in which unity of civilization was imposed upon the peoples by force of arms—was in course of conclusion. Cæsar concluded it by his Gallo-Germanic wars, and his invasion of Britain.

A second epoch was approaching—that in which unity and civilization were given through faith, through the moral organization of Christianity under the rule of the Popes. The dissolution of the Roman Empire and of Roman dominion was required in order to allow the peoples to acquire the self-consciousness necessary to the evolution of that epoch. By degrading the Patricians, and introducing the Gallic centurions into the Senate, Cæsar was instrumental in furthering the Providential design. But is not liberty the true life, the *conscience* of nations?

Allowing for the diversity of the times and of the peoples, Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon may be said to have had the same mission. They did not, I repeat, *initiate*—they concluded an era. They summed up in themselves—and their greatness is to a large extent owing to this—the genius of the epoch to which they belonged. They introduced no new element into the civilization they represented; but, when its own progressive power was exhausted, they were impelled by Providence to diffuse it around; Alexander in Asia, Cæsar in the Gallo-Germanic world, Napoleon in Europe. After this, corrupted by egotism and the servile adoration of the multitudes, they degraded even that mission to the narrow sphere of self, and perished: Alexander, probably by poison, in Babylon, midway in his career; Cæsar, by the dagger of the conspirator; Napoleon, at St. Helena.

At the present day, corrupted by our materialistic adoration of Force, we forget the Greek Idea, the Roman Idea, and the Idea of the French Revolution, which were the sources of these conquerors' power, and concentrate our admiration upon the individuals. "For many centuries," says the writer of the *Life of Cæsar*, "it was enough for the world to know that such had been the will of Cæsar, in order to obey."

This is not true. The *prestige* before which Alaric turned pale, and Attila drew back—which caused the barbarians to respect the bishops, and the Middle Ages to hail the Empire as sacred—was not the *prestige* of Cæsar, but of Rome. The world forfeit the eternal life and eternal unifying mission of the SACRED CITY.

VI.

At any rate, these personifications of a whole people in an individual, these living summaries of an entire epoch, are things of the past. The future will, from the very nature of things, proceed by a different course. Genius will continue, as before, to reflect the thought of one epoch, or initiate that of another, but in the sphere of ideas alone. In the sphere of fact, of action, all great manifestations and incarnations of thought will be collective.

If the youth of Italy, emancipating themselves from the influence of recent French and German theories, will study history synthetically, I am very sure they will find therein confirmation of the ideas I sketched forth in a little work¹ thirty years ago, though without having time to give them their full development, and which, summarily, are as follows:—

The first epoch—represented by the Oriental world, founding its life principally, almost exclusively, upon the Idea God—a gigantic pantheistic conception, of which the timid, hesitating, quasi-jesuitical Pantheism of the modern French and German schools is but a feeble reflection—ruled in absolute dominion, crushing alike the individual, human liberty, and progress. Society was petrified by the fatalism of caste. The sole progress shadowed forth or hoped for by the individual was the annihilation of the *Ego*.

A second epoch—represented by the Polytheistic and Christian worlds—added to the term God the term Individual. As the individual possesses a dual life, subjective and objective, internal and external, personal and relative,

¹ "Foi et Avenir."

so that second epoch was subdivided into two grand periods. The Greco-Roman period elaborated the subjective internal life of the individual, and achieved—it matters little that it was limited to one sole class of citizens—the Idea Liberty. The Christian period defined the external, objective life of the individual, and achieved the Idea Equality.

This second epoch was concluded by the French Revolution, which summed up and gave to the world, in its Declaration of Rights, the political formula of the life of the individual. And, as the law of logic requires that the nature of the instrument should be proportioned and adapted to the aim to be achieved, the different periods of the epoch of human emancipation were personified and summed up by the powerful individualities by which they were concluded: the Greek period by Alexander, the Roman by Cæsar, the French Revolution by Napoleon.

At the present day—it is enough to affirm it, for the signs thereof are already too abundant to be denied by any who earnestly study the times—a third epoch is dawning upon us, the epoch of Collective Life, of Association. The highest interpreters of this epoch will be Collective Beings, Peoples, whom the consciousness of the new aim has constituted Nations.

If this historic synthesis—God ; God and the Individual ; God, the Individual, and Humanity—be true, as I believe, Cæsarism is a doctrine not only condemned by the Moral Law, but inapplicable to our epoch.

Cæsarism, Monarchy, and Papacy are all of them manifestations—varying according to their sphere of action—of

one sole principle: the religious principle which declares that *the salvation of all is to be wrought out by one alone*.

From the first utterance of the holy word Progress, from the time we began to comprehend the collective life of Humanity, from the time when the doctrine was revealed to us that *none can be saved otherwise than by labouring with all for the salvation of all*—those three formulæ of the former principle were condemned. The Pagans of our epoch may do what they will to uphold them: life is elsewhere. Even as those corpses which stood erect and perfect so long as they were shut in by lava on every side, and crumbled into dust so soon as they were reached by light and air, they will fall for ever at the first breath of a people arising, not in the name of mere negations, but guided by an Idea of Free Faith vaster and more sublime than that which gave life to those forms in ages past.

At the present day Cæsarism and Papacy quarrel between themselves like accomplices shut up in the same prison; but they recognise a common origin and interest, and, in the face of any serious peril, they will renew the compact of Charles V. and Clement VII. But, as surely as there is truth in philosophy, power in liberty, and holiness in our religion of Progress, they will perish—and that ere long—in the same battle.

I have spoken of Cæsarism, not of the writer of the “Life of Cæsar.” Let him do what he will, he is extraneous to the question treated of in these pages. Even if the doctrines of Cæsarism were accepted, they could avail *him* nothing.

CAWNPORE.¹

How fast events drift down the torrent of Time! To us, who had come to be as it were our present selves when the Indian Mutiny took place, it seems as if it had happened but yesterday. It is only when we are struck by finding the little children who were then pitied as orphans grown into men beginning life on their own account, or when we hear of the generals who commanded in the field as aged veterans enjoying their hardly earned honours, that we realize that what seems so fresh is a thing of history.

There we were, in the midst of our usual occupations, a few of us more anxious than usual for kindred far away. But the first dismay and alarm of the mutiny had subsided, relief was on the way, and we trusted to British courage to hold out till it should arrive. The world was in the full enjoyment of the Manchester Exhibition, and chiefly occupied with discussing the new lights that systematic arrangement had cast upon ideas of the history of art, or bemoaning the inconveniences of crowded trains, overfull stations, and lodgings obtained by a happy accident. Then came the exclamations of newspaper readers in the trains, revealing to their companions a sense that something more than usually frightful had taken place. Then there was an eager asking of questions and borrowing of papers. Gentlemen satisfied their first curiosity, and advised their lady-friends to abstain from reading, in the hope that what was so horrible might yet turn out untrue.

Alas! though some of the more savage details were happily contradicted, the main fact became day after day more appallingly certain; and, as letters and fragments of evidence came forth one after the other, the impression became the more sickening and oppressive as

it was borne in on us that these were sufferers of ways and habits similar to ourselves, lately reading the same books, and with the same pleasures and interests as ourselves. We had read coolly enough of many a historical massacre; but once for all those fragments of Cawnpore records brought home to us the deadly agonies of many a nameless sufferer, whom we have passed lightly by in the historian's vague idiom, "They all were put to the sword." What that smooth monosyllabic sentence conveys we know better now than ever we did before.

And now, just when the catastrophe has passed into history, when the wound has ceased to be new, and yet the evidence is still accessible in its freshness, Mr. Trevelyan has given us the story of Cawnpore, gathering up and connecting those scattered notices which make contemporary history reach us in so confused and entangled a manner, drawing out the thread into a clear narrative, and, above all, telling the history with head, heart, and soul—a head to read its meaning, a heart to feel its piteous woefulness, and a soul to perceive that which exalts and makes its woefulness endurable. Sometimes the allusions may seem somewhat forced, and give an air of affectation and fine writing, but we believe that in many cases this recurrence to impressive phrases and scenes already engraven on the narrator's mind is one of the forms of reserve which strong feeling is prone to adopt, and which another kind of mind finds distasteful.

We already know how strong has been the "Competition Wallah's" uniform testimony against the hateful—we had well-nigh said brutal—vulgarism, that treats all natives as "niggers." In these days, when scarcely a family fails to have a son in one or other of the colonies in some capacity, civil or mili-

¹ Cawnpore. By G. O. Trevelyan. Macmillan and Co.

tary, we surely have warnings enough to combat as much as possible this unhappy form of slang, and, without falling into unrealities of sentiment, to endeavour to bring back that tone—which for want of a better term we call chivalrous, though the ages of chivalry were mostly devoid of it—that regards especial forbearance and consideration as due to the inferior and helpless.

That scorn meets with a more bitter requital than ill-usage might almost be said to be the moral of this book. To pamper a wild animal without gaining its affections is only to prepare it for destructiveness. And the earlier chapters of this lamentable tale are the description of how the creature was gratified with whatever could feed its pride and love of ease, but all flung to it with averted head and disdainful eye. Severity is a safer course than indulgence without kindness. These are things of system for which individuals can scarcely be censured, though individuals have grievously suffered for them. Yet we would retract our saying that individuals can scarcely be censured; for surely, whatever the hardening effect of example, habitual scorn and rudeness are no slight offence; and happily many a noble exception has upheld that the true gentleman is unfailing in courtesy even to the most mean and annoying of dependents.

From the causes of irritation we pass to the first flashes of the tempest, and to that much abused confidence which at one moment angers us as infatuation or almost judicial blindness, at another is touching by its warm affectionate reliance on the treacherous friends and fellow-soldiers whose hostility was discredited even when their muskets were loaded and their swords drawn. Among those who were most full of this fatal trust was Sir Hugh Wheeler, who “worshipped” his sepoy, spoke their language like “one of themselves, and indeed had testified to his predilection for the natives of Hindustan by the strongest proof which it is in the power of man to give.” When the danger began to become so apparent that even he could

no longer close his eyes to it, his first step was to telegraph to Lucknow; his second to “invoke the assistance of a more dubious ally,” that adopted son of the old Mahratta, Bajee Rao, whose adoption Government had refused to ratify—thus creating a grievance, the extent of which to a Hindoo mind we in Europe can scarcely estimate. Seereek Dhoondho Punth, better known as the Nana, was a fair specimen of the polish of which an untamed tiger may be capable. Intimate with all the officers of the cantonment, furnishing his palace at Bithoor with as much European splendour as he could achieve, yet all the time with deadly hate to England in his heart, he had obtained such trust from the General that his protection was requested. He “took up his quarters” in the midst of the houses occupied by “the civilians and their families; the Treasury, which contained upwards of “100,000*l.*, was put under the custody “of his body-guard; and it was even “proposed that the ladies and children “should be placed in sanctuary in “Bithoor Palace.” Still some questioned the safety of trusting the fold to the keeping of the wolf, and in a dilatory manner a species of defence was prepared. By an unhappy blunder, the magazine, with its river-protected side, was neglected; and “a mud wall four feet high “was thrown up round the buildings “which composed the old dragoon hospital, and ten guns of various calibre “were placed in position round the intrenchment.”

“‘What do you call that place you “are making out there?’ asked Azimoolah, the Nana’s confidant, of an English lieutenant.

“‘I am sure I don’t know.’

“‘Call it the Fort of Despair!’ said the Hindoo.

“‘No, no,’ answered the undaunted Englishman; ‘we will call it the Fort of Victory.’”

Alas! if brave hearts could have been rampart sufficient, it *had* been the Fort of Victory. Nay, so it was in the truest sense, for never was it the Fort of Despair. There were spirits there who

were never without hope—either here or beyond.

In this intrenchment the white women and children spent every night, while day by day passed in expectation of the outbreak of the sepoys, which was sure to come, sooner or later. Eyen then, Sir Hugh Wheeler, full of a true unselfish spirit of chivalry, sent back to Sir Henry Lawrence a reinforcement that had been despatched to him from Lucknow, and, knowing how ill it could have been spared, added thereto two officers and fifty men out of his own small force. Well was it for them to be sent to do good service at Lucknow, instead of adding to the mass of anguish at Cawnpore.

The long expected mutiny took place, and far more harmlessly than any one had dared to expect. The four sepoy regiments rose, but their native officers were for the most part loyal, and a considerable number even of the privates were proof against their comrades' example. The English officers were unscathed; and the insurgents were actually setting off for Delhi, the centre to which all the mutineers had flowed that they might see their native sovereign once more reigning in triumph. Unhappily, however, they had requested the Nana to make common cause with them, and it occurred to his counsellor, the ex-footman Azimoolah, and others of his advisers, that he would be a mere nobody at the Court of Delhi, while, as master of Cawnpore and its district, he might make his own terms with the reinstated monarch. He saw the advantages of the scheme; prevailed upon the mutineers to return for the purpose of destroying all the English in the cantonment before marching upon Delhi, bribing them with the promise of unlimited pillage, and a gold anklet to each Sepoy.

The tidings of the return of the foe drove all the English within their intrenchment. It consisted of a rectangular parallelogram, surrounded by a mud wall four feet high, three feet thick at the base, and two at the crest, with apertures for the guns. Within stood two single-storied barracks surrounded

with verandahs, both built of thin brick-work, the larger thatched, the lesser roofed with concrete, with cooking-sheds and servants' huts near. Such was the defence behind which were placed no less than 1,000 persons. Four hundred and sixty-five were Englishmen, both military and civilians; about two hundred and eighty were grown women; and there were at least as many young children—mostly scarce above infancy. Happy the mothers whose children were in England!

Around was "a force which would have done credit to any Mahratta chief in the palmiest days of that redoubted race. There was an entire regiment of excellent cavalry, well mounted and equipped. There was a detachment of gunners and drivers from the Oude artillery, who had been despatched as a loan from Lucknow to Cawnpore, just in time to enable them to take part in the revolt. There were the Nana's own myrmidons, who made up by attachment to his cause what they wanted in military skill. Lastly, there were three fine battalions of Bengal sepoys, led by experienced sepoy officers, armed with English muskets, and trained by English discipline." The effective general was Soubahdar Teeka Sing, a Hindoo colonel—for be it observed, for the benefit of the generation unfamiliar with the organization of the old East Indian army, every white officer of a sepoy regiment had his native duplicate, so that, when all the whites were removed, the framework remained complete and effective. Teeka Sing at once seized the magazine, so unfortunately neglected, and sent off the guns drawn by Government bullocks to the attack of the intrenchment. The first shot was fired on the 6th of June, 1857.

We have minute evidence of the state of affairs during the siege, both within and without: on the one hand, from Captain Thomson, one of the four English survivors, and from the half-castes and natives who remained faithful; and, on the other, from other natives in the city and environs, among whom the most remarkable is Nanukchund, a

native lawyer, who had been employed in a suit against the Nana, and therefore concealed himself in a village near at hand, but all the time kept a daily journal of passing events and reports.

Yet why should we trace step by step that most heartrending tragedy, from the moment when the first ball broke the leg of a native footman, till the last slaughtered innocent was tumbled into the "ladies' well," on the 16th of July, after forty days of untold anguish? All that we would here do would be to touch on those more striking points that make the narrative bearable, and as exalted as it is sorrowful. When balls were passing through those frail brick walls as though they were cardboard, when the thatched barrack-roof had been burnt, and the vertical rays of an Indian sun in the month of June were pouring down heat as fatal as the shower of lead, Sir Hugh Wheeler, under the weight of his seventy-five years, soon proved able indeed to endure, but unequal to the exposure and fatigue of the conduct of the struggle; and, as Mr. Trevelyan says (referring to him whose natural endowments made him the leader of the 10,000 Greeks), "the Clearchus of Cawnpore was Captain Moore, an officer in charge of the invalids of the 32d Foot. He was a tall, fair, blue-eyed man, glowing with animation and easy Irish intrepidity. Wheresoever there was most pressing risk, and wheresoever there was direst wretchedness, his pleasant presence was seldom long wanting. Under the rampart; at the batteries; in some out-picket, where men were dropping like pheasants under a fearful cross-fire; in some corner of the hospital, to a brave heart more fearful still, where lay the mangled forms of those young and delicate beings whom war should always spare: ever and everywhere was heard his sprightly voice speaking words of encouragement, of exhortation, of sympathy, and even of courteous gallantry. Wherever Moore had passed, he left men something more courageous, and women something less unhappy."

The Fort St. Elmo of Cawnpore was an unfinished line of barracks, each measuring about 200 feet in length, but only three of which had reached the height of forty feet. One of these, called No. 4, was held by a party of civil engineers, who for three days so entirely baffled all the efforts of the enemy that the place was not again attacked. No. 2, held by only sixteen men, was the scene of so desperate a struggle that one surgeon was continually employed there, and with his hands full. It was commanded by Lieutenant Mowbray Thomson, who has lived to tell how, at the report of each casualty, a fresh reinforcement arrived, sometimes a civilian, sometimes a soldier. On the 23d of June, when the sounds made it evident that some fresh assault was being prepared to celebrate the centenary of the battle of Plassey, Thomson sent to head-quarters for a reinforcement. Moore made answer "that he could spare nobody except himself and Lieutenant Delafosse. In the course of a few minutes the pair arrived, and at once sallied forth armed, one with a sword, and the other with an empty musket. Moore shouted out, 'Number One to the front!' and the enemy, taking it for granted that the well-known word of command would bring upon them a full company of Sahibs with fixed bayonets and cocked revolvers, broke cover and ran like rabbits. But towards morning they returned in force, and attacked with such determined ferocity that there remained more dead Hindoos outside the doorway than there were living Europeans within." A general assault of the whole intrenchment by the whole rebel force took place at the same time. It was a short, sharp combat, and ended in a complete repulse. In the evening the sepoys drew near, made obeisance, and requested leave to bury their dead—a thorough acknowledgment of defeat.

Five days before, on the 18th, a letter had been conveyed out of the intrenchment by a native messenger, still full of resolution and spirit, such a letter as it

became a British officer like Moore to date on the 18th of June :—" We, of course, are prepared to hold out to the last. It is needless to mention the names of those who have been killed or died. We trust in God ; and, if our exertions here assist your safety, it will be a consolation to know that our friends appreciate our devotion. Any news of relief will cheer us."

And these words—how fearfully touching in their simplicity !—were written when, besides the other unspeakable horrors of the siege, famine and thirst were fast prevailing. Imperfectly victualled at first, the garrison were nearly at the end of their stores, and there was but a single well, the favourite mark of the enemy, who always directed their fire on any figure they saw advancing with bucket or pitcher. The machinery for drawing water was shot away, and the buckets had to be drawn up hand over hand from a depth of more than sixty feet ! The Hindoo water-carriers were early slain, and Englishmen took their place ; John Mackillop, of the Civil Service, with a joke about his not being a fighting-man, but his willingness to be useful, begged to be appointed captain of the well, and, strange to say, he fulfilled his office for a full week ere he was shot down, and with his last words entreated that a lady to whom he had promised a drink might not be disappointed.

Those who were old enough to understand that a draught involved a more frightful cost than did Alexander's " thirsted in silence ;" but there were little children to moan for drink, or vainly to suck canvas bags or straps of leather !

" There was yet another well, which yielded nothing then, which will yield nothing till the sea too gives up her dead." It was outside the entrenchment ; and, at dead of night, thither were borne those who had breathed their last in the course of the last twenty-four hours—the chaplain, Mr. Moncrieff, standing by, and repeating some brief words of the Church's last rites. There in three weeks he saw laid 250 men,

women, and babes. He could hold no public service, but " he made it his concern that no one should die, or suffer, without the consolations of Christianity. And, whenever he could be spared from the hospital, this shepherd of a pest-stricken flock, he would go the round of the batteries, and read a few prayers and Psalms to the fighting folk. With heads bent, and hands folded over the muzzles of their rifles, soothed some by genuine piety, some by the associations of gladsome Christmas mornings, and drowsy Sunday afternoons, spent in the aisle of their village church, they listened calmly to the familiar words, those melancholy and resolute men."

The Nana decided on treachery. A captive woman was sent to the intrenchment with an offer of terms, and a promise that, on laying down their arms, the garrison should receive a safe passage to Allahabad. General Wheeler would have endured to the last extremity ; but food was all but gone, and a day or two more would bring the rains, which would flood away the last remains of the defences. Captains Moore and Whiting persuaded him that in capitulation lay the only hope for the helpless ones of their number ; and on the 25th of June the firing ceased, and conferences began. It was arranged that our forces should march out under arms, carriages be provided for the wounded, the women, and children, and boats, sufficiently provisioned, to be ready at the landing-place to convey the whole garrison to Allahabad.

The landing-place was a mile from the intrenchment, the opening of a ravine—in winter the course of a little stream, in summer like a sandy lane. It was the spot that the Nana and his Mah-ratta courtier, Tantia Topee, had selected for an act of treachery so shocking, even to Hindoo morality, that the sepoy cavalry refused to participate in it till the Nana himself assured them that, on the faith of a Royal Brahmin, it was lawful to forswear himself for such an occasion.

Vehicles and beasts of burthen were

prepared outside the intrenchment. There Sir Hugh Wheeler, whose son had already been killed while lying wounded on a sofa, placed his wife and daughters on an elephant, and himself entered a palanquin which he was never again to leave, save for his death-blow. The doomed garrison quitted that scene of matchless endurance. First marched the men of the 32d, with their brave captain at their head—the bravest of the brave. Then came the motley band of conveyances with the helpless and disabled; after them, such as could still bear arms and march; and, last of all, Major Vibart of the Second Cavalry. Colonel Ewart and his wife were among the last to start; the bearers of the bed on which he lay went slowly, fell behind the rest, and both were cut down in the streets almost at the same moment. Their child had already perished in the siege, while already their letters—some of the lofliest and sweetest of all that mournful correspondence that filled our papers—were on their way to England. They scarcely preceded their brave fellow-sufferers by many minutes. There only remained the brief interval during which the women and wounded were placed in the boats, ere the concealed artillery and riflemen opened upon the Englishmen in the ravine.

“Sorrow it were and shame to tell
The butcher-work that then befell.”

Two half-caste Christian women saw it all: saw the death of General Wheeler, and of good Mr. Moncrieff with his Prayer-book in his hand: saw the boats with their straw awnings in flames, and the ladies and children dragged out of them—many to die at once; but the rest, 125 helpless widows and orphans, rescued for the moment, and driven up to the pavilion of the Nana, who caused them to be placed in a building near at hand, which, having once belonged to a Portuguese mission, was properly named Salvador house, but was corrupted into Savada. It was in this miserable walk that the youngest daughter of Sir Hugh Wheeler and his lady (herself a native of India) were

carried away by a trooper, who, fearing to be deprived of her, spread that monstrous report that so much excited English imaginations, of her having killed all his family, and then leaped down a well. Poor thing! she seems to have assumed a Mahometan name, and to have remained with her captor till her death; and Mr. Trevelyan takes the opportunity of relieving our minds of many of the atrocities that burthened our memories, a large proportion of which he tells us we may trust were nothing but ghastly dreams. This poor girl, scarcely an Englishwoman, was the only one known to have been made a member of the harem.

The widows of Nana Sahib's adopted father were strong in the cause of humanity, at least as far as regarded their own sex. They had, by threatening to commit suicide unless their entreaty was granted, saved for a time the life of one poor young Englishwoman, the widow of a toll-keeper, and by the same threat they endeavoured to secure the lives of the desolate captives in the Savada, who had been placed under the charge of a tall, resolute-looking, low-caste woman, called in derision the Begum. Their numbers were augmented after a short interval by the ladies of Futtehghur, a fort higher up the Ganges, whose fugitives coming down the river were intercepted at two different times. The first were all shot down together; the second were slaughtered, all save the women and four men, who were sent to swell the mass of suffering in the Savada.

A native doctor has left a record of the deaths that took place between the 7th and 15th of July. Eighteen women, one Hindoo nurse, and seven children died of cholera and dysentery; and “*eck beebee ap se*,” “one baby of itself.” Happy baby!

Rescue was approaching—alas! no rescue to them. Havelock and Neill were hurrying on their men as rapidly as men could be hurried, with burning hearts. They had but to meet the Sepoys to gain two of the eight victories that shone round the last days of Havelock,

after his life-long prayer that he might command at a successful battle. Their advance sealed the doom of their countrywomen, whom they came to deliver. The Nana was told that no fresh battle would be risked for mere corpses, and that such a mass of living witnesses would be perilous. He easily consented to gratify his hatred, and hastened proceedings lest the royal stepmothers should find means of stirring up opinion against him. Indeed they had already half-starved themselves, as a pledge of their sincere intention to sacrifice themselves to save the lives of the Englishwomen. Nor would the sepoys consent to be the murderers; but five men were found—two Hindoo peasants, two Mahomedan butchers, and only one soldier—who, in the darkening twilight of the 15th of July, half did the fearful work of carnage. They returned in the morning of the 16th, and before noon not a living European remained in Cawnpore. All were thrown into a dry well outside the Savada; and, ere his flight from Bithoor, the Nana drained the last drop of bloodshed by the murder of the young woman whom the royal widows had hoped to preserve.

Another sharp, short fight, and the rescuers had come. Alas! to find only the floor swimming in blood, the corpse-choked wells, and the piteous fragmentary memorials that strewed the rooms. Only four of the entire English garrison of that fatal intrenchment still breathed this air, and they were far away from Cawnpore.

One boat, during the slaughter at the embarkation on June 27th, had succeeded in pushing off. It contained the very flower of all the defence—Moore, with his arm in a sling; Thomson, of Battery No. 2; Delafosse, who had lain on his back under a burning gun-carriage, extinguishing the flames in a storm of heavy artillery; and other heroes, whose exploits must be read in Mr. Trevelyan's own pages. Besides their original freight, they had taken on board those from a sinking boat, and were deeply overladen. A shot broke the rudder; the native boatman

had removed their oars; and planks, torn from the bulwarks, served to paddle down "at the rate of half a mile an hour under a shower of canister and shells from either bank." While pushing the boat off a sandbank, regardless of an ill-set collar-bone, Moore's brave heart was pierced by a bullet, and he had the privilege of dying still full of hope and exertion; and many another, who had made a memorable name, sank into the waters. We must not track each step of that fearful voyage, shot at day and night, till, on the third morning, the vessel grounded, and Thomson, Delafosse, and eleven soldiers landed to clear away the enemy, and obtain a little respite during which the boat might be pushed off again. They drove the enemy before them; but others closed in behind, poured down on the boat, and turned it back to Cawnpore. When it came to the landing-place, orders came down that the ladies should be separated from the men, and the massacre begin again. Not a wife would leave her husband; each clung to him. Captain Sepings read a few prayers aloud, and all shook hands. Then the Sepoys fired!

Meantime the fourteen struggled on among the enemy and took shelter in a small temple, which they held out against the multitude for many hours, till gunpowder was brought to dislodge them, and they rushed forth. Six, who could not swim, sprang among the howling natives to sell their lives as dearly as they could. The others dashed into the river, and dived and swam by turns, while bullets danced round them like hail. Three perished; four kept on their way till "one by one the hunters desisted from the chase . . .

"The four Englishmen were sitting up to their necks in water, two good leagues below the point where they had first plunged, when the sound of approaching voices again sent them diving after the manner of otters, surprised by the throng of hounds and spearmen. As they rose to the upper air they were greeted with a shout of 'Sahib! Sahib! why keep away? We are friends.'" And friends

they were, retainers of Dirigbijah Sing, a loyal gentleman of Oude. They even offered to throw their weapons into the river to satisfy the distrustful Englishmen. And yet, such are Hindoos, they could not refrain from pillaging one of the poor soldiers of a cap-pouchful of rupees which he had tied under his knee—the only thing there was to take; for, among the four, there remained “only one flannel shirt, one strip of linen cloth, and five severe wounds. Exposure to the heat had puffed the skin of their shoulders with huge blisters as if their clothes had been burnt off their backs by fire.” And, when helped ashore, they lay without speech or motion, utterly exhausted. An elephant had been sent to convey the two officers; but the soldiers, Murphy and Sullivan, being in worse plight from wounds, the beast was resigned to their use; while Thomson and Delafosse bestrode one pony, one in *the* shirt, the other in a borrowed rug. They were received by torch-light in great state by the old Rajah; and for three weeks remained in his fort, too entirely spent to do ought but slumber, wake, eat, and doze again. By and by the neighbourhood of the rebels made their shelter insecure; and, parting with the good old man with warm gratitude, they crossed the river, and were sent on in a bullock-cart towards Allahabad. After about an hour, the alarm was given that guns were ahead; but, creeping stealthily along the road, the fugitives found themselves in face of an English sentry, and the English troops welcomed the sole survivors of the deadly intrenchment.

Poor Sullivan lived only a fortnight after his arrival in the camp; Delafosse survived to distinguish himself again in the Hindoo Koosh, and Thomson to narrate the history of Cawnpore. Murphy, after returning home with his own regiment, volunteered again for India, and is the present custodian of the gardens that now cover the site of the “House of the Massacre.” “Here he may be seen in the balmy forenoons of the

“cold weather, sauntering about in a pith helmet and linen jacket; a decent little Irishman, very ready to give a feeling and intelligent account of what took place under his immediate observation.”

We have closed the terrible story with the one gleam of light that shines through the gloom. We will not pain ourselves and our readers with the story of the vengeance—a dark page in our annals—when, as Mr. Trevelyan says in one of the most fearful sentences in his book, we proved that our talk about the sacredness of human life and Christian duty “meant that we were to forgive most of those who had never injured us, plunder none but such as were worth robbing, and seldom hang an innocent Hindoo if we could catch a guilty one—that the great principles of mercy and justice and charity must cease to be eternally true, until the injured pride of a great nation had been satisfied, its wrath glutted, and its sway restored.” The men who actually went from their bravely-fought field to wander sobbing through the pools of blood, picking up piteous memorials, and seeking in vain for a living being, might be excused their madness; but with shame and grief we look back to the careless and half-jocose manner in which for a space it became the habit to speak of the deaths of the unhappy men who perished under our revenge with little inquiry into their share in the guilt.

We have not viewed the book in its political aspect: we have looked at it simply as a narrative of the sufferings endured at Cawnpore, and of that deep, resolute, unselfish heroism which upheld each victim till he or she had ripened to receive the palm of rejoicing for those who come out of great tribulation. We should like to see it in the hands of all our youth; for assuredly, if it infuses aught of the same temper of patience, and courage undaunted even to the most fearful extremity, the blood of Cawnpore will not have flowed in vain.

DEAD MEN WHOM I HAVE KNOWN; OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF THREE CITIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

LONDON FROM THE TOP OF ST. PAUL'S. PART I.

ONCE or twice I have been at the top of St. Paul's, to have a view from that height of the great city of which, for some eighteen years now, I have been an inhabitant. The last time was only a few days ago. After walking about among the statues in the Cathedral below, and thinking I had never seen the interior of any great and sacred building in such a disgraceful condition of untidiness, I paid the half-crown which they have still the bad taste to charge for the liberty of farther ascent and inspection. They exact extras, indeed, for the crypt and the clock; but the half-crown franks you all the way up the dark and dirty staircases from gallery to gallery, to the highest one at the apex of the dome, or, for that matter, to the ball itself. It is from the highest gallery, nearly four hundred feet up in the air, that you have the best view of London lying beneath you, and all round you to the horizon. Merely as a sight, unless it be for the first time, it is hardly worth half-a-crown. There is vastness, extent, confusion; but, with the exception of the river, hardly a single feature that the eye rests on or follows on account of its beauty. From the river, with its bridges, and the steamboats moving up and down in it, the eye passes to the nearer streets beneath, specked with omnibuses, cabs, and foot-passengers. Ranging thence, in any direction, over steeples, house-roofs, and chimney-stacks, jumbled denser and denser in seeming as the distance increases, it is beaten back always by the haze, unless where, from the state of the wind, a low range of dark hilly ground, or a tract of vacant-looking flat, is descried, and you know that there-

abouts London straggles to an end, and solves its outskirts in the open country. All this, however, you could have imagined pretty much as it is, without the trouble of going up to see it. In order, therefore, to get the full worth of your half-crown at the top of St. Paul's, you must carry up some *à priori* idea of London with you, which you may mix with the vast vision of underlying and away-stretching leagues of brick and mortar, varied with steeples and pinnacles, and divided by the shining river. This is what I did myself. I carried up an *à priori* idea of London with me, and I did not come down till I had worked the actual vision and the idea into complete union. How long it took me is nobody's business. The reader may suppose, if he chooses, that I am writing this article at the top of St. Paul's—that, by special permission from the Dean and Chapter, or by dexterously hiding myself among the interior timber-work at clearing-time every day, I have been several days and nights already a denizen of the dome, communing at leisure with the *genius loci*, seeing the stars of these fine summer-nights overroll me and the sleeping city, snatching such sleep for myself as the bells and other circumstances permit, and every morning and all day long going round and round the gallery with an opera-glass, or leaning against the parapet dreamily in company with such fresh half-crowners as chance brings up. Strange accounts I could give of these up-comers to the top of St. Paul's. That most of them scribble or scrape their names up here is natural enough. They will never again be so near Heaven, and, poor creatures, they know it! But

they actually smoke cigars and short pipes up here, the sacrilegious villains, and light their matches for the purpose by rubbing them anywhere. If St. Paul's is burnt down after this warning, it will not be my fault.

Well, but what is that *à priori* idea of London which I carried with me to the top of St. Paul's? A simple idea enough, and yet one which grasps the entire sight, and all that the sight suggests. In these British islands there was, from the first, a spot whither, by necessity, or through the inevitable compulsion of events, all the interests of the islands, all the currents of activity within them, were to converge, so that at last that spot and no other should be the centre, the focus, of all ongoings within the islands, and of all ongoings in the rest of the earth depending on the islands, and from that spot and no other should the network of organization be seen radiating which holds together all that is British in the world. Conceive this, and you have the right *à priori* idea of London in your mind.

It is up here, at the top of St. Paul's, along with me, that I suppose you provided with this idea. But, as it may be well that you should keep the idea for a while as much as possible in its pure *à priori* state, let me beg that for a few moments you will forget where you are, and that, sailing off in your idea from the dome here, as in a balloon or flying phantasm, you will voyage with it imaginatively over the entire surface of the three islands, trying to make it descend and fit itself to the earth, wherever here or there you see a likely locality. Misled by the notion that the likeliest locality must be somewhere about the geographical centre of the larger island, you try perhaps, first of all, to descend with your *à priori* London, or preconceived British metropolis, in Warwickshire, Derbyshire, or some of the north-midland counties. In vain! You and your idea rebound. You may there realize a Birmingham, or a Derby, or what not else, but not a London. Or, thinking to balance between the two islands, you may seek their common

centre of gravity on the West-English coast, somewhere about Liverpool or Lancaster. Or, with a somewhat unfair eye of favour to Ireland, you look down wistfully on the intermediate Isle of Man. Equally in vain! London will not be anchored anywhere in that region. Or, guessing better, you may look down at all the rivers that have convenient mouths and reaches towards the sea; and, having already disposed of the Mersey, you may try the Liffey, or the Lee, or the Tay, or the Clyde, or the Forth, or the Severn, or the Trent. None will suit till you come to the Thames. There, at last, you have it! But whereabouts on the Thames? Weary yourself no longer. Re-align with your idea on the top of St. Paul's, and behold it empirically verified. There and nowhere else was to be the site of the predestined London.

We see it all now. But who at one time could have predicted it? Not physical causes alone—such as the convenience of a great river-reach, sufficient nearness to the continent, and yet shelter from direct attacks thence—have brought about the result. The will, the strife, the miscellaneous struggling and blundering of men themselves, generation after generation, have been at work to this end. It may be said that, for many a century, the very history of these islands consisted in an internal tumbling about and groping to and fro, in order to find out where the political centre of gravity was to be, and in a gradual dawning of the certainty, not without continued reluctance all through the north and the west, that it was to be where it now is, in the snug south-east of England, within easy attraction of the continent. If you take time as well as space into your musings at the top of St. Paul's, this is what must occur to you. Let time, then, be taken into our musings at present. At four hundred feet up in the air, one may indulge in a bird's-eye view of things historically as well as scenically.

Infant London! What was it? Who can tell? The river, the river—we can

at least begin with *that*! Yes, ages on ages ago, ere Cæsar had heard of Britain, or Britain of Cæsar, the Thames, the same shining river which we see from this height, was flowing as now in calm beauty from its upper streams, broadening eastward through inland woods, denser and shaggier than any we now see, on to this very spot, then also greener and more savage than now, and away beyond it, for the same last forty miles of its course seaward as a tidal estuary, with low lands, pastoral or wooded, on either bank. And what sort of natives were there to see and possess the scene? Wretches, according to Lord Macaulay's theory, little better than Caribs or Australian aborigines! Not so, we take the liberty of thinking; but, at least from the earliest times of which Cæsar or other ancient historians give us any glimpses, a much more hopeful breed. All over the larger island, and doubtless in the lesser too, there were, as we all know, tribes of the race now called the Celtic—mainly of the Cymric branch of the Celtic, but of the Gaelic branch in the north-west and in Ireland—with who knows how much of Belgic or Teutonic infusion on the coasts east and south-east? And a very respectable population they seem to have made, if we consider the time and the distance from the Mediterranean. They were stained or tattooed blue, to be sure, most of them, about the face and arms; but they had good heads of hair, upper lips well mustachioed, and dresses of skins or leather, or even woollen in the more advanced districts. They were not without corn-growing and other agriculture, where the land suited, though in the interior cattle-breeding and hunting sufficed them, and they lived on flesh and milk. They were continually fighting, of course, tribe against tribe, to adjust their differences or please their chiefs. Yet they had some trade among themselves and with the continent, and a metallic currency to aid in it. Nay, there was a certain amount of spiritual cohesion among them, over a large part of the main island at least, by means of a common system of Druidism, thrilling

through the contiguous tribes, and binding them together by beliefs, ceremonies, and aggregate assemblies, as well as by the collegiate education (so we must call it) of their select youth for years together in some complex, mysterious, and possibly not despicable, lore. All this we know on as good authority as exists for anything of so old a date; and it has always appeared to me the sheerest ineptitude, in the face of such information, to ignore, as most of our recent historians have done, the pre-Roman period of British history, or the conclusion that, despite all the intervening invasions and revolutions that have changed the state of our islands, there may be in our national and intellectual life at present influences the springs of which are to be sought in the far-off Druidic mists.

But the question is about infant London. Was there a germ of London in those old times, when the Druids of South-Britain walked in the woods and fields by the Thames, lecturing and inspiring their blue congregations? If you want an unhesitating answer, look into the old legendary chronicles, and you will get it to your heart's content. A germ of London! What are you talking about? Do you not know the history of your country? When, some 1100 years B.C., the Trojan Brutus conquered and recolonized Albion, then going to rack and ruin under its degenerate race of pristine giants, and founded the new nation of Britain, which he called by his name, was not one of his first acts the building of the city of Troja Nova, New Troy, or Trinobantum? That was exactly 354 years before the founding of Rome by Romulus and Remus, more by token that "Heli was then High Priest in Judæa." And did not New Troy or Trinobantum serve as effectively the capital of Britain during the reigns of Brutus's long line of successors—Ebranc, Hudibras, Bladud, Lear, Gorboduc, and the rest of them—on to the time of the jolly King Lud, who re-edified it, and walled it round, so that thenceforward it was called Caer-Lud or Lud's-town, and one of its gates Ludgate? Seeing that it was in the

eighth year of the reign of this Lud's brother and successor, Cassibelan, that Julius Cæsar invaded Britain, London, you see, must then have been in prime condition. Which may be the reason why Cæsar, advancing inland in his second expedition, gave it the go-by, and, crossing the Thames farther to the west, pursued Cassibelan rather into his stronghold about St. Alban's. But why did not Cassibelan retreat upon London, and stand a siege there, behind Ludgate and the rest of the new fortifications? The fact is that, though he was general-in-chief of all the patriotic Britons, there was a considerable party among the Britons who by no means approved of his policy, but were for cultivating the Roman alliance. Among these were the Trinobantes, or Essex and Middlesex people, including the Londoners. While Cæsar was advancing inland, the Trinobantes had opened negotiations with him, offering their allegiance, and petitioning for the return among them of a certain Mandubratius, a noble young Londoner, having claims to the sovereignty (as well he might, if he was, as some say, Lud's eldest son, otherwise known as Androgeus), but who had been dispossessed by Cassibelan some time before, and had taken refuge with Cæsar in Gaul. The Trinobantes, having thus made peace with Cæsar, were followed by the Icenii, or Norfolk and Suffolk people, the Segontiaci, or Hampshire people, the Ancalites, or Wiltshire people, the Bibroci, or people of Berks and thereabouts, and the Cassi, or people of Herts. Against such odds of his own countrymen what could Cassibelan do? He held out as long as possible, but at last had to submit; and, when Cæsar returned to Gaul, Cassibelan was left alive indeed, and with some sort of general power in Britain, but with orders not to molest the Trinobantes or their chief Mandubratius.

So it is that the old chroniclers fabricate for us an aboriginal London, and its history of more than a thousand years, exquisitely mixing the British legends of Geoffrey of Monmouth with the narrative in Cæsar's Comment-

aries. Here, from the top of St. Paul's, if we have faith enough, we look down on the site of Brutus's New Troy or Trinobantum, three centuries and a half older than Rome. Down there, close at hand, is Ludgate, where King Lud lies buried; hither, to the joy of the Trinobantes, came back the young exile Mandubratius; and here he was left to govern the Essex and Middlesex people as he could, and collect tribute from them for Cæsar, while Cassibelan was ruminating his disasters, in incurable melancholy, somewhere in the woods higher up the river.

Alas! to the old legendary chroniclers succeeded the conscientious antiquaries, like Stow and others. Forgoing the legends, they had to construct their original of London more strictly out of Cæsar's Commentaries alone, by the light of probabilities and general principles. If we follow *them*, as I fear we must, we get a dimmer beginning of our half-crown's worth. Cassibelan, Mandubratius, and the Trinobantes are, indeed, still indestructible names in the story; and we still see that hereabouts on the Thames there must have been some not unimportant whirl or eddy of those transactions, consequent on Cæsar's invasion, which brought the British Islands within the ken of Rome. Nay, the antiquaries are still good enough to leave us a Trinobantum, or chief city of the Trinobantes, which we may call London, if we like. But hear Stow on this subject. "Divers learned men," he says, "do not think *civitas Trinobantum* "to be well and truly translated the "city of the Trinobantes, but it should "rather be the state, commonalty, or "seigniorship of the Trinobantes; for that "Cæsar in his Commentaries useth "the word *civitas* only for a people "living under one and the self-same "prince and law: but certain it is that "the cities of the Britons were in those "days neither artificially builded with "houses, nor strongly walled with stone, "but were only thick and cumbersome "woods plashed within and trencched "about; and the like in effect do other "the Roman and Greek authors directly

"affirm—to wit, that, before the arrival of the Romans, the Britons had no towns, but called that a town which had a thick entangled wood defended, as I said, with a ditch and bank, the like whereof the Irishmen, our next neighbours, do at this day call *fastness*." Well, let it be so. We need not be deprived of a pre-Roman London for all that. Looking down from the top of St. Paul's, we do not indeed see, as the city in which Mandubratius was left by Cæsar's connivance, the nice walled town of the mythical Lud, but, instead of it, let us say, a tangled wood to the river's edge, ditched and palisaded, with intricate paths through it, and open spaces in the midst, where the blue folks had their dwellings, and from which the smoke of their fires curled up over the trees. I rather fancy, for my part, that there was considerably more semblance of a town than this. But, even in such a town, Mandubratius, visiting it occasionally, when he was not off somewhere else among his Trinobantes, may have lived more comfortably than he deserved—his royal hut or headquarters down there, I suppose, in the picked part of the wood which is now the site of Messrs. Dakin's tea-warehouse. But the poor man did not last long. It was remembered to his discredit, even by the Trinobantes themselves, that he had helped to bring in the Romans. So, ere long, he disappears or is got rid of, and, Cassibelan being no longer in the land of the living, Tenantius, the younger son of Lud, and a true chip of the old block, becomes king of the Trinobantes and of all Cassibelan's territory besides. His son and successor was no other than the famous Cunobelin (Shakespeare's Cymbeline), coins of whom, of very creditable workmanship, are extant. His capital or chief residence was Camalodunum, i.e. either Colchester or Maldon in Essex; but, for hints that he did not forget Trinobant or Lud's-town, see Shakespeare's history of him. In any case, there is no doubt that in his reign the preponderance of influence and of enterprise was distinctly gathered into the south-east part of Britain, round

about London, on both sides of the Thames. Thither came the merchants from Gaul, and perhaps the sneaking envoys from Rome itself; and if, in the northern and western parts, the more distant tribes were still living higgledy-piggledy and blue in the woods, the Druids among them at least would know of the superior state of things under Cunobelin in the south-east, and would spread the rumour everywhere of him and his coins and his trafficking with ships. Here is Shakespeare's summary of his reign from the mouth of the banished Briton, Posthumus, at Rome, talking with the Roman Philario:—

"You shall hear
The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more ordered than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their
courage
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline,
Now mingled with their courage, will make
known
To their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world."

Ay, but the Romans, after all, were to have the mending of them! For nearly four hundred years the Romans were our masters—first breaking us, or most of us, into submission, and then ruling and civilizing us. And what of London under the Romans? One might ask first the larger question, What of Britannia generally under the Romans? It is another perversity of our historians, less excusable than their neglect of our Celtic or pre-Roman *origines*, that they hardly trouble themselves with this question at all, but treat the whole Roman conquest and occupation of Britain as a something written on a slate with great pains, and then suddenly sponged out. As if, forsooth, a people like the Romans, who trod so hard, and left their marks so deep, wherever they went, *could* have held our island for four centuries without consequences that must be felt to this day through the toughest intervening buffer of Saxonism!

But we do have some glimpses, with special flashes of London and its neigh-

bourhood in the midst of them. Was it not still among the Trinobantes, or Essex and Middlesex people, that the Roman short swords flashed and found the sternest opposition? Was it not Camalodunum, the capital of the Trinobantes, away there in Essex, that the Emperor Claudius stormed in pomp, and that became the first important colony of the Romans in Britain?

"Lo the colony; there they rioted in the city of Cunobeline!

There they drank in cups of emerald, there
at tables of ebony lay,
Rolling on their purple couches in their
tender effeminacy."

Not, however, till they had included in their dominions all the territory of the Trinobantes, and also all the territories of the other tribes of southern and south-eastern Britain—the Icenii, of Norfolk and Suffolk; the Coritani, of Lincolnshire; the Catuclunni, of Herts and Bucks; the Regni, of Surrey and Sussex; the Durobriges of Dorset; the Dumnonii of Devon; &c. And, in all that first-conquered domain of the Romans in Britain, which were the spots of greatest mark after Camalodunum itself? Verulamium, near where St. Alban's now is, for one; and Londinium, or Augusta, on the Thames, for another. Yes, from Tacitus himself we first hear the actual name "London." And how does he describe it, speaking of it as it was within twenty years after the beginning of the Roman rule in Britain? "*Copia negotiatorum et comœatu maximè celebris*," are his words: "a city in the highest degree famous for its abundance of traders and provisions." What could be more characteristic? What difficulty is there in seeing, with the aid of this phrase from Tacitus, London as it had been improved by Roman stimulation out of its British beginnings? Down there on the river, what ships of foreign-looking men, mingled with rafts and skiffs of natives; from the north and west there, what bringing in of cattle, and fodder, and vegetables; at our backs, the lands of the Regni and Cantii, extending to the Channel; due north, a little to the left, the road to Verulamium;

and to the right, Shoreditch-ways, where the Great Eastern terminus now is, the white road winding off that leads to Camalodunum.

Aha! as we gaze, what is that? A cry, a wild cry, swelling from Camalodunum far to the west, including London in its way, and returning wilder and louder along the Thames through London to Camalodunum and the eastern sea. It is the voice of Boadicea, the queen of the Icenii, charioting hither and thither with her outraged daughters, and rousing the Britons to revenge.

"Hear, Icenian, Catuclunian; hear, Coritanian, Trinobant!

Must their ever-ravaging eagle's beak and talons annihilate us?

Tear the noble heart of Britain, leave it gorily quivering?

Bark an answer, Britain's raven! bark and blacken innumerable!

Blacken round the Roman carrion, make the carcase a skeleton . . .

Lo, their colony half-defended! Lo, their colony Camulodune!

There the horde of Roman robbers mock at a barbarous adversary.

There the hive of Roman liars worship a gluttonous Emperor-idiot.

Such is Rome, and this her deity: hear it, spirit of Cassivelaun!"

And lo! at the cry, all the tribes roused Druids and Druidesses shrieking in their midst, and the Romans everywhere running for their lives, and men, women, and infants among them hacked to pieces!

"Ran the land with Roman slaughter, multitudinous agonies.

Perished many a maid and matron, many a valourous legionary.

Fell the colony, city, and citadel, London, Verulam, Camulodune."

Seventy thousand of them in all, it is calculated; many of them murdered down there in what are now the labyrinths of the London streets. The Roman power in Britain was all but annihilated. But Suetonius, the Roman general, had hastened back from the extreme west, where he had been taking the holy Anglesey of the Druids. All was retrieved by him in one great battle with Boadicea and her hordes. You can see the spot where it was fought. It was over there in St. Pancras, Penton-

ville, and Islington,—the very centre of it at the point now familiar to you as Battle Bridge or King's Cross. Over the fields there, now covered with shops and houses, the fugitive Britons were hewn down in heaps among their waggons; and, hurled away somewhither in the rush of ruin, Boadicea died her death of despair. Self-poisoned, as they say, her corpse lay, on heath or in hovel, somewhere perhaps within our present horizon of those northern Highgate heights—the corpse of a woman of masculine stature, grim-visaged, with hair of a bright yellow, shaken loose to the waist over a buttoned robe or cloak of thick stuff, under which was a parti-coloured inner garment, crossed by a breast-chain of gold.

The British tribe-system giving way before Roman organization and commerce, and Druidism and Roman Paganism itself paling equally before some glimmer of Christianity, Britain, as far as the firths of Forth and Clyde, became a diocese or vice-prefecture of one of the four prefectures of the later Roman empire. In this diocese there were, in Constantine's time, four provinces, to which a fifth was ultimately added. Southernmost, including all from the channel to the Thames and the lower Severn, was *Britannia Prima*; westernmost, including the present Wales, and something more, was *Britannia Secunda*; the Midlands, and the eastern districts from the Thames north to the Mersey and the Humber, constituted the large province of *Flavia Cæsariensis*; to the north of this, and reaching to the wall of Hadrian and Severus, between the Tyne and the Solway, was *Maxima Cæsariensis*; and, northernmost of all, to Agricola's weaker wall between the firths of Forth and Clyde, was the province of *Valentia*. One consequence of this extension of the Roman power was that it was rather in the north of the island than in the south that the Romans found it necessary to have their military and political headquarters. Hence, so far as the Romans had a capital in Britain, it was Eboracum, or York, in the province of *Maxima Cæsariensis*. But almost co-

equal with York, and the only other town in Britain having the full privileges of a Roman *municipium*, was Verulamium, in *Flavia Cæsariensis*; in which province also were no fewer than six of the nine Roman *coloniæ*, ranking next in civic dignity—to wit, Londinium, Camalodunum, Deva (Chester), Glevum (Gloucester), Lindum (Lincoln), and Camboricum (Cambridge). The other three *coloniæ* were Rhotupis (Richborough), Aquæ Solis (Bath), and Isca (Exeter), all in *Britannia Prima*.

Roman London, therefore, if inferior to Roman York and Roman Verulam, was only just inferior. It was still a great mart on the Thames, and one of the nine Roman *coloniæ* in Britain. And what was a Roman *colonia*? Dig anywhere on the site of one of them, or indeed on the site of any Roman station or town, whether a *colonia* or not, and you will find part of the answer. Dig anywhere down there, fifteen or sixteen feet deep, in the present soil of London, where it has not been dug already. What will you find? Heaps of oyster-shells, to a certainty, if you hit the right spots, for the passion of the Romans for oysters was prodigious wherever they went, and they had found out the goodness of the British east-coast "natives." But not oyster-heaps only; but, if you search well and no one has preceded you, pavements, and mosaics, and remains of baths and villas, and ruins of a temple or a theatre, and perhaps arms, and coins, and bronze godkins, and weapons, and armour. Send a Layard to dig on the site of a Nineveh? Why, dig anywhere over the whole earth, wherever there is a notable site, and you will be repaid archæologically. For my part, I wonder at present how much of the Roman still lies unrecovered beneath these streets, under the gas-pipes, and the water-pipes, and all the ken of King Thwaites and the Commissioners of Sewers. But huddle the whole collection of relics together, and you will still have to use your imagination and your knowledge of history in order to make a sufficient meaning out of them. Who ate the oysters? who paced over the

pavements? who bathed in the baths? who laughed in the theatres? who clinked the coins? who worshipped the godkins? who wore the weapons and did execution with them on occasion? Romans we call them; but they, or their progenitors, were from all parts of Europe almost, and from some parts beyond. See them lounging down there about the public-houses — Italians, Gauls, Spaniards, Thracians, Dacians, Libyans even, but, above all, Saxons. They all speak a kind of Latin, it is to be hoped, for they have been a good while in the Roman service, and many of them are here to end their days at last as colonists and pensioners. See, at least, that man whom, as he passes down there in the direction of Paternoster Row, with the scroll in his hand, they all salute. By his gait, he is a genuine Italian, or, at all events, an educated Latin-speaking official. What is the scroll he carries? It may be Ulpian or Papinian, for is he not high in office, and does not a lawyer need his law-books? Or what if it be a copy of Martial, or Juvenal, or Petronius Arbiter, which he is taking home to read? At this distance, I cannot tell; but, as sure as if the scrolls had been dropped from the hands of the readers, and were dug up now with the oyster-shells, such readings there *were* in Roman London, and in every other Roman colony or town in Britain.

Exeunt the Romans, according to the traditional, but perhaps somewhat erroneous, stage-direction; and *enter* Hengist and Horsa. They seem rather incoherent at present; and, as the cast will not be complete until shoals of their kinsmen, now at sea, have arrived, it will be best for us to step inside the dome for a century or two, and come out again when things are farther advanced.

Well, we are out again! By my watch, it is about half-past the beginning of the seventh century. Whew! what a change they have made by this time on the face of the British map! You would hardly know it again. Ireland, away there, indeed, remains pretty much *in statu quo*, unless you choose to take note that it has had a fine develop-

ment of its own independent of the hurly-burly in the bigger island since the Romans left it—has become, in fact, “the Isle of Saints,” thanks to St. Patrick. But, in the bigger island, what have we now, instead of the former Roman diocese or vice-prefecture with its five provinces, including all the map, save that bit of it, to the north of Agricola’s Wall, which had been left wild for the Picts and Scots? That extreme northern bit you see, is still unreclaimed, and in possession of its Picts and Scots, who are doing nobody knows exactly what in it, except in so far as we have glimpses of missionaries from Ireland and Iona making their way amongst them. But the rest—that which was the Roman vice-prefecture? First look to the extreme west—to those mountainous regions of the western coast which were formerly included, at least nominally, in the two provinces of *Britannia Secunda* and *Valentia*. Into these mountainous regions, they would have us believe, the Saxon and Anglie invaders have by this time driven all the remains of the old Romano-Cymric or Romanized-British population of the island—cooping them up there in a broken fringe of three or four Cymric kingdoms called Cornwall, Wales, Cumbria, and Strathclyd. Such territories or kingdoms do exist; there is not a doubt about it; and they have been too little attended to. For here again we have fault to find with the common run of our historians. Not only are they most non-perceptive fellows, to whom even a flash of lightning in a mine would reveal nothing; but all British historiography of late has been systematically infected, vitiated, and kept stationary by a prevalent cant of ultra-Saxonism—a kind of toadyism to the memory of Hengist and Horsa. Now, without disparagement to the Saxon element in our national constitution, and without denying that it is the main element, it may just be hinted that the excessive toadyism to it of late has impeded investigation and kept a great deal that is curious, and even vitally interesting, out of sight. If the Angles

and Saxons drove the native Britons westward into Cornwall, Wales, Cumbria, and Strathclyd, there was a reaction from those western regions which bequeathed subtle influences and traditions, and almost overmastering literary influences and traditions, into the subsequent career of England. But it is all nonsense about the driving of the whole native population into the mountainous West. Such things don't happen. Possibly because there was a large prior diffusion of the Saxon, or some Teutonic, race in the east of England, Hengist, Horsa, and Co. did become proprietors of all the old Roman diocese except the aforesaid Cornwall, Wales, Cumbria, and Strathclyd—on which also they reserved a power of encroachment. But, on one condition or another, considerable patches of the old British tenantry must have remained where they were and made their peace with the invaders. Language is the most unstable thing about a nation in an early stage of its history; and which of two competing languages shall die out before the other depends on many causes besides the proportional numbers of those originally speaking them. Remembering this, and reinvestigating the facts, our historians will ere long come to a better understanding of the whole phenomenon of the Anglo-Saxon Heptarchy. But, taking the present version of the phenomenon as substantially true, what is that vision of the England of the seventh century which we now have (the laws of line and optics in abeyance) from the top of St. Paul's? An England of seven sturdy, valiant, big-boned, solid-going, if rather thick-blooded and beef-witted, kingdoms.

Let us go round the dome and have a view of them. Standing here, and facing the river, we behold, across it, on the left hand, occupying all the south-eastern corner of England between the river and the sea, the *Kingdom of Kent* (chief town, Canterbury), still called the county of Kent. Due south from us, over Surrey and Sussex, away to the Channel, is the *Kingdom of the South Saxons* (chief town, Chichester).

To the right of this, again, is *Wessex*, or *Kingdom of the West Saxons* (chief town, Winchester), including all the rest of the country between the Thames and the Channel as far as the Cornish frontier. Then we ourselves, on the dome here, on this side of the river, are in the *Kingdom of the East Saxons* (chief towns, Colchester and London), including Essex, Middlesex, and their adjacencies—for a fuller view of the extent of which kingdom we had better walk round leftwise and face to the north. So facing, we see also, to the right there beyond Essex, the seaward *Kingdom of East Anglia* (chief town, Norwich), including Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, and adjacent parts. Far beyond this, due north, is *Northumbria* (chief town, York), including Yorkshire, Durham, and all above the Humber as far as it can westward among the Cumbrians, and northwards to the Pictish boundary of the Firth of Forth. Finally, nearly filling up the intervening midlands to the left, north of the Thames and east of the Severn, is the large *Kingdom of Mercia*, encroaching on the Marches of the Welsh.

This is a rather wide survey to be taking from the top of St. Paul's. London, I thought, was our subject! Well, who denies it? But who can make anything of London in a fog? And the fact is that London, for a century or two about this time, is under the yellowest fog that ever hung over it. Whatever Hengist, Horsa, and Co. did, it cannot be said that they improved the immediate prospects of London, or its apparent chances of becoming the capital of England. For what was London now? Only the capital (and perhaps sharing that honour with Colchester) of one of the kingdoms of the Heptarchy—and that kingdom about the smallest of the seven, and certainly the least heard of, either for good or bad! "Of all the kingdoms of the Heptarchy," says Rapin, "there is none whose history is so imperfect as that of the kingdom of Essex." And I can confirm M. Rapin in this. Not only during the whole period usually assigned to the existence

of the Heptarchy (beginning, say 600 and ending 830) do you find all that is important in the way of political action, whether civil or ecclesiastical, going on anywhere rather than in Essex—in Kent, in Mercia, but, above all, in Northumbria; but, having taken the pains to make out a list of all the Anglo-Saxon names of any intellectual or literary eminence during this whole period, I am sorry to report (and I hope the Essex and Middlesex people will not be offended by my doing so) that I do not find the name of a single Essex or Middlesex man in it. But I will give the particulars. My list includes 25 Anglo-Saxon names in all; and the following are the proportions among the seven kingdoms:—Northumbria, 14, or more than half; Wessex, 3; Mercia, 3; Kent, 3; East Anglia, 1; Sussex, 1; Essex, 0. Northumbria, by this list, beats all the rest hollow, and poor Essex is nowhere. Reason enough in this, surely, why I should have cajoled you into looking all over England for a paragraph or two, rather than down immediately under the dome.

But, if you *will* insist on knowing something of what is going on about the river-banks in the fog, let this suffice you: First, there came King Erchenwin, from the firm of Hengist and Horsa in Kent; and *he* set up in Essex for himself, and held his own against everybody else—sometimes over in Colchester, but more frequently, I fancy, down here in London. Then there was Sledda, and he is dead-a; then Sebert, who was the first King of Essex that tried to be a Christian; then Saxred, Seward, and Sigebert, three obstinate Pagans, all of whom sat and drank on one throne together, and, for aught I know, were the original Three Kings of Brentford; then Sigebert the Little, of whom little is known; then Sigebert the Good, who was the first Essex king that tried to be a Christian and succeeded; then Swithelm; then Sebba and Siger, the second a backsliding tiger; then Sebba by himself; then Sighard and Senofrid; then Offa, the inventor of "offal"; then Seolred; and then Swithred. The most notable

thing about these Essex kings is that the names of all of them but two began with S. There is probably some inference to be drawn from the fact; but what it is I do not know. Nor am I positively sure that it was London that they all chiefly honoured with their residence; though, as we do not hear much now of Verulamium and Camulodunum in competition with London, as they had been in the Roman times, it is probable that the trading facilities of London had begun to tell in its favour with their East-Saxon majesties. At all events, from about 604 the whirl of things in the East-Saxon parts seems to have been busiest round London, where the Romans had left convenient bits of a city-wall visible among the Saxon houses and wharves. Or, if there was any town to which the Essex and Middlesex people looked with greater respect than to London, it was Canterbury, over there among their Kentish cousins. For thither, in the reign of the Kentish king Ethelbert—a man to whom none of all the Essex kings was fit to hold a candle—had come the Roman missionary, Augustine, and his train of monks; and from Canterbury, so made holy, there had begun to radiate northwards and westwards the Christian teaching of Augustine's Latin emissaries. Lo! one of these it was, by name Mellitus, that first, in the year above mentioned, came with relics, and cups, and vestments, and stood there down among the wharves, trying to get the East-Saxons to listen to him, and let themselves be baptized. Sebert, their king, did all he could in the matter, to oblige his uncle Ethelbert; and there was built for Mellitus, as the first bishop of the East Saxons, a church called St. Paul's Church, on the very site of that bigger St. Paul's at the top of which we are now standing—not to speak of another church in honour of St. Peter, away there a mile to the west, and which was the original Westminster. But all would not do. The Essex and Middlesex people were unusually hard to convert. They relapsed into Paganism, and drove out Mellitus; and it devolved on a

Scotchman, or Northumbrian, named Cedd, who came after him—the Bishop Tait of his day—to break them thoroughly in (653). By that time, save in Sussex, which was even more backward than Essex in the matter of religion, and in Mercia, which remained in a half-and-half state, owing to the difficulty of Church-extension in so large a kingdom, Paganism was distinctly on the wane all over the Heptarchy, and in some parts gone. A century more, and it is gone (except what remained in the Anglo-Saxon bone, and that was not a little) in every part of the Heptarchy. As the sun shines down on broad England, lo ! a land of churches, and, glittering conspicuous among these churches, seventeen cathedrals, the seats of seventeen bishoprics—four of them in Northumbria (one the archbishopric of York), five in Mercia, two in East-Anglia, two in Kent (one the archbishopric of Canterbury), two in Wessex, one among the South Saxons, and one (our London) among the East Saxons. Thanks for this, however, not solely to Augustine and his successors in Canterbury, and to all that co-operated with them from Rome. For, earlier than Augustine, there had been Celtic missionaries from the north and west, making their way among the Northumbrians and the Mercians ; and since the time of Augustine there had been two Christianities, or at least two Christian theologies and disciplines, struggling for the possession of England—the Roman or Catholic theology and discipline from the South, and the older Celtic theology and discipline from the North-west. And, meeting in the middle, they had come into conflict ; and the Roman, as being more congenial to Anglo-Saxon tastes, or more vigorously backed, had beaten ; and the Celtic, having done its work chiefly in Northumbria, had lingeringly retired.

Up here, so high in the air, you will not, I suppose, object to hearing a bit of truth, even should it be unpalatable to you as a South-of-England man. I have never mentioned it to anybody else, but you may take my word for it. It is

that, among all the kingdoms of the Heptarchy, it would have been safest, down to the middle of the eighth century, to bet on Northumbria. You see in what a fog things have been down here immediately beneath us, among the East Saxons. The haze has been pretty thick also, as you may have marked, over the South Saxons ; and what sunshine there has been south of the Thames at all has been chiefly over Kent, and latterly over Wessex. But, away there in the far North, how Northumbria has been shining ! Whether because the Northumbrians had a start given them by the possession of that part of England where Roman civilization had been rifest round the capital Eboracum, or whether the cause was in the Northumbrian brain itself, certain it is that for a time Northumbria had the lead in the Heptarchy. More than half of all the Englishmen of the Heptarchy period, remembered now as of any intellectual or literary eminence, were, as I have told you, Northumbrians by birth—including Cædmon, and Benedict Biscop, and Wilfred, and Bede the Venerable (the very best of them all), and Egbert, and Alcuin. The likelihood in those days was, I can tell you, that the capital of England would be nowhere hereabouts, on the Thames, or in the South at all, but away in Yorkshire.

But, oh, we are short-sighted mortals ! There were causes at work that were to provincialize Northumbria, and drag the capital of England farther south. For one thing, the capital of England could not now, as in the Roman times, be conveniently so far away in the North. It must be nearer to the Continent. Old Father Thames also, flowing quietly, had known all the while, glancing at the banks on both sides of him, that in the end, even without extra-insular aid, all England would come to him. Then there was a southward-dragging force in the ecclesiastical supremacy of Canterbury, asserting itself more and more up through the midlands, against the rivalry of York. And Mercia, north of the Thames, and Wessex, south of the Thames, had both been bestirring

themselves, and, with the help of able kings, taking the shine politically out of Northumbria. And so, though Northumbria remained one of the three kingdoms—Northumbria, Mercia, and Wessex—into which the Heptarchy was reduced by the natural eating-up of the smaller kingdoms by the larger, the contest at last lay between Northern or Anglic England, as represented in Mercia, and Southern or Saxon England, as represented in Wessex. On which of these two would you bet? If you were a Lancashire man, or a Birmingham man, or if you foresaw that there was one day to be a Mercian called William Shakespeare, you would perhaps bet on Mercia. But I would advise you to bet on Wessex—Wessex which, though it has not as yet produced a Cædmon, a Bede, or an Alcuin, has produced, perhaps, the three next best of that kind, in Aldhelm, Boniface, and Willibald, and has, moreover, had kings that have not been letting the grass grow under their feet. And Wessex wins; so, at least, they tell you. It was about the year 830, they tell you, that Egbert, “King of the West Saxons,” the father of Alfred the Great, became, in some virtual manner, king of all England. He was actually king of all the Southern, or Saxon kingdoms—Wessex, Sussex, Essex, and Kent; but they say he was modest enough still to leave tributary kings in the three Northern, or Anglic kingdoms—Mercia, East Anglia, and Northumbria. The fact is, nobody exactly knows. Only this we know—that, somewhere about this date, England began to feel itself *one* under a West-Saxon dynasty; that, about the same time, Scotland began to set up for itself as a Scoto-Pictish unity, under a Scottish or Gaelic dynasty, helping itself to what it could of the northern fringes of Northumbria, and benefiting itself mightily thereby; and that Ireland, all the while, was still in existence, but whether as one, or four, or forty, it hardly knew itself, nor can Tom Moore tell you.

Winchester was the capital of old Wessex. Well, when the Wessex kings

had promoted themselves to be virtual kings of all England, did they abide in Winchester, or had they an eye to London? That they had an eye to London is likely enough; but they had a peck of troubles still between them, poor fellows, and the possession of London, or, indeed, of anything else steady in England. For what cloud is that which we see, about the year 839, rolling Londonwards over the fair fields of Kent, through Canterbury, through Rochester, nearer, ever nearer, and turning, as we gaze, into smoke and flame? Behold, through the smoke, those thundering fair-haired giants marching in the rear. The Danes, the Danes! They have reached Southwark; the river cannot stop them; they are rampaging through London and all round us; they set fire to all that is combustible in the city, and leave it in rubbish and ruin.

Not the first warning, by any means, to the British Islands, of this new and most terrible enemy, leaping on to their shores, and requiring either to be cast back or admitted and absorbed ere a national history could form itself. And here again, for a century or two, we shall know quite as much if we stow ourselves away within the dome, and wait there in darkness, as if we remained outside, letting our eyes range over the vast and glaring confusion. Some day, perhaps, our historians will undertake also this piece of work, and clear up for us the Danish or Scandinavian invasions of the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries, and their real connexion with British history. As it is, we have to imagine for ourselves, and mostly in the vague. That all round the islands, in every accessible bay, and up every firth or navigable river in England, Scotland, and even Ireland, the Hebrides, and the Orkneys, Danes are leaping ashore, sometimes plundering and going away again, but at other times, when the whim seizes them, remaining and settling; that everywhere the natives are fighting them, skinning those they can kill, and nailing their skins to the church-doors; that, nevertheless, in the end, about half the area of our islands

is Scandinavianized and made into Danish dominions ; that probably it is a good thing now for us that such was the case, and that much of the best pith in Britain at the present day is owing to that immense inrush of Scandinavian energy—all this we know, or may infer. Or, fixing our attention on England, we have the vision, first, of all Anglie or Northern England, including Northumbria, Mercia, and East Anglia, wrested from the Wessex kings and subject to Danish law, and even South England itself, or the old Saxon kingdoms of Wessex, Sussex, Essex, and Kent, overrun by the Danes and only retrieved from them by the great Englishman, Alfred.

Too little leisure had Alfred, through most of his life, to think of a capital, or to know where his capital might be ; and London, or what remained of it, was long at the mercy of the Danes. But, as soon as he had a little leisure, and the limits of the Danes had been settled, he looked after it, and had it rebuilt (886), so that from that time the citizens cherished the name of Alfred, and manned their walls stoutly for him and his successors in Wessex against every Danish army that came near. And it began to be clear what London was to be in England, when the Danish imbroglio should be over.

It almost seemed over in the time of Alfred's great successor, Athelstan, when the Danes had been walked through to the Scottish border, and all England had again been brought within the sway of Wessex. But then, when Ethelred of Wessex was "unready," there came in, to the reinforcement of the suppressed Danish element in England, the whole strength of the joint Scandinavian kingdoms of Denmark and Norway under King Swen (1004) ; and in ten years Ethelred was a fugitive in Normandy, and England was but a portion of Swen's large Scandinavian empire. And his son, the great Knut, or Canute, kept it so in spite of opposition ; and a Danish dynasty was established in England ; and, so far as England had a capital at all, it was properly not anywhere in England itself, but away in

Norway or Denmark. But, though Knut went and came a good deal between England and his continental possessions, England had the most of him, and he did his duty splendidly here, and was, as every information or legend respecting him shows, a man of true English humanity and genius. When he was in England, however, it was not London that he favoured with his residence, but rather the fenny and more Danish country of East Anglia. There it was that, being rowed in his barge with his queen and nobles one summer evening to the monastery of Ely, where, according to his custom, he was to keep the feast of the Purification, he felt his royal heart softened within him by the song of the monks as he approached, and, standing up, the better to listen, gave vent to his feelings in the little scrap of verse which, preserved long in the popular memory of those parts as King Canute's Song, was at length happily booked for us by an old chronicler, and is dear now as our earliest specimen of genuine English poetry, though it came from Danish lips :—

" Merrie sungen the muneches (*monks*) binnen
Ely,
Tha Knut king rew (*rowed*) therby ;
Roweth, knightes (*row, my men*), near the
land,
And hear we these muneches' sang ! "

England might have been worse off than under the rule of Knut's posterity, had they been at all like himself. But it was not so to be. Alfred's posterity of the native Wessex line were waiting for the reversion ; and, Knut's Scandinavian empire being divided after his death, England, after a little while, came to Edward the Confessor (1041-1066). Wessex, or the South of England, had preponderated, politically, at last, over all the north of England—over Mercia, East Anglia, and Northumbria Scandinavianized. And apparently not without reason, if I may rely on the same kind of statistics for the period from the so-called end of the Heptarchy to the Norman Conquest, as satisfied us for the period of the Heptarchy itself. Then, as we found, such muses as there were in England chiefly inhabited North-

umbria. Now it is different. Of thirty names on my list as those of the most eminent Englishmen, intellectually or ecclesiastically, during the last two centuries and a half of what is called the Anglo-Saxon period, twenty are certainly and presumably names of Wessex or South-of-England men (Wessex now not distinguished from the old kingdoms of Sussex, Essex, and Kent), while three are names of Anglo-Danes, and seven are distributed between Northumbria, Mercia, and East Anglia. Among the Wessex names, also, are indubitably the greatest, as St. Swithin, St. Neot, King Alfred, Bishop Ethelwold, Archbishop Dunstan, and Archbishop Ælfric.

Beyond a doubt, now, London is to be the capital of England. In the reign of good King Edward the Confessor, while all the land is in peace, lo! this city of the Thames, the assured emporium of the North and South, celebrated for its abundance of traders and provisions even more than it had been in the Roman times—fairly walled in, and with portreeves and guilds, and some substantial sort of Saxon municipal government; with a bridge, too, over the river, and, as you can easily see from this height, a sprinkling of villages and hamlets all round about, over the river, and down the river, and northward over the fields to Hampstead Heath. Nay, Westminster, up the Strand there, is to be, by King Edward's command, no mere village much longer, but a separate city. "Without the walls of London," Stow tells us from an older record, "upon the river Thames, there was in times past a little monastery builded to the honour of God and St. Peter, with a few Benedict monks in it, under an abbot, serving Christ: very poor they were, and little was given them for their relief. There the king intended (for that it was near to the famous city of London, and the river Thames, that brought in all kinds of merchandises from all parts of the world) to make his sepulchre. He commanded, therefore, that, of the tenths of all his rents, the work should be begun in such sort as should become the prince of the Apostles. At this his commandment

"the work is nobly begun, even from the foundation, and happily proceedeth till the same was finished: the charges bestowed, or to be bestowed, are not regarded. He granted to this church great privileges, above all the churches in this land, as appeareth by this his charter: 'Edward King greet William, bishop, and Leofstane and Ælffric, portreeves, and all my burgesses of London, friendly; and I tell you that I have this given and granted to Christ and Saint Peter the holy Apostle—at Westminster full freedom over all the land that belongeth to that holy place, &c.' He also caused the parish church of St. Margaret to be newly builded without the abbey church of Westminster, for the care and commodity of the monks, because before that time the parish church stood within the old abbey church, in the south aisle, somewhat to their annoyance." Having done all which, and convoked a great assembly of bishops and nobles to London for the ceremony of the consecration of the new abbey, King Edward died and was buried.

It was a characteristic of the Confessor's reign that one heard a good deal more of French spoken about London and Westminster than was pleasant to an English ear. But more of that language is to be spoken by-and-bye, both here and all over England. For what is that new cloud approaching this way over Kent? Not the Danes again, surely? Well, they are a kind of Danes, too, if you go far enough back in their pedigree; but Danes with a difference—Danes that have been Gallicized for a century or two, have cut their hair short, rid themselves of grosser ancestral tastes, brought their brains to the highest perfection then known in the world, and learnt to speak Northern French, and make it answer their purposes. It is William the Norman that has landed. He has gained the battle of Hastings; he is marching on London. See five hundred of his horse already skirmishing beautifully in the suburb of Southwark!

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1865.

A GALLERY OF AMERICAN PRESIDENTS.

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

I. WASHINGTON TO VAN BUREN.

A FEW years ago, the office of chief magistrate of the hugest republic the world ever saw seemed one of the lowest objects of human ambition, the fruit of jobbery and its prey, the badge of obscure mediocrity. The bright glory which had surrounded the name of Washington, and of which the fainter reflection had descended upon those of his immediate successors, had entirely passed away. Out of America, there were perhaps not more than a score or two of men, at the utmost, in all the world, that could have repeated the list of Presidents of the United States. Beyond Jackson—generally misjudged—profound forgetfulness, settling into contempt, had closed in upon their names. Now, however, the martyr-death of the last President has invested his office with a new glory, more fiery yet not less true than that of Washington himself. In the blaze of that light we may now care to look back through the darkness which it illumines, and to note the features of each of Abraham Lincoln's predecessors, as its rays fall upon each in turn. The White House stands reconsecrated to patriotism. It has become worth while to know who have been its occupants, even the least worthy among them.

In the already far away eighteenth century stands Virginian GEORGE WASH-

INGTON (born 1732, died 1799). A tall figure of six feet three inches, long-limbed, and in his prime rather slender for his height, but with broad and full chest; "the best horseman of his age," says Jefferson, "and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback." His eyes are light blue, his features regular; his countenance is sedate and thoughtful, but kindles under excitement. He thoroughly enjoys others' humour, but seldom shows much himself; although there are perhaps few bits of grave political fun better in their way than his retort, in the convention out of which grew the United States' constitution, to a proposal for limiting the standing army to five thousand men—that he saw no objection to the proposal, if coupled with a proviso that no enemy should invade the country with more than three thousand. Not fluent in speech: indeed, when after the warfare with the French and Indians he was elected in 1759, without any personal solicitation, to the Virginian House of Burgesses, and received a vote of thanks for his services from Mr. Speaker Robinson, he utterly failed to utter a syllable in reply, but only gave occasion by his confusion for a new compliment: "Sit down, Mr. Washington; your modesty equals your valour, and that surpasses the power of any language

"that I possess." During fifteen years that he was a member of this colonial assembly "he seldom spoke, never harangued, and it is not known that he ever made a set speech, or entered into a stormy debate;" yet, when he did speak, it was always to the point, and he was sure to be listened to. A man of singularly early ripeness of character, who as a mere boy copied legal precedents, like a conveyancer's pupil, for his own use in after life, and set out for himself in writing "rules of behaviour in company and conversation;" who at sixteen was charged with the survey of the Fairfax lands in the Alleghanies, and received shortly afterwards a commission as public surveyor; who at nineteen was adjutant-general of militia with the rank of major, was sent on a delicate and dangerous errand as commissioner to a French officer in command of a body of troops at twenty-one, and took part in actual warfare as lieutenant-colonel, second in command, at twenty-two; at twenty-three gained credit alone in Braddock's disastrous campaign, so as to be spoken of from the pulpit on his return, by one Samuel Davis, as "that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence has hitherto preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country;" and was shortly after placed in command of the Virginian army, as it was termed. Yet, happily perhaps for him, without instruction enough to make him a prig or a pedant; in a scholarly age, ignorant of the very rudiments of Latin; beginning French late in life, and never able either to write or speak it; self-taught even in grammar. Naturally withal of strong passions; two or three times in love from the age of seventeen years and upwards, and given at such times to the writing of bad verse; but at twenty-seven married to a fair young widow, who lived to see him also die, after forty years of quiet mutual love. As a boy, fond of athletic sports, a commander in sham-fights; in manhood, fond of the theatre, of fox-hunting, duck-shooting; ready personally to chastise a

poacher on occasion; till his death fond of agriculture, and horticulture especially; a successful tobacco-planter in colonial times, in later years changing his staples to wheat and grass; shrewd and economical, yet withal truly hospitable and charitable all his life. When, during the revolutionary war, his wife joined him in camp, he wrote to the person left in charge of his estate at Mount Vernon: "Let the hospitality of the house with respect to the poor be kept up. Let no one go hungry away. If any of this kind of people should be in want of corn, supply their necessities, provided it does not encourage them in idleness." And, after authorizing his correspondent to spend forty or fifty pounds a year in charity, he adds: "In all other respects I recommend to you, and have no doubt of your observing, the greatest economy and frugality, as I suppose you know that I do not get a farthing for my services here beyond my expenses." Singularly considerate and courteous, though always tenacious of his own dignity,—careful to consult others, but using their opinions only as elements to form his own,—he never forgot, seldom forgave, subterfuge or dishonesty. As a planter, he kept carefully with his own hand all day-books, ledgers, letter-books, and the like, drew up himself his contracts, deeds, bonds, wills; as a general, he carefully planned on paper every campaign and battle; as a President, he carefully tabulated the results of all official reports and records. To the last, one might say, a sort of heroic, semi-divine surveyor in a pioneer age, looking out upon this world's political and moral wilderness as he looked at sixteen on the wild Fairfax domain in the Alleghanies, as something which, by method, and skill, and will, such as he knows himself to possess, is capable of being parcelled out, and measured, and shaped into fitness for human use and comfort, and therefore disheartened by no difficulties, provided only he has his own way for dealing with them. Throughout the war of independence, you see that his only object is to clear the coun-

try of the English, as he might clear a field of stumps. In the brilliant moves of the great game of war he seems to take no delight; he has none of the sudden inspirations of genius; if deranged during the course of an action, Jefferson tells us, or if "any member of his plan" is "dislocated by sudden circumstances," he is "slow in a readjustment;" but it would be difficult probably to find any commander who, without any really brilliant victories, amidst repeated defeats from the enemy, and hindrances of all kinds on his own side, either inspired so entire a confidence in his own countrymen, or effected a greater work. The world at large will certainly not remember Trenton or Princeton, any more than it will Brandywine or Germantown. But it will never forget that George Washington was the commander-in-chief of those colonist soldiers—often militiamen enlisted only for a few weeks—ill-paid, ill-clad, often without powder, who ended by driving out all the armies of England. So of his eight years' Presidency (1789-97). What single leading event of it has planted a milestone in the world's history? The whole work of it nearly consists only in the mapping out, so to speak, of the future development of his country's life. He fixes boundary marks here and there; as respects foreign nations, in a resolute neutrality in reference to European affairs; as respects his own people, in a resolute vindication of the Federal authority against taxation riots, and a parting warning against secession in his "Farewell Address," which anticipates in fact in a sentence all the rough work which Abraham Lincoln will have to do: "The Constitution which at any time exists, until changed by an explicit and deliberate act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all." Yet, though the world knows little of the separate events of his Presidency, it recollects clearly that by moderation and justice Washington shaped the beginning of a mighty polity. It knows that he set an example to all ambition by stepping back again from the highest office into private life, as simply as, by the unanimous vote of the whole

Electoral College, he had stepped up into it. ("He seemed to me to enjoy a triumph over me," wrote John Adams to his wife of Washington's handing over to him the Presidency.) It knows that he went down to the grave the "father of his country." Washington died, at the age of sixty-seven years, on the 14th of December, 1799, after two days' illness, of a severe sore throat, not without much suffering. "I die hard," he said the last day, "but I am not afraid to die; I believed from my very first attack that I should not survive it. My breath cannot last long." After which he spoke but little, except to thank the doctors, and ask them to take no more trouble, but let him die quietly. Between ten and eleven that night he breathed his last. "Is he gone?" asked Martha Washington, his wife. His secretary, Mr. Lear, could but hold up his hand. "'Tis well; all is now over. I shall soon follow him. I have no more trials to pass through."

A quarter of a century before, after the first session of the first Congress (1774), Patrick Henry, when asked who was the greatest man in it, had said of him, "If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina is by far the greatest orator; but, if you speak of solid information and good judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on that floor." After his death, Jefferson, who, at first a member of his Cabinet, had led the opposition against him, wrote: "His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was indeed in every sense of the word a wise, a good, and a great man."

JOHN ADAMS, of Massachusetts (born 1735, died 1826) succeeded him. Washington had only passed from the surveyor into the soldier and the country gentleman; John Adams, a farmer's—others say a mechanic's—son, but of the stock of the earliest settlers, had passed through Harvard College; had been a school-

master, and a successful barrister ; had sat in the first Congress (1774), of which Jefferson tells us he was "the Colossus"—adding, "not graceful, not elegant, "not always fluent in his public addresses, he yet came out with a power "both of thought and expression which "moved his hearers from their seats." He had in this Congress seconded (8th June, 1776) the Resolution declaring the "United Colonies to be free and independent States ;" had practised diplomacy for his country as commissioner, or ambassador, in France, Holland, England ; had published an "Essay on Canon and Civil Law," and a "Defence of the Constitution and Government of the United States." He was the chief author of the Constitution of Massachusetts, and had been Vice-President—in other words, Speaker of the United States' Senate—during the whole of Washington's double Presidency. A man whose character is thus drawn by his latterly successful rival, Jefferson, at a time (1787) when they must already have become somewhat alienated in opinion, in a letter to Madison :—"He "is vain, irritable, and a bad calculator "of the force and probable effect of the "motives which govern men. This is "all the ill which can possibly be said "of him. He is as disinterested as the "Being who made him ; he is profound in "his views and accurate in his judgment, "except when knowledge of the world "is necessary to form a judgment. He "is so amiable that I pronounce you will "love him if ever you become acquainted "with him." And later, quoting "an enemy's" dictum :—"He is always an honest man, and often a great one." Not a bad character, one would say, to be handed down to posterity by enemies and by rivals—of a Calvinist, by a Free-thinker. Whatever may have been his foibles, no American statesman has left behind him a purer reputation than John Adams.

Washington had been the candidate of the nation. John Adams was that of a majority only, representing the so-called Federalist party. It is difficult for us now to estimate the bitterness of

party-feeling which, in the end of the last century, and the beginning of this, divided "Federalists" from "Republicans"—the latter not to be confounded with the present party of that name, but being, in fact, the predecessors of their opponents, the "Democrats." The main difference between the two was that the former aimed rather at the consolidation of American nationality by giving adequate powers to the Central Government, the latter at the jealous preservation of State-liberties. So the former were treated as monarchists, the latter as anarchists in disguise. Hamilton, Washington's Secretary of the Treasury, and the true Federalist leader, had had the enormity to say that the British Government, with all its corruptions, was the best then existing ; John Adams giving occasion to the speech by the only less heinous opinion, that the British Government would be the best if purged of its corruptions. This was enough to make Jefferson assert that during Adams's stay in England as *Chargé d'Affaires*—where he was often scarcely treated with common civility by the Court—"the glare of royalty and nobility . . . had made him believe their fascination a necessary ingredient in government." So he was only allowed to fulfil one term of office, and was succeeded (1801) by

THOMAS JEFFERSON, the Virginian (born 1743, died 1826). A tall man, of an expressive, intelligent countenance ; of a good and wealthy family, excellently educated (at William and Mary College, Virginia) in Greek, Latin, French, mathematics, philosophy ; author of "Notes on Virginia," and other publications. He had practised as a barrister ; had brought forward, in the Virginia legislature, a motion for permitting the emancipation of slaves, which was rejected ; had drawn up some instructions for delegates to a general congress then proposed, which were afterwards published as "A summary View of the Rights of British America ;" had sat in the General Congress (1775) ; had drawn up the famous Declaration of Independence ; had been governor of Virginia ; had almost car-

ried in Congress (11th March, 1784) a proposal, that after the year 1800 there should be no more slavery in any of the future states of the Confederation; had gone to Europe as plenipotentiary (1784-89), residing almost exclusively in France, but travelling as far as Milan. On his return to his country he had become Secretary of State, under Washington, but had resigned in 1793; had competed for the Presidency against Adams in 1797, and had been elected to the Vice-Presidency; and now reached the highest office, strange to say, not even as the candidate of a majority of the presidential electors, whose votes were equally divided between him and the United States' first traitor, Burr, but by the vote of the House of Representatives. As good an imitation of a great man, perhaps, as the world has ever seen; of amazing variousness of information; "no speaker," Colonel Burton tells us, "but a most instructive and fascinating talker;" quick, shrewd, supple in mind; generous, though a passionate partizan; the shallowest of eighteenth-century Free-thinkers, yet using the name of God with effect; with much love of justice in the abstract, and an ethical creed so low that he reckoned good-humour as the first among moral qualities; a disclaimer against slavery, and an owner, probably father, of slaves, whom he left unenfranchised. Strong in a rhetorical fervour, which did duty for much greater warmth of heart than he possessed, and in a sincere incapacity for distinguishing between his own opinions and the welfare of the country, he offers to us the most brilliant type of the Southerner which American history as yet presents. Washington had done his best, till Jefferson's withdrawal, to make all honest men of opposite opinions work together for the country's good, uniting Jefferson and Hamilton in one Cabinet, and giving the superior office to Jefferson, whose tendencies were not his own. Adams, by a singular act of spite, is said to have spent his last days of power in giving place to opponents of his successor. Jefferson, on coming into power, in turn swept out his predecessor's nomi-

nees from office, to put partizans of his own policy in their place; yet it is recorded of him that in so doing he showed no bias of kindred or friendship. During his Presidency he was far from justifying the expectations either of his admirers or his opponents; profited by various strokes of good luck; left the main conduct of affairs to Madison; proclaimed the most peaceful intentions; left his country unprepared for war, in the midst of a tremendous conflict. To his first period of office (which was renewed in 1805) belongs the purchase of Louisiana from France—an act big with future troubles.

Retiring, like Washington, after his second Presidency, in 1809, Jefferson's life soon became linked once more with that of his old rival, Adams, from whom he had remained some years estranged, although, at a period of Jefferson's administration when he was in difficulties with England, Adams had generously supported him in some letters published in a Boston paper. "I always loved Jefferson, and still love him," Adams had said; and soon after sent him, with a letter, some specimens of homespun. Before these last had even arrived, the letter was answered in the friendliest terms (1812). Nothing could be pleasanter henceforth than the exchange of correspondence between the two veteran statesmen, ranging as it does over almost every conceivable topic, from Greek texts to theology, were it not now known that all the while Jefferson was continuing to deposit in a series of ana the venom of a life-time against the party to which his friend belonged. And, in the correspondence itself, the utter superficiality of Jefferson's nature comes out more and more. A genial old man of seventy-three must be he who says (1815)—"My temperament is sanguine; I steer my bark with hope in the head, leaving fear astern." We may barely conceive of such a one that he would be willing, as Jefferson declared himself to be, to live his life over again. But when he goes on to say: "I have often wondered for what good end the sensations of grief could be intended," it is difficult not to

turn away with a feeling akin to contempt. What! old man, so near the grave, so much evil around, so many loved ones gone, and wondering why man should grieve?

But Jefferson lived on, with Adams, for thirteen years still; the latter in comfort, but in exceedingly feeble health; Jefferson amidst pecuniary difficulties, not entirely of his own creation. With all his varied powers, and with a show of accuracy in accounts, observations, tables, and the like, he was by no means a good man of business in his own concerns. To that pitch, indeed, did he come, that, after having opposed lotteries all his life, he asked permission at last to put his own domain of Monticello into a lottery. The last day of both Adams and Jefferson has often been recorded. The morning of the 4th July, 1826, had come, the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. Bells were ringing, and guns and crackers firing, and the din woke up old John Adams. He was asked if he knew what it all meant. After a moment, "Oh, 'yes! it is the glorious 4th of July—God 'bless it! God bless you all!" Then, after a while: "It is a great and glorious day;" then, after a last pause: "Jefferson still survives." At noon his last illness came; at 6 p.m. he died. Jefferson was then himself dead since 1 o'clock, his last words being, "I resign 'my soul to my God, and my daughter 'to my country." The two old rival friends went forth to meet their Maker together.

When all has been said, Jefferson must live in history as the author of the "Declaration of Independence"—a document which, to calm, distant readers, not trained to look to it as the starting-point of their own nationality, must seem declamatory, and hollow; yet the influence of which over the destinies of the United States, were it only through its implied pledge of equality between white and black, has been incalculable. "I have never had a feeling politically," said Abraham Lincoln, in Independence Hall, on his way to the Capitol and to martyrdom, "that did not spring from

"the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence It "was not the mere matter of the separation of the colonies from the mother-land, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave "liberty not alone to the people of this "country, but I hope to the world, for "all future time If this country "cannot be saved without giving up "that principle, I was about to say I "would rather be assassinated on this "spot than surrender it."

JAMES MADISON (born 1751, died 1836), third Virginian President, continues Jefferson much as John Adams continues Washington. A planter's son, much younger than his predecessors, he had been nearly as well educated as Jefferson; had graduated at Princeton College, New Jersey (performing "all "the exercises of the two senior collegiate "years in one); and had studied for the Bar, though I am not aware that he was ever called. He had sat repeatedly in the Legislature, or the Council, of Virginia; in the Congress of 1780, in the Congress after the Constitution (1789-97); had, with Hamilton and Jay, written the celebrated series of letters known as "The Federalist," in explanation of the United States Constitution; had drawn up some celebrated resolutions of the Legislature of Virginia (1798), which have since served as a text-book to the "States-rights" party, and had become Secretary of State under Jefferson. The latter was much attached to him. "I have ever viewed Mr. Madison and yourself," he wrote to Monroe, in 1808, "as two principal pillars of my happiness." He has left of Madison a glowing eulogium; speaking of his "habit of self-possession," his "luminous and discriminating mind," his "extensive information, his "never "wandering from his subject into vain "declamation, but pursuing it closely in "language pure, classical, and copious, "soothing always the feelings of his "adversaries by civilities and softness "of expression," his "pure and spot- "less virtue, which no calumny has ever "attempted to sully," and concluding—

"Of the powers and polish of his pen, "and of the wisdom of his administration "in the highest office of the nation, "I need say nothing." Posterity has hardly confirmed the latter part, at least, of this panegyric of Jefferson's on one whom he must have looked upon as his favourite pupil. Though always leaning to France against England, Jefferson had steered clear of actual political partizanship between foreign nations. Madison drifted (through Clay's influence, it is said) into that deplorable war between the United States and England, grounded on an English Order in Council, which the British Ministry had decided on revoking before the declaration of war by the United States, and actually revoked four days after it. Although the course of the war, especially at sea, was not discreditable to the Americans, considering how little prepared they were for it, it was terminated by a peace which guaranteed nothing which they had gone to war to secure, and left the United States for the time being with a heavy debt and an annihilated trade, and the beginning of a protective system (promoted at this time by Calhoun and the South Carolinians). Madison quitted office after his second term, in 1817, and afterwards only took part in the revision of the Virginia Constitution (1829). Personally a most amiable man, of great conversational powers, he made no enemies. He was always an invalid (having weakened his constitution in youth by excessive study), and lived on to his eighty-fifth year, with two or three mortal diseases.

JAMES MONROE, Madison's coeval successor (born 1751, died 1831), closes for a time the list of Virginian Presidents. Of Irish Presbyterian extraction, unlike his three last predecessors, he was a soldier; had served in the revolutionary war; had, as a lieutenant, been wounded at Trenton in 1766; and had been appointed colonel on Washington's recommendation, just before the end of the war. He then went to college, studied law, entered the legislature, opposed in the Virginia Convention the adoption of the United States Constitution, sat in

the Senate; was sent by Washington as minister to France, where, however, he was considered by the then cabinet to have shown himself too subservient to French policy. Recalled in 1790, he was appointed governor of Virginia, and, after Jefferson's accession to the Presidency, sent again as minister to France, afterwards to Spain. In the former country, together with Mr. H. R. Livingston, he concluded the purchase of Louisiana; but a treaty which he drew up with Spain was disallowed by Jefferson, and Monroe returned dissatisfied, and unsuccessfully competed with Madison for the Presidency, not obtaining a single vote. But Jefferson brought the two old friends together again; he was made Secretary of State, (or prime minister), and succeeded Madison in the Presidency, by an all but unanimous vote (1816); served his two terms, and withdrew into private life (1825). "A slow, hard-working man, of parts," Benton says, "not shining, but solid; lacking genius, but possessing judgment;" at one time singularly valued by Jefferson (who once wrote of him, "Turn his "soul wrong side outwards, and there is "not a speck on it"); of whom it has even been said that "he never could "have attained the dignity of the Presidency independent of his intimacy and "political connexion with Mr. Jefferson." Courteous almost to fulsome, he seemed the very President for a country wearied and exhausted by war, at a time when party spirit had almost gone out. After consulting General Jackson, the popular military hero of the day, Monroe formed a cabinet, in which John Quincy Adams was Secretary of State, and J. C. Calhoun Secretary of War,—three men of whom each pair were one day to stand wide as the poles asunder. His Presidency was called "the era of good feeling;" there was no opposing candidate against him at his second term of office. He concluded treaties with England, with Spain, and, without much intending it, left his mark upon the history of the world in the shape of that famous but much exaggerated "Monroe Doctrine," so much applauded at the time by

European liberals, in and out of office, but since then found so awkward by benevolent European sovereigns wishing to ensure the blessings of royalty or imperialism (as the case may be) to transatlantic republicans who don't know the value of them, and which only amounted to an intimation to European powers that an expansion of their system to any part of the American hemisphere would be considered by the United States "dangerous to their peace and safety," and that the American continents were not thenceforth "to be considered as subjects for colonization by any European power." On the history of his own country, again, Monroe has, if not left *his* mark, yet allowed a mark to be left, which the history of the five-and-forty succeeding years has not suffered to be overlooked, viz:—the famous Missouri Compromise, by which, in violation of an ordinance of 1787, slavery was allowed to extend north of the Ohio, but was limited to the parallel of 36° 40' N. latitude. He died, like Adams and Jefferson, on a 4th July. A worse manager of money matters than even the latter, he had had at last to be relieved in his embarrassments by a vote of money from Congress.

Without forming part of the group of the actual founders of the republic, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, of Massachusetts (born 1769, died 1848), belongs yet to that of the statesmen contemporaries of Washington. The son of John Adams, he accompanied his father to Europe as a boy, then returned to America, graduated brilliantly at Harvard, studied and practised law (apparently with little success), had the credit of being the first who strenuously advocated the absolute neutrality of the United States in European quarrels (in letters signed "Marcellus," to the *Boston Sentinel*, 1793). He was soon distinguished by Washington, and was sent by him—the youngest man ever selected to represent the United States abroad—at twenty-seven, as minister to Holland, then to Portugal. When John Adams succeeded to office, he consulted Washington as to whether he should maintain his son at his post.

"I give it as my decided opinion," said Washington, "that Mr. Adams is the "most valuable public character we have "abroad, and that there remains no doubt "in my mind that he will prove himself "to be the ablest of all our diplomatic "corps." By John Adams he was sent to Prussia, but recalled by him on leaving office, not to embarrass Jefferson, Mr. Seward tells us; an act quite out of keeping with the spiteful appointments to office which Jefferson charged on his predecessor. After a period of service, first in the senate of his own state, then in that of the United States (during part of which time he was also professor of rhetoric and belles lettres at Cambridge University), John Quincy Adams resumed office, being sent as minister to Russia by Madison, and finally to England, from whence he was recalled by Monroe, to become his Secretary of State, a post he only quitted for the Presidency. Like Jefferson at his first election, he owed his Presidency to the House of Representatives—Andrew Jackson, who had the largest number of votes, not having obtained the requisite majority. A man, it will be seen, of the most varied experience abroad, and of the highest at home; of remarkable eloquence, overflowing with knowledge; large and lofty in mind, strong of body; fond of athletic exercises, an untiring walker till very late in life, a first-rate swimmer (while President, he might often be seen at sunrise breasting the waters of the Potomac); frugal, temperate, so as to be accused of stinginess; an early riser, who during his Presidency "was probably the first man up "in Washington, lighted his own fire, "and was hard at work in his library," whilst every one else was asleep; a Unitarian in creed, but a devout reader of the Bible. Most warm-hearted in fact, but with an exterior, we are told by a friendly writer, "of at times almost repulsive coldness," he was not popular enough, and probably too cultivated for his time.

Like all northern Presidents, John Quincy Adams was only allowed to fulfil a single term of office (1825–29).

But, unlike both his predecessors and successors, he really filled a larger space in his country's history after leaving the Presidency than before. The man who had been the chief of the state accepted and retained for seventeen years, till his death (1831-48), a seat, not even in the Senate, his natural home, but in the House of Representatives of the United States. His eloquence seemed to rise, his moral character to stand out purer and loftier, with the increase of years. He became the champion of the anti-slavery party, the strenuous defender of the right of petition, which was actually denied in reference to slavery; brought forward in 1842 a motion for an amendment to the constitution, extinguishing *hereditary* slavery after the 4th July of that year; was threatened with expulsion, indictment, the penitentiary, assassination, mob-law; persevered; saw the first streaks of a coming dawn in the rescision, in 1845, of the "gag rule," and the consequent admission of petitions on the subject of slavery; at seventy-four re-entered the Supreme Court, after thirty years' absence from the bar, to defend the negroes of the *Amistad*, who, being taken to Cuba, had risen on their captors, and having reached the United States were now claimed by two Spaniards; and had the happiness of seeing their freedom decreed.

His death recalls that of Chatham. On the 21st February, 1848, having shown that morning an unusual alacrity, and having composed even a few stanzas of poetry, he was struck with paralysis in the House; lay unconscious in the speaker's room till the 23rd (his last words on being moved thither being, "This is the last of earth; I am content"); and died in the evening of that day, public business being suspended in token of respect to him, and the public offices being draped in mourning after his death. Altogether as noble a figure as any in American history; statuesque, antique. "The old man eloquent" was his common designation in later years.

With ANDREW JACKSON of Tennessee (born, however, in South Carolina, 1767,

died 1845)—an exact contemporary with J. Q. Adams, as Monroe had been with Madison—begins, as it were, a new dynasty of Presidents, of which he is the most favourable, and almost the only favourable, specimen. He is the candidate of the Democratic (the successor of the old Republican) party, which from henceforth till the election of Lincoln—a period of more than thirty years—will scarcely allow the highest office to slip from its grasp once or twice. Like Monroe, Jackson was of Irish Presbyterian race; his father the son of a linendraper near Carrickfergus. A rough man throughout life, but not uneducated; meant for a clergyman, but took to soldiering in his teens on the outbreak of the revolutionary war, was made prisoner by the English, wounded in the hand by an English officer (one trusts unintentionally) for refusing to clean his boots, and fought on from 1780 till the end of the war. At fifteen, by the death of his brother and mother, he found himself without kith or kin in the world, and seems to have given himself up to bad courses; but suddenly reformed, and, like Monroe before him, began studying the law, and was in 1787 appointed solicitor for the "Western District of North Carolina," now Tennessee; fighting nevertheless, meanwhile, as a private in Indian warfare, and earning from the Indians names such as "Sharp Knife," and "Pointed Arrow," destined to merge in his historical cognomen of "Old Hickory." So he goes on for a while, mingling law and warfare in oddest fashion, helping to frame a constitution for Tennessee, a representative, a senator, a major-general of the state forces, judge of the state Supreme Court; then throwing up judicial office to farm near Nashville, till the war with England, in 1812. He now resumes soldiering, raises two or three thousand volunteers, campaigns successfully against the Creek Indians, who finally submit; becomes a major-general in the service of the United States, takes part in the direct hostilities with England, takes Pensacola, achieves the last feat of the war in the repulse of

the English from New Orleans (8th January, 1815). But in nothing did the hard, stern character of the man, his disregard for law in pursuing what he deemed to be the interest of the country, come out so much as in the Seminole war, 1818-19, where we find him raising and officering a force in direct opposition to the orders of the Federal Government, seizing forts and places belonging to Spain, with whom the United States were at peace; shooting Indian prisoners of war without trial, and a brace of Englishmen (Arbuthnot and Ambrister) after a court-martial. Yet he won favour with the crowd by his very misdoings; was whitewashed in Congress, continued in command, appointed Commissioner in negotiating with Spain for the purchase of Florida, then in effect its Governor; was sent to the Senate, made the largest number of votes at the presidential election of 1824, and was returned triumphantly in 1828 and in 1832.

His Presidency is historical. Office brought out all the man's higher qualities. Ambitious, selfish, unscrupulous though he might be, he had one unselfish passion—which became from henceforth the ruling one of the better half of the American people—the Union. A South Carolinian born, a slave-owner, sent up by the Democratic party, with Calhoun for Vice-President, you might almost expect to see him make havoc of the central power. The Southerners evidently reckon upon this. They are crying out (one state excepted, Louisiana) against that protective system which they originally promoted, finding that slavery disables them utterly from realizing its real or fancied benefits in any branch of manufacture where they have to compete with the free North. The President is known himself to be opposed to the protective tariff. The old "States rights" party in the South have now reached to the half-way house towards Secession, i.e. "Nullification," or the doctrine of the right of individual states to interpret and "nullify" acts of Congress. South Carolina accordingly "nullifies" the Federal tariff for her own behoof. With

no military force to speak of, Jackson "put his foot down strongly"—to use Mr. Lincoln's celebrated words—against Nullification. Using the pen of his Secretary of State, Edward Livingston—for "he had vigorous thoughts, but not the faculty of arranging them in a regular composition, either written or spoken"—he utterly denied the sovereignty of the states, their right "to absolve themselves at will, and without the consent of the other states," from constitutional obligations, declared that in such a case "the duties of the Government became the measure of its powers," and was ready to suppress South Carolinian resistance by force. But Clay patched up a compromise, and the golden opportunity of crushing Secession in the bud was lost for ever. We have been told lately that Jackson always regretted not having hanged his Vice-President, Calhoun, the avowed champion of Nullification in the Senate. But he lived unpunished, to plot further mischief, and to become one day Secretary of State to that Government to which half his life was virtual treason.

As I look back from the point of view of the last four years upon Andrew Jackson's Presidency, I feel more and more impressed with his clear-sightedness and massive strength. That tall, lean, yellow-faced man, grey-eyed, grey-haired, hard-featured, hawk-like, whose every step in life was a contest, seems anything but a loveable personage. As compared with Jefferson and the group of Southerners who surround him, he represents a much lower type, of coarse, hard fibre. All sensitiveness to the wrong of slavery is quite rubbed out in him; abolitionism proper he simply hates. As to the Red Indians, who are not even fit to be slaves, he is ready to sweep them out of the way like vermin. Yet he seems to have been singularly beloved by those who knew him intimately, and to have had strong attachments. Many years after his death, Benton declared him to have been, if irascible, placable as well, cordial, and sincere in reconciliation; chivalrous towards women, and, after his

early reformation, unsullied in his personal morals. He had never any private debts of his own, and made any sacrifices to get out of those incurred for others ; "never gave up a friend on a doubtful fact, or from policy, or calculation." The warmth of this testimony, coming as it does from a man not unlike Jackson himself, hard and strong-willed, self-wrapped withal, adds of itself to its weight. When Benton adds : "The character of his mind was that of judgment, with a rapid and almost intuitive perception, followed by an instant and "decisive action," I think the facts fully bear him out. I find Jackson in the right on almost all the great questions immediately at issue during his tenure of office (thoroughly wrong, indeed, as to slavery, but that was not yet foremost) ; right against all odds ; misunderstood and misrepresented—not only through life, but after death—by almost all writers who have won the public ear, from "Jack Downing" to Tocqueville ; yet through all sustained by the deep instincts of the people's heart, felt to be their leader and true king, and trusting to them in turn. "He was a firm believer," says Benton, "in the goodness of a superintending Providence, and in the eventual right judgment of the people. "I have seen him at the most desperate part of his fortunes, and never saw him waver in the belief that all would come right in the end." All the great statesmen of the day dislike and try to despise him for a rough upstart. The three leaders and representatives of the three different sections of the American people—Webster of the Northern, Calhoun of the Southern, Clay of that of the Border slave-states—combine to oppose him ; thwarting him even on personal questions, such as the appointment of Van Buren to the English legation. Jackson faces them all, and, with the Senate against him, is triumphantly re-elected. In his great struggle with the Nullificationists, Webster alone of the three chiefs heartily supports him ; Clay becomes a candidate for the Presidency against him in the very midst of the contest,—to fail, indeed, miserably.

But, whilst bent on upholding the national authority, Jackson sees clearly where it should be limited to secure its own purity. He will not allow the several states to "scramble" for appropriations of public money towards internal improvements. Above all, he will have no organized money-power beside the Federal Government to corrupt and enslave it. When the worst has been said of Jackson's motives in his struggle with the United States' Bank, and of the means used in carrying it on, that struggle remains in its consequences only less momentous than the Nullification one. Had Jackson failed in it,—had Nicholas Biddle's ambitious financial structure subsisted to overshadow his feebler successors, it must, in all probability, have rotted away, by its contact, that of the central Government, and would have brought it tumbling down with itself at its final downfall. Jackson fights the Bank single-handed, with Webster and Clay for opponents ; fights it at the very moment that he is engaging Calhoun on the Nullification question. He does not, indeed, retain office long enough to finish the struggle ; but, bowing to example quietly, gives up his power at the very flush of his popularity,—disdaining to be his country's Cromwell or Napoleon, although so many elements of his character seemed well fitted to make him try the part,—and withdraws to his farm (the Hermitage, near Nashville). But his name remained for years a rallying-point for the Democratic party. He seemed greater out of office than in it. A censure passed upon him by the Senate for his conduct in reference to the Bank was expunged by an express vote, thirteen days after his leaving the Presidency. Later still, under President Tyler, the final downfall and exposure of Nicholas Biddle's gigantic swindle became Jackson's crowning moral triumph. The gratitude of his countrymen was characteristically shown to him in a matter small in itself,—the repayment to him by Congress of a fine which he had paid, at the time of the war with England, for contempt of

Court in disobeying a *habeas corpus* during the subsistence of martial law. One Andrew Johnson, Jackson's fellow-citizen of Tennessee, made himself somewhat conspicuous in Congress as a supporter of these measures.

Jackson was not a great man, but still less was he a sham great man like Jefferson; on the whole, by far the nearest approach to greatness that America offers between Washington and Lincoln; spoilt for it only perhaps by the accursed influences of the slave-world amidst which he lived. A man singularly tried in his personal affections; at fifteen, as we have seen, a brotherless orphan; who died a childless widower. I believe Benton enters into the very core of Jackson's character when he says that "in the time of Cromwell he would have been a Puritan." That there was a well-spring of deep tenderness in that rugged nature is well shown by a touching anecdote of the same writer's: "I arrived at his house one wet, chilly evening in February, and came upon him in the twilight, sitting alone before the fire, a lamb and a child between his knees. . . . The child had cried because the lamb was out in the cold, and begged him to bring it in, which he had done to please the child, his adopted son, then not two years old."

No man could be more unlike "Old Hickory" than his political first lieutenant, who succeeded him (1837); yet MARTIN VAN BUREN of New York (born 1782—died 1862) continues Jackson, as John Adams Washington, as Madison Jefferson. Middle-sized, slight, though capable of exertion, with large bald head; a speaker so rapid that no shorthand writer can follow him; seldom submitting to the drudgery of writing out a speech; a self-made man, the son of an innkeeper at Kinderhook, with no education but that of the village "academy," he had begun studying law at fourteen, was admitted to the bar at twenty-one, was for three years Attorney-General of his State, but was especially prominent as a Democratic politician, sitting in a convention at

nineteen, rising from the New York senate to that of the United States, becoming governor of his state in 1828, then passing through the Secretaryship of State and the Vice-Presidency to the Presidential chair. A first-rate lawyer, shrewd, crafty, the organizer of a certain so-called "Albany Regency," which for twenty years controlled the Democratic party; "always punctilious, always polite, always cheerful, always self-possessed," as a recent writer, Mr. W. A. Butler, describes him; of most "remarkable imperturbability;" with a keen sense of the humorous; far-sighted withal, and who in his "Inaugural" had the boldness to speak of slavery as "perhaps the greatest of the most prominent sources of discord and disorder" in the country, and by 1848 had advanced so far as to be the candidate of the so-called "Free Democrats,"—a wing of the Democratic party, which separated from the main body on the principle of opposition to the extension or encouragement of slavery (although we are expressly told by Mr. Butler that he never had his heart in the camp). He never inspired enthusiasm, and, perhaps too good for a party hero, was not good enough for a national one.

The task of his Presidency was a hard one. He had to weather a long-impending financial crisis, and a serious difficulty with England, arising out of the Canadian insurrection. He did both; organizing in the midst of the former an "Independent Treasury," which is still in operation; disavowing border-sympathizers, and behaving fairly and honourably towards England. By the former course, and by his continuing Jackson's opposition to the United States' Bank, he kept up the hostility of the so-called Whig party (successor to the old "Federalist" one) against him; by the latter, he alienated from him all the more unscrupulous Democrats; whilst again, by declining to admit Texas, already torn away from Mexico, into the Union, he thwarted the South in its designs for the extension of slavery. Popular he never was; he was habitually charged with

two great sins, 1st, "non-committalism"—a piece of neologism which seems to have been invented for the very purpose of characterising his wary caution—and aristocratic tastes. "He dressed too well, he lived too well, the company he kept was too good, his tastes were too refined, his tone was too elegant," for a leader of that Democratic party which was above all that of the uneducated, the reckless, the Irish.¹ Moreover, there had been much suffering through the commercial crisis under his Presidency—of course easy to be traced to his bad government. So the Whigs had for once a chance, and elected against Van Buren at his second nomination, by an overwhelming majority, a former unsuccessful competitor, General Harrison (1840).

I suspect Van Buren became a Democrat purely upon calculation. The Whig party was at this time emphatically one of statesmen and gentlemen; by joining it he could only have taken place in a crowd on the second rank. In the Democratic party, on the contrary, there was a clear vacancy for a gentleman statesman, immediately behind its military hero, Jackson, and Van Buren had nothing to do but step up into it.

Van Buren did not, indeed, at once give up the hope of recovering office. He was supported for the Democratic nomination to the Presidency, but not actually nominated, in 1844; in 1848, as before mentioned, nominated by the "Free Democracy." Failing then however, he withdrew from public life; travelled in Europe, 1853-5; and died where he was born, at Kinderhook, Columbia county, New York, in the midst of the Secession war. A man, I take it, at least equal in ability to any who have either preceded or succeeded him, but devoid of high principle, spoilt by political partizanship and habits of intrigue; who would have made a first-rate premier for a constitutional monarchy in quiet times; not altogether unlovable, since "he had many devoted friends;" much further from greatness than Jackson, yet with more foresight; which, had it been equalled by his principle or his power, might perhaps have saved disruption to the Union. He possibly mistook his party, but he did not mistake his chief. From whom let him not be severed.

THE DOVE IN THE EAGLE'S NEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLIFFE."

CHAPTER X.

THE EAGLE'S PREY.

"It fell about the Lammas tide,
When moor men win their hay,"

that all the serfs of Adlerstein were collected to collect their lady's hay to be stored for the winter's fodder of the goats, and of poor Sir Eberhard's old white mare, the only steed as yet ridden by the young barons.

The boys were fourteen years old. So monotonous was their mother's life that it was chiefly their growth that marked the length of her residence in the castle. Otherwise there had been no change, except that the elder Baroness

was more feeble in her limbs, and still more irritable and excitable in temper. There were no events, save a few hunting adventures of the boys, or the yearly correspondence with Ulm; and the same life continued, of shrinking in dread from the old lady's tyrannous dislike, and of the constant endeavour to infuse better principles into the boys, without the open opposition for which there was neither power nor strength.

The boys' love was entirely given to their mother. Far from diminishing with their dependence on her, it increased with the sense of protection; and, now that they were taller than herself, she seemed to be cherished by them more than ever. Moreover, she was their

oracle. Quick-witted and active-minded, loving books the more because their grandmother thought signing a feud-letter the utmost literary effort becoming to a noble, they never rested till they had acquired all that their mother could teach them; or, rather, they then became more restless than ever. Long ago had her whole store of tales and ballads become so familiar, by repetition, that the boys could correct her in the smallest variation; reading and writing were mastered as for pleasure; and the "Nuremberg Chronicle," with its wonderful woodcuts, excited such a passion of curiosity that they must needs conquer its Latin and read it for themselves. This "World History," with Alexander and the Nine Worthies, the cities and landscapes, and the oft-repeated portraits, was Eberhard's study; but Friedmund continued constant to Walther of Vögelweide. Eberhard cared for no character in the Vulgate so much as for Judas the Maccabee; but Friedmund's heart was all for King David; and to both lads, shut up from companionship as they were, every acquaintance in their books was a living being whose like they fancied might be met beyond their mountain. And, when they should go forth, like Dietrich of Berne, in search of adventures, doughty deeds were chiefly to fall to the lot of Ebbo's lance; while Friedel was to be their Minnesinger; and indeed certain verses, that he had murmured in his brother's ear, had left no doubt in his mind that the exploits would be worthily sung.

The soft dreamy eye was becoming Friedel's characteristic, as fire and keenness distinguished his brother's glance. At rest, the twins could be known apart by their expression, though in all other respects they were as alike as ever; and let Ebbo look thoughtful or Friedel eager, and they were again undistinguishable; and, indeed, they were constantly changing looks. Had not Friedel been beside him, Ebbo would have been deemed a wondrous student for his years; had not Ebbo been the standard of comparison, Friedel would have been in high repute for spirit and enterprise and skill

as a cragsman, with the cross-bow, and in all feats of arms that the Schneiderlein could impart. They shared all occupations; and it was by the merest shade that Ebbo excelled with the weapon, and Friedel with the book or tool. For the artist nature was in them, not intentionally excited by their mother, but far too strong to be easily discouraged. They had long daily gazed at Ulm in the distance, hoping to behold the spire completed; and the illustrations in their mother's books excited a strong desire to imitate them. The floor had often been covered with charcoal outlines even before Christina was persuaded to impart the rules she had learnt from her uncle; and her carving-tools were soon seized upon. At first they were used only upon knobs of sticks; but one day when the boys, roaming on the mountain, lost their way, and coming to the convent were there hospitably welcomed by Father Norbert, they came home wild to make carvings like what they had seen in the chapel. Jobst the Kohler was continually importuned for soft wood; the fair was ransacked for knives; and even the old Baroness could not find great fault with the occupation, base and mechanical though it were, which disposed of the two restless spirits during the many hours when winter storms confined them to the castle. Rude as was their work, the constant observation and choice of subjects were an unsuspected training and softening. It was not in vain that they lived in the glorious mountain fastness, and saw the sun descend in his majesty, dyeing the masses of rock with purple and crimson; not in vain that they beheld peak and ravine clothed in purest snow, flushed with rosy light at morn and eve, or contrasted with the purple blue of the sky; or that they stood marvelling at ice caverns with gigantic crystal pendants shining with the most magical pure depths of sapphire and emerald, "as if," said Friedel, "winter kept in his service all the jewel-forging dwarfs of the motherling's tales." And, when the snow melted and the buds returned, the ivy spray,

the smiling saxifrage, the gentian bell, the feathery rowan leaf, the symmetrical lady's mantle, were hailed and loved first as models, then for themselves.

One regret their mother had, almost amounting to shame. Every virtuous person believed in the efficacy of the rod, and, maugre her own docility, she had been chastised with it almost as a religious duty; but her sons had never felt the weight of a blow, except once when their grandmother caught them carving a border of eagles and doves round the hall table, and then Ebbo had returned the blow with all his might. As to herself, if she ever worked herself up to attempt chastisement, the Baroness was sure to fall upon her for insulting the noble birth of her sons, and gave them a triumph far worse for them than impunity. In truth, the boys had their own way, or rather the Baron had his way, and his way was Baron Friedmund's. Poor, bare, and scanty as were all the surroundings of their life, everything was done to feed their arrogance, with only one influence to counteract their education in pride and violence—a mother's influence, indeed, but her authority was studiously taken from her, and her position set at naught, with no power save what she might derive from their love and involuntary honour, and the sight of the pain caused her by their wrongdoings.

And so the summer's hay-harvest was come. Peasants clambered into the green nooks between the rocks, to cut down with hook or knife the flowery grass, for there was no space for the sweep of a scythe. The best crop was on the bank of the Braunwasser, by the Debateable Ford, but this was cut and carried on the backs of the serfs, much earlier than the mountain grass, and never without much vigilance against the Schlangewaldern; but this year the Count was absent at his Styrian castle, and little had been seen or heard of his people.

The full muster of serfs appeared, for Frau Kunigunde admitted of no excuses, and the sole absentee was a widow who

lived on the ledge of the mountain next above that on which the castle stood. Her son reported her to be very ill, and with tears in his eyes entreated Baron Friedel to obtain leave for him to return to her, since she was quite alone in her solitary hut, with no one even to give her a drink of water. Friedel rushed with the entreaty to his grandmother, but she laughed it to scorn. Lazy Koppel only wanted an excuse, or, if not, the woman was old and useless, and men could not be spared.

"Ah! good grandame," said Friedel, "his father died with ours."

"The more honour for him! The more he is bound to work for us. Off, Junker, make no loiterers."

Grieved and discomfited, Friedel betook himself to his mother and brother.

"Foolish lad not to have come to me," said the young Baron. "Where is he? I'll send him at once."

But Christina interposed an offer to go and take Koppel's place beside his mother, and her skill was so much prized over all the mountain-side, that the alternative was gratefully accepted, and she was escorted up the steep path by her two boys to the hovel, where she spent the day in attendance on the sick woman.

Evening came on, the patient was better, but Koppel did not return, nor did the young Barons come to fetch their mother home. The last sunbeams were dying off the mountain-tops, and, beginning to suspect something amiss, she at length set off, and half way down met Koppel, who replied to her question, "Ah, then, the gracious lady has not heard of our luck. Excellent booty, and two prisoners! The young Baron has been a hero indeed, and has won himself a knightly steed." And, on her further interrogation, he added, that an unusually rich but small company had been reported by Jobst the Kohler to be on the way to the ford, where he had skilfully prepared a stumbling-block. The gracious Baroness had caused Hatto to jodel all the hay-makers together, and they had fallen on the travellers by the straight path down

the crag. "Ach! did not the young Baron spring like a young gemsbock? And in midstream down came their pack-horses and their wares! Some of them took to flight, but, pfui, there were enough for my young lord to show his mettle upon. Such a prize the saints have not sent since the old Baron's time."

Christina pursued her walk in dismay at this new beginning of freebooting in its worst form, overthrowing all her hopes. The best thing that could happen would be the immediate interference of the Swabian League, while her sons were too young to be personally held guilty. Yet this might involve ruin and confiscation; and, apart from all consequences, she bitterly grieved that the stain of robbery should have fallen on her hitherto innocent sons.

Every peasant she met greeted her with praises of their young lord, and, when she mounted the hall-steps, she found the floor strewn with bales of goods.

"Mother," cried Ebbo, flying up to her, "have you heard I have a horse? a spirited bay, a knightly charger, and Friedel is to ride him by turns with me. Where is Friedel? And, mother, Heinz said I struck as good a stroke as any of them, and I have a sword for Friedel now. Why does he not come? And, motherling, this is for you, a gown of velvet, of real black velvet, that will make you fairer than our Lady at the Convent. Come to the window and see it, mother dear."

The boy was so joyously excited that she could hardly withstand his delight, but she did not move.

"Don't you like the velvet?" he continued. "We always said that, the first prize we won, the motherling should wear velvet. Do but look at it."

"Woe is me, my Ebbo!" she sighed, bending to kiss his brow.

He understood her at once, coloured, and spoke hastily and in defiance. "It was in the river, mother, the horses fell; it is our right."

"Fairly, Ebbo?" she asked in a low voice.

"Nay, mother, if Jobst *did* hide a branch in mid-stream, it was no doing of mine; and the horses fell. The Schlangenwaldern don't even wait to let them fall. We cannot live, if we are to be so nice and dainty."

"Ah! my son, I thought not to hear you call mercy and honesty mere niceness."

"What do I hear?" exclaimed Frau Kunigunde, entering from the store-room, where she had been disposing of some spices, a much esteemed commodity. "Are you chiding and daunting this boy, as you have done with the other?"

"My mother may speak to me!" cried Ebbo, hotly, turning round.

"And quench thy spirit with whining fooleries! Take the Baron's bounty, woman, and vex him not after his first knightly exploit."

"Heaven knows, and Ebbo knows," said the trembling Christina, "that, were it a knightly exploit, I were the first to exult."

"Thou! thou craftsman's girl! dost presume to call in question the knightly deeds of a noble house! There!" cried the furious Baroness, striking her face. "Now! dare to be insolent again." Her hand was uplifted for another blow, when it was grasped by Eberhard, and, the next moment, he likewise held the other hand, with youthful strength far exceeding hers. She had often struck his mother before, but not in his presence, and the greatness of the shock seemed to make him cool and absolutely dignified.

"Be still, grandame," he said. "No, mother, I am not hurting her," and indeed the surprise seemed to have taken away her rage and volubility, and unresistingly she allowed him to seat her in a chair. Still holding her arm, he made his clear boyish voice resound through the hall, saying, "Retainers all, know that, as I am your lord and master, so is my honoured mother lady of the castle, and is never to be gainsayed, let her say or do what she will."

"You are right, Herr Freiherr," said

Heinz. "The Frau Christina is our gracious and beloved dame. Long live the Freiherrinn Christina." And the voices of almost all the serfs present mingled in the cry.

"And hear you all," continued Eberhard, "she shall rule all, and never be trampled on more. Grandame, you understand."

The old woman seemed confounded, and cowered in her chair without speaking. Christina, almost dismayed by this silence, would have suggested to Ebbo to say something kind or consoling, but at that moment she was struck with alarm by his renewed inquiry for his brother.

"Friedel! Was not he with thee?"

"No! I never saw him."

Ebbo flew up the stairs, and shouted for his brother; then, coming down, gave orders for the men to go out on the mountain side, and search and jodel. He was hurrying with them, but his mother caught his arm. "O Ebbo, how can I let you go? It is dark, and the crags are so perilous!"

"Mother, I cannot stay!" and the boy flung his arms round her neck, and whispered in her ear, "Friedel said it would be a treacherous attack, and I called him a craven. Oh, mother, we never parted thus before! He went up the hill-side. O where is he?"

Infected by the boy's despairing voice, yet relieved that Friedel at least had withstood the temptation, Christina still held Ebbo's hand, and descended the steps with him. The clear blue sky was fast showing the stars, and into the evening stillness echoed the loud wide jodeln, cast back from the other side of the ravine. Ebbo tried to raise his voice, but broke down in the shout, and, choked with agitation, said, "Let me go, mother. None know his haunts as I do!"

"Hark!" she said, only grasping him tighter.

Thinner, shriller, clearer came a far away cry from the heights, and Ebbo thrilled from head to foot, then sent up another pealing mountain shout, responded to by a jodel so pitched as to

be plainly not an echo. "Towards the Red Eyrie," said Hans.

"He will have been to the Ptarmigan's Pool," said Ebbo, sending up his voice again, in hopes that the answer would sound less distant; but, instead of this, its intonations conveyed, to these adepts in mountain language, that he stood in need of help.

"Depend upon it," said the startled Ebbo, "that he has got up amongst those rocks where the dead chamois rolled down last summer;" then, as Christina uttered a faint cry of terror, Heinz added, "Fear not, lady, those are not the jodeln of one who has met with a hurt. Baron Friedel has the sense to be patient rather than risk his bones if he could not move safely in the dark."

"Up after him," said Ebbo, emitting a variety of shouts intimating speedy aid, and receiving a halloo in reply that reassured even his mother. Equipped with a rope and sundry torches of pine-wood, Heinz and two of the serfs were speedily ready, and Christina implored her son to let her come as far as she should not impede the others. He gave her his arm, and Heinz held his torch so as to guide her up a winding path, not in itself very steep, but which she could never have climbed had daylight shewn her what it overhung. Guided by the constant exchange of jodeln, they reached a height where the wind blew cold and wild, and Ebbo pointed to an intensely black shadow overhung by a peak rising like the gable of a house into the sky. "Yonder lies the tarn," he said. "Don't stir. This way lies the cliff. Fried—mund!" exchanging the jodel for the name.

"Here! this way! Under the Red Eyrie," called back the wanderer; and, steering their course round the rocks above the pool, the rescuers made their way towards the base of the peak, which was in fact the summit of the mountain, the top of the Eagle's Ladder, the highest step of which they had attained. The peak towered over them, and beneath the castle lights seemed as if it would be easy to let a stone fall straight down on them.

Friedel's cry seemed to come from under their feet. "I am here! I am safe. Only it grew so dark that I durst not climb up or down."

The Schneiderlein explained that he would lower down a rope, which, when fastened round Friedel's waist, would enable him to climb safely up; and, after a breathless space, the torchlight shone upon the longed-for face, and Friedel springing cried, "The mother! and here!"

"O Friedel, where have you been? What is this in your arms?"

He showed them the innocent face of a little white kid.

"Whence is it, Friedel?"

He pointed to the peak, saying, "I was lying on my back by the tarn when my lady eagle came sailing overhead, so low that I could see this poor little thing, and hear it bleat."

"Thou hast been to the Eyrie! the inaccessible Eyrie?" exclaimed Ebbo in amazement.

"That's a mistake. It is not hard after the first," said Friedel. "I only waited to watch the old birds out again."

"Robbed the eagles! And the young ones?"

"Well," said Friedmund, as if half ashamed, "they were twin eaglets, and their mother had left them, and I felt as though I could not harm them; so I only bore off their provisions, and stuck some feathers in my cap. But by that time the sun was down, and soon I could not see my footing; and, when I found that I had lost the path, I thought I had best nestle in the nook where I was, and wait for day. I grieved for my mother's fear; but oh, to see her here!"

"Ah, Friedel! didst do it to prove my words false?" interposed Ebbo eagerly.

"What words?"

"Thou knowest. Make me not speak them again."

"O those!" said Friedel, only now recalling them. "No, verily; they were but a moment's anger. I wanted to save the kid. I think it is old mother Rika's white kid. But oh, motherling! I grieve to have thus frightened you."

Not a single word passed between them upon Ebbo's exploits. Whether Friedel had seen all from the heights, or whether he intuitively perceived that his brother preferred silence, he held his peace, and both were solely occupied in assisting their mother down the pass, the difficulties of which were far more felt now than in the excitement of the ascent; only when near home, and the boys were walking in the darkness with arms around one another's necks, Christina heard Friedel say low and rather sadly, "I think I shall be a priest, Ebbo."

To which Ebbo only answered, "Pfui!"

Christina understood that Friedmund meant that robbery must be a severance between the brothers. Alas! had the moment come that their paths must diverge? Could Ebbo's step not be redeemed?

Ursel reported that dame Kunigunde had scarcely spoken again, but had retired like one stunned into her bed. Friedel was half asleep after the exertions of the day: Ebbo did not speak, and both soon betook themselves to their little turret chamber within their mother's.

Christina prayed long that night, her heart full of dread of the consequence of this transgression. Rumours of freebooting castles destroyed by the Swabian League had reached her every wake day, and, if this outrage were once known, the sufferance that left Adlerstein unmolested must be over. There was hope indeed in the weakness and uncertainty of the Government, but present safety would in reality be the ruin of Ebbo; since he would be encouraged to persist in the career of violence now unhappily begun. She knew not what to ask, save that her sons might be shielded from evil, and might fulfil that promise of her dream, the star in heaven, the light on earth. And for the present!—the good God guide her and her sons through the difficult morrow, and turn the heart of the unhappy old woman below!

When, exhausted with weeping and

watching, she rose from her knees, she stole softly into her son's turret for a last look at them. Generally they were so much alike in their sleep that even she was at fault between them; but that night there was no doubt. Friedel, pale after the day's hunger and fatigue, slept with relaxed features in the most complete calm; but, though Ebbo's eyes were closed, there was no repose in his face, —his hair was tossed, his colour flushed, his brow contracted, the arm flung across his brother had none of the ease of sleep. She doubted whether he were not awake; but, knowing that he would not brook any endeavour to force confidence he did not offer, she merely hung over them both, murmured a prayer and blessing, and left them.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CHOICE IN LIFE.

"FRIEDEL, wake!"

"Is it day?" said Friedel, slowly wakening, and crossing himself as he opened his eyes, "Surely the sun is not up?"

"We must be before the sun!" said Ebbo, who was on his feet, beginning to dress himself. "Hush, and come. Do not wake the mother. It must be ere she or aught else be astir! Thy prayers—I tell thee this is a work as good as prayer."

Half awake, and entirely bewildered, Friedel dipped his finger in the pearl mussel shell of holy water over their bed, and crossed his own brow and his brother's; then, carrying their shoes, they crossed their mother's chamber, and crept downstairs. Ebbo muttered to his brother, "Stand thou still there, and pray the saints to keep her asleep"—and then, with bare feet, moved noiselessly behind the wooden partition that shut off his grandmother's box-bedstead from the rest of the hall. She lay asleep with open mouth, snoring loudly, and on her pillow lay the bunch of castle keys, that was always carried to her at night. It was a moment of peril when Ebbo touched it, but he had nerved himself

to be both steady and dexterous, and he secured it without a jingle, and then, without entering the hall, descended into a passage lit by a rough opening cut in the rock. Friedel, who began to comprehend, followed him close and joyfully, and at the first door he fitted in and with some difficulty turned a key, and pushed open the door of a vault, where morning light, streaming through the grated window, showed two captives, who had started to their feet, and now stood regarding the pair in the doorway as if they thought their dreams were multiplying the young baron who had led the attack.

"Signori—" began the principal of the two; but Ebbo spoke.

"Sir, you have been brought here by a mistake in the absence of my mother, the lady of the castle. If you will follow me, I will restore all that is within my reach, and put you on your way."

The merchant's knowledge of German was small, but the purport of the words was plain, and he gladly left the damp chilly vault. Ebbo pointed to the bales that strewed the hall. "Take all that can be carried," he said. "Here is your sword, and your purse," he said, for these had been given to him in the moment of victory. "I will bring out your horse and lead you to the pass."

"Give him food," whispered Friedel, but the merchant was too anxious to have any appetite. Only he faltered in broken German a proposal to pay his respects to the Signora Castellana, to whom he owed so much.

"No! *Dormit in lecto*," said Ebbo, with a sudden inspiration caught from the Latinized sound of some of the Italian words, but colouring desperately as he spoke.

The Latin proved most serviceable, and the merchant understood that his property was restored, and made all speed to gather it together, and transport it to the stable. One or two of his beasts of burthen had been lost in the fray, and there were more packages than could well be carried by the merchant, his servant, and his horse. Ebbo gave the aid of the old white mare, now very white indeed, and

n truth the boys pitied the merchant's fine young bay for being put to base trading uses, and were rather shocked to hear that it had been taken in payment for a knight's branched velvet gown, and would be sold again at Ulm.

"What a poor coxcomb of a knight!" said they to one another as they patted the creature's neck, with such fervent admiration that the merchant longed to present it to them, when he saw that the old white mare was the sole steed they possessed, and watched their tender guidance both of her and of the bay up the rocky path so familiar to them.

"But ah, *signorini miei*, I am an *infelice, infelicissimo*, ever persecuted by *i Fati*."

"By whom? A count like Schlangenwald?" asked Ebbo.

"*Das Schicksal*," whispered Friedel.

"Three long miserable years did I spend as a captive among the Moors, having lost all, my ships and all I had, and being forced to row their galleys, *i scomunicati*."

"Galleys!" exclaimed Ebbo; "there are some pictured in our World History before Carthage. Would that I could see one."

"The signorino would soon have seen his fill, were he between the decks; chained to the bench for weeks together, without ceasing to row for twenty-four hours together, with a renegade standing over to lash us, or to put a morsel into our mouths if we were fainting."

"The dogs! Do they thus use Christian men?" cried Friedel.

"*Sì, sì—ja wohl*. There were a good fourscore of us, and among them a Tedesco, a good man and true, from whom I learnt *la lingua loro*."

"Our tongue! from whom?" asked one twin of the other.

"A Tedesco, a fellow-countryman of *sue eccellenze*."

"Deutscher!" cried both boys, turning in horror, "our Germans so treated by the pagan villains?"

"Yea, truly, *signorini miei*. This fellow-captive of mine was a cavaliere in his own land, but he had been betrayed and sold by his enemies, and he mourned

piteously for *la sposa sua*, his bride as they say here. A goodly man and a tall, piteously cramped in the narrow deck, I grieved to leave him there when the good confraternità at Genoa paid my ransom. Having learnt to speak *il Tedesco*, and being no longer able to fit out a vessel, I made my venture beyond the Alps, but alas, till this moment fortune has still been adverse. My mules died of the toil of crossing the Alps; and, when with reduced baggage I came to the river beneath there—when my horses fell and my servants fled, and the peasants came down with their hayforks—I thought myself in hands no better than those of the Moors themselves."

"It was wrongly done," said Ebbo, in an honest open tone, though blushing. "I have indeed a right to what may be stranded on the bank, but never more shall foul means be employed for the overthrow."

The boys had by this time led the traveller through the Gemsbock's Pass, within sight of the convent. "There," said Ebbo, "will they give you harbourage, food, a guide, and a beast to carry the rest of your goods. We are now upon convent land, and none will dare to touch your bales; so I will unload old Schimmel."

"Ah, signorino, if I might offer any token of gratitude—"

"Nay," said Ebbo, with boyish lordliness, "make me not a spoiler."

"If the signorini should ever come to Genoa," continued the trader, "and would honour Gian Battista dei Battiste with a call, his whole house would be at their feet."

"Thanks, I would that we could see strange lands!" said Ebbo; "but come, Friedel, the sun is high, and I locked them all into the castle to make matters safe."

"May the liberated captive know the name of his deliverers, that he may commend it to the saints?" asked the merchant.

"I am Eberhard, Freiherr von Adlerstein, and this is Freiherr Friedmund, my brother. Farewell, sir."

"Strange," muttered the merchant, as

he watched the two boys turn down the pass, "strange how like one barbarous name is to another. Eberardo! That was what we called *il Tedesco*, and, when he once told me his family name, it ended in *stino*; but all these foreign names sound alike. Let us speed on lest these accursed peasants should wake, and be beyond the control of the signorino."

"Ah!" sighed Ebbo, as soon as he had hurried out of reach of the temptation, "small use in being a baron if one is to be no better mounted!"

"Thou art glad to have let that fair creature go free, though," said Friedel.

"Nay, my mother's eyes would let me have no rest in keeping him. Otherwise— Talk to me of gladness, Friedel? Thou shouldst know better. How is one to be a knight with nothing to ride but a beast old enough to be his grandmother?"

"Knighthood of the heart may be content to go afoot," said Friedel. "O Ebbo, what a brother thou art! How happy the mother will be!"

"Pfui, Friedel; what boots heart without spur? I am sick of being mewed up here within these walls of rock! No sport, not even with falling on a traveller. I am worse off than ever were my forefathers!"

"But how is it? I cannot understand," asked Friedel. What has changed thy mind?"

"Thou, and the mother, and more than all the grandame. Listen, Friedel: when thou camest up, in all the whirl of eagerness and glad preparation, with thy grave face and murmur that Jobst had put forked stakes in the stream, it was past man's endurance to be baulked of the fray. Thou hast forgotten what I said to thee then, good Friedel?"

"Long since. No doubt I thrust in vexatiously."

"Not so," said Ebbo; "and I saw thou hadst reason, for the stakes were most maliciously planted, with long branches hid by the current; but the fellows were showing fight, and I could not stay to think then, or I should have seemed to fear them! I can tell you we

made them run! But I never meant the grandmother to put yon poor fellow in the dungeon, and use him worse than a dog. I wot that he was my captive, and none of hers. And then came the mother; and oh, Friedel, she looked as if I were slaying her when she saw the spoil; and, ere I had made her see right and reason, the old lady came swooping down in full malice and spite, and actually came to blows. She struck the motherling—struck her on the face, Friedel!"

"I fear me it has so been before," said Friedel, sadly.

"Never will it be so again," said Ebbo, standing still. "I took the old hag by the hands, and told her she had ruled long enough! My father's wife is as good a lady of the castle as my grandfather's; and I myself am lord thereof; and, since my Lady Kunigunde chooses to cross me and beat my mother about this capture, why she has seen the last of it, and may learn who is master, and who is mistress!"

"O Ebbo! I would I had seen it! But was not she outrageous? Was not the mother shrinking and ready to give back all her claims at once?"

"Perhaps she would have been, but just then she found thou wast not with me, and I found thou wast not with her, and we thought of nought else. But thou must stand by me, Friedel, and help to keep the grandmother in her place, and the mother in hers."

"If the mother *will* be kept," said Friedel. "I fear me she will only plead to be left to the grandame's treatment as before!"

"Never, Friedel; I will never see her so used again. I released this man solely to show that she is to rule here. —Yes, I know all about freebooting being a deadly sin, and moreover that it will bring the League about our ears; and it was a cowardly trick of Jobst to put those branches in the stream. Did I not go over it last night till my brain was dizzy? But still, it is but living and dying like our fathers, and I hate tameness or dullness, and it is like a fool to go back from what one has once begun."

"No, it is like a brave man, when one has begun wrong," said Friedel.

"But then I thought of the grandame triumphing over the gentle mother—and I know the mother wept over her beads half the night. She *shall* find she has had her own way for once this morning."

Friedel was silent for a few moments, then said, "Let me tell thee what I saw yesterday, Ebbo."

"So," answered the other brother.

"I liked not to vex my mother by my tidings, so I climbed up to the Tarn. There is something always healing in that spot, is it not so, Ebbo? When the grandmother has been raving" (hitherto Friedel's worst grievance) "it is like getting up nearer the quiet sky in the stillness there, when the sky seems to have come down into the deep blue water, and all is so still, so wondrous still and calm. I wonder if, when we see the great Dome Kirk itself, it will give one's spirit wings, as does the gazing up from the Ptarmigan's Pool?"

"Thou minnesinger, was it the blue sky thou hadst to tell me of?"

"No, brother, it was ere I reached it that I saw this sight. I had scaled the peak where grows the stunted rowan, and I sat down to look down on the other side of the gorge. It was clear where I sat, but the ravine was filled with clouds, and upon them——"

"The shape of the blessed Friedmund, thy patron?"

"Our patron," said Friedel; "I saw him, a giant form in gown and hood, traced in grey shadow upon the dazzling white cloud; and, oh, Ebbo! he was struggling with a thinner, darker, wilder shape bearing a club. He strove to withhold it; his gestures threatened and warned! I watched like one spell-bound, for it was to me as the guardian spirit of our race striving for thee with the enemy."

"How did it end?"

"The cloud darkened, and swallowed them, nor should I have known the issue, if suddenly, on the very cloud where the strife had been, there had not beamed forth a rainbow—not a common

rainbow, Ebbo, but a perfect ring, a soft-glancing, many-tinted crown of victory. Then I knew the saint had won, and that thou wouldst win."

"I! What, not thyself!—his own namesake?"

"I thought, Ebbo, if the fight went very hard—nay, if for a time the grandame led thee her way—that belike I might serve thee best by giving up all, and praying for thee in the hermit's cave, or as a monk."

"Thou! thou, my other self! Aid me by burrowing in a hole like a rat! What foolery wilt say next? No, no, Friedel, strike by my side, and I will strike with thee; pray by my side, and I will pray with thee; but, if thou takest none of the strokes, then will I none of the prayers!"

"Ebbo! thou know'st not what thou sayst."

"No one knows better! See, Friedel, wouldst thou have me all that the old Adlersteinen were, and worse too? then wilt thou leave me and hide thine head in some priestly cowl? Maybe thou thinkest to pray my soul into safety at the last moment as a favour to thine own abundant sanctity; but I tell thee, Friedel, that's no manly way to salvation. If thou followst that track, I'll take care to get past the border-line within which prayer can help."

Friedel crossed himself, and uttered an imploring exclamation of horror at these wild words.

"Stay," said Ebbo; "I said not I meant any such thing—so long as thou wilt be with me. My purpose is to be a good man and true, a guard to the weak, a defence against the Turk, a good lord to my vassals, and, if it may not be otherwise, I will take my oath to the Kaiser, and keep it. Is that enough for thee, Friedel, or wouldst thou see me a monk at once?"

"O Ebbo, this is what we ever planned. I only dreamed of the other when—when thou didst seem to be on the other track."

"Well, what can I do more than turn back? I'll get absolution on Sunday, and tell Father Norbert that I will do

any penance he pleases ; and warn Jobst that, if he sets any more traps in the river, I will drown him there next ! Only get this priestly fancy away, Friedel, once and for ever ! ”

“ Never, never could I think of what would sever us,” cried Friedel, “ save—when—” he added, hesitating, unwilling to harp on the former string. Ebbo broke in imperiously—

“ Friedmund von Adlerstein, give me thy solemn word that I never again hear of this freak of turning priest or hermit. —What ! art slow to speak ? Thinkest me too bad for thee ? ”

“ No, Ebbo. Heaven knows thou art stronger, more resolute than I. I am more likely to be too bad for thee. But so long as we can be true, faithful, God-fearing Junkern together, Heaven forbid that we should part.”

“ It is our bond ! ” said Ebbo ; “ nought shall part us.”

“ Nought but death,” said Friedmund solemnly.

“ For my part,” said Ebbo, with perfect seriousness, “ I do not believe that one of us can live or die without the other. But, hark ! there’s an outcry at the castle ! They have found out that they are locked in ! Ha ! ho ! hilloa, Hatto, how like you playing prisoner ? ”

Ebbo would have amused himself with the dismay of his garrison a little longer had not Friedel reminded him that their mother might be suffering for their delay, and this suggestion made him march in hastily. He found her standing drooping under the pitiless storm which Frau Kunigunde was pouring out at the highest pitch of her cracked, trembling voice, one hand uplifted and clenched, the other grasping the back of a chair, while her whole frame shook with rage too mighty for her strength.

“ Grandame,” said Ebbo, striding up to the scene of action, “ cease. Remember my words yester-eve.”

“ She has stolen the keys. She has tampered with the servants ! She has released the prisoner !—thy prisoner, Ebbo. She has cheated us as she did with Wildschloss ! False burgherinn !

I trow she wanted another suitor ! Bane ! pest of Adlerstein ! ”

Friedmund threw a supporting arm round his mother, but Ebbo confronted the old lady. “ Grandmother,” he said, “ I freed the captive ! I stole the keys—I and Friedel ! No one else knew my purpose. He was my captive, and I released him because he was foully taken. I have chosen my lot in life,” he added ; and, standing in the middle of the hall, he took off his cap, and spoke gravely :—“ I will not be a treacherous robber-outlaw, but, so help me God, a faithful, loyal, godly nobleman.”

His mother and Friedel breathed an “ Amen ” with all their hearts ; and he continued—

“ And thou, grandame, peace. Such reverence shalt thou have as befits my father’s mother, but henceforth mine own lady-mother is the mistress of this castle, and whoever speaks a rude word to her offends the Freiherr von Adlerstein.”

That last day’s work had made a great step in Ebbo’s life, and there he stood, grave and firm, ready for the assault, for, in effect, he and all besides expected that the old lady would fly at him or at his mother like a wild cat, as she would assuredly have done in a like case a year earlier ; but she took them all by surprise by collapsing into her chair and sobbing piteously. Ebbo, much distressed, tried to make her understand that she was to have all care and honour ; but she muttered something about ingratitude, and continued to exhaust herself with weeping, spurning away all who approached her ; and thenceforth she lived in a gloomy, sullen acquiescence in her deposition.

Christina inclined to the opinion that she must have had some slight stroke in the night, for she was never the same woman again ; her vigour had passed away, and she would sit spinning, or rocking herself in her chair, scarcely alive to what passed, or scolding and fretting like a shadow of her old violence. Nothing pleased her but the attentions of her grandsons, and happily she soon ceased to know them apart, and gave

Ebbo credit for all that was done for her by Friedel, whose separate existence she seemed to have forgotten.

As long as her old spirit remained she would not suffer the approach of her daughter-in-law, and Christina could only make suggestions for her comfort to be acted on by Ursel; and, though the reins of government fast dropped from the aged hands, they were but gradually and cautiously assumed by the younger Baroness.

Only Else remained of the rude, demoralized girls whom she had found in the castle, and their successors, though dull and uncouth, were meek and manageable. The men of the castle had all, except Mätz, been always devoted to the Frau Christina, and Mätz, to her great relief, ran away so soon as he found that decency and honesty were to be the rule. Old Hatto, humpbacked Hans, and Heinz the Schneiderlein, were the whole male establishment, and had at least the merit of attachment to herself and her sons; and in time there was a shade of greater civilization about the castle, though impeded both by dire poverty and the doggedness of the old retainers. At least the court was cleared of the swine, and, within doors, the table was spread with dainty linen out of the parcels from Ulm, and the meals served with orderliness that annoyed the boys at first, but soon became a subject of pride and pleasure.

Frau Kunigunde lingered long, with increasing infirmities. After the winter day, when, running down at a sudden noise, Friedel picked her up from the hearthstone, scorched, bruised, almost senseless, she accepted Christina's care with nothing worse than a snarl, and gradually seemed to forget the identity of her nurse with the interloping burgher girl. Thanks or courtesy had been no part of her nature, least of all towards her own sex, and she did little but grumble, fret, and revile her attendant; but she soon depended so much on Christina's care, that it was hardly possible to leave her. At her best and strongest, her talk was maundering abuse of her son's low-born wife; but at

times her wanderings showed black gulfs of iniquity and coarseness of soul that would make the gentle listener tremble, and be thankful that her sons were out of hearing. And thus did Christina von Adlerstein requite fifteen years of persecution.

Her first failure had been in the summer of 1488: it was the Advent season of 1489, when the snow was at the deepest and the frost at the hardest, that the two hardy mountaineer grandsons fetched over the pass Father Norbert, and a still sturdier, stronger monk, to the dying woman.

"Are we in time, mother?" asked Ebbo, from the door of the upper chamber, where the Adlersteins began and ended life, shaking the snow from his muffings. Ruddy with exertion in the sharp wind, what a contrast he was to all within the room!

"Who is that?" said a thin, feeble voice.

"It is Ebbo. It is the Freiherr," said Christina. "Come in, Ebbo. She is somewhat revived."

"Will she be able to speak to the priest?" asked Ebbo.

"Priest!" feebly screamed the old woman. "No priest for me! My lord died unshriven, unassoiled. Where he is, there will I be. Let a priest approach me at his peril!"

Stony insensibility ensued; nor did she speak again, though life lasted many hours longer. The priests did their office; for, impenitent as the life and frantic as the words had been, the opinions of the time deemed that their rites might yet give the departing soul a chance, though the body was unconscious.

When all was over, snow was again falling, shifting and drifting so that it was impossible to leave the castle, and the two monks were kept there for a full fortnight, during which Christmas solemnities were observed in the chapel for the first time since the days of Friedmund the Good. The corpse of Kunigunde, preserved—we must say the word—salted, was placed in a coffin, and laid in that chapel to await the

melting of the snows, when the vault at the Hermitage could be opened. And this could not be effected till Easter had nearly come round again, and it was within a week of their sixteenth birthday that the two young barons stood together at the coffin's head, serious indeed, but more with the thought of life than of death.

CHAPTER XII.

BACK TO THE DOVECOTE.

For the first time in her residence at Adlerstein, now full half her life, the Freiherrinn Christina ventured to send a messenger to Ulm, namely, a lay brother of the convent of St. Ruprecht, who undertook to convey to Master Gottfried Sorel her letter, informing him of the death of her mother-in-law, and requesting him to send the same tidings to the Freiherr von Adlerstein Wildschloss, the kinsman and godfather of her sons.

She was used to wait fifty-two weeks for answers to her letters, and was amazed when, at the end of three, two stout serving-men were guided by Jobst up the pass; but her heart warmed to their flat caps and round jerkins, they looked so like home. They bore a letter of invitation to her and her sons to come at once to her uncle's house. The King of the Romans, and perhaps the Emperor, were to come to the city early in the summer, and there could be no better opportunity of presenting the young barons to their sovereign. Sir Kasimir of Adlerstein Wildschloss would meet them there for the purpose, and would obtain their admission to the League, in which all Swabian nobles had bound themselves to put down robbery and oppression, and outside which there was nothing but outlawry and danger.

"So must it be!" said Ebbo, between his teeth, as he leant moodily against the wall, while his mother was gone to attend to the fare to be set before the messengers.

"What! art not glad to take wing at last?" exclaimed Friedel, cut short in an exclamation of delight.

"Take wing, forsooth! To be guest of a greasy burgher, and call cousin with him! Fear not, Friedel; I'll not vex the motherling. Heaven knows she has had pain, grief, and subjection enough in her lifetime, and I will not hinder her visit to her home; but I would she could go alone, nor make us show our poverty to the swollen city folk, and listen to their endearments. I charge thee, Friedel, do as I do; be not too familiar with them. Could we but strain an ankle over the crag——"

"Nay, she would stay to nurse us," said Friedel, laughing; "besides, thou art needed for the matter of homage."

"Look, Friedel," said Ebbo, sinking his voice, "I shall not lightly yield my freedom to king or kaiser. Maybe, there is no help for it; but it irks me to think that I should be the last Lord of Adlerstein to whom the title *Freiherr* is not a mockery. Why dost bend thy brow, brother? what art thinking of?"

"Only a saying in my mother's book, that well-ordered service is true freedom," said Friedel. "And methinks there will be freedom in rushing at last into the great far-off!"—the boy's eye expanded and glistened with eagerness. "Here are we prisoners—to ourselves, if you like—but prisoners still, pent up in the rocks, seeing no one, hearing scarce an echo from the knightly or the poet world, or all the wonders that pass. And the world has a history going on still, like the "*Chronicle*." Oh! Ebbo, think of being in the midst of life, with lance and sword, and seeing the Kaiser—the Kaiser of Rome!"

"With lance and sword, well and good; but would it were not at the cost of liberty!"

However, Ebbo forbore to damp his mother's joy, save by the one warning—"Understand, mother, that I will not be pledged to anything. I will not bend to the yoke ere I have seen and judged for myself."

The manly sound of the words gave a sweet sense of exultation to the mother, even while she dreaded the proud spirit, and whispered, "God direct thee, my son."

Certainly Ebbo, hitherto the most impetuous and least thoughtful of the two lads, had a gravity and seriousness about him, that, but for his naturally sweet temper, would have seemed sullen. His aspirations for adventure had hitherto been more vehement than Friedel's; but, when the time seemed at hand, his regrets at what he might have to yield overpowered his hopes of the future. The fierce haughtiness of the old Adlersteins could not brook the descent from the crag, even while the keen, clear burgher wit that Ebbo inherited on the other side of the house taught him that the position was untenable, and that his isolated glory was but a poor mean thing after all. And the struggle made him sad and moody.

Friedel, less proud, and with nothing to yield, was open to blithe anticipations of what his fancy pictured as the home of all the beauty, sacred or romantic, that he had glimpsed at through his mother. Religion, poetry, learning, art, refinement, had all come to him through her; and, though he had a soul that dreamt and soared in the lonely grandeur of the mountain heights, it craved further aliment for its yearnings for completeness and perfection. Long ago had Friedel come to the verge of such attainments as he could work out of his present materials, and keen had been his ardour for the means of progress, though only the mountain tarn had ever been witness to the full outpouring of the longings with which he gazed upon the dim, distant city like a land of enchantment.

The journey was to be at once, so as to profit by the escort of Master Sorel's men. Means of transport were scanty, but Ebbo did not choose that the messengers should report the need, and bring back a bevy of animals at the burgher's expense; so the mother was mounted on the old white mare, and her sons and Heinz trusted to their feet. By setting out early on a May morning, the journey could be performed ere night, and the twilight would find them in the domains of the free city, where their small numbers would be of no import-

ance. As to their appearance, the mother wore a black woollen gown and mantle, and a black silk hood tied under her chin, and sitting loosely round the stiff frame of her white cap—a nun-like garb, save for the soft brown hair, parted over her brow, and more visible than she sometimes thought correct, but her sons would not let her wear it out of sight.

The brothers had piece by piece surveyed the solitary suit of armour remaining in the castle; but, though it might serve for defence, it could not be made fit for display, and they must needs be contented with blue cloth, spun, woven, dyed, fashioned, and sewn at home, chiefly by their mother, and by her embroidered on the breast with the white eagle of Adlerstein. Short blue cloaks and caps of the same, with an eagle-plume in each, and leggings neatly fashioned of deerskin, completed their equipments. Ebbo wore his father's sword, Friedel had merely a dagger and cross-bow. There was not a gold chain, not a brooch, not an approach to an ornament among the three, except the medal that had always distinguished Ebbo, and the coral rosary at Christina's girdle. Her own trinkets had gone in masses for the souls of her father and husband; and, though a few costly jewels had been found in Frau Kunigunde's hoards, the mode of their acquisition was so doubtful, that it had seemed fittest to bestow them in alms and masses for the good of her soul.

"What ornament, what glory could any one desire better than two such sons?" thought Christina, as for the first time for eighteen years she crossed the wild ravine where her father had led her, a trembling little captive, longing for wings like a dove's to flutter home again. Who would then have predicted that she should descend after so long and weary a time, and with a gallant boy on either side of her, eager to aid her every step, and reassure her at each giddy pass, all joy and hope before her and them? Yet she was not without some dread and misgiving, as she watched her elder son, always attentive to her, but unwontedly silent, with a

stern gravity on his young brow, a proud sadness on his lip. And, when he had come to the Debateable Ford, and was about to pass the boundaries of his own lands, he turned and gazed back on the castle and mountain with a silent, but passionate ardour, as though he felt himself doing a wrong by perilling their independence.

The sun had lately set, and the moon was silvering the Danube, when the travellers came full in view of the Imperial free city, girt in with mighty walls and towers—the vine-clad hill dominated by its crowning church; the irregular outlines of the unfinished spire of the cathedral traced in mysterious dark lacework against the pearly sky; the lofty steeple-like gate tower majestically guarding the bridge. Christina clasped her hands in thankfulness, as at the familiar face of a friend; Friedel glowed like a minstrel introduced to his fair dame, long wooed at a distance; Ebbo could not but exclaim, “Yea, truly a great city is a solemn and a glorious sight.”

The gates were closed, and the serving men had to parley at the barbican ere the heavy door was opened to admit the party to the bridge, between deep battlemented stone walls, with here and there loopholes, showing the shimmering of the river beneath. The slow, tired tread of the old mare, sounded hollow; the river rushed below with the full swell of evening loudness; a deep-toned convent-bell tolled gravely through the stillness, while between its reverberations, clear, distinct notes of joyous music were borne on the summer wind, and a nightingale sung in one of the gardens that bordered the banks.

“Mother, it is all that I dreamt,” breathlessly murmured Friedel, as they halted under the dark arch of the great gateway tower.

Not, however, in Friedel’s dreams had been the hearty voice that proceeded from the lighted guard-room in the thickness of the gateway. “Freiherinn von Adlerstein! Is it she? Then must I greet my old playmate!” And the captain of the watch appeared

among upraised lanterns and torches that showed a broad, smooth, plump face beneath a plain steel helmet.

“Welcome, gracious lady, welcome to your old city. What! do you not remember Lippus Grundt, your poor Valentine?”

“Master Philip Grundt!” exclaimed Christina, amazed at the breadth of visage and person; “and how fares it with my good Regina?”

“Excellent well, good lady. She manages her trade and house as well as the good man Bartoläus Fleischer himself. Blithe will she be to show you her goodly ten, as I shall my eight,” he continued, walking by her side; “and Barbara—you remember Barbara Schmidt, lady——”

“My dear Barbara!—That do I indeed! Is she your wife?”

“Ay, truly, lady,” he answered, in an odd sort of apologetic tone; “you see, you returned not, and the housefathers, they would have it so—and Barbara is a good housewife.”

“Truly do I rejoice!” said Christina, wishing she could convey to him how welcome he had been to marry any one he liked, as far as she was concerned—he, in whom her fears of mincing goldsmiths had always taken form—then signing with her hand, “I have my sons likewise to show her.”

“Ah, on foot!” muttered Schmidt, as a not well-conceived apology for not having saluted the young gentlemen. “I greet you well, sirs,” with a bow, most haughtily returned by Ebbo, who was heartily wishing himself on his mountain. “Two lusty, well-grown Junkern indeed, to whom my Martin will be proud to show the humours of Ulm. A fair good night, lady. You will find the old folks right cheery.”

Well did Christina know the turn down the street, darkened by the overhanging brows of the tall houses, but each lower window laughing with the glow of light within that threw out the heavy mullions and the circles and diamonds of the latticework, and here and there the brilliant tints of stained glass sparkled like jewels in the

upper panes, pictured with Scripture scene, patron saint, or trade emblem. The familiar porch was reached, the familiar knock resounded on the iron studded door. Friedel lifted his mother from her horse, and felt that she was quivering from head to foot, and at the same moment the light streamed from the open door on the white horse, and the two young faces, one eager, the other with knit brows and uneasy eyes. A kind of echo pervaded the house, "She is come! she is come!" and as one in a dream Christina entered, crossed the well-known hall, looked up to her uncle and aunt on the stairs, perceived little change on their countenances, and sank upon her knees, with bowed head and clasped hands.

"My child! my dear child!" exclaimed her uncle, raising her with one hand, and crossing her brow in benediction with the other. "Art thou indeed returned?" and he embraced her tenderly.

"Welcome, fair niece!" said Hausfrau Johanna, more formally. "I am right glad to greet you here."

"Dear, dear mother!" cried Christina, courting her fond embrace by gestures of the most eager affection, "how have I longed for this moment, and, above all, to show you my boys! Herr Uncle, let me present my sons—my Eberhard, my Friedmund. O Housemother, are not my twins well-grown lads?" And she stood with a hand on each, proud that their heads were so far above her own, and looking still so slight and girlish in figure that she might better have been their sister than their mother. The cloud that the sudden light had revealed on Ebbo's brow had cleared away, and he made an inclination neither awkward nor ungracious in its free mountain dignity and grace, but not devoid of mountain rusticity and shy pride, and far less cordial than was Friedel's manner. Both were infinitely relieved to detect nothing of the greasy burgher, and were greatly struck with the fine, venerable head before them; indeed, Friedel would have knelt to ask a blessing like his mother, had he

not been under command not to outrun his brother's advances towards her kindred.

"Welcome, fair Junkern!" said master Gottfried; "welcome both for your mother's sake and your own! These thy sons, my little one?" he added, smiling. "Art sure I neither dream nor see double? Come to the gallery, and let me see thee better."

And, ceremoniously giving his hand, he proceeded to lead his niece up the stairs, while Ebbo, labouring under ignorance of city forms and uncertainty of what befitted his dignity, presented his hand to his aunt with an air that half-amused, half-offended the shrewd dame.

"All is as if I had left you but yesterday!" exclaimed Christina. "Uncle, have you pardoned me? You bade me return when my work was done."

"I should have known better, child. Such return is not to be sought on this side the grave. Thy work has been more than I then thought of."

"Ah! and now will you deem it begun—not done!" softly said Christina, though with too much heartfelt exultation greatly to doubt that all the world must be satisfied with two such boys, if only Ebbo would be his true self.

The luxury of the house, the wain-coted and tapestried walls, the polished furniture, the lamps and candles, the damask linen, the rich array of silver, pewter, and brightly-coloured glass, were a great contrast to the bare walls and scant necessities of Schloss Adlerstein; but Ebbo was resolved not to expose himself by admiration, and did his best to stifle Friedel's exclamations of surprise and delight. Were not these citizens to suppose that everything was tenfold more costly at the baronial castle? And truly the boy deserved credit for the consideration for his mother, which made him merely reserved, while he felt like a wild eagle in a poultry-yard. It was no small proof of his affection to forbear more interference with his mother's happiness than was the inevitable effect of that intuition

which made her aware that he was chafing and ill at ease. For his sake, she allowed herself to be placed in the seat of honour, though she longed, as of old, to nestle at her uncle's feet, and be again his child; but, even while she felt each acceptance of a token of respect as almost an injury to them, every look and tone was showing how much the same Christina she had returned.

In truth, though her life had been mournful and oppressed, it had not been such as to age her early. It had been all submission, without wear-and-tear of mind, and too simple in its trials for care and moiling; so the fresh, lily-like sweetness of her maiden bloom was almost intact, and, much as she had undergone, her once frail health had been so braced by the mountain breezes, that, though delicacy remained, sickness was gone from her appearance. There was still the exquisite purity and tender modesty of expression, but with greater sweetness in the pensive brown eyes.

"Ah, little one!" said her uncle, after duly contemplating her; "the change is all for the better! Thou art grown a wondrous fair dame. There will scarce be a lovelier in the Kaisarly train."

Ebbo almost pardoned his great-uncle for being his great-uncle.

"When she is arrayed as becomes the Frau Freiherrinn," said the housewife aunt, looking with concern at the coarse texture of her black sleeve. "I long to see our own lady ruffle it in her new gear. I am glad that the lofty pointed cap has passed out; the coif becomes my child far better, and I see our tastes still accord as to fashion."

"Fashion scarce came above the Debateable Ford," said Christina, smiling. "I fear my boys look as if they came out of the Weltgeschichte, for I could only shape their garments after my remembrance of the gallants of eighteen years ago."

"Their garments are your own shaping?" exclaimed the aunt, now in an accent of real, not conventional respect.

"Spinning and weaving, shaping and

sewing," said Friedel, coming near to let the housewife examine the texture.

"Close woven, even threaded, smooth tinted! Ah, Stina, thou didst learn something. Thou wert not quite spoilt by the housefather's books and carvings."

"I cannot tell whose teachings have served me best, or been the most precious to me," said Christiana, with clasped hands, looking from one to another with earnest love.

"Thou art a good child. Ah! little one, forgive me; you look so like our child that I cannot bear in mind that you are the Frau Freiherrinn."

"Nay, I should deem myself in disgrace with you, did you keep me at a distance, and not *thou* me, as your little Stina," she fondly answered, half regretting her fond eager movement, as Ebbo seemed to shrink together, with a gesture perceived by her uncle.

"It is my young lord there who would not forgive the freedom," he said, good-humouredly, though gravely.

"Not so," Ebbo forced himself to say; "not so, if it makes my mother happy."

He held up his head rather as if he thought it a fool's paradise, but Master Gottfried answered: "The noble Freiherr is, from all I have heard, too good a son to grudge his mother's duteous love even to burgher kindred."

There was something in the old man's frank dignified tone of grave reproof that at once impressed Ebbo with a sense of the true superiority of that wise and venerable old age to his own petulant baronial self-assertion. He had both head and heart to feel the burgher's victory, and with a deep blush, though not without dignity, he answered, "Truly, sir, my mother has ever taught us to look up to you as her kindest and best——"

He was going to say "friend," but a look into the grand benignity of the countenance completed the conquest, and he turned it into "father." Friedel at the same instant bent his knee, exclaiming, "It is true what Ebbo says! We have both longed for the day. Bless us, honoured uncle, as you have blessed my mother."

For in truth there was in the soul of the boy, who had never had any but women to look up to, a strange yearning towards reverence, which was called into action with inexpressible force by the very aspect and tone of such a sage elder and counsellor as Master Gottfried Sorel, and took advantage of the first opening permitted by his brother. And the sympathy always so strong between the two quickened the like feeling in Ebbo, so that the same movement drew him on his knee beside Friedel in oblivion or renunciation of all lordly pride towards a kinsman such as he had here encountered.

"Truly and heartily, my fair youths," said Master Gottfried with the same kind dignity, "do I pray the good God to bless you, and render you faithful and loving sons, not only to your mother, but to your fatherland."

He was unable to distinguish between the two exactly similar forms that knelt before him, yet there was something in the quiver of Friedel's head, which made him press it with a shade more of tenderness than the other. And in truth tears were walling into the eyes veiled by the fingers that Friedel clasped over his face, for such a blessing was strange and sweet to him.

Their mother was ready to weep for

joy. There was now no drawback to her bliss, since her son and her uncle had accepted one another; and she repaired to her own beloved old chamber a happier being than she had been since she had left its wainscoted walls. Nay, as she gazed out at the familiar outlines of roof and tower, and felt herself truly at home, then knelt by the little undisturbed altar of her devotions, with the cross above and her own patron saint below in carved wood, and the flowers which the good aunt had ever kept as a freshly-renewed offering, she felt that she was happier, more fully thankful and blissful than even in the girlish calm of her untroubled life. Her prayer that she might come again in peace had been more than fulfilled; nay, when she had seen her boys kneel meekly to receive her uncle's blessing it was in some sort to her as if the work was done, as if the millstone had been borne up for her, and had borne her and her dear ones with it.

But there was much to come. She knew full well that, even though her son's first step had been in the right direction, it was in a path beset with difficulties; and how would her proud Ebbo meet them?

To be continued.

HEREDITARY TALENT AND CHARACTER.

BY FRANCIS GALTON.

SECOND PAPER.¹

I HAVE shown, in my previous paper, that intellectual capacity is so largely transmitted by descent that, out of every hundred sons of men distinguished in the open professions, no less than eight are found to have rivalled their fathers in eminence. It must be recollected

¹ NOTE.—I take this opportunity of correcting a small *erratum* in my last paper. The name of the author of the forthcoming Brief Biographical Dictionary from which I quoted should have been the Rev. Charles Hole, not Hone.

that success of this kind implies the simultaneous inheritance of many points of character, in addition to mere intellectual capacity. A man must inherit good health, a love of mental work, a strong purpose, and considerable ambition, in order to achieve successes of the high order of which we are speaking. The deficiency of any one of these qualities would certainly be injurious, and probably be fatal to his chance of obtaining great distinction. But more than this: the proportion we have arrived at takes

no account whatever of one-half of the hereditary influences that form the nature of the child. My particular method of inquiry did not admit of regard being paid to the influences transmitted by the mother, whether they had strengthened or weakened those transmitted by the father. Lastly, though the talent and character of both of the parents might, in any particular case, be of a remarkably noble order, and thoroughly congenial, yet they would necessarily have such mongrel antecedents that it would be absurd to expect their children to invariably equal them in their natural endowments. The law of atavism prevents it. When we estimate at its true importance this accumulation of impediments in the way of the son of a distinguished father rivalling his parent—the mother being selected, as it were, at haphazard—we cannot but feel amazed at the number of instances in which a successful rivalry has occurred. Eight per cent. is as large a proportion as could have been expected on the most stringent hypothesis of hereditary transmission. No one, I think, can doubt, from the facts and analogies I have brought forward, that, if talented men were mated with talented women, of the same mental and physical characters as themselves, generation after generation, we might produce a highly-bred human race, with no more tendency to revert to meamer ancestral types than is shown by our long-established breeds of race-horses and fox-hounds.

It may be said that, even granting the validity of my arguments, it would be impossible to carry their indications into practical effect. For instance, if we divided the rising generation into two castes, A and B, of which A was selected for natural gifts, and B was the refuse, then, supposing marriage was confined within the pale of the caste to which each individual belonged, it might be objected that we should simply differentiate our race—that we should create a good and a bad caste, but we should not improve the race as a whole. I reply that this is by no means the necessary result. There remains another

very important law to be brought into play. Any agency, however indirect, that would somewhat hasten the marriages in caste A, and retard those in caste B, would result in a larger proportion of children being born to A than to B, and would end by wholly eliminating B, and replacing it by A.

Let us take a definite case, in order to give precision to our ideas. We will suppose the population to be, in the first instance, stationary; A and B to be equal in numbers; and the children of each married pair who survive to maturity to be rather more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ in the case of A, and rather less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ in the case of B. This no extravagant hypothesis. Half the population of the British Isles are born of mothers under the age of thirty years.

The result in the first generation would be that the total population would be unchanged, but that only one-third part of it would consist of the children of B. In the second generation, the descendants of B would be reduced to two-ninths of their original numbers, but the total population would begin to increase, owing to the greater preponderance of the prolific caste A. At this point the law of natural selection would powerfully assist in the substitution of caste A for caste B, by pressing heavily on the minority of weakly and incapable men.

The customs that affect the direction and date of marriages are already numerous. In many families, marriages between cousins are discouraged and checked. Marriages, in other respects appropriate, are very commonly deferred, through prudential considerations. If it was generally felt that intermarriages between A and B were as inadvisable as they are supposed to be between cousins, and that marriages in A ought to be hastened, on the ground of prudential considerations, while those in B ought to be discouraged and retarded, then, I believe, we should have agencies amply sufficient to eliminate B in a few generations.

I hence conclude that the improvement of the breed of mankind is no

insuperable difficulty. If everybody were to agree on the improvement of the race of man being a matter of the very utmost importance, and if the theory of the hereditary transmission of qualities in men was as thoroughly understood as it is in the case of our domestic animals, I see no absurdity in supposing that, in some way or other, the improvement would be carried into effect.

It remains for me in the present article to show that hereditary influence is as clearly marked in mental aptitudes as in general intellectual power. I will then enter into some of the considerations which my views on hereditary talent and character naturally suggest.

I will first quote a few of those cases in which characteristics have been inherited that clearly depend on peculiarities of organization. Prosper Lucas was among our earliest encyclopædists on this subject. It is distinctly shown by him, and agreed to by others, such as Mr. G. Lewes, that predisposition to any form of disease, or any malformation, may become an inheritance. Thus disease of the heart is hereditary; so are tubercles in the lungs; so also are diseases of the brain, of the liver, and of the kidney; so are diseases of the eye and of the ear. General maladies are equally inheritable, as gout and madness. Longevity on the one hand, and premature deaths on the other, go by descent. If we consider a class of peculiarities, more recondite in their origin than these, we shall still find the law of inheritance to hold good. A morbid susceptibility to contagious disease, or to the poisonous effects of opium, or of calomel, and an aversion to the taste of meat, are all found to be inherited. So is a craving for drink, or for gambling, strong sexual passion, a proclivity to pauperism, to crimes of violence, and to crimes of fraud.

There are certain marked types of character, justly associated with marked types of feature and of temperament. We hold, axiomatically, that the latter are inherited (the case being too notorious, and too consistent with the ana-

logy afforded by brute animals, to render argument necessary), and we therefore infer the same of the former. For instance, the face of the combatant is square, coarse, and heavily jawed. It differs from that of the ascetic, the voluptuary, the dreamer, and the charlatan.

Still more strongly marked than these, are the typical features and characters of different races of men. The Mongolians, Jews, Negroes, Gipsies, and American Indians; severally propagate their kinds; and each kind differs in character and intellect, as well as in colour and shape, from the other four. They, and a vast number of other races, form a class of instances worthy of close investigation, in which peculiarities of character are invariably transmitted from the parents to the offspring.

In founding argument on the innate character of different races, it is necessary to bear in mind the exceeding docility of man. His mental habits in mature life are the creatures of social discipline, as well as of inborn aptitudes, and it is impossible to ascertain what is due to the latter alone, except by observing several individuals of the same race, reared under various influences, and noting the peculiarities of character that invariably assert themselves. But, even when we have imposed these restrictions to check a hasty and imaginative conclusion, we find there remain abundant data to prove an astonishing diversity in the natural characteristics of different races. It will be sufficient for our purpose if we fix our attention upon the peculiarities of one or two of them.

The race of the American Indians is spread over an enormous area, and through every climate; for it reaches from the frozen regions of the North, through the equator, down to the inclement regions of the South. It exists in thousands of disconnected communities, speaking nearly as many different languages. It has been subjected to a strange variety of political influences, such as its own despotisms in Peru, Mexico, Natchez, and Bogota, and its

numerous republics, large and small. Members of the race have been conquered and ruled by military adventures from Spain and Portugal; others have been subjugated to Jesuitical rule; numerous settlements have been made by strangers on its soil; and, finally, the north of the continent has been colonized by European races. Excellent observers have watched the American Indians under all these influences, and their almost unanimous conclusion is as follows:—

The race is divided into many varieties, but it has fundamentally the same character throughout the whole of America. The men, and in a less degree the women, are naturally cold, melancholic, patient, and taciturn. A father, mother, and their children, are said to live together in a hut, like persons assembled by accident, not tied by affection. The youths treat their parents with neglect, and often with such harshness and insolence as to horrify Europeans who have witnessed their conduct. The mothers have been seen to commit infanticide without the slightest discomposure, and numerous savage tribes have died out in consequence of this practice. The American Indians are eminently non-gregarious. They nourish a sullen reserve, and show little sympathy with each other, even when in great distress. The Spaniards had to enforce the common duties of humanity by positive laws. They are strangely taciturn. When not engaged in action they will sit whole days in one posture without opening their lips, and wrapped up in their narrow thoughts. They usually march in Indian file, that is to say, in a long line, at some distance from each other, without exchanging a word. They keep the same profound silence in rowing a canoe, unless they happen to be excited by some extraneous cause. On the other hand, their patriotism and local attachments are strong, and they have an astonishing sense of personal dignity. The nature of the American Indians appears to contain the minimum of affectionate and social qualities compatible with the continuance of their race.

No. 70.—VOL. XII.

Here, then, is a well-marked type of character, that formerly prevailed over a large part of the globe, with which other equally marked types of character in other regions are strongly contrasted. Take, for instance, the typical West African Negro. He is more unlike the Red man in his mind than in his body. Their characters are almost opposite, one to the other. The Red man has great patience, great reticence, great dignity, and no passion; the Negro has strong impulsive passions, and neither patience, reticence, nor dignity. He is warm-hearted, loving towards his master's children, and idolised by the children in return. He is eminently gregarious, for he is always jabbering, quarrelling, tom-tom-ing, or dancing. He is remarkably domestic, and he is endowed with such constitutional vigour, and is so prolific, that his race is irrepressible.

The Hindu, the Arab, the Mongol, the Teuton, and very many more, have each of them their peculiar characters. We have not space to analyse them on this occasion; but, whatever they are, they are transmitted, generation after generation, as truly as their physical forms.

What is true for the entire race is equally true for its varieties. If we were to select persons who were born with a type of character that we desired to intensify,—suppose it was one that approached to some ideal standard of perfection—and if we compelled marriage within the limits of the society so selected, generation after generation; there can be no doubt that the offspring would ultimately be born with the qualities we sought, as surely as if we had been breeding for physical features, and not for intellect or disposition.

Our natural constitution seems to bear as direct and stringent a relation to that of our forefathers as any other physical effect does to its cause. Our bodies, minds, and capabilities of development have been derived from them. Everything we possess at our birth is a heritage from our ancestors.

Can we hand anything down to our children, that we have fairly won by

our own independent exertions? Will our children be born with more virtuous dispositions, if we ourselves have acquired virtuous habits? Or are we no more than passive transmitters of a nature we have received, and which we have no power to modify? There are but a few instances in which habit even seems to be inherited. The chief among them are such as those of dogs being born excellent pointers; of the attachment to man shown by dogs; and of the fear of man, rapidly learnt and established among the birds of newly-discovered islands. But all of these admit of being accounted for on other grounds than the hereditary transmission of habits. Pointing is, in some faint degree, a natural disposition of all dogs. Breeders have gradually improved upon it, and created the race we now possess. There is nothing to show that the reason why dogs are born staunch pointers is that their parents had been broken into acquiring an artificial habit. So as regards the fondness of dogs for man. It is inherent to a great extent in the genus. The dingo, or wild dog of Australia, is attached to the man who has caught him when a puppy, and clings to him even although he is turned adrift to hunt for his own living. This quality in dogs is made more intense by the custom of selection. The savage dogs are lost or killed; the tame ones are kept and bred from. Lastly, as regards the birds. As soon as any of their flock has learned to fear, I presume that its frightened movements on the approach of man form a language that is rapidly and unerringly understood by the rest, old or young; and that, after a few repetitions of the signal, man becomes an object of well-remembered mistrust. Moreover, just as natural selection has been shown to encourage love of man in domestic dogs, so it tends to encourage fear of man in all wild animals—the tamer varieties perishing owing to their misplaced confidence, and the wilder ones continuing their breed.

If we examine the question from the opposite side, a list of life-long

habits in the parents might be adduced which leave no perceptible trace on their descendants. I cannot ascertain that the son of an old soldier learns his drill more quickly than the son of an artisan. I am assured that the sons of fishermen, whose ancestors have pursued the same calling time out of mind, are just as sea-sick as the sons of landmen when they first go to sea. I cannot discover that the castes of India show signs of being naturally endowed with special aptitudes. If the habits of an individual are transmitted to his descendants, it is, as Darwin says, in a very small degree, and is hardly, if at all, traceable.

We shall therefore take an approximately correct view of the origin of our life, if we consider our own embryos to have sprung immediately from those embryos whence our parents were developed, and these from the embryos of *their* parents, and so on for ever. We should in this way look on the nature of mankind, and perhaps on that of the whole animated creation, as one continuous system, ever pushing out new branches in all directions, that variously interlace, and that bud into separate lives at every point of interlacement.

This simile does not at all express the popular notion of life. Most persons seem to have a vague idea that a new element, specially fashioned in heaven, and not transmitted by simple descent, is introduced into the body of every newly-born infant. Such a notion is unfitted to stand upon any scientific basis with which we are acquainted. It is impossible it should be true, unless there exists some property or quality in man that is not transmissible by descent. But the terms *talent* and *character* are exhaustive: they include the whole of man's spiritual nature so far as we are able to understand it. No other class of qualities is known to exist, that we might suppose to have been interpolated from on high. Moreover, the idea is improbable from *a priori* considerations, because there is no other instance in which creative power operates under our own observation at the

present day, except it may be in the freedom in action of our own wills. Wherever else we turn our eyes, we see nothing but law and order, and effect following cause.

But though, when we look back to our ancestors, the embryos of our progenitors may be conceived to have been developed, in each generation, immediately from the one that preceded it, yet we cannot take so restricted a view when we look forward. The interval that separates the full-grown animal from its embryo is too important to be disregarded. It is in this interval that Darwin's law of natural selection comes into play; and those conditions are entered into, which affect, we know not how, the "individual variation" of the offspring. I mean those that cause dissimilarity among brothers and sisters who are born successively, while twins, produced simultaneously, are often almost identical. If it were possible that embryos should descend directly from embryos, there might be developments in every direction, and the world would be filled with monstrosities. But this is not the order of nature. It is her fiat that the natural tendencies of animals should never disaccord long and widely with the conditions under which they are placed. Every animal before it is of an age to bear offspring, has to undergo frequent stern examinations before the board of nature, under the law of natural selection; where to be "plucked" is not necessarily disgrace, but is certainly death. Never let it be forgotten that man, as a reasonable being, has the privilege of not being helpless under the tyranny of uncongenial requirements, but that he can, and that he does, modify the subjects in which nature examines him, and that he has considerable power in settling beforehand the relative importance in the examination that shall be assigned to each separate subject.

It becomes a question of great interest how far moral monstrosities admit of being bred. Is there any obvious law that assigns a limit to the propagation of supremely vicious or supremely virtuous

natures? In strength, agility, and other physical qualities, Darwin's law of natural selection acts with unimpassioned, merciless severity. The weakly die in the battle for life; the stronger and more capable individuals are alone permitted to survive, and to bequeath their constitutional vigour to future generations. Is there any corresponding rule in respect to moral character? I believe there is, and I have already hinted at it when speaking of the American Indians. I am prepared to maintain that its action, by insuring a certain fundamental unity in the quality of the affections, enables men and the higher order of animals to sympathise in some degree with each other, and also, that this law forms the broad basis of our religious sentiments.

Animal life, in all but the very lowest classes, depends on at least one, and, more commonly, on all of the four following principles:—There must be affection, and it must be of four kinds: sexual, parental, filial, and social. The absolute deficiency of any one of these would be a serious hindrance, if not a bar to the continuance of any race. Those who possessed all of them, in the strongest measure, would, speaking generally, have an advantage in the struggle for existence. Without sexual affection, there would be no marriages, and no children; without parental affection, the children would be abandoned; without filial affection, they would stray and perish; and, without the social, each individual would be single-handed against rivals who were capable of banding themselves into tribes. Affection for others as well as for self, is therefore a necessary part of animal character. Disinterestedness is as essential to a brute's well-being as selfishness. No animal lives for itself alone, but also, at least occasionally, for its parent, its mate, its offspring, or its fellow. Companionship is frequently more grateful to an animal than abundant food. The safety of her young is considered by many a mother as a paramount object to her own. The passion for a mate is equally strong. The gregarious bird posts itself during its turn of duty as watchman on a tree,

by the side of the feeding flock. Its zeal to serve the common cause exceeds its care to attend to its own interests. Extreme selfishness is not a common vice. Narrow thoughts of self by no means absorb the minds of ordinary men; they occupy a secondary position in the thoughts of the more noble and generous of our race. A large part of an Englishman's life is devoted to others, or to the furtherance of general ideas, and not to directly personal ends. The Jesuit toils for his order, not for himself. Many plan for that which they can never live to see. At the hour of death they are still planning. An incomplete will, which might work unfairness among those who would succeed to the property of a dying man, harasses his mind. Personal obligations of all sorts press as heavily as in the fulness of health, although the touch of death is known to be on the point of cancelling them. It is so with animals. A dog's thoughts are towards his master, even when he suffers the extremest pain. His mind is largely filled at all times with sentiments of affection. But disinterested feelings are more necessary to man than to any other animal, because of the long period of his dependent childhood, and also because of his great social needs, due to his physical helplessness. Darwin's law of natural selection would therefore be expected to develop these sentiments among men, even among the lowest barbarians, to a greater degree than among animals.

I believe that our religious sentiments spring primarily from these four sources. The institution of celibacy is an open acknowledgment that the theistic and human affections are more or less convertible; I mean that by starving the one class the other becomes more intense and absorbing. In savages, the theistic sentiment is chiefly, if not wholly, absent. I would refer my readers, who may hesitate in accepting this assertion, to the recently published work of my friend Sir John Lubbock, "*Prehistoric Times*," p. 467—472, where the reports of travellers on the religion of savages are very ably and fairly collated. The

theistic sentiment is secondary, not primary. It becomes developed within us under the influence of reflection and reason. All evidence tends to show that man is directed to the contemplation and love of God by instincts that he shares with the whole animal world, and that primarily appeal to the love of his neighbour.

Moral monsters are born among Englishmen, even at the present day; and, when they are betrayed by their acts, the law puts them out of the way, by the prison or the gallows, and so prevents them from continuing their breed. Townley, the murderer, is an instance in point. He behaved with decorum and propriety; he was perfectly well-conducted to the gaol officials, and he corresponded with his mother in a style that was certainly flippant, but was not generally considered to be insane. However, with all this reasonableness of disposition, he could not be brought to see that he had done anything particularly wrong in murdering the girl that was disinclined to marry him. He was thoroughly consistent in his disregard for life, because, when his own existence became wearisome, he ended it with perfect coolness, by jumping from an upper staircase. It is a notable fact that a man without a conscience, like Townley, should be able to mix in English society for years, just like other people.

How enormous is the compass of the scale of human character, which reaches from dispositions like those we have just described, to that of a Socrates! How various are the intermediate types of character that commonly fall under everybody's notice, and how differently are the principles of virtue measured out to different natures! We can clearly observe the extreme diversity of character in children. Some are naturally generous and open, others mean and tricky; some are warm and loving, others cold and heartless; some are meek and patient, others obstinate and self-asserting; some few have the tempers of angels, and at least as many have the tempers of devils. In the

same way, as I showed in my previous paper, that by selecting men and women of rare and similar talent, and mating them together, generation after generation, an extraordinarily gifted race might be developed, so a yet more rigid selection, having regard to their moral nature, would, I believe, result in a no less marked improvement of their natural disposition.

Let us consider an instance in which different social influences have modified the inborn dispositions of a nation. The North American people has been bred from the most restless and combative class of Europe. Whenever, during the last ten or twelve generations, a political or religious party has suffered defeat, its prominent members, whether they were the best, or only the noisiest, have been apt to emigrate to America, as a refuge from persecution. Men fled to America for conscience' sake, and for that of unappreciated patriotism. Every scheming knave, and every brutal ruffian, who feared the arm of the law, also turned his eyes in the same direction. Peasants and artisans, whose spirit rebelled against the tyranny of society and the monotony of their daily life, and men of a higher position, who chafed under conventional restraints, all yearned towards America. Thus the dispositions of the parents of the American people have been exceedingly varied, and usually extreme, either for good or for evil. But in one respect they almost universally agreed. Every head of an emigrant family brought with him a restless character, and a spirit apt to rebel. If we estimate the moral nature of Americans from their present social state, we shall find it to be just what we might have expected from such a parentage. They are enterprising, defiant, and touchy; impatient of authority; furious politicians; very tolerant of fraud and violence; possessing much high and generous spirit, and some true religious feeling, but strongly addicted to cant.

We have seen that the law of natural selection develops disinterested affection of a varied character even in animals

and barbarian man. Is the same law different in its requirements when acting on civilized man? It is no doubt more favourable on the whole to civilized progress, but we must not expect to find as yet many marked signs of its action. As a matter of history, our Anglo-Saxon civilization is only skin-deep. It is but eight hundred years, or twenty-six generations, since the Conquest, and the ancestors of the large majority of Englishmen were the merest boors at a much later date than that. It is said that among the heads of the noble houses of England there can barely be found one that has a right to claim the sixteen quarterings—that is to say, whose great-great-grandparents were, all of them (sixteen in number), entitled to carry arms. Generally the nobility of a family is represented by only a few slender rills among a multiplicity of non-noble sources.

The most notable quality that the requirements of civilization have hitherto bred in us, living as we do in a rigorous climate and on a naturally barren soil, is the instinct of continuous steady labour. This is alone possessed by civilized races, and it is possessed in a far greater degree by the feeblest individuals among them than by the most able-bodied savages. Unless a man can work hard and regularly in England, he becomes an outcast. If he only works by fits and starts he has not a chance of competition with steady workmen. An artisan who has variable impulses, and wayward moods, is almost sure to end in intemperance and ruin. In short, men who are born with wild and irregular dispositions, even though they contain much that is truly noble, are alien to the spirit of a civilized country, and they and their breed are eliminated from it by the law of selection. On the other hand, a wild, untameable restlessness is innate with savages. I have collected numerous instances where children of a low race have been separated at an early age from their parents, and reared as part of a settler's family, quite apart from their own people. Yet, after years of civilized ways, in some fit of passion, or under

some craving, like that of a bird about to emigrate, they have abandoned their home, flung away their dress, and sought their countrymen in the bush, among whom they have subsequently been found living in contented barbarism, without a vestige of their gentle nurture. This is eminently the case with the Austrians, and I have heard of many others in South Africa. There are also numerous instances in England where the restless nature of gipsy half-blood asserts itself with irresistible force.

Another difference, which may either be due to natural selection or to original difference of race, is the fact that savages seem incapable of progress after the first few years of their life. The average children of all races are much on a par. Occasionally, those of the lower races are more precocious than the Anglo-Saxons; as a brute beast of a few weeks old is certainly more apt and forward than a child of the same age. But, as the years go by, the higher races continue to progress, while the lower ones gradually stop. They remain children in mind, with the passions of grown men. Eminent genius commonly asserts itself in tender years, but it continues long to develop. The highest minds in the highest race seem to have been those who had the longest boyhood. It is not those who were little men in early youth who have succeeded. Here I may remark that, in the great mortality that besets the children of our poor, those who are members of precocious families, and who are therefore able to help in earning wages at a very early age, have a marked advantage over their competitors. They, on the whole, live, and breed their like, while the others die. But, if this sort of precocity be unfavourable to a race—if it be generally followed by an early arrest of development, and by a premature old age—then modern industrial civilization, in encouraging precocious varieties of men, deteriorates the breed.

Besides these three points of difference—endurance of steady labour, tameness of disposition, and prolonged development—I know of none that very

markedly distinguishes the nature of the lower classes of civilized man from that of barbarians. In the excitement of a pillaged town the English soldier is just as brutal as the savage. Gentle manners seem, under those circumstances, to have been a mere gloss thrown by education over a barbarous nature. One of the effects of civilization is to diminish the rigour of the application of the law of natural selection. It preserves weakly lives, that would have perished in barbarous lands. The sickly children of a wealthy family have a better chance of living and rearing offspring than the stalwart children of a poor one. As with the body, so with the mind. Poverty is more adverse to early marriages than is natural bad temper, or inferiority of intellect. In civilized society, money interposes her ægis between the law of natural selection and very many of its rightful victims. Scrofula and madness are naturalised among us by wealth; short-sightedness is becoming so. There seems no limit to the morbid tendencies of body or mind that might accumulate in a land where the law of primogeniture was general, and where riches were more esteemed than personal qualities. Neither is there any known limit to the intellectual and moral grandeur of nature that might be introduced into aristocratic families, if their representatives, who have such rare privilege in winning wives that please them best, should invariably, generation after generation, marry with a view of transmitting those noble qualities to their descendants. Inferior blood in the representative of a family might be eliminated from it in a few generations. The share that a man retains in the constitution of his remote descendants is inconceivably small. The father transmits, on an average, one-half of his nature, the grandfather one-fourth, the great-grandfather one-eighth; the share decreasing step by step, in a geometrical ratio, with great rapidity. Thus the man who claims descent from a Norman baron, who accompanied William the Conqueror twenty-six generations ago, has so minute a share of that baron's influence in his

constitution, that, if he weighs fourteen stone, the part of him which may be ascribed to the baron (supposing, of course, there have been no additional lines of relationship) is only one-fiftieth of a grain in weight—an amount ludicrously disproportioned to the value popularly ascribed to ancient descent. As a stroke of policy, I question if the head of a great family, or a prince, would not give more strength to his position, by marrying a wife who would bear him talented sons, than one who would merely bring him the support of high family connexions.

With the few but not insignificant exceptions we have specified above, we are still barbarians in our nature, and we show it in a thousand ways. The children who dabble and dig in the dirt have inherited the instincts of untold generations of barbarian forefathers, who dug with their nails for a large fraction of their lives. Our ancestors were grubbing by the hour, each day, to get at the roots they chiefly lived upon. They had to grub out pitfalls for their game, holes for their palisades and hut-poles, hiding-places, and ovens. Man became a digging animal by nature; and so we see the delicately-reared children of our era very ready to revert to primeval habits. Instinct breaks out in them, just as it does in the silk-haired, boudoir-nurtured spaniel, with a ribbon round its neck, that runs away from the endearments of its mistress, to sniff and revel in some road-side mess of carrion.

It is a common theme of moralists of many creeds, that man is born with an imperfect nature. He has lofty aspirations, but there is a weakness in his disposition that incapacitates him from carrying his nobler purposes into effect. He sees that some particular course of action is his duty, and should be his

delight; but his inclinations are fickle and base, and do not conform to his better judgment. The whole moral nature of man is tainted with sin, which prevents him from doing the things he knows to be right.

I venture to offer an explanation of this apparent anomaly, which seems perfectly satisfactory from a scientific point of view. It is neither more nor less than that the development of our nature, under Darwin's law of natural selection, has not yet overtaken the development of our religious civilization. Man was barbarous but yesterday, and therefore it is not to be expected that the natural aptitudes of his race should already have become moulded into accordance with his very recent advance. We men of the present centuries are like animals suddenly transplanted among new conditions of climate and of food: our instincts fail us under the altered circumstances.

My theory is confirmed by the fact that the members of old civilizations are far less sensible than those newly converted from barbarism of their nature being inadequate to their moral needs. The conscience of a negro is aghast at his own wild, impulsive nature, and is easily stirred by a preacher, but it is scarcely possible to ruffle the self-complacency of a steady-going Chinaman.

The sense of original sin would show, according to my theory, not that man was fallen from a high estate, but that he was rapidly rising from a low one. It would therefore confirm the conclusion that has been arrived at by every independent line of ethnological research—that our forefathers were utter savages from the beginning; and, that, after myriads of years of barbarism, our race has but very recently grown to be civilized and religious.

QUEEN SOPHIA.

"I know there is much meaning in thine eyes,
 Thy sea-blue eyes, impenetrable Queen!
 I know that thou art beautiful as wise,
 Unfathom'd as serene.

"I know the moulded masses of thy hair
 Enclose a forehead awful as thine eyes;
 Awful with thoughts in which I may not share,
 And mute mysteries:

"And the long heave, the rhythmic calm unrest,
 That betters all thy loveliness, I know
 'Tis born of fancies bounteous as thy breast,
 But secret as its snow.

"Why therefore dost thou mock me with thy gaze?
 Why hast thou no interpreter, no moon
 Of love, to bring me thy reflected rays
 And not thy tropic noon?

"Stand up, and smite me ere my reason dies—
 Smite me at once, or save me evermore!
 I cannot bear to see those solemn eyes
 And not to know their lore."

Then she, uprisen from her resting-place,
 Stood on the purple dais; and a smile
 Disturb'd the sacred beauty of her face
 With pleasure, for awhile.

'Twas love, perhaps, that just a moment stirr'd
 Her palpitating bosom ere she spake;
 That touch'd her spirit, as a new-lit bird
 Sends ripples through the lake.

But she, who master'd every wayward mood
 Or e'er she felt its first and faintest thrill,
 Composed into its old beatitude
 Her voice divinely still:

"O man," she said—and her self-lighted eyes
 Between their rosy valves emerging, woke
 An undistinguish'd splendour of surprise
 Within him as she spoke—

"O man, I love for ever, if I love:
 I care not for the passion of a day,
 That breaks in thunder on the heart 'twould move,
 And storms itself away:

"I seek a strength devout, majestic,
A resolute deep stedfastness of soul,
In him to whom my spirit once for all
Yields up its treasure whole.

"But thou art wild, impetuous as a girl;
Thou wouldst unseat me from my queenly place,
And whirl me down, as shallow eddies whirl
The bubbles at their base:

"Nor hast thou yet considered what thou art—
How far from peace, from godliness, from Home
Nor spoken softly to thy listening heart
Concerning things to come.

"Go: look on life without me, till thou know,
After the sure sad discipline of years,
Its vernal beauty underneath its snow,
Its blue behind its tears:

"Till, as from each fair meadow thou hast trod,
Each morning valley wreathed in cloudy calm,
So from thine own hot heart, goes up to God
One sweet confiding psalm.

"Go—but forget not: when the last degree
Of self-control is reckon'd on thy brow,
Come back; and I will keep for thee and me
A love thou know'st not now."

ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

FROM BRISTOL TO CAERLEON.

BY THE REV. JOHN EARLE.

A FEW minutes before 10 o'clock on the last day of May, the Newport steamboat lay by the muddy bank of the Avon, ready to get under weigh. Nominally so—but not really; for heavy barrels were still rolling down the inclined planks, in what threatened to be an endless procession, while gigantic crates stuffed full of garden vegetables still tarried on the bank, and rolls of sheet-lead, insignificant to the eye, indicated their ponderosity to the mind by the amount of man and wheel-power exerted to stow them on board.

We lost nearly three-quarters of an hour before starting; but I was not impatient, for I had travelled fifteen miles since breakfast in uncertainty about the boat, and I was content to have secured a

footing upon the next means of transit. At length, however, we moved, and I learnt that we were not on board the *Taff*, the boat which belongs to this station, but a slower substitute while the *Taff* is in dock to be touched up for the summer. This indicates the beginning of the tourists' season on these coasts. I deplored not the loss of time, for what to me was time or space? Was I not out to while away the time, and escape the trammels of calculation and punctuality? It was not five minutes ago that I had keenly tasted the privileges of my present immunity. A passenger had come on board full of ill-suppressed eagerness to know the chances of our starting, and of our arrival in Newport, and comparing with manifest solicitude

the chances of the Cardiff boat which lay ahead of us, as he had to be at both places in the course of the day, or, as he phrased it, "to accomplish both." After some hesitation, he decided in favour of taking Cardiff first, and left us. To a mind relaxed and resolved on indolence, the agitation of hurry and indecision appears aimless and absurd. And, if one is of an anxious temperament oneself, it makes a healthy change to feel for the while so exempt from care as to be able to smile at it.

How pleasant it is to glide down the river between rocky and romantic banks! How much of the pleasure of life depends on change, change from land-carriage to water-carriage, change from the inland to the sea-board. But above and beyond all changes is that delicious change, change from work to play! Oh! the first lively bound of recovered freedom! At such moments one can sympathize with the gambols of a horse just turned out to grass, while his skin is still tingling with the trituration of the harness.

We passed under the Clifton Suspension Bridge, the last and most striking work in this branch of engineering. What an *apotheosis* for the old Hungerford Market Bridge to find itself swinging aloft between the St. Vincent Rocks and Leigh Woods! Once a weary foot-path from market to suburb, now a highway for the chariots of Clifton, and a short cut to Nightingale Valley!

On the aft part of the boat, reserved for cabin passengers, there were a man and his wife who appeared to be there by mistake. And so it proved; for, when we were out in mid channel, and the steward went round to take the fares, they were seen to thread their way among the bales that cumbered the midships, and lose themselves among the motley crowd in the bows. It was with this man that I selected to enter into conversation, I know not whether because he talked Welsh with his wife, or because of his humble appearance. What is it that makes the well-dressed and well-to-do in the world less accessible and less easy to accost? Have wealth

and prosperity some secret power to repel sympathy and to sever a man from his fellow-creatures? It seems as if there was some law in the nature of things which makes it expedient for a man to improve in humility in proportion as he ascends the social scale, lest he should forfeit all the gains of his advancement.

I asked my Welshman what was the Welsh for a boat. "A bowat," said he, "*oddiymgylch*, yes, indeed. "Oh yes," I replied, "I know that *oddiymgylch* is the Welsh for about, as when we say round about, because I once learnt some Welsh myself, many years ago. But I want to know the Welsh for a boat, such as we are in now; or a smaller boat, that you get into when you go on the water." "Oh, ah, yes, indeed," said he, "now I understand you—a boat is called *cwch*." "True," said I, "that is the word. But is there not some other word like *skeat*, or *skewat*, which is used for a small boat?" "Well, indeed," he replied, "I think there is, but I have not lived near the coast; I live up in a place called Ebbw Vale." I had been talking with him some considerable time before I found out that he was blind. Pointing out to him the new railway from Bristol to the mouth of the river, I noticed that he did not attempt to look that way. He had been blind ten years. He was quite reconciled to the privation, and told me with pride how he came across sometimes all by himself, and went into Bristol market and bought his vegetables, and returned quite safely. And now I learned that he was the owner of those huge crates of vegetables that I had noticed as they were stowed aboard. For, strange as it may appear, Bristol market is the chief source of the vegetables that are eaten at Newport. It cannot be that the cost of production is less in the neighbourhood of Bristol than in that of Newport—it can only be that the superfluity of the supply in Bristol can be bought up too cheaply for Newport gardeners to compete with.

We were soon opposite Pill, which is a pilot station for the Port of Bristol, and a place of embarkation and de-

barkation for passengers belonging to both sides of the river, while the steamer keeps in mid channel. This *Pill* is an odd name, and must seem strange to all except people who know this country; but to them it is familiar enough. There are a vast number of "Pills" all up and down this higher end of the Bristol Channel, both on the Welsh and on the English coast. The word indicates the peculiar kind of water-course which is common on these coasts, and which is due to peculiar physical conditions. The conformation of the Bristol Channel, which terminates in the wedge-shaped estuary of the Severn, is such as to throng and jam in the tidal wave which enters from the Atlantic, causing a great elevation of the water at high tide. At Chepstow the interval between high tide and low tide is as much as sixty feet measured vertically. The consequence of this is seen and felt far inland, on both coasts of this water. All the streams that descend either to the Severn or to the Bristol Channel receive the tide far up inland, and this is more especially the case on the English coast, which is more alluvial and flatter than the Welsh. Accordingly the watercourses are vastly too capacious for the small drainage of the land-water, and they are never full except at high tide. At low tide they are mere muddy trenches, like empty and very dirty canals, having only a trickling stream of water in their deep and narrow base. These are the "Pills." No better example can be given of the general characteristics of a "Pill" than the river Avon itself as seen from Clifton Downs when the tide is out. In the case of the nautical village which is called "Pill," a common name has been promoted to the place of a proper name by a well-known process, in consequence of its being the most distinguished of the places which bear the name. Its original and specific name is Crockern Pill.

The Bristol Channel combines in itself some of the most useful features of an open sea and an inland lake. Powerfully replenished with salt water, twice changed in the twenty-four hours, it has

none of that half-and-half character which impairs the maritime pretensions of the Mediterranean and the Baltic. No Gates of Hercules at its mouth to curb the free entrance of the flood, its arms are flung open to welcome the advance of wind and wave. This makes a passage on its waters so refreshing, and such a thorough change as it is from the inland; this impregnates with salt the air of Durdham Down, and drives the *bore* far up the streams of the Parret and the Severn.

It is a grand privilege to land-weary mortals who live at Bristol, or within easy reach of it, that they can here seize a short interval of change. Boats are going every day, and there is a great range of choice; you may make a sea-trip of an hour and a half to Portishead, or one of ten or twelve hours to Tenby or Hayle. At a fare of two shillings I found myself borne away towards the hills of South Wales—a land full of British memories, and still inhabited (if I may so say) by our British ancestors.

Among the cabin passengers was a respectable-looking young person, with an old-fashioned nosegay of flowers. Not such flowers as nursery-men now advertise, nor such as are displayed in horticultural exhibitions, but such as our great grandmothers cultivated and as we read of in books. Stocks formed the staple; with these, gillyflowers, and pinks, and that highly odoriferous species of *artemisia*, which is sometimes called southernwood, but in Devonshire is known as *boy's-love*. Such nosegays come neither from the mansion nor the cottage, but from the farm-house garden, that stronghold of time-honoured specimens.

The boat entered the river on which Newport stands, and it is just another of the "Pills," though it is not called so. It is called the *Usk*, a British river-name of high antiquity, being simply their old word for *water*. It is preserved in England, as in the Exe on which Exeter stands, in the Ax of Axbridge, and in the Ux of Uxbridge, besides many other less conspicuous instances. The Latin form of it was

Isca. The last new phase under which it reappeared in our language was *whiskey*, from the Irish *usquebaugh*, which means the same as *eau-de-vie*.

Newport may be regarded as an emigration of the ancient city of Caerleon, which was inconveniently distant from the sea. The commercial importance of Newport begins in the twelfth century, when Robert, Earl of Gloucester, built a castle here. But there must certainly have been an English population at Newport long before that time, if only for this reason, that the church of St. Woollos, which is the parish church, is popularly called by the venerable Saxon designation of *Old Stow Church*. The word *stow* is simply the Saxon word for *place*, and hence the verb *be-stow* is used of arranging things in their places, as when we read of Gehazi, that he took the goods which he had stealthily gotten, "and bestowed them in the house." It is a later application of the verb when it is used in the sense of giving or spending. This word we have in many names of places. Bristol itself is only a corruption of Briegstow, the bridge-place, the place where the river Avon was crossed by a bridge.

This *Old Stow Church* stands on a fine commanding eminence, from which the tourist can at once take in the situation of Newport and the lie of the land generally. It affords a fine prospect over the Channel. It is a strange compound of a fabric, the more substantial parts being Norman. The font is a modern copy of its old Norman predecessor, and is of a late dragonesque pattern. Here the student of art may observe how slight a deviation from the model is capable of producing a total change of effect. For it happens that in the unused part of this large church a fragment of the original font is still preserved, and therefore the comparison may easily be made.

In the county of Monmouthshire the tokens of Briton and Saxon are intermingled. I had not gone far on the road to Caerleon (or *Ca'leen*, as the people call it) when I was arrested by the aspect of a gateway forming the entrance

to a farm, probably a manorial house in bygone times. Though I had never been on this road before, yet it struck me like a familiar object. I soon retraced the history of my surprise. The gateway had the somewhat uncommon aspect of farm-gateways in Brittany; and one in particular, near St. Pol de Leon, I could specify, which is a very model of it. What this signifies of ancient habits of communication between Wales and Brittany, or of more subtle agreements resulting from the common origin of the two nations, I do not pretend to determine. But it has happened to me in Brittany to find striking recollections of Wales or Cornwall suggested by inconspicuous objects; and here was an instance of the converse experience.

The road to Caerleon leads along above the vale of the Usk, which river is seen just below on the left hand. It appeared like a great muddy gutter—a "Pill." I was approaching Caerleon, and was at a picturesque part, where the road makes a bold curve, with a high bank on the right hand. This bank was covered with verdure, and under it there stood a donkey-cart. The donkey was quietly browsing at the bank, and the owner was a little behind his cart, labouring at the bank with a hook in his hand. As I approached, he was stuffing a sack with the long grass which he had cut from the bank. He greeted me cheerily, and said that he was packing some provender for his donkey, who had travelled many miles with him to-day. I admired the donkey, and asked how old it was. He told me she was three years old, and proceeded to show me the proof of it in the animal's teeth. I then said that I took interest in donkeys, for that I was thinking of buying one myself. When he showed a disposition to strike a bargain at once and sell me his, I informed him that I was a stranger in that place, and that it would not be convenient for me to buy a donkey there. I told him I had breakfasted this morning on the other side of Bath. At mention of Bath, "Ah!" said he, "I know Bath very well; I was at

school there thirty years ago." "Indeed," I cried. "Yes, indeed," said he, "I was at the school of Mr. ——— in ———." He then proceeded to unfold to me his personal history, how he had known better times, had been in a good business, but had experienced reverses. He was now an itinerant dealer in rags and earthenware. The more I inquired and the more interest I displayed, the more his details grew minute and pathetic. He had a brother who was a successful man, who had risen upon the ruins of his fortunes, who was now what he once had been, a flourishing rag merchant, who had begun his business under his auspices, had been aggrandized by his failure, and now took no notice of *him* to whom he owed everything, but left him to his poverty and his struggles. All this was related with great serenity, and I admired the fortitude of the man. I began to think whether my purse would not afford some token of sympathy at least for such a case, even if not substantial aid. But second thoughts counselled prudence, and suggested that it was no part of my vocation to go about the world redressing injury and restoring the balance of things. So I offered the man what I was able to afford—a word of advice and consolation. "Such misfortunes, my friend" (thus I reasoned), "such misfortunes and injuries as yours have no power to harm us seriously, if our hearts are not soured and our lives embittered by them. You appear to be very cheerful under your reverses, and I trust you resist every inclination to entertain malice against your brother." I dare say I said a good deal more than I can now remember, for my interest was awakened by the wrongs he had undergone and the simplicity with which he told his story. We parted with tokens of mutual regard, and I moved on in contemplation.

"There, now," thought I, "there is a man whom I might have passed by as an insignificant creature, and yet he has a great history of his own, and a great and simple heart under that shabby exterior."

I must have met a woman almost immediately, but she passed along unperceived by me. Presently a conversation sprang up behind me as the woman passed the cart, and it seemed to me that she asked what I had been saying. This is so common a thing that I should hardly have noticed it, but for the words that next fell on my ear. Whether the man spoke in a high note, or whether the lie of the road was particularly favourable for hearing, I soon heard that which astonished and startled me. I stopped and listened, and then, when the woman had proceeded on her way, I slowly retraced my steps until I was on the footpath opposite to the donkey-cart, and I hailed my recent interlocutor. "My friend, what did you tell that woman?" "I told her you were come from beyond Bath since breakfast this morning." "Yes, but you said I was a schoolmaster." "Well, I thought you were." "And did you also think that your son was a pupil of mine?" "Ah! no," said he, "that was an illusion." "An illusion indeed! yes, and what you said about the donkey was another illusion, you will say." "Oh!" cried he, "I said you were in want of a donkey, and were looking at mine." "No, my friend, you said that I wanted a donkey, and that I had said if I were not so far from home I would give you two guineas for yours." "Ah, yes!" he admitted, "that was rather a romance." "A romance! it was a falsehood, and you are greatly abusing your own mind and your powers of speech, which God has given you, to indulge in such a succession of falsehoods. You lose credit with men as well as favour with God. Of course, I do not now believe a word of what you told me about your own misfortunes and your brother's ingratitude." "What, sir," he cried, recovering somewhat from his crest-fallen air, "don't you believe it is true what I told you about my brother?" "No, I do not." "Then you may take my card, if you please, and inquire."

Dropping this fruitless altercation, I continued my march towards Caerleon. This name means the same in Welsh as

Leicester does in Saxon, and signifies the "City of the Legion." It was a military station when this island was under Roman dominion. In the ancient British Church it was the seat of the primacy of the west. Now it is a mere village, with a good stone bridge over the Usk. When the tide is out the bridge looks unreasonably grand, as all the water under it might be conveyed down in a channel that a child could leap over. But the wide waterway told of the periodical visitation of a power

of water which was now absent. And it seemed to me no more difficult to reconstruct in imagination the ancient magnificence of Caerleon in Church and State than to imagine that river filled with water. The two ideas blended in one and found a focus for their divergencies in that verse of our sacred poet:—

"Now of Thy love we deem
As of an ocean vast,
Mounting in tides against the stream
Of ages gone and past."

"THE NEGRO SUFFRAGE."

BY PROFESSOR CAIRNES.

SINCE the French Revolution, no political work of equal importance with that now in progress in the restored Union has been laid upon the energies of any nation. It may be questioned if even the reconstruction of society in France after the disruption of 1789 involved issues so radical as that which now tasks the resources of American statesmanship; for, as Tocqueville has shown, the great revolution of the eighteenth century, sweeping and destructive as it seemed, was in its essence rather a realization and acceleration of social and political tendencies already in operation than their overthrow and reversal; whereas, in order that anything durable should be effected for the South—which is, in other words, to say, in order that a society be there established harmonious in its character and tendencies with the larger political body of which it forms a part—nothing short of a positive reversal of the pre-existing social and political conditions of those states will be adequate. The forces of slave society, growing steadily more definitive from the foundation of the Union down to 1860, culminated in the rebellion, and have now been crushed by its defeat: the problem for the Unionists is to prevent their resuscitation, and at the same time to lay the

foundation of a society of opposite quality, fitted to form a constituent element in a free and democratic nation.

Of the causes which shall determine the character of the new structure, obviously the most important of all is the place assigned in it to the negro. Shall the negro, now that he is emancipated, be admitted at once to the full prerogatives of citizenship, or is he to remain a mere sojourner on sufferance in the great Republic which he has assisted to save? Such is the question which the work of reconstruction has now brought to the foreground of American politics. Up to the present the main armies of the great parties have perhaps scarcely realized in all the fulness of its importance the issue proposed to them. But between the advanced posts on either side some sharp skirmishing has for some time been going on—the prelude, obviously, to a serious struggle. On the one hand the conservative section, the section which opposed the emancipation of the negro, is, as might be expected, still more opposed to the concession to him of political rights; but, on the other hand, in support of his claims there stands the same party which has befriended him hitherto—the party which

has, so far, been uniformly successful in impressing its idea, on the course of this revolution. Surrounded with the *prestige* of accomplished emancipation, led by Mr. Sumner in the Senate, and by Mr. Wendell Phillips on the platform, the advanced Republican party has already inscribed on its banner the words, "Negro Suffrage," demanding, as the one effectual security for all that has been gained, that the coloured race shall, with the white man, have equal possession of every political right. "Our duty to-day," said Mr. Phillips, on a recent occasion, "is to announce our purpose at least gallantly to struggle that no state shall come back to the Union unless she brings back a constitution which knows no distinction of race. It is no matter whether the suffrage is limited by property, whether it is limited by intelligence, whether it is limited by age, or by any other condition: the sole thing which it must not be limited by to-day is the colour of a man's skin."

The policy here announced will, not, improbably, shock the conservative susceptibilities of even liberal politicians here. While we in England are hesitating about extending the franchise to a select number of the educated artisans of our towns, here is a proposition to enfranchise at a stroke a whole race of men, but yesterday enslaved, but yesterday excluded by law not alone from political training, but from every means of enlightenment. It would seem to be a dictate of the most ordinary prudence that time should be given to the newly-emancipated to acquire some experience in personal freedom before investing them with political power. Some such reflection as this is what will occur to almost every Englishman on hearing of the proposal to confer the suffrage on the negroes; yet, in truth, it has little bearing on the question now agitated in the United States. That question is not as to the expediency of admitting poor and ignorant persons to the franchise, but as to the justice of making colour a test of poverty and ignorance. For it must not be forgotten that, under

the electoral laws of the Southern States as in force up to the present time, the most ignorant and lawless population to be found in any country making pretence to civilization are already invested with political power; and the practical question accordingly is, not whether a high or whether any electoral qualification shall be adopted (on this point the views of Mr. Sumner and Mr. Phillips might possibly be found not to differ so widely from that of moderate politicians here as the latter may imagine) but whether—the electoral qualification being what it is—a special exception from its operation shall be made against a particular class—a class distinguished from others, not by anything indicative of unfitness for political functions, but by a mere ethnological mark. It is, in short, against the principle of *caste* in politics that the radical party in the United States has now taken its stand. It seems to the present writer that, in doing this, they have been guided by true political wisdom: and he now proposes—the subject having as yet received little attention in this country—to state for English readers what seem to him the conclusive and irresistible grounds of the radical case.

In approaching the question of the negro suffrage, one encounters the assumption, made with so much confidence by reasoners of a different race, of the inherent unfitness of the negro for political life. The shape of his skull, the prominence of his lower jaw, the size and hardness of his pelvis, indicate, say these reasoners, closer relationship with the chimpanzee than is consistent with the effective discharge of the duties of citizenship. With such anatomical peculiarities, he must be incapable of understanding his own interest, or of voting for the representative best fitted to promote it. He must therefore be excluded from the sphere of politics, and by consequence from all the opportunities of improvement which the sphere of politics opens. Montaigne thought, as we have been lately reminded, that it was assigning rather too great value to conjectures concerning witchcraft,

to burn human beings alive on such grounds. Whether to consign a whole race to perpetual serfdom be as serious a step as the burning alive of a small proportion of each successive generation, it is unnecessary to determine; but this at least we may say, that the adoption of either course on grounds no stronger than the prosecutors of witches could formerly, or the advocates of negro subjection can now, adduce, argues, to say the least, very remarkable confidence in the value of conjectural speculation. It would argue this even were there no facts to rebut such *a priori* guesses; but, in truth, such facts abound. To give a few examples: the race which, under all the disadvantages of African slavery, produced Toussaint L'Ouverture, the Haytian patriot and hero; which produced Benjamin Banneker, the negro astronomer, distinguished enough to attract the attention of Jefferson and to elicit compliments from Condorcet; which produced William Crafts, the African explorer, the eloquent defender of the humanity of his race, and now the leading merchant and reformer in the kingdom of Dahomey; which produced Frederick Douglass and Sella Martin, now too well known in this country to need characterization here; which produced Robert Small, who, but the other day, with no help but that rendered him by a few brother slaves, carried a vessel out of Charleston from under the eyes of his masters and past the guns of Fort Sumter; which produced—to give another recent instance—the scholar who lately obtained a double-first degree at the University of Toronto—this race must, I think, be admitted to have furnished credentials entitling it, at all events, to a fair stage without favour in the struggle for political existence.

These are isolated examples, and may be regarded as exceptional. Recent events have greatly enlarged our experience, and given us some evidence of what the average negro is capable of. It is a noteworthy fact, that, just in proportion as, with the progress of the Northern arms, the Northern people have extended their observation of the negro, their estimate

of his character has risen; this estimate being highest with those who have been brought into closest and most frequent contact with him. All the prognostications of his detractors have been falsified; all the hopes of his friends have been more than fulfilled. Even in that quality in which it was supposed that his weakness was most conspicuous, that quality which his previous mode of life was certainly well fitted to eradicate—courage—he has proved himself on many a well-contested field a match for his white antagonist—he has shown himself, as R. W. Emerson is reported to have said, "the natural soldier of the Republic;" and generals, who in the first years of the war spurned negroes from their divisions, eagerly welcomed them ere its close. On the other hand, the negro has exhibited valuable civic virtues which are wholly foreign to the men who formed the staple of the late Southern armies—the hereditary border ruffians and filibusters of the South. Take one illustration. "The negroes," says the able correspondent of the *Daily News*, in a recent letter, "show a great capacity for passive resistance, and a good deal of ability in peaceful agitation. At the recent election in the eastern counties of Virginia, where they were not allowed to vote at the polls, they assembled, and, after offering their ballots to the proper officers, as a sort of protest, and being refused, quietly deposited them, and registered their votes in their own meeting-houses. This course will most likely be generally followed in North Carolina also, and everywhere else that Mr. Johnson's plan of reconstruction is adopted." Considering the past of the negroes, will any one deny that such proceedings indicate a very remarkable aptitude for taking part in the working of democratic institutions?

But in truth the consideration of race is almost irrelevant to the question we are discussing. The bulk of the freedmen who are now demanding admission to citizenship in the United States have, it must never be forgotten, quite as much Anglo-Saxon as African blood in

their veins. In the opinion of men familiar with the South, three-fourths of this recently emancipated population of the Southern States are composed of mulattoes, quadroons, sexteroons, octeroons, and others with a still smaller proportion of negro blood. "It is indeed a rare thing," says Mr. M. D. Conway, "to see a really black man; and such a negro passing through the streets, as I have generally observed, would attract attention and comment." The truth is, the great majority of the freedmen of the South are not negroes, but Anglo-Africans. Now, considering the part which mixed races have taken in carrying civilization thus far, may it not be possible that this one should bring to our future development some new human force—some element of value? At all events it is scarcely, one would say, for the United States to close against a people so derived, on grounds of mere ethnological presumption, the doors of political advancement.

So much for *a priori* considerations. But it is not here that we shall find the strength of the negro's case: that rests upon the *special* character of the work to be done, and his fitness as an instrument in its accomplishment. The grand danger besetting the South is a return to the state of things which has passed away—a quiet resumption of authority by the old leaders, or men imbued with their spirit, issuing in the re-establishment in substance of what the Federal Government has abolished in form. The cause of independence is, no doubt, utterly lost; but the cause for the sake of which independence was desired—the cause which, when in the last throes of the Confederacy the choice had to be made, was deliberately preferred to independence—the cause of slavery—is not yet absolutely hopeless. The thing to be apprehended is that the old slaveholding class, seeing that the war game is up, will seek to recover by policy what has been lost in the appeal to force—will once more grasp at the reins of power; and, acquiescing formally in the restored authority of the Union and even in the emancipation decrees, pro-

ceed to set up again, under a slightly modified form, the social system which has just been pulled down. This is what the *ci-devant* slaveholders will assuredly attempt, and it is but too certain that they will find a ready support in this policy from the bulk of the white population, in whom the caste feeling under the exasperation of the war, as some horrible cruelties recently perpetrated in the Southern States on defenceless negroes only too clearly show, has acquired increased fierceness. Already in Tennessee, in Mississippi, in Arkansas—wherever the movement for reconstruction has commenced—things are sliding into this groove. "Widely known Southern gentlemen"—some of them the framers and movers of secession ordinances—convene meetings, acknowledge themselves "whipped," declare their respect for the government which has so handsomely performed that operation, express their confidence in its "magnanimity," and prepare with the utmost coolness, as a matter of course, to resume under the Union the leadership which they have just vacated under the Confederacy. An astonishing example of this Danton policy has just been exhibited. Mr. John Mitchell, the quondam champion of Irish freedom (in a sense, as he has just explained, not inconsistent with keeping the bulk of the population in slavery) was, as he boasts, and as all the world knows, "a Confederate Secessionist, or what some persons choose to term a rebel." In this character he became, if not editor, at all events principal contributor to those Richmond papers which by their violence and virulence have done most to keep alive and embitter anti-Northern feeling in the South.¹ Mr. Mitchell denies indeed that he was the person who in those papers "recommended

¹ "The *Richmond Examiner* [one of the papers which had the advantage of Mr. Mitchell's assistance], as I find by an extract from it made at the time, and now before me, recommended, Oct. 30, 1863, that the Yankee prisoners of war 'be put where the cold weather and scant fare will thin them out, in accordance with the laws of nature.'"—New York Correspondent of *The Spectator*.

"the roasting of [his] fellow creatures "alive with vitriol and camphine, or "with either of them;" though one cannot help remarking on the curious coincidence that suggestions very similar directed against loyal people in Ireland should have proceeded from the *United Irishman*, the paper edited by Mr. Mitchell during his advocacy of "freedom" for his native land. However this may be, Mr. Mitchell stood by the Confederacy, as he boasts, to the last moment of its existence; and when finally forced to yield, what course did he adopt towards the Government for whose destruction he had so energetically laboured? There is a *naïveté* about Mr. Mitchell's view of his position which can only be rendered in his own words. "I perceived," he says, "that the cause "of the Confederacy was utterly lost. "There was no longer a Confederate "Government. It had disappeared from "men's eyes, and, inasmuch as a country "cannot be without a government, and "the only government then in fact subsisting being the Federal Government "of the United States, I owed to it "from that instant full obedience." Accordingly Mr. Mitchell at once repaired to New York, formed a connexion there with a journal notorious during the war for its Secessionist leanings, and, without more ado, addressed himself to the task of reknitting the allegiance between the Democratic party and the South which the war had severed—that alliance which from the foundation of the Union down to 1860 had proved the main prop of the slaveholders' power! Here is the danger which threatens. Now what securities have been devised by the Government of the United States against its realization?

Up to the present time, and apart from the measure which forms the subject of the present paper, three securities have been adopted or proposed:—The oath of allegiance, the exceptions in the amnesty, and the emancipation decrees to be ratified by the Constitutional Amendment. To any one who has appreciated the character of the danger, the inadequacy

of such safeguards must be apparent. As regards the oath of allegiance, it is already evident that it will not present the slightest obstacle to the return to political power of the most embittered enemy of the Union, of the most fanatical believer in the rights of human bondage. Mr. Mitchell no doubt states the case correctly when he says:—"I believe "that all Southern men of high and "honourable character (late slaveholders "and fire-eaters, of the Mitchell type) "do frankly accept the new position that "war has made for them, and acknowledge the duty of applying themselves "to the task of reconstructing and re-establishing their society upon the basis "of the Union and the Constitution of "the United States." [The Union and Constitution, that is, as they are understood and approved by the men who are now red-handed from the attempt to destroy them.] Even should it happen that some are more scrupulous, the opinion of the Attorney-General for Maryland, that the oath, being "unconstitutional," is not binding, and may therefore be taken by all, whatever their opinions, will doubtless allay their qualms.

The exceptions in the amnesty may be turned to more account: they give the Government a hold on most of the prominent men, and, were the spirit of disaffection to the new order of things confined to these, the provision might be a valuable security. But this notoriously is far from being the case: that feeling pervades nearly the whole of the Southern white population. Baffled in their political aims, and smarting from defeat, they still cling to their social ideal, and cherish the hope of setting up again, if not in its former completeness, at least in some form, their beloved institution—at the worst, of rendering impossible the policy of emancipation, and making good their oft-repeated prediction of the unfitness of the negro for freedom.

Lastly, there are the emancipation decrees, to be converted, as we may assume will be the case, through the requisite vote of the States, into a constitutional law. Now let us consider

what amount of security this expedient, in the absence of any further measures than those which we have just considered, contains for the practical freedom of the negro. The effect of the Constitutional Amendment, supposing it to be passed, will be to abolish throughout the Union slavery and involuntary servitude except in punishment of crimes. So long as the Federal Government retains its hold on the revolted States, we may fairly assume that this provision will be carried into operation in its plain sense. But reconstruction of the Union under the Constitution means restoration of State rights; and State rights once restored, it will be for the State, not the Federal, authorities to give effect to the new law. With a view to the future, therefore, the practical question is—What will be the interpretation placed on the Constitutional Amendment by the new State authorities?

It will be observed that the prohibition in the proposed amendment is qualified by an exception. Involuntary servitude is prohibited "*except* in punishment of crimes." But what is a "crime?" The determination of this point belongs, under the Constitution, not to Congress, but to the legislature of each State. What, then, is to prevent any State legislature from designating as a "crime" any act it pleases, thereby qualifying for involuntary servitude all persons against whom such act can be proved? A State, for example, may declare vagrancy a "crime," and then proceed to award slavery as the punishment of vagrants. This, in fact, is what the State legislature of Western Tennessee has just done. In a bill which lately passed the House of Representatives in that State, it is, among other things of a like tendency, provided, that vagrancy in "free persons of colour" be punished with imprisonment, and that on failure to pay the jail fees "the culprit may be hired out to the highest bidder after due notice." The Tennessean legislators have even gone further than this. "The twelfth section 'applies the poor laws affecting white people to the free people of colour, and adds a proviso for the rendition to

"other counties and states of the poor and indigent people of colour"—in fact a fugitive slave law.

The conditions justifying in law a return of the negroes to slavery having been settled, there will be clearly no difficulty in producing those conditions in fact. In the present chaotic condition of the South, it is plain that, even with the best disposition on the part of the people, a large amount of vagrancy is inevitable. With the actual feeling which exists—with the foregone conclusion on the part of the depositaries of power, that the experiment of freedom shall fail—it will be strange indeed, supposing they are to have their way uncontrolled, if vagrancy should not shortly be coextensive with the whole coloured population. It is only necessary that landholders should for a time refuse the negroes work (which, with the "mean whites" at hand and just now coerced to industry by hunger, they may easily without much inconvenience do); or offer it on terms incompatible with human existence.

Already recourse has been had to both these expedients. From a correspondent of the *New York World*—not a paper likely to twist facts to favour the negro—we learn that "a number of those who were slaveholders refuse to employ negroes, and have driven many of them off, the excuse being that they cannot feed them. This may be true," adds the writer, "in some cases, but in others we suspect it proceeds from different motives." Virginia furnishes an example of the other expedient. The rate of wages for negroes has been fixed by a combination of masters in that State at five dollars a month—less than one-third the rate paid a few years since by those same masters to each other for the hire of the same negroes. In South Carolina, as appears from a letter from the Charleston correspondent of the *New York Times*, a still more effectual plan has been adopted, or at all events has been proposed, namely, that payment of wages to the freedmen should be postponed until the whole work of the harvest is completed. "How can they

"expect to get compensation," writes this Charleston economist, "before they perform the labour? and the labour is not performed till the crops are gathered." With this spirit prevailing, and power monopolised by the class whom it animates, it is pretty evident that vagrancy must ere long be the condition of the bulk of the negroes. Thus legally qualified for servitude, what is to prevent, and that at no distant date—the Constitutional Amendment notwithstanding—a wholesale return of the oppressed race to the bondage from which they have scarce escaped?

These fears are no vague fancies: they are but too well founded in experience. An example is at hand which ought not to be lost on the people of the Free States—the example of West Indian emancipation. It is usual with those in this country amongst whom traditions of West Indian slavery are still cherished, to speak of that experiment as a "failure." In fact, as recent evidence¹ places beyond doubt, emancipation in the West Indies has been a remarkable success—a success that is to say, judged, not by the gains of a small planter class, already ere the experiment was launched hopelessly plunged in debt, and with estates impoverished through the exhausting effects of a century of slave cultivation, but by the well-being of the bulk of the inhabitants.² This result, however, has

¹ See particularly Sewell's "Ordeal of Free Labour in the West Indies," pp. 34, 35, and 39, 40; and Underhill's "West Indies, their Social and Religious Condition."

² I make this statement notwithstanding reports lately received of severe and widespread distress among the negroes in Jamaica. That distress is referred by those best acquainted with the island to causes mainly of a temporary kind—principally to a protracted drought occurring at the moment when the people were already suffering from the commercial effects of the American Civil War (one of those effects being to increase by 200 per cent. the price of the ordinary wearing apparel used by the labouring classes). For the rest, Mr. Underhill attributes the present evils to "unjust taxation of the coloured population;" "refusal [to them by the planters] of just tribunals;" and "denial of political rights to emancipated negroes." These grievances have now reached a point which has called for the intervention of the British Government once

not been achieved without a struggle in which difficulties have been encountered quite analogous to those which beset the revolution we are now witnessing in the Southern States. The following passage, from Mr. Edward Bean Underhill's work, will give an idea of the obstacles with which the cause of emancipation had there to contend:—

"The House of Assembly at the time of emancipation possessed the fullest powers to remedy any defect in that great measure. But it abused its powers. Instead of enacting laws calculated to elevate and benefit the people, it pursued a contrary course. By an Ejectment Act it gave the planters the right to turn out the enfranchised peasantry, without regard to sex or age, at a week's notice, from the homes in which they had been born and bred; to root up their provision grounds, and to cut down their fruit trees, which gave them both shelter and food; in order that, through dread of the consequences of refusal, the negroes might be driven to work on the planters' own terms. . . . Driven from his cabin on the estate by the harsh treatment of his former master, the free labourer had to build a cottage for himself. Immediately the custom on shingles for the roof to shelter his family from the seasons was more than doubled; while the duty on staves and hoops for sugar hogsheads, the planters' property, was greatly reduced. And when the houses were built, they were assessed at a rate which in some parishes bore so heavily on the occupants as to lead to the abandonment of their dwellings for shanties of mud and boughs.¹ . . . Some proprietors at

more: in a reply to a memorial from the coloured population, Mr. Cardwell has issued a circular to the island authorities, directing inquiry into their complaints; a striking illustration, considering that it has come after thirty years of a free régime, of the vitality of the pro-slavery spirit! See an admirable letter from Mr. Underhill to Mr. Cardwell, published in the current (July) number of the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, full of facts pertinent to the subject of the present paper.

¹ "The West Indies, their Religious and Social Condition," pp. 216-18.

"emancipation drove their labourers from the estates. . . . One . . . swore that he would not allow a nigger to live within three miles of his house.¹ If the House of Assembly has had any policy in its treatment of the labouring classes, it has been a 'policy of alienation.' Only the perpetual interposition of the English government has prevented the enfranchised negro from being reduced to the condition of a serf by the selfish partisan legislation of the Jamaica planters. . . . As slaves, the people never were instructed in husbandry, or in the general cultivation of the soil; as free men, the Legislature has utterly neglected them, and they have had to learn as they could the commonest processes of agriculture. No attempt has been made to provide a fitting education for them. . . . Speaking of this feature of Jamaica legislation, Earl Grey, writing in 1853, says:—"The Statute Book of the island for the last six years presents nearly a blank, as regards laws calculated to improve the condition of the population, and to raise them in the scale of civilization."²

Here is a picture in miniature of the dangers now threatening the experiment of emancipation in the Southern States, with this difference, that the exasperation of the Jamaica planters was a mild sentiment compared with that which is now felt by the defeated Confederates; and with this further difference, that, the Union once reconstructed, and State rights once recognised, there will be in America no Imperial Government to interpose its shield between the negroes and their enraged masters. In presence of these dangers, I agree with the Abolitionists that there is need of a policy of "Thorough." The heart of the evil is the monopoly of power possessed by the dominant caste; and nothing which stops short of breaking

that monopoly will reach the evil in its vital source. To constitute protectors of the negroes' freedom the very men who have just been defeated in a desperate conspiracy to render their bondage perpetual, would indeed be a bitter jest. Plainly, there is but one adequate remedy—the freedmen must be made the guardians of their own rights.

Our inquiry has thus led us to the conclusion that the policy of negro enfranchisement is dictated by political necessity as the only means of saving the revolution. Is there anything in its practical consequences from which we should recoil? Let us for a moment regard the policy of the Republicans under this aspect; and consider what the questions are on which the negro, supposing him to be admitted to the suffrage, will be called upon to decide. They will for some time be chiefly such questions as the following:—Shall the negroes be allowed to live and maintain themselves in the States where they have been born and reared? Shall they be permitted to enter into legal marriage? Shall negro parents be allowed the same rights over their children as are enjoyed by other people? Shall negroes have access to the public schools? Shall the evidence of negroes be received in the courts of justice? Shall they be permitted to make their contracts for the commodity in which they deal—their labour—with the same freedom as is accorded to other men?¹ In a word, shall the negroes be admitted to the same rights and privileges under the law—to the same opportunities of improvement and advancement—as other inhabitants of the same country enjoy? Now, such being the character of the

¹ "The West Indies, their Religious and Social Condition," pp. 268, 269.

² *Ibid.* pp. 222, 223. And for more recent evidence to the same effect, see the current (July) number of the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, pp. 163, 164.

¹ According to the recent act of the Tennessee Legislature, "no contract between a white and coloured person shall be binding unless made and witnessed by a white person." The reader will note the venom in this provision. Suppose the coloured person cannot read—the most usual case—he is absolutely at the mercy of any master who can procure a complaisant white witness, of which the supply we may suppose is not small. The party who stands especially in need of protection is the one whom the law leaves wholly without protection.

political questions on which for some time the negro in his capacity as a voter would be called upon to pronounce, it may fairly be asked, Where would be the practical danger of admitting him to the franchise? Every honest friend of liberty at least will admit that such questions should be answered in the affirmative, and it is quite certain that this is the sense in which they would be answered by the negro. It is scarcely less certain that they would be answered in the opposite sense by the caste now dominant in the South; and these questions, be it remembered, are the master questions of Southern policy—the questions which in their determination will fix for good or evil the future character and direction of Southern development. It would seem strange statesmanship which, in laying the bases of a new social system, should exclude from participation in the task just those artificers the soundness of whose work may be most entirely trusted.

Of course the time will come when, questions of primary right and justice being settled, questions of a more complicated character will come up for solution; and lack of instruction in any class of the community will then doubtless be felt as an evil. This forms a good reason for adopting an educational test; but, as has been already explained, it is altogether beside the question involved in the present agitation. The advocates of negro suffrage are quite content to accept an educational test, they only stipulate for two conditions—that it shall be impartially applied, and that, in order to this, time be given to the negroes to qualify themselves for undergoing it. The second condition is no less necessary than the first. It may be true that the negroes are now the least educated portion of the Southern population. But why are they so? Notoriously because, by the deliberate policy of their masters, they have been excluded by law from all the opportunities of education which are open to other members of the community; and shall it be permitted to these same masters to make the ignorance they have

themselves produced the ground for perpetuating the bondage of the race whom they have so deeply injured? It is surely, then, not without good reason—reason founded on the plainest rules of justice—that the friends of the negro stipulate that in applying the educational test, time shall be allowed to render the conditions fair. Meanwhile, as has just been shown, no practical mischief is likely to arise from his ignorance; the questions first coming on for settlement being of that simple kind on which his instincts are certain to keep him right.

There is a further aspect of this case which may recommend itself even to those who decline to be swayed by arguments of mere humanity and justice. As Mr. Sumner has eloquently insisted, slavery and rebellion are in the Union but different sides of the same fact. Without slavery, the people of the South have no reason for disaffection, and loyalty is a matter of course: with slavery, loyalty is simply impossible, because slavery, in its nature antagonistic to freedom, must in a free community act as a centrifugal force, and tend to separation. It is a corollary from this teaching that the race which forms the best security for freedom forms also the best security for the Union. As the negroes are the only large portion of the Southern population that can be trusted to support democracy and freedom, so they are the only one whose loyalty is to be absolutely trusted. They cannot falter in their allegiance to this cause without treason to themselves: their safety for the present, their hopes for the future, are alike bound up with the Northern alliance. Here, then, is the firm anchorage at which the vessel of the State may ride in safety: here, if anywhere, is the rock on which to found in the South the Union cause. The slaveholders, wise in their generation, proposed to make the enslaved negro the corner-stone of their empire. Let the freemen of the North not despise the teaching of an enemy. The corner-stone the negro is still, let us hope, destined to be, but the negro in freedom.

The Union has been saved, and in the work of salvation the negro has borne his part, no less by his submission, patience, and forbearance, than by his gallantry on the field of battle. How different from the part expected from him even by those who judged not unkindly ! Jefferson, thinking of him, and reflecting that God was just, trembled for his country. Longfellow, looking forward with prophetic vision to the long-impending struggle, could see in the negro only an instrument of vengeance, and a cause of ruin :—

“ There is a poor blind Sampson in the land,
Shorn of his strength and bound in bars
of steel,
Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand
And shake the pillars of the common
weal—
Till the great temple of our liberties
A shapeless mass of wreck and ruin lies.”

The hour of grim revel at length came, and the American Sampson raised his hand, but for a purpose far different from that which the poet dreaded—not to shake, but to stay up the tottering temple of American liberties—that temple in which he had only received insult

and unutterable wrong. Was the Christian maxim ever so illustrated before ?

In the foregoing remarks I have abstained entirely from reference to the constitutional question. I have done so deliberately, because I do not believe that it is by constitutional considerations that the policy of the Union will be governed in the present crisis. Constitutional arguments in times of revolution can only be regarded as convenient fictions to allure the weak, or perhaps as feints to mask the movements which shall really determine the battle ; but they are not themselves the effective forces ; and there is now, surely, revolution in America. If the President is competent to take from a white man the right to vote, because the safety of the Republic requires it, may he not for the same reason confer that right upon a black man ? Necessity—in legal parlance, “ The War Power ”—is, for either exercise of authority, the sole justification. If that plea be valid for one, it would seem that it is valid for every step.

SCOTCH DEERHOUNDS : A HIGHLAND RECREATION.

BY GEORGE CUPPLES.

IMAGINE, gentle reader, that you and I are partners in the season's lease of a Highland sporting-ground. It is ground entirely secluded, of course, from the usual routes of tourists ; being, in accordance with terms of advertisement, “ those really first-class high-shootings of the Moors of Ardschinnach-na-Vreachan, inclusive of right to the Deer-walk of Umhvore, and marching with Lord Folcoville's well-known Forest. The Loch contains trout of a rare quality ”—in the “ plantings ” roe are to be frequently met with ”—towards the summit of Umhvore, “ at the season, is encountered that “ esteemed game-bird, the ptarmigan.”

“ There is (*sic*) a new lodge and grounds “ attached, to be had separately, let “ furnished, on lease of two to five “ years.” But, having first visited this high-priced residence, and seen its flinty aspect, amidst a belt of starved young spruce and larch, facing towards the road from the dreary strath—as also the internal accommodations thus procurable—we have mutually chosen rather to put up with simpler quarters at a farm-house on the property ; which quarters are, besides, nearer to the ground principally in view.

Weeks have passed since the opening of the Moors ; and not a few pleasant days since our arrival. For your part,

you have already proved the truth of every eulogy on your fine old Irish retriever, *Phil*; your new English setter, too, *Chloe*, has quite justified her guarantees—as also the foresight of honest Robinson, your groom and our sole *factotum*, who picked out the latter animal at Whitechapel. One single but ever-growing cloud there is upon your satisfaction; whereat we look with an equal discontent, aggravated by a peculiar care. The deer-walk, whether surveyed casually or of express intent, seems like to turn out, so far as we are concerned, an empty myth.

True, in the distance, through the indispensable field-glass, stragglers from the noble game have more than once been thought discernible; but ever too far within the sacred precincts—marked by a certain slender though officious “burn”—to allow the slightest chance of our verifying the belief. The sheep, in truth, are for all practical purposes incompatible with our hope. Wherever mutton may be multiplied round Aberhoulsh Forest, thence will that charmed region draw the red-deer to itself. Using all such outlying precincts only as pastures for the dawn and sunset, the whole antlered tribe eschews the sheep-farming boundaries by day, and thus justifies the noble confidence of Lord Folcoville. Faint sharp sounds we have heard, as of far-off rifle-cracks, that excite thoughts of poachers, almost revolutionary and red-republican in their effect upon ourselves, although one stalwart red-haired keeper (a Yorkshireman, by the way) is seen to walk stoutly through the clachan towards the road, when the weekly haunches of prime venison are hebdomadally despatched, in a spring-van, for rail to town. When in the forest he rides a stout hill-pony; a thoroughbred English bull-dog is at his heels, a first-rate Dollond slung about him, half a dozen rough native kernes at his command, high gillies—formerly distillers and poachers. The noble proprietor does not come down this year, nor any of his friends; a yachting trip to Norway being preferred by his lord-

ship. The forest is to be husbanded this season; and Cox from the Yorkshire wolds—all the more that he must weed judiciously for town-use among the “four-year-old staggarts with growing heads”—is the man to do it. Nevertheless, even with you, gentlest of readers, the essential quest is growing fast into a passion; for *us* how much more so, when we add to stirrings of old recollection the main fact, that a most promising young dog of true stock—the issue of many choice progenitors either possessed by or known to us—has been brought among our few *impedimenta*, or baggage, to the required spot. At the proper age of a year, though little more than half-grown, the ceremony of his “entering” or “blooding” must be performed; without which, not his *use* only is a dead letter, with all that constitutes the chief merit of his kind—but, moreover, the sanguine expectations, as to his immediate scions, of consummating a breed which Landseer might well paint for posterity.

After all, it is “Luath” himself that soonest helps us to the principal matter in hand. His natural instinct takes occasion from the single glimpse of roe-deer we are fated to catch. Of these tiny inducements to the lease as advertised, it cannot be acknowledged that “they are met with in the plantings;” yet traces enough of their nightly work appear on the farmer’s out-patch, not twenty yards from the house-door, as well as on the lower boughs of the young oak-copse behind, and the bark of sapling elms and ashes amidst it. In effect, early one morning before breakfast, from the immediate vicinity of the cottage, your Irish retriever and our half-grown deerhound are led off by actual sight of a cunning doe of this elvish little race; whose fawn, being near, would be in danger except for her instinct. Seduced further by their own perilous gift of scent, the dogs are soon thrown out by her elastic bounds, hither and thither over brake and boulder-stone—as if a magnified hare had been before them, though with a proportionate vigour which poor Fuss could not

for a moment have rivalled. "Luath" alone follows up the hopeless chase, exciting in our mind horrible conjectures of worried sheep in the distance; while the more experienced "Phil" returning abashed, has at least served to put both of us upon the right track. At intervals far-heard, it leads direct towards the wild fastnesses of Aberhoulsh, across open kyloe-pastures, until at last, by a chance which is really fortunate, we break mid-way upon a scene of disturbance that appears to exceed our worst conceptions. On one side, his Lordship's head-forester, dismounted beside his pony, and engaged in securing the muzzle of his furious bull-bitch, whose dingy back shows an unpleasant wound; in the midst, a foxy-faced, squint-eyed Celtic gillie, looking for a suitable pebble to load an ugly duck-gun he carries; on the other hand, deep in a pool of a mountain-burn, with the steep fall of water splashing behind him, his fangs shown like a wolf's, but his head ready to duck from all missiles,—behold our snarling Luath as he bristles up at bay! He there presents the picture, doubtless, of a gallant high-spirited hound, though in circumstances most unwelcome to a master, and perhaps to our eye alone imperfect in hue (not the orthodox and traditional grey brindle in his case, be it now observed, but a pale golden fawn-colour, of which more anon). At our arrival, as the stout Yorkshireman looks up, a happier crisis supervenes. The dog, after all, having thus retreated within his rightful bounds—the keeper, too, being one who loves fair play, a man of the true sportsman's nature, and with an eye for dogs that are thorough-bred in any sense whatever—there is, henceforth, a movement towards explanatory and amicable terms of mutual intelligence. There even begins to appear a consequent dawning of some remote possibility that, from this very quarter of obstruction to our highest hopes, they may yet receive furtherance.

To honest Cox we are of course perfectly authenticated by name, as well as by casual sight; and, though he can

scarce imagine how near our hearts the sport in question has crept, yet a fellow-feeling pricks him on account of our advertised rights in that aspect, so "true to the ear, but broken to the sense." It is observable also, that whereas our wishes would be still fruitless if put in their main purport, yet, under the character of a technical or professional side-drift, which implies their total indifference *otherwise*, they are ultimately in substance conceded as to our object on the dog Luath's behalf—to wit, the desirableness of his being trained at the right time, "broken-in," "entered," and fairly "blooded." Doubtless, there is something unaristocratic, if not ungentelemanly, in the fact that neither of us has been able to secure at least the partial use of a genuine deer-walk, not to speak of lordly enclosures; and this fact, it is plain, still weighs against our purpose. But, on the other hand, ere noon of the same day, going up on invitation to the keeper's house, where the dogs belonging to the forest may be seen, we find his own gathered convictions pointing to the truth that, in one vital respect, the success of the noble peer himself has been dubious at the best. His lordship has not been able to procure or breed so much as a single deerhound worthy of the place—such, in fact, as *our* obscurer hands can confidently exhibit, and venture to warrant.

In a friendly manner Cox sees us to the forest skirts, as we return, and adverts, before parting—without concession on impossible points—to that which his own heart favours, in regard of getting our young dog fairly tried to his work; outside the bounds, that is to say, of Aberhoulsh, and "not just run so as to disturb the Forest." Direct aid in the matter he cannot give; the use of any one of his Lordship's dogs, in leading the whelp to "enter," is of course out of the question; and he owns that, as our case stood before within the so-called "deer-walk of Umhvore," it was hopeless enough to think of reaching within shot of a stag. But things may now, evidently, in that light, be considered to have undergone an alteration. Nay,

moreover, it seems that he can at once put us upon the right way to what is wanted. There exists within the region about Loch Vreachan a personage (of whom we have before heard rumours), commonly known as Macdonough the Stalker—an individual manifestly by no means in the best odour with the keeper, but who possesses a pair of dogs of his own, vaunted by himself as “the real right sort.” “A word to Macdonough from me, I daresay, gentlemen,” concludes Mr. Cox, with some slight self-satisfaction, “might go a good way. And in fact it’s perhaps pretty near about needful, I hope, heraway, for the fellow ! So, as there’s one of the lads going over the hill this afternoon at any rate—why, if you’ll just give me your message, I’ll send him it.”

The frank offer joyfully accepted, thenceforth difficulties soften before us, and obstacles recede. In the dusk of latest twilight, that very evening, comes to the door of our cottage-quarters the said “Stalker” in person ; whom we hear rather than see, as on his part the preliminaries are somewhat tersely and coldly transacted,—the truth being, that between him and our host, the inoffensive old elder of the kirk, Mr. Mackillop, there extends some hereditary feud, local unpleasantness, or mere religious difference. Macdonough leaves us, still shadowy. Out with grey dawn next morning, we hurry on the upward course to our trysts with him. The whirring grouse and up-gobbling black-cock seem to know that there is higher game in view, as they drop and walk within sight ; for there is no retinue of Chloe and Phil—even Robinson being left as an encumbrance—while Luath keeps close to heel like one nervously pondering the arduous occasion. Significantly of the business, our two grey shepherd-plaids are partly thrown, as the dropping mist requires, over a pair of first-rate rifles. This mist, no doubt, bears for the time an ill-boding aspect ; even though it should not frustrate the very appointment with Macdonough, whose trysting-place, last night so approved, is at first view scarce to be iden-

tified anywhere. All else being so propitious, too ! Now waist-deep in the harshest heather, now springing from seam to seam of the rifted peat-bog, or scrambling across (in a manner not to be easily followed by a dog of smoother coat or lower stature than our rough-footed attendant), we still cheer you forward. But for our dog, once more—be it on no other account than the very fawn-colour which we alone, perhaps, consider objectionable—the day of deer-stalking were for us illusory. No sign of the “hunter’s cairn” has yet appeared ; and, crossing a last slope, we have sat down hopeless, if not to wander further astray in the end, when the low, curlew-like whistle of Macdonough reaches our practised ear, answered by us in turn. He has been on the point of giving up that preconcerted signal, when his eye was caught by this single patch of a sunny-drab tint, glowing amidst the background of grey sterility with which our motionless Tweedside check was blended ; while on his side, too—thus cautiously resting among bracken and heath—neither the green plaid-stuff of the westland gillies, nor his own north-country reddish tartan, nor the hue of his two coupled dogs, was discernible to the keenest eye.

But O Meherc’lé ! what a wondrous leash is that before us on the moory brae of the hills ! One, at full length recumbent ; the other, seated high aslant ; both regarding us—doubtless from long before the first moment of discovery—half indifferently, half in sagacious complacency, with the bird-like glance of their round, close-set, well-caved eyes. At a slight pricking upward of Bran’s back-hung ears, Oscar’s sharp sight had followed him ; and thence the scarce-uttered whimper that had led to the shortening of our search. Scant, indeed, is ceremony on the Stalker’s part as he rises, less to receive us than to lead the way, against a failing forenoon breeze, which a deep mountain shadow helps to preserve, round its nearest shoulder and toward his favourite hollows under a remoter corrie of Ben-Houlis. This man, let it be owned, excites in us

jointly no partial feeling; happening as he does, by some peculiar texture of his nationality, to rub against the grain of our preconceptions, whether compatriotic or personal. When, tersely, though with such evident superiority of idiom, he speaks the Erse to those two guttural and nasal henchmen he has engaged for us, you like him not; when he turns to us with any brief remark, in English which is principally marked by the slow manner as of one translating for our benefit, *we share your impression* to the full. At the same time Macdonough is in stature about six feet two; lithe and fibrous, if not specially muscular, nor apt to look you in the eye as sparring-men are wont upon occasion. The truth is, that his own eye has a sullen light in its jet-black depth, which visits you sideways all over, except in the aforesaid spot; everything else included save that, from your knickerbocker boots to the muzzle of your Deane-and-Adams. Of Luath he has said,—“*Sir,*” (the vowel pronounced as in the word *give*), “this looks to be a pretty whelp in time, but we will need to have a good caution in a little, for there iss stags not very far away. He will likely be off the red Colonsay breed?”

Now, this indirect question being founded on an utter mistake, the Stalker is at once so apprised. Yet, save in the seeming aggravation of his moody taciturnity and fretful promptitude, no further effect mingles for the present with the business in hand. From behind a screening ridge of the slopes above, the signals of a gillie with a spy-glass confirm Macdonough's prediction. Men and dogs together, the entire party crouch on their onward course, to whose rapidity it is in our case by no means conducive that Luath has had to be taken peremptorily in hand, lest a single eager sound or motion on his part should ruin all. For some breathless minutes, we have skulked in Indian file along the deep peat-rifts, crept up the dry bed of a winter-torrent, slipped soaking through the deepest pool of a running mountain-burn; till, with squelching shoes, but dry rifles, you and we are hastily worm-

ing ourselves up, obediently writhing ourselves over, to where Macdonough raises his impatient hand behind a stone. The dogs have been stopped at our very heels, severally prepared to slip. But suddenly the last flutter of the morning breeze is gone, absorbed by the risen glare of heat that floods the elfin glen, and searches up the iron wrinkles of the upper corries. For the time, it is useless to attempt stealing nearer, within shot of the herd we have tracked so close, the antlered head of whose chief is just seen above the heather-bloom. Here they have dropped to rest; with a posted three-year-old for sentry on the furthest knoll, and the restless ears of one shrewd hind apparent toward our covert. So, at least, Macdonough authoritatively affirms in a whisper. By his stringent orders, too, we must recoil half-credulous upon our last difficult steps, to the refuge of the gurgling burn, within shelter of whose sound alone dare we speak or recruit ourselves.

Speak? No, certainly. You are irritably speculating, doubtless, on what pretence it can be that, instead of Dougal's hoof-shaped head-covering, or that of Rory, which is varied to a flattened Balmoral projection—*he*, Macdonough, is topped by the circular bonnet of a chief, upturned in front, with a silver St. Andrew's cross that holds a heather-sprig, even as if the eagle's feather might suit it? also on what ground, the true Macdonough tartan being of a green tint, he should wear the old royal pattern, in which red predominates? finally, why he is ever and anon addressed by one gillie with the territorial designation of Drumdore (a small town in the remoter North,) by the other under the feudal title of “Laird,” or spoken of by both as Stuart? In fact you are unaware as yet that he has strong legal claims to the possession of some house-property in the borough referred to; that his name, by hereditary right from the great '45, is Hamish Stuart Macdonough; and that he is neither precisely poacher, smuggler, nor dismissed gamekeeper, but is understood to

have been for a brief period in a foreign army; now an acknowledged "artist" in his peculiar walk, which brings him in frequent contact with gentlemen, occasionally with noblemen, of the first sporting repute, as he serves on the (unattached) staff of various deer-forests. You are, therefore, too apt to despise this mixed assumption of the indigenous and adventitious *prestige*—too apt, consequently, to be at this moment agreeing with the depreciatory tone as to all that is Celtic, from Ossianic heroics and elegiacs to the antiquity of the dress, the origin of the tartans, even the specific worth and uniqueness of these wondrous dogs before us. We, on the contrary—how are our thoughts being deepened, our foregone conclusions verified, at sight of these dogs! How indeed is it, that *he* is master of two such marvels of perfection! Any question about whose source it were useless to put; of whom he hinted, too, that there are ripening scions elsewhere, in careful hands—a source of fortune to him, worth all his rights in Drumdore, ten times over; though "*money* would not buy" Bran and Oscar. They obey Gaelic orders only, in fact; they seem to appreciate none but Celtic endearments, and are too mature to be of value apart from him. More peculiar still, it might almost seem that, in spite of Macdonough's self-sufficient, hard-eyed nature, his uningratiating ways, and rasping voice, they not only had some hold on his heart, but repay the coarse attachment with compound interest. Great, gaunt, grisly, bristly grey pair, of vast sinewy stride and level-stretched backs:—Bran, with his ashy slate-blue shade, fringed all about by a ghostly mist, snake-headed, softly-eared as with a crumpled birch-leaf, sharp-muzzled, of the illustrious line of Lorn, or of Glegarry, or some yet purer;—and, joined by bright steel links to him, Oscar, plainly of the brown-eared Gordon breed, (which some think regal in old days) richly black-brown like velvet under the long jaw, and dark-footed, but elsewhere only coloured deeper by the shadow of a brindle, that hovers through the

heathery speckle of his prevailing grey. Grey both, both arch-necked and high-headed, straight-legged and cat-footed; nor only uniform in hue, but monotoned together as the wild beasts of the desert are—how for a moment could the derogatory thought have been passed upon them, that the so-called *greyhound* is of their kin? When, more even than their stature, or the volume of deep chest, their great length is seen counterpoising these, with flank square-turned to the long downward curve of grace, that lifts again for a moment in the crosier-like tip of the tail! Masked as their size is, too, in that wiry fell of hair, how does it throw the bulk of young Luath himself, for all his promise, into comparative eclipse amidst his weaker fawn-coloured bristle! Nay, if measured against the largest breed of Newfoundland, or the still bigger samples of our English mastiff that have been known, these dogs could scarce fail to match those, at the shoulder, while they certainly have the advantage, taken over-all, and in level stretch they far surpass them.

The noonday heat on this shelterless spot is next thing to tropical; not a breath of air stirs; the heath seems to crackle at hand, the distant corries to tinkle like iron from the furnace; without relief save from the purity of the atmosphere at this height, the aromatic balm of mountain herbage, the constant rush of the burn, veiling every other sound; and the entrancement of an antique time which here laps the mind, convincing it of things incredible before, even to the very truth of the "second-sight."

Watching the crouched head of that ever-vigilant Bran, note how he lifts it again with a pricked ear; to which Oscar's fierier glance responds, as he tries to snuff some imagined motion in the air that way. It is *you* who eagerly whisper their ill-satisfied master, where he yawns supine in the mossiest nook: a significant kick to the younger dog being your first reply. "Sir, I have told you it was no use at all," he says, without rising, "until such time there be changes in this kind of a weather. And it will not be the least chance to

be stirring before the afternoon. The day is so very boiling that we cannot get near enough to him any ways. And the wind will just be full as likely to come with us by the turn of Tomhan-Favver, and then we will just have to work round into Corrie-na-Chessack, about less nor two mile. Sir," adds he, with a more attentive eye on Bran, "the stalking is *always* a risk to be heavier when the day will be what we cal so very boiling. For, in case any of her backs will be just kittled with one bit of a fly, there is no saying what a creak she will al be taking, until the hart be raised, and him just as likely to lead fair over the top of Ben-Houlish. *Courstettyé, Prrann!*—what ails the dog?" Macdonough, however, quickly crawls up the bank to his previous viewpoint: next moment he comes wildly rolling himself down again, with pantomimic gestures of delight. "*Dhioul mhor!*" swears he, snatching up the rifle which he too has brought, a single-barrelled piece of long and obsolete mould. "Dougal! Rory! mind the dogs—keep firrum with this whelp here! We will be having the whole of her safe this minute, jhantlemen—this way—caatious, Sir! If the hart shall just not fleg back any way when he rises, here is al the whole of these barren hinds up over for the burn, to *drink!* Keep close, keep close, Sir, till the stags just follow!"

Ha! At last staring low through the heather-ridge into that wide grey glen, juniper-tufted, broken with lichen-grown boulders, whence lifts on either side the vast purple wilderness toward stony waste and splintered peak—with weapons trailed to our hands we both see a sight given to few. Still sentinelled to east and west, the lazily-rising herd of wild red-deer, under the smoke of a slow sunbeam down Ben-Houlish! Through the green light of its course, their scattering van begins to troop after a thirsty but long-eared hind, right athwart the place of our late bivouac; till, with her wary downward glance before she descends to drink, she must assuredly have espied us but for our

change to this nearer lair. Nature failing for the time to help their instinct, even luring it to ruin, there is now left between our high-wrought hopes and the weakest of that drove only the code of well-trained sportsmanship enforced by the Stalker in your ear. Rifles well down, though with hand toward trigger, we wait breathless for the statelier advance of the foremost stags, which—chestnut-hided, with juttled necks half-turned under the thicket of their gathered heads—seem to delay for nothing but full sanction from their monarch-hart. Already he is rising off his knees, listlessly stretching the bright ruddy bulk that thrills one to behold; and our every nerve quivers at the lazy lifting of his dark-glossed antlers, which arch splendidly to a crown—when on the sudden all is lost! For, with a frightened snort, a toss, an elastic bound, he is up and away with the crowded rout of his whole herd, flashed at in vain by three, four, cracking rifle-shots! Whether from some momentary glimpse, or slightest sound, or subtle odour—it may have been some unaccountable caprice or more mysterious presentiment—they have swerved off neck-and-neck together at a tangent—beyond range of even Macdonough's long Kentucky piece; and are gone over the swell of the moor in easy procession up toward Corrie-na-Chessack. As for that parting yell from Luath, we shall persist in the assertion that it was subsequent to, not simultaneous with, the *contre-temps*. Sedulous of his prospects, certainly, we had signed to have him brought closer up; he saw them only as they rushed on the slope, then howled forth a sense of disappointment which is, after all, our comfort. It was the guarantee that he made *no* mistake—nor, either in respect of sight or scent, will henceforth ever confound them with other herds.

"Good heavens! And on the point of two such sure hits at the least!" is all you deign to respond, looking to the Stalker; "'tis unaccountable—unless, perhaps, through *your* being rather too bent on the largest stag!"

"*Cead mil failthe!*" (hundred thousand curses) he replies. "I just *had* time! Sir, I would not like to be losing such a chance at this big hart yonder, for all the half-breeded whelps in the Lowlands, no!" Beware, however, Macdonough—for, setting aside all needless reference to the blood of Scandinavian Vikingr and Berserkirs, there is that strain in the descent of Luath which will not allow him to brook the degrading touch of a foot. Among his progenitors were those that have coped with even more dangerous brutes than the Highland stag at bay; so that, when punished by his very master, instead of whimpering, he throws up his head and barks out aloud; nor is a menace ever well taken by him.

Startlingly interrupting us, however, from hitherto unnoticed clouds on Ben-Houlish, comes the first fierce flash of the thunder-storm that has brooded round. Stifling and still though the hot air has been growing since noon, how little heed have the mountaineers themselves given, in our joint engrossment, to signs which, it may be, brought the deer their vague foreboding. Well for us, indeed, while the mists spread along the glen, and the rain-plump thins to a soaking drizzle, that our chase has drawn us far enough to be safe in holding down across the burn, for the old bothy of Alt-na-Dhioul. Arrived at length, by dint of scrambling or wading by turns, where this dilapidated resort looms through the fog upon us, we turn to as dreary an upland shealing as fancy can picture—under the gloom of a mountain-rift, beside the ruin of a single dead tree which ancient chance had planted, overhanging the black water of the peat-hags, but luckily re-thatched of late with new heather and fern. Here, yet more fortunate! truly huge is our delight to meet from its rude doorway the flicker of a red peat-fire, the sound of jovial dialogue, the scent of what? ye powers unknown! Absolutely, beyond all doubt, of roasting venison, that is twirled beneath the smoke by the broad-backed shepherd of our good host at home, the worthy Mr.

Mackillop! Opposite him, alike unconscious of coming guests, a bald-headed personage in spectacles, who, though of sober air, has but lately unslung from beneath his plaid two well-corked kyloehorns, gigantic as those from the bison or buffalo. He, it is soon proved, is no other than the respected parochial schoolmaster, precentor, and session-clerk of Dalhouslish, who, on his way hither across the hills, has in mysterious mode been enabled to replenish his store of mountain-dew.

Waxing social and festive to a degree which sportsmen can well appreciate, our unexpected comfort has well-nigh reached its height when the party receives a fresh accession, no less natural, if at first more startling, than that which we ourselves had contributed to it. Few could have imagined that in such an afternoon of blended mist, rain, and wind, our honest friend the keeper should be abroad; that, in fact, with a voice of peremptory surinness at the outset, he should present himself abruptly at the door as he does, attended by four sturdy gillies—his invariable bull-bitch not forgotten, though muzzled still. Nevertheless, our obvious presence at once propitiates him; and there are times when even the most incorruptible executive will wink at a dubious breach of rule. Nay, to await a turn of the weather, Cox even yields to pressure, and, although he previously has dined, yet tastes the refreshing quaigh of what is oldly called by the schoolmaster, in idiomatic Gaelic, "the true bird." It is now—now, while the wild external blast is still souging up the glen, but the strangely-assorted group rests safe on comfortable heaps of dry heather within, cheerfully lighted by peat and bog-pine—that we seize the long-deferred occasion, for which an assemblage more suitable could not well have been convoked by the most deliberately set purpose. We avail ourself, in short, of the fortuitous and felicitous conjuncture skilfully to lead the jovial, though somewhat polyglot conversation, by anecdotes of a sporting character from flood and field, in which you cordially support us,

to the main subject of our thoughts throughout the day. As we thus talk of the noblest and oldest race of dogs, the Stalker's pragmatical assumption of superior local knowledge on the question does not daunt, nor the "keeper's" scientific Newmarket preconceptions confound us. The topic is one with which we have been long familiar, and have for some time begun to connect that deeper study it deserves. Extempore, it is true, yet inspired to fluency by all the circumstances, are the sonorous periods in which we are proceeding to show—with those living models and diagrams at hand—"how ancient indeed is the Scotch deerhound, yet how apparently unnoted by old authors, unless Ossian be proved substantially authentic; what singular lights, too, may hence be thrown on the Celtic migrations, on the sceptical question in Boswell's 'Johnson' as to the early existence of the wolf in Scotland; moreover, that modern zoology, without consciousness of the inference, supplies a most important fact for our use, to prove that the most renowned dogs of antiquity—that the Homeric Argus—nay, that the most antique Persian and Egyptian effigies of the Hound——"

The triumphant peroration is scarce attempted ere we are confusingly aware, from outside, that the blasts have subsided along the sheltering hollow of Glen-Vohr. The rain has ceased; through lifting mist there comes up to the open door, from eastward through wide Glen-Houlish, a soft broad glow of the early moon-rise reflected beneath by Loch-Vrechan. True, even then, the audience might have been too much absorbed to stir, before the close so intently awaited by our pedagogic friend in spectacles; but meaner necessities are recalled by the dissatisfied shepherd's colley near him, at whose sudden pretence to rush away on business toward the hill its gross-minded master wakes with a snort, and unceremoniously follows. Idle were the attempt to sustain a lofty theme, once rudely broken. All break up, in short,—the very school-master and his terrier preferring to

accompany those coarse gillies, whom Cox dismisses homewards with his own sulky attendants. But, whether because of vague uncertainties regarding Macdonough's adherence to our side, or from more genial motives, worthy Cox still leads his hill-pony downward by our path, with a cheering remark or two for the behoof of our future success.

We have carelessly crossed the main glen, toward the turning into a narrower and lower dell—into the course, in fact, of a mountain rivulet that descends to the long lake's wilder and unfrequented extremity. Down this winding ravine the breeze still lingers, blowing towards Loch-Vrechan; and, ere we have yet rounded the turn into its draught of air, where the rush of the stream still masks our voices, lo! coming up from lower moonshine into broken mist, the shadowy shoulders of a great full-grown stag, with dark white-tipped antlers of royal spread! So large, so dark, so fearless and so spectral does he come, that but for the motion of his head as he had paused to snatch some sweeter tuft of deer-grass, but for the onward trot, too, of his leisurely motion on the firm moor—we must too late have realized the thrilling fact. The hand of Lord Folcoville's head-keeper, within whose own bounds the apparition might have passed secure, has stolen with involuntary excitement to yours. *You* carry the only piece that at the moment is available; *he* it is who makes the one instinctive gesture of hope that you will not miss the mark; and *his*, too, is the single slight hiss, made not too sudden or too alarming, that turns the already doubting prey—thus for an instant offered lengthways to the flash of your singing rifle-bullet. Headlong he rushes, only for a moment staggered by it, back down the rocky hollow. A flight how swift, how wild and reckless of the course, from bound to bound of fear and agony! Over block and chasm, through roughest heather and sharpest furze, toward the deep broad loch that might yet save him.

But not more heedless, not springing with more elastic bounds, scarce even

swifter down athwart the hill, than the fell pursuit of those two dogs slipped in succession after him ! First magnificent grey Bran, whom the Stalker has let go without a word to spare—and would have also loosed the dark struggling Oscar on his heels, did we not promptly anticipate so gross a breach of faith. Yes, throwing up his head at gallop, with a moment's eager whine, but no uncertainty whatever, our own big-limbed Luath is off too, on the perilous trial. He is actually neck-and-neck with Bran ere the mounted keeper has dropped us in chase ; and, before we lose sight of their career, even seems to have left the full-grown and more practised dog behind. His conspicuous colour may have deceived the eye in this respect ; nay, it is to be confessed, there is something to thrill the heart of a master in the thought of so dangerous an honour for him at the outset as his being the first to bring an antlered stag to bay.

Panting last down of all (as may well be allowed to our years and recent avocations) to the scene by the lake's edge, we find its piteous business well-nigh over. The keeper, without gun or other weapon, having reached the spot only soon enough to cheer the hounds—you it is who, following breathless with the Stalker, have found the rifle useless amidst the rapid turns of Bran and Luath ; since the utmost vigilance of the more experienced dog was required to keep the stag from deeper water, where he were at once secure and free. When Macdonough—with something of a saturnine grin, if not a shrinking caution on his own part—doubted the value of the young dog's aid at the pinch, but offered you his *skian-dhu* as you slowly waded in, you had accepted it, we find, without a word. Then, as the forlorn and desperate animal reared upon his haunches fiercely, striking with his fore-feet like a horse, turning his large moist blood-shot eye as if the better to aim one of those magnificently-sweeping antlers at you as well as the dogs—you had scared him suddenly that he might "lose his bay ;" till, as he instinctively turned, in hope of gaining deeper water,

his chance was gone. You mingled with the splashing, worrying, choking tussle that pulled him down ere he could swim a stroke, when Bran was on his shoulder at one heavy spring, and the half-drowned Luath, not the least decisive of the three assailants, was at his throat. In your hand now—while the rest are dragging him to the edge, where he must be opened and "gralloched"—the *skian-dhu* of Macdonough is bloody from no trivial exploit. How vividly real is it all ; yet with a vague side-consciousness of incredibility, at which vulgar minds alone will be surprised. So gloriously-fashioned a creature of the wilderness laid prone at our feet, with black froth-flecked muzzle dropped from his rough red neck, mute, into the stirring motions of the sedge ; and, past the upturned white of his hind-quarters, some crimson bubbles swimming wide apart. A hot excitement so briefly ended—an expression so dubious on the keeper's manly face, working against his recent sanction of the deed ! Half-odious for the time are even the drenched dogs, shaking themselves askance ; two shorn and stilted beasts—as their wet coats show them—lengthened beyond the most savage wolfish aspect ! Veritably such, indeed, with a fiend-like eye toward the menacing but half-bare leg of Macdonough, does our gallant Luath for an instant seem to ourself ; as if ancient hereditary desires, now denied to him as rights by the Stalker, rose up to prove the lupine origin which Darwin, Owen, and Buckland would imply for our most cherished favourites of the race. Brutal are the gillies, at least to our ear, with their unknown guttural and nasal terms, their busy technical zest. Most of all unpleasant is the Stalker's manner, his instinctive self-satisfaction at the issue, conflicting with previous moodiness, or with ignoble forethoughts as to the division of the prey ; cunningly hidden, too, under a pretended annoyance at that slight wound in one fore-paw, which his docile Bran has limped aside to lick ; though Oscar's continued attention to the work is enough to scout all charges on that score. The ripples of the strife

have ceased into the Loch's expanse, that crisps the other way in broadening moonshine from the stiller shadow cast by the high copses of Gartchoilzie on the other shore; a soft wave laps along to the reedy cove, pulsing with slow eddies among the sedge to the rush-grown point where our quarry is left. There is a boat to be had at Gartchoilzie farm-house, not far round; for which the Stalker and his henchmen go, that the game may be brought up to-night to Inverdronach. We readily turn away by the longer path, which for some little distance is the keeper's also; Luath duly follows, if not with the most cordial air. Beside the day's prize remain Macdonough's more experienced leash—a guard not merely sufficient, but (as he has averred) to be fully trusted; whether because warned in Gaelic, or securely bound, we know not yet.

Ere honest Cox parts from us, he takes occasion to make his frank request, that "If at any time you have e'er a pup to dispose of, gentlemen, off this 'ere breed—why, I'd be glad to know of it; more particularly, not to speak of the way that whelp took to his work, which I must say I never saw taken to better, but seeing his lordship has somehow got a notion of the light colour." "To tell you the truth, Mr. Cox," is the reply, "a slaty grey, with the perfect purity of breed denoted by it, will be our aim. But, from amongst a litter shortly forthcoming at home, which we do trust will be superb to a high degree, you are freely

welcome to every light-coloured pup." We separate with his unqualified admission that the greyhound, so absurdly recommended by "Stonehenge," is utterly distinct from the pure Highland dog, and a hopeless substitute. He even appears impressed by the earnest advice on no account to "put in a touch of the bull;" whose acquired "front-grip" is not merely so dangerous, but derived from sources so recent and ephemeral, when compared with the blended courage and caution of that long-descended "stroke from behind the shoulder," which has equally suited the elk of old, the extant red-deer, nay, the foreign bear or boar, or the steel-clawed boomer of a new world.

We have plodded home, and find a cold hearth in our own quarters; but the warmest corner of good old Colin Mackillop's fireside is open to us, rudely old-fashioned yet snug, smoky yet roomy for all, supplied with simplest fare, yet most ungrudgingly hospitable. While there awaiting the Stalker's slow return, to bring home the quarry, and to settle all accounts between us, over the peaceful meerscham you find satisfaction in hunting the hunt over again to the grave but cheerful old man, our host. We share your talk and his; bringing up, as it does, Eastern and Western scenes long-past, old Celtic legends, even news of fresh life at the Antipodes—where the worthy Mackillop's elder sons are settlers, clearing the bush, but not without their sport at times after a strong forester-kangaroo.

CRADDOCK NOWELL: A TALE OF THE NEW FOREST.

BY RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE.

CHAPTER XVII.

BIDDY O'GAGHAN was hard at work, boiling down herbs and blessing them, drying and bottling cleverly, scraping, and picking the cloves out. She had turned the still-room of the house into her private laboratory; and she saved

No. 70.—VOL. XII.

all the parish and half of the hundred from "them pisoners as called themselves doctors." Now she was one of those powerful women—common enough, by-the-by—who can work all the better for talking; and between her sniffs at the saucepan-lids, and her tests upon the drying-pans, she had learned that some-

A A

thing strange was up, and had made fifty guesses about it. Blowing the scum and the pearly beads from a pot of pelitory of the wall (one of her staunch panaceas), she received a command most peremptory to present herself in the justice-room.

"Thin was that the way as they said it, Dick? No sinse nor manners but that! An' every bit of the blessed while they knowed it for my bilin'-day! Muck-straw, thin, is Bridget O'Gaghan no more count than a pisonin' doctor? Hould that handle there, Dick. If iver you stirs it the brithd of one on your caroty whiskers from that smut on the firebar, till such time as you sees me agin, I'll down with it arl in your crooked back bilin', and your chilthers shall disinherit it."

Leaving Dick rooted in trepidation, for she was now considered a witch, she hurried into her little bedroom; for she had the strongest sense of propriety, and would not "make herself common." Then she dashed her apron aside, and softened the fire-glow from her nose, and smoothed the creases of her jet-black hair, which curled in bars like crotchet-work. This last she did with some lubricous staple of her own discovery, applying it with the ball of her thumb. "The hairs of me head," as she always called them, were thick of number and strong of fibre, and went zig-zag on their road to her ears, like a string of jockey's horses shying, or a flight of jack-snipes. Then a final glance at her fungous looking-glass, just to know if she were all right; the glass gave her back a fine, warm-hearted face, still young in its rapid expression, Irish in every line of it, glazed with lies for hatred, and beaming with truth for love. So Biddy gave two or three nods thereat, and knew herself match for fifty cross-examiners, if she could only keep her temper.

As she marched up to the table, with her head thrown back, her portly shape made the most of, and the front of her strong arms glistening, then dropped a crisp curtsy to Sir Cradock without deigning to notice his visitor, the little

doctor's experience told him that he had caught a thorough Tartar. All his solemn preparations were thrown away upon her, though the biggest Testament in the house lay on the table before him; and a most impressive desk was covered with pens, and paper, and sealing-wax.

Dr. Hutton would not yet open his mouth, because he wished to begin augustly. Meanwhile Sir Cradock kept waiting for him, till Biddy could wait no longer. Turning her broad back full upon Rufus, who appreciated the compliment, she made another short scrape to her master, and asked, with an ogle suppressed to a mince—

"And what wud your honour be pleased to want with the poor widow, Bridget O'Gaghan, then?"

"Bridget, that gentleman, Dr. Hutton, has made an extremely important discovery, affecting most nearly my honour and that of the family. And now I rely upon you, Bridget, as a faithful and valued dependent of ours, to answer, without reservation or attempt at equivocation, all the questions he may put to you."

"Quistions, your honour?" and Biddy looked stupid in the cleverest way imaginable.

"Yes, questions, Bridget O'Gaghan. Inquiries, interrogations—ah! that quite explains what I mean."

"Is it axing any harm, thin, any ondacency of a poor lone widdier woman, your honour wud be afther?" She took to her brogue as a tower of refuge. Bilingual races are up to the tactics of rats with a double hole.

"Sir Cradock Nowell," said Rufus, from the bottom of his chest, "you, I believe, are a magistrate for this county of Hants, Vice-Lieutenant, Colonel of Yeomanry, the representative of the sovereign. I call upon you now, in all these capacities, to administer the oath to this prevaricating woman."

The penultimate word rather terrified Bridget, for she never had heard it before; but the last word of all reassured her.

She turned round suddenly on little

Rufus, who had jumped from his chair in excitement, and standing by head and shoulders above him, she opened her great eyes down upon him, like the portholes of a frigate.

"Faix, thin, and I niver seen this young man at all at all. It's between the airms of the cheer he were, and me niver to look so low for him! 'Tis the black measles as he've tuk, and I've seen as bad a case brought through with. The luck o' the blessed saints in glory! I've been bilin' up for the same. If it's narse him I can to the toorn of it, I'm intirely at your sairvice, Sir Craduck. I likes to narse a base little chap, sin' there's no call to fear for his beauty."

This last was uttered gently, and quite as a private reflection; but it told more than all the rest. For ever since Dr. Hutton had married a woman half his age, he had grown exceedingly sensitive as to his personal appearance. By a very great effort he kept silent, but his face was almost black with wrath, as he handed the great book to Sir Cradock. The magistrate presented it very solemnly to Bridget, who took it as patly as if it had been a flat iron. A score of times she had sworn according to what was thought good for her, years ago, in Ireland. At the right moment of dictation, she gave the book a loud smack that required good binding to stand it, and then crossed herself very devoutly, to take the taste away. Of a heretic oath she had little fear, though she would not have told a big lie to her priest. Then she dropped her eyes, and chastened her aspect, as if overcome by the sense of solemn responsibility.

"Bridget O'Geoghegan," began the worthy doctor, emphasising slowly every syllable of her name, and prepared to write down her replies, "you are now upon your solemn oath, to declare the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. And if you fail in this, remember, you will place your precious soul in the power of the evil one."

"Anin to that same thin. And more power to yer."

"Bridget, do you remember the night when your master's children were born?"

"Sure an' I do thin. Unless it wur the mornin'. How wud I help remimber it?"

"And do you remember the medical gentleman, who was suddenly called in?"

"And if I wur ten times on my oath, I don't remimber no gintleman. A bit of a red-haired gossoon there was, as wor on the way to be transported."

"Do you remember his name?"

"Remember it? Let me see thin. It wor hardly worth the throuble of forgittin. Button, or Mutton; no, faix I b'lieve it wor Rubus Rotten."

"Well, never mind his name—"

"My faith, and I niver did thin, nor the little spalpin ayther. But to my heart I was sorry for the dear good, beautiful lady—glory be to her sowl—along o' that ignorant, carroty, sprawlin', big-knuckled omadhawn. Small chance for her to git over it."

"Silence, woman, how dare you?" said Sir Cradock, very angrily.

"And I thought it was arl the truth as yer honour said I was to tell." Here Biddy looked hurt and amazed. "Have the little clerk got it all in black and white?" With a sigh for his incapacity, she peered over the desk at his paper.

"Now, Mrs. O'Gaghan, no trifling!" Her master spoke sternly and sharply. But Rufus could not speak at all. He was in such a choking passion.

"If so be I have said any harm, sir, for the best of us is errowneous, I axes a humble pardon. Iver since I lose my good husband—and a better husband there cudn't be, barrin only the bellises, and I wudn't deny upon my oath but what I desarved the spout now and thin—"

"Mrs. O'Gaghan," said Dr. Hutton, trying very hard to look amiable, "do your best for once, I entreat you, to prove yourself, if there is such a thing, a respectable Irishwoman."

From that moment the tables were turned. Her temper boiled up like a cauldron. It is quite of a piece with a thing that is all pieces—the genuine Irish nature—that, proud as they are of their country, they cannot bear to be told of their citizenship.

"Irish, thin, is it? Irish indade! Well, and I knows I'm Irish. And if I ain't, what do I care who knows I am?"

She flung up her head superbly, and great tears ran from her eyes. Rufus Hutton perceived his advantage, and, though not at all a mean fellow, he was smarting far too sharply from the many attacks on his vanity, to forgo his sweet revenge.

"You remember, then, when the doctor gave you the first-born child, that he made some odd remark, and told you to keep it separate?"

"And how can a poor Irishwoman remember anything at all?"

"Come, you know very well that you remember that. Now, can you deny it?"

"Is it likely you'll catch me deny anything as is a lie, then, Irish or not, as you plases?" Her bosom still was heaving with the groundswell of her injury.

"Well, now, for the honour of old Ireland, tell us the truth for once. What were the words he said?"

"Save me if evir a bit of me can tell. Mayhap I might call to mind, if I heer'd them words agin."

"Were they not these—'Left to right over the shoulder, and a strapping boy he is?'"

"Bedad thin, and they might have been."

"I want to know what they were."

"How can I tell what they were? I only know what they was."

"Well, and what was that?"

"Thim very same words as you've said." She turned towards the door with a sullen air, while he looked at Sir Craddock in triumph. Nevertheless he still wanted her evidence as to the subsequent mistake. He had been, as I said, to the "Jolly Foresters" and seen the Miss Penny of old; who now, as the mother of nine or ten children, was kindly communicative upon all questions of infancy.

"So then, Mrs. O'Gaghan, with the best intentions in the world, you marked the elder child with a rosette, as I saw on the following day."

"Thru for you as the Gospel. And what more wud you have me do?"

"Nothing. Only take a needle and thread to it; instead of crimping it into the cap."

Poor Biddy started from where she stood, and pressed one hand to her heart. "It's the divil himself," she muttered, "as turns me inside out so. And sure that same is the reason he does be so black red." Then aloud, with a final rally—

"And who say they iver see me take a needle and thread? And if I did, what odds to them?"

"No, that was the very thing you omitted to do, until it was too late. But when you sent to Mrs. Toaster for her large butter-scales, what was it you put on each side?"

"What was it? No lining at all. Fair play for the both of them, as I hope to be weighed in purgatory."

Sir Craddock was looking on, all this while, with the deepest amazement and interest. He had not received any hint beforehand of this confirmative evidence. "And, pray, what was the reason that you wanted to weigh them at all? You know that it is considered unlucky among nurses to weigh infants."

"Why else wud I weigh them, except to see which wur the heaviest?"

"And pray, Bridget, which was the heavier?" asked Sir Craddock, almost smiling.

"Mr. Craddock, as is now, your honour. I'd swear it on my dying bed. Did you think, then, I'd iver wrong him, the innocents as they was?"

"And did you weigh them with rosettes on?" Rufus Hutton had not finished yet.

"How cud I, and only one got it?"

"Oh, then, you had fastened it on again?"

"Do you think they was born with ribbons on?"

This was poor Biddy's last repartee. She lost heart and told everything afterwards. How she had heard that there was some difference in the marks of the infants, though what it was she knew not justly; having, like most Irish-

women, the clearest perception that right and left are only relative terms, and come wrong in the looking-glass, as they do in heraldry. How, when she found the rosette adrift, she had done the very best she could, according to her lights, to work even-handed justice, and up to this very day believed that the haft of the scales was the true one. Then she fell to a-crying bitterly that her darling Crad should be ousted, and then she laughed as heartily that her dear boy Clayton was in for it.

With timid glances at Mrs. O'Gaghan, like a boy's at his schoolmaster, Jane Cripps came in, and told all she knew, saying "please sir," at every sentence. She had seen at the time Dr. Hutton's sketch, which was made without Biddy's knowledge, because she never would have allowed it, on account of the bad luck to follow. And Mrs. Cripps was very clever now everything was known. She had felt all along that things went queerly on the third day after the babes were born. She had made up her mind to speak at the time, only Mrs. O'Gaghan was such—excuse her—such a disciplinarian, that—that—and then Lady Nowell died, and everything was at sixes and sevens, and no one cried more violent, let them say what they like about it, than the Jane Penny as had been.

"If Sir Cradock thought further evidence needful, there was Mrs. Bowyer, a most respectable woman, who washed thirty shilling a week, Mrs. Cripps' first cousin and comate, who had heard at the time all about the drawing, and had not been easy about the scales, and had dreamed of it many times afterwards, as indeed her Aunt Betsy know; and her husband was no man, or he never would have said to her—"

By this time the shadows came over the room, and the trees outside were rustling, and you could see them against the amber sunset, like a child's scrawling on his horn-book. Volunteers throughout the household longed to give their evidence. Their self-respect for a week would be hostile, if it were not accepted.

But Sir Cradock kept the door fastened, till Mrs. O'Gaghan slipped out, and put all the wenches down the steps backwards. Mrs. Toaster alone she durst not touch; but Mrs. Toaster will never forgive her, and never believe the case tried on its merits, because she was not summoned to depose to the loan of the scales.

Ha, so it is in our country, and among the niggers also. When wealth, position, title, even bastardom from princes, even the notoriety which a first-rate murderer stabs for—when any of these are in question, how we crowd into the witness-box, how we feel the reek of the court an aureola on our temples. But let any poor fellow, noble unknown, an upright man now on the bend with trouble, let him go in to face his creditors, after the uphill fight of years, let him gaze around with work-worn eyes—which of his friends will be there to back him, who will give him testimony?

After all, what matters it except in the score against us? We are bitter with the world, we make a fuss, and feel it fester, we explode in small misanthropy, only because we have not in our heart-sore the true balm of humanity. No longer let our watchword be, "Every man for himself, and God for us all," but "Every man for God, and so for himself and all." So may we do away with all illicit process, and return to the primal axiom that "the greater contains the less."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE rays of the level sun were nestling in the brown bosom of the beech-clump, and the fugitive light went undulating through the grey-arched portico, like a reedy river; when Cradock and Clayton Nowell met in the old hall of their childhood. With its deep embrasures, and fluted piers, high-corniced mantel of oak relieved with alabaster figures, and the stern array of pike, and steel-cap, battle-axe, and arquebus, which kept the stag-heads over against them nodding in perpetual

fear, this old hall was so impressed upon their earliest memories, that they looked upon it, in some sort, as the entrance to their lives.

As the twins drew near from opposite doors, each hung back for a moment : knowing all that had passed that day, how would his brother receive him ? But in that moment each perceived how the other's heart was ; Cradock cried, "Hurrah, all right !" and Clayton's arms were round his neck. Clayton sobbed hysterically—for he had always been woman-hearted—while Cradock coaxed him with his hand, as if he were ten years the elder. It was as though the days of childhood had returned once more, the days when the world came not between them, but they were the world to each other.

"Crad, I won't have a bit of it. Did you think I would be such a robber, Crad ? And I don't believe one syllable of their humbugging nursery stories. Why, every fellow knows that you *must* be the eldest brother."

"Viley, my boy, I am so glad that it has turned out so. You know that I have always longed to fight my way in the world, and I am fitter for it than you are. And you are more the fellow for a baronet, and a big house, and all that sort of thing ; and in the holidays I shall come every year to shoot with you, and to break your dogs, and all that ; for you haven't got the least idea, Viley, of breaking a dog."

"Well, no, I suppose I haven't," said Clayton, very submissively ; at any other time he would have said, "Oh, haven't I ?" for it was a moot point between them. "But, Craddy, you *shall* have half at any rate. I won't touch it, unless you take half."

"Then the estates must go to the Queen, or to Mr. Nowell Corklemore, your especial friend, Viley."

Clayton was famed for his travesty of the pompous Mr. Corklemore, and he could not resist it now, though the tears were still in his eyes.

"Haw, yes ; I estimate so, sir. A mutually agreeable and unobjectionable arrangement, sir. Is that your opinion ?

Haw !" and Clayton stroked an imaginary beard, and closed one eye at the ceiling. Cradock laughed from habit ; and Clayton laughed because Cradock did.

Oh, that somebody had come by to see them thus on the very best terms, as loving as when they whipped tops together, or practised Sir Roger de Coverley ! They agreed to slip away that evening from the noise of the guests and the wine-bibbing, and have a quiet jug of ale in Cradock's little snugery. There they would smoke their pipes together, and consider the laws of inheritance. Already they were beginning to laugh and joke about the matter ; what odds about the change of position, if they only maintained the brotherhood ? Unluckily no one came near them. The servants were gathered in their own hall, discussing the great discovery ; Sir Cradock was gone to the Rectory to meet John Rosedew upon his return, and counsel how to manage things. Even the ubiquitous Dr. Hutton had his especial *alibi*. He had rushed away to catch Mr. Garnet and the illumination folk, that the necessary changes might be made in the bedizenment of the oak-tree.

Suddenly Clayton exclaimed, "Oh, what a fool I am, Craddy ! I forgot a most important thing, until it is nearly too late for it."

"What ?" asked Cradock, eagerly, for he saw there was great news coming.

"When I was out with the governor to-day, what do you think I saw ?"

"What, what, my boy ? Out with it."

"Can't stop to make you guess. A woodcock, sir ; a woodcock."

"A woodcock so early ? Nonsense, man ; it must have been a hawk or a night-jar."

"Think I don't know a woodcock yet ? And I'll tell you who saw it, too. Glorious old Mark Stote ; his eyes are as sharp as ever. We marked him down to a T, sir, just beyond the hoar-witheys at the head of Coffin Wood ; and I should have been after him two hours ago if it had not been for this rumpus. I meant to have had such a laugh at you,

for I would not have told you a word of it; but now you shall go snacks in him. Even the governor does not know it."

"Fancy killing a woodcock in the first week of October!" said Craddock, with equal excitement; "why, they'll put us in the paper, Viley."

"Not unless you look sharp. He's sure to be off at dusk. He's a traveller, as Mark Stote said: sailed on from the Wight, most likely, last night; he'll be off for Dorset this evening. Run for your gun, Crad, your pet Purday; I'll meet you here with my Lancaster in just two minutes' time. Don't say a word to a soul. Mind, we'll go quite alone."

"Yes; but you bring your little Wena, and I'll take my Caldo, and work him as close as possible. I promised him a run this afternoon."

Away they ran, out of different doors, to get their guns and accoutre themselves; while the poor tired woodcock sitting on one leg, under a holly bush, was drawing up the thin quivering coverlet over his great black eyes.

Craddock came back to the main hall first, with his gun on his arm, and his shot-belt across him, his broad chest shown by the shooting-jacket, and the light of hope and enterprise in his clear strong glance. Before you could have counted ten, Clayton was there to meet him; and none but a very ill-natured man could have helped admiring the pair of them. Honest, affectionate, simple fellows, true West Saxons as could be seen, of the same height and figure as nearly as could be, each with the pure bright Nowell complexion, and the straightforward Nowell gaze. The wide forehead, pointed chin, arched eyebrows, and delicate mouth of each boy resembled the other's exactly, as two slices cut from one fern-root. Nevertheless the expression—if I may say it without affectation, the mind—of the face was different. Clayton, too, was beginning to nurse a very short moustache, a silky bright brown tasselet; while Craddock exulted rationally in a narrow fringe of young whiskers. And

Viley's head was borne slightly on one side, Craddock's almost imperceptibly on the other. With a race to get to the door first, the twins went out together, and their merry laugh rang round the hall, and leaped along the passages. That hall shall not hear such a laugh, nor the passages repeat it, for many a winter night, I fear, unless the dead bear chorus.

The moment they got to the kennel, which they did by a way of their own, avoiding all grooms and young lumbermen, fourteen dogs, of different races and a dozen languages, thundered, yelled, and yelped at the guns, some leaping madly and cracking their staples, some sitting up and begging dearly, with the muscles of their chest all quivering, some drawing along on their stomachs, as if they were thoroughly callous, and yawning for a bit of activity; but each in his several way entreating to be the chosen one, each protesting that he was truly the best dog for the purpose—whatever that might be—and swearing stoutly that he would "down-charge" without a hand being lifted, never run in upon any temptation, never bolt after a hare. All the while Caldo sat grimly apart; having trust in human nature, he knew that merit must make its way, and needed no self-assertion. As his master came to him he stood upon his hind-legs calmly, balanced by the chain-stretch, and bent his fore-arms as a mermaid or a kangaroo does. Then, suddenly, Craddock Nowell dropped the butt of his gun on his boot, and said, with his face quite altered,—

"Viley, I am very sorry; but, after all, I can't go with you."

"Not come with me, Craddy, and a woodcock marked to a nicety! And you with your vamplets on, and all! What the deuce do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say. Don't ask me the reason, my dear fellow; I'll tell you by-and-by, when we smoke our pipes together. Now I beg you, as an especial favour, don't lose a moment in arguing. Go direct to the mark yourself, and straight powder to you! I'll

come and meet you in an hour's time in the spire-bed by the covert."

"Crad, it's no good to argue with you; that I have known for ages. Mind, the big-wigs don't dine till seven o'clock, so you have plenty of time to come for me. But I am so sorry I shan't have you there to wipe my eye as usual. Nevertheless, I'll bring home Bill Woodcock; and what will you say to me then, my boy? Ta, ta; come along, Wena, won't we astonish the natives? But I wish you were coming with me, Crad."

The brothers went out at the little gate, and there Cradock stopped and watched the light figure hurrying westward over the chace, taking a short cut for the coverts. Clayton would just carry down the spinney, where the head of the spring was, because the woodcock might have gone on there; and if ever a snipe was come back to his home yet, that was the place to meet him. Thence he would follow the runnel, for about a third of a mile, down to the spot in the Coffin Wood, where the hollies grew, and the hoar-witheys. When quit of that coppice, the little stream stole away down the valley, and so past Mr. Garnet's cottage to the Nowelhurst water beyond the church bridge. Now whether this were the self-same brook on whose marge we observed Master Clayton last week walking, not wholly in solitude, is a question of which I will say no more, except that it does not matter much. There are so many brooks in the New Forest; and after all, if you come to that, how can the most consistent of brooks be identical with the special brook which we heard talking yesterday? Isn't it running, running on, even as our love does? Join hands and keep your fingers tight; still it will slip through them.

When Clayton was gone but a little way over the heather and hare-runs, his brother made off, with his gun uncharged, for the group still at work in the house-front. Bull Garnet was there, with Rufus Hutton sticking like a leech to him; no man ever was bored more

sharply, or more bluntly expressed it. The veins of his temples and close-cropped head stood out like a beech-tree's stay roots; he was steaming all over with indignation, and could not find a vent for it. When Cradock came up, Bull saw in a glimpse that he was expected to say something: in fact that he ought, as a gentleman, to show his interest, not his surprise. Nevertheless he would not do it, though he loved and admired Cradock; and for many reasons was cut to the heart by his paulo-postponement. So he left Craddy to begin, and presented no notch in his swearing. His swearing was tremendous, for he hated change of orders.

"Mr. Garnet," said Cradock, at last, "I have heard a great deal of bad language, especially among the bargees at Oxford and the piermen at Southampton; and I don't pretend to split hairs myself, nor am I mealy-mouthed; but I trust you will excuse my observing that up to the present moment I have never heard such blackguardly language as you are now employing."

Bull Garnet turned round and looked at him. If Cradock had shown any sign of fear, he would have gone to the earth at once, for his unripe strength would have had no chance with Garnet's prime in its fury. The eyes of each felt hot in the other's, as in reciprocal crucibles; then Mr. Garnet's rolled away in a perfect blaze of tears. He dashed out his hand and shook Cradock's mightily, quite at the back of the oak tree; then he patted him on the shoulders, to resume his superiority; and said—

"My boy, I thank you."

"Well," thought Cradock, "of all the extraordinary fellows I ever came across, you are the most extraordinary. And yet it is quite impossible to doubt your perfect sincerity, and almost impossible to call in question your sanity."

These reflections of Master Cradock were not so lucid as usual. At least he made a false antithesis. If it had been possible to doubt Mr. Garnet's sincerity, he would not have been by any means so extraordinary as he was.

"Not much trouble after all," cried

Rufus Hutton, rollicking up like a man of thrice his own cubic capacity; "ah, these things are simple enough for a man with a little *vous*. I shall explain the whole process to Mrs. Hutton, she is so fond of information. Never saw a firework before, sir, at least I mean the machinery of them, and now I understand it thoroughly, much better indeed than the foreman does. Did not I hear you say so, George?"

"Eh, my mon, I deed so"—the foreman was a shrewd, dry Scotchman—"in your own opeenion mainly. But ye havena peyed us yet, my mon, for the dustin' o' your shoon."

Rufus Hutton began, amid some laughter, to hunt his French purse for the siller, when the foreman leaped up as if he were shot, and dashed behind the oak-tree, "Awa, mon, awa, if ye value your life! Dinna ye see the glue-pot burstin'?"

Rufus dropped the purse, and fled for his life, and threw himself flat, fifty yards away, that the explosion might pass over him. Even then, when the laugh was out, and Mr. Garnet had said to him, "Perhaps, sir, you will explain that process for the benefit of Mrs. Hutton," instead of being disconcerted he was busier than ever, and took Mr. Garnet aside some little way down the chace.

"They want to make a job of it, I can see that well enough. To charge for it, sir; to charge for it."

"Thank you for your advice, Dr. Hutton," replied Bull Garnet, crustily; he was very morose that afternoon, and surly betwixt his violence; "but perhaps you had better leave them to me, for fear of the glue-pot bursting."

"Ah, I suppose I shall never hear the last of that most vulgar pleasantry. But I tell you they can't see it, or else it is they won't. They are determined to do it all over again, and they need only change four letters, and the fixings all come in again. For the R they should put an L, for the D a Y—Bless my soul, Mr. Garnet, what is it you see there?"

No wonder Rufus Hutton asked what

Mr. Garnet saw, for the steward's eyes were fixed intently, wrathfully, ferociously, upon something not very far from the place where his home lay among the trees. His forehead rolled in three heavy furrows, deep and red at the bottom, his teeth were set hard, and the muscles of his shoulders swelled as he clenched his hands fast. Dr. Hutton, gazing in the same direction could see only trees and heather. "What is it you see there, Mr. Garnet?" Rufus Hutton by this time was quivering with curiosity.

"I'd advise you, sir, not to ask me:" then he added in a different tone, "the most dastardly scoundrel poacher that ever wanted an ounce of lead, sir. Let us go back to the men, for I have little time to waste."

"Cool fellow," thought Rufus; "waste of time to talk to me, is it? But what eyes the man must have!"

And so he had, and ears too. Bull Garnet saw and heard every single thing that passed within the rim of his presence. No matter what he was doing, or to whom he was talking, no matter what was afoot, or what temper he was in, he saw and heard as clearly, as if his whole attention were on it, every moving, breathing, speaking, or spoken thing, within the range of human antennæ. So a spider knows if even a midge or a brother spider's gossamer floats in the dewy unwoven air beyond his octagonal subtlety. From this extraordinary gift of Bull Garnet, as well as from his appearance, and the force of his character, the sons of the forest were quite convinced that he was under league to the devil.

In half an hour's time or less, when the dusk came down like wool, Cradock cast loose his favourite Caldo, and set out for the Coffin Wood. From habit, more than forethought, and to give his dog some pleasure, there by the kennel he loaded his double-barrelled gun. He had made up his mind to shoot no more upon his father's land, until he had express permission from Sir Cradock Nowell. This was a whim, no doubt, and a piece of pride on his part; but

the scene of that afternoon, and his father's bearing towards him, had left some bitter feeling, and a sense of alienation. This was the reason why he would not go with Clayton, much as he longed to do so. Now with some dull uncertainty and vague depression clouding him, he loaded his gun in an absent manner; putting loose shot, No. 6, in one barrel, and a cartridge in the other. "Hie away, boy!" he cried to Caldo, who had crouched at his feet the while; then he struck off hot foot for the westward, with the gun upon his shoulder. But just as he started, one of the lads, who was often employed as a beater, ran up, and said with his cap in his hand, in a manner most insinuating—

"Take I 'long of 'ee, Meestur Cradock. I'll be rare and keerful, sir."

"No, thank you, Charley, not this time. I am not even going shooting, and I mean to go quite alone."

Poor Cradock, unlucky to the last. Almost everything he had done that day had been a great mistake; and now there was only one more to come, the deadliest error of all.

Whistling a dreamy old tune, he hurried over the brown and tufted land, sometimes leaping a tussock of bed-furze, sometimes following a narrow hare-run, a soft green thread through the heather.

The sun had been down for at least half an hour, and under the trees there was twilight; but here, in the open, a tempered brightness flowed from some yellow clouds still lingering in the west. You might still know a rabbit from a hare at fifty or sixty yards off. And in truth both bunnies and hares were about; the former hopping, and stopping, and peeping, and pricking their ears as the fern waved, and some sitting gravely upon a hillock with their backs like a home-made loaf; the hares on the other hand lopping along with their great ears drooping warily, and the spring of their haunches gathered up for a dash away any whither: but all alike come abroad to look for the great and kind God who feeds them. Then from either side of the path, or the

sandy brows of the gravel-pit, the diphthong cry of the partridge arose, the call that tells they are feeding. Convivial and good-hearted bird, who cannot eat without conversation, nor without it be duly eaten, no marvel that the Paphlagonians assign you a brace of hearts. The pheasants were flown to the coverts long ago (they are fearful of losing the way to bed), two or three brown owls were mousing about, and a horned fellow came sailing smoothly from the deep settlements of the thicket, as Cradock Nowell leaped up the hedge, a hedge overleaning, overtwisting, stubby, and crowded with ash, rose, and hazel, the fence of the Coffin Wood. Though Caldo had stood picturesquely at least a dozen times, and looked back at his master reproachfully, turning the white of his eye, and champing his under lip, and then dropped as if he himself were shot, when the game sped away with a whirr, Cradock, true to his resolution, had not pulled trigger yet. And though the repression was not entirely based upon motives humane, our Cradock felt a new delight in sparing the lives of those poor things who have no other life to look to. At least so we dare to restrict them. So merry and harmless to him they seemed, so glad that the dangerous day was done, so thankful for having been fed and saved by the great unknown, but felt, Feeder, Father, and Saviour.

CHAPTER XIX.

MEANWHILE Sir Cradock Nowell had found, at the peaceful Rectory, a tumult nearly as bad as that which he had left in his own household. In a room which was called by others the book-room, by herself "the library," Miss Eudoxia sat half-choked, in a violent fit of hysterics, Amy and fat Jemima doing their utmost to console her and bring her round. Sir Cradock had little experience of women, and did the worst thing he could have done, that is to say, he stood gazing.

"Amy," groaned Miss Eudoxia—"Amy, if you don't want to kill me, get him out of the room, my child."

"Go, go, go!" cried Amy in desperation. "Can't you see, godpapa, that we shall do better without you; oh, ever, ever so much?"

Sir Cradock Nowell felt a longing to box pretty Amy's ears; he had always loved his godchild Amy, and chastened her accordingly. He now loved Amy best in the world, next to his pet son Clayton. To tell the truth, he had bathed himself in the sunset glow of match-making, all the way down the chace. Clayton, proclaimed the heir and all that, should marry Amy Rose-dew; what could it matter to him about money, and where else would he find such a maiden? Then in the course of a few more years—so soon as ever there were five, or say at the most six children—he, Sir Cradock, would make over the management of the property; that is, if he felt tired of it, and they were both very steady. And what of Cradock, you planning father, what of your other son Cradock? In faith, he must do for a parson.

Sir Cradock retired in no small flurry, and went to the garden to look for Jem. Miss Eudoxia became at once unconscious, as she ought to have been long ago; and thenceforth she would never acknowledge that she had seen the intruder at all; or, indeed, that there had been one. However it cured her, for a very long time, of those sad attacks of hysteria.

This present attack was the natural result of a violent conflict with Amy, who was not going to be trampled upon even by Aunt Doxy. It appears that, early in the afternoon, the good aunt began to wonder what on earth was become of her niece. Of course she could not be at the school, because Wednesday was a half-holiday; she was not in the library, nor in the back-kitchen, nor even out at Pincher's kennel. No, nor even in the garden, although she had a magnificent lot of bulbs to plant, for which she had saved up ever so much of her little pocket-money. "Well," said Miss Eudoxia, who was thirsting for her gossip, which she always held after lunch—"well, I

must say this is *most* inconsiderate of her. And I promised John to take her to the park, and how am I to get ready? Girls are not what they used to be, though Amy is such a good girl. They read all sorts of trashy books, and then they go eloping."

That last idea sent the good aunt in hot haste to Amy's bedroom; and who should be there, sitting by the window with a small book in her hand, but beautiful Amy herself.

"Well!" cried Miss Eudoxia, heavily offended; "indeed, I *am* surprised. So this is what you prefer, is it, to your own aunt's conversation? And, I declare, what a colour you have! And panting as if you had asthma! Let me see that book this moment, miss."

"To be sure, Aunt Eudoxia," said Amy, rather indignantly; "but you need not be in a pet, you know."

"Oh, needn't I, indeed, when you read such books as this! Oh, what will your poor father say? And *you* to have a class in the Sunday school!"

Of all the grisly horrors produced to make the traveller's hair creep, one of the most repulsive and glaring was in Amy's delicate hand. A hideous ape, with an open razor, was about to cut a young lady's throat. Chuckling he drew her fair neck to the blade by her dishevelled hair. At her feet lay an elderly woman, dead; while a man with a red cap was gazing complacently in at the window. The back of the volume was relieved by a ghost, a death's head, and a pair of cross-bones.

"Well!" said Miss Eudoxia. Her breath was gone for a long while, and she could say nothing more.

"I know the cover is ugly, aunt, but the inside is so beautiful. Oh, and so very wonderful! I can't think how any one ever could imagine such splendid horrible things. Oh so clever, Aunt Doxy; and full of things that make me tingle as if my brain were gone to sleep. And I want to ask papa particularly about galvanizing the mummy."

"Indeed; yes, galvanizing! and pray does your father know of your having this horrible book?"

"No: but I mean to tell him, the moment I have got to the end of it."

"Good child, and most dutiful! When you have swallowed the poison, you'll tell us."

"Poison indeed, Aunt Eudoxia! How dare you talk to me like that? Do you dare to suppose that I would read a thing that was unfit for me?"

"No, I don't think you would knowingly. But you are not the proper judge. Why did you not ask your father or me, before you began this book?"

"Because I thought you wouldn't let me read it."

"Well, that does beat everything. Candid impudence, I call that, perfectly candid insolence!" Aunt Doxy's throat began to swell; there was weak gorge in the family. Meanwhile Miss Amy, who all the time had been jerking her shoulders, and standing upright, in a manner peculiarly her own,—Amy felt that her last words required some explanation. She had her father's strong sense of justice, though often pulled crooked by womanhood.

"You know well enough what I mean, aunt, though you love to misrepresent me so. I mean that you would not let me read it, not because it was wrong (which it isn't), but for fear of making me nervous. And upon that subject at least, I think, I have a right to judge for myself."

"Oh, I dare say; you indeed! And pray who lent you that book? Unless, indeed, in your self-assertion, you went to a railway and bought it."

"That is just the sort of thing I would rather die than tell, after all the fuss you have made about it."

"Thank you; I quite perceive. A young gentleman—not to be betrayed—*scamp*, whoever he is." It was Clayton Nowell who had lent the book.

"Is he indeed? I wish you were only half as upright and honourable."

Hereupon Miss Eudoxia, who had dragged her niece down to the book-room, with dialogue all down the stairs, muttered something about her will, that

she had a little to leave, though not much, but honestly her own—God knew—and down she went upon the chair, with both hands to her side. At the sequel, as we have seen, Sir Cradock Nowell assisted, and took little for his pains.

After this, of course, there was a great reconciliation. For they loved each other thoroughly; and each was sure to be wild with herself for having been harsh to the other. They agreed that their eyes were much too red now to go and see the nascent fireworks.

"A gentleman's party to-night; my own sweet love, how glad I am. I ought to know better, Amy dearest; and they have never sent the goulard. I ought to know, my own lovey pet, that we can trust you in everything."

"No, aunty dear, you oughtn't. I am as obstinate as a pig sometimes; and I wish you would box my ears, aunt. I hope my hair won't be right for a month, dearest aunt, where you pulled it; and as for the book, I have thrown it into the kitchen-fire long ago, though I do wish, darling aunt, you could have read about the descent into the Mäelstrom. I declare my head goes round ever since! What amazing command of language! And he knows a great deal about cooking."

James Pottles, groom and gardener, who even aspired to the hand, or at any rate, to the lips, of the plump and gaudy Jemima, was not at all the sort of fellow you would appreciate at the first interview. His wits were slow and mild, and had never yet been hurried, for his parents were unambitious. It took him a long time to consider, and a long time again to express himself, which he did with a roll of his tongue. None the less for that, Jem Pottles was quoted all over the village as a sayer of good things. No conclusion was thought quite safe, at least by the orthodox women, until it had been asked with a knowing look—"And what do Jem Pottles say of it?" Feeling thus his responsibility, and the gravity of his opinion, Jem grew slower than ever, and had lately contracted a habit of

shutting one eye as he cogitated. As cause and effect always act and react, this added enormously to his repute, until Mark Stote the gamekeeper, and Reuben Cuff the constable, ached and itched with jealousy of that "cock-eyed, cock-headed boy." Sir Cradock found Jem quite at his leisure, sweeping up some of the leaves in the shrubbery, and pleasantly cracking the filberts which he found among them. These he peeled very carefully, and put them in the pocket of his stable waistcoat, ready for Jemima by-and-by. He swished away very hard with the broom the moment he saw the old gentleman, and touched his hat in a way that showed he could scarcely spare time to do it.

"What way, my lad, do you think it likely your master will come home to-day?"

This was just the sort of question upon which Jem might commit himself, and lose a deal of prestige; so he pretended not to hear it, and brushed the very ground up. These tactics, however, availed him not, for Sir Cradock repeated his inquiry in a tone of irritation. Jem leaned his chin on the broom-handle, and closed one eye deliberately.

"Well, he maight perhaps come the haigher road, and again a maight come the lower wai, and I've a knowed him crass the chace, sir, same as might be fram alongside of Meester Garnet's house. There never be no telling the wai, any more than the time of un. But it's never no odds to me."

"And which way do you think the most likely now?"

"Not to say 'now,' but bumbai laike. If so be a cooms arly, a maight come long of the haigher road as goes to the 'Jolly Foresters;' and if a com'th middlin' arly, you maight rackon may be on the town wai; but if he cometh unoosial late, and a heap of folks be sickenin, or hisself hath pulled a book out, a maight goo round by Westacot, and come home by Squire Garnet's wai." Rich in alternatives, Jem Pottles opened the closed eye, and shut the open one.

"What a fool the fellow is!" said Sir Cradock to himself; "I'll try the first way, at any rate. For if John is so late, I could not stop for him, with all those people coming. How I wish we were free from strangers to-night, with all these events in the family! But perhaps, if we manage it well, it will carry it off all the better."

Sir Cradock Nowell was in high spirits as he started leisurely for a saunter along the higher road. This was the road which ran eastward, both from the hall and the Rectory, into the depth of the forest. In all England there is no lovelier lane, if there be one to compare with it. Many of the forest roads are in fault, because they are too open. You see too far, you see too much, and you are not truly embowered. In a forest we do not want long views, except to rejoice in the amplitude. And a few of those, just here and there, enlarge the great enjoyment. What we want, as the main thing of all, as the staple feeling, is the deep, mysterious, wondering sense of being swallowed up, and knowing it: swallowed up, not as we are in catacombs, or wine-vaults, or any railway tunnel; but in our own mother's love, with God around us everywhere. To many of us, perhaps to most, so placed at fall of evening, there is a certain awe, a dread which overshades enjoyment. If so, it springs in part at least from our unnatural nature; that is to say, the education which teaches us every language, except perhaps our mother's.

How the arches spring overhead, and the brown leaves flutter among them! In and out, and through and through, across and across, with delicacy, veining the very shadows. I could walk for miles underneath them, and see no two alike. How, for fear of wearying me, after infinite twists and turns—but none of them contortions—after playing across the heavens, and brooming against the sunshine, now in this evening light they hover, and show me the seal of eternity. Is there one of them with its lichens spread in the guise of its neighbour's? is there one that has borrowed a line, a

character, even a cast of complexion from its own brother rubbing against it? Their arms bend over us as we walk, we are in their odour and influence, we know that, like the Magi of old, they adore only God and His sun; and, when we come out from under them, we never ask why we are sad.

CHAPTER XX.

THERE is a long, mysterious thrill, a murmur felt rather than heard, a shudder of profundity, which traverses the woodland hollows at the sun's departure. In autumn most especially, when the glory of trees is saddening, and winter storms are in prospect, this dark disquietude moves the wood, this horror at the nightfall, and doubt of the coming hours. Touched as with a subtle stream, the pointlets of the oak-leaves rise, the crimped fans of the beech are fluttered, and lift their glossy ovals, the pendulous chains of the sycamore swing; while the poplar flickers its silver skirts, the tippets and ruffs of the ivy are ruffling, and even the three-lobed bramble-leaf cannot repress a shiver.

Touched with a stream at least as subtle, we, who are wandering among the dark giants, shiver and shrink, we know not why; and our hearts beat faster, to feel how they beat. The cause is the same both for tree and for man. Earthly nature has not learned to count upon immortality. Therefore all her works, unaided, loathe to be undone.

Whether it were this, or his craving for his dinner, that made Sir Cradock Nowell feel chilled, as he waited under the shuddering trees for his friend John Rosedew—far be it from me to say, because it may have been both, sir. And the other cause to which he always ascribed it—after the event—to wit, a divina afflatus of diabolical presentiment, is one we have no faith in, until we own to nightmare. Anyhow, there he was, for upwards of an hour; and no John Rosedew came up the hill, which Sir Cradock did not feel it at all his duty to descend, on the

very safe presentiment of the distress *revocare gratum*.

Meanwhile John Rosedew was speeding merrily, according to his ideas of speed (which were relative to the last degree), along a narrow bridle-way, some two miles to the westward. It would be a serious insult—so the parson argued—to the understanding of any man who understood a horse—and now John Rosedew had owned Coræbus very nearly nine months, and though he had never owned a horse before, surely by this time he could set papers in the *barbara celarent* of the most recondite horse-logic—or was it dialectics?—an insult it would be to that Hippicus who felt himself fit now to go to a fair and discuss many points with the jockeys, if anybody suggested to him that Coræbus ought to trot.

"Trot, sir!" cried John Rosedew, to an imaginary Hippodamas, "hasn't he been trotting for nearly an hour to-day, sir? And upon my word, I only hope he is not so sore as I am." Then he threw the reins over the pony's neck, and let him crop some *cytissus*.

"Coræbus, have no fear, my horse, you shall not be overworked. Or if Epirus or Mycenæ be thy home and birthplace—*incertus ibidem sudor*—thrice I have wiped it off, and no oaten particles in it; *urit avena*, so I suppose oats must dry the skin. "*Ad terramque fluit devexo pondere cervix*," a line not to be rendered in English, even by my Cradock. How fine that whole description, but made up from alien sources! Oh how Lucretius would have done it! Most sad that he was not a Christian."

A believer was what John Rosedew meant. But by this time he was beginning to look upon all his classical friends as in some sort Christians, if they only believed in their own gods. Wherein, I fear, he was far astray from the text of one of the Articles.

Cob Coræbus by this time knew his master thoroughly; and exercising his knowledge cleverly, made his shoes last longer. If the weather felt muggy and "trying"—from an equine view of pro-

bation—if the road was rough and against the grain, even if the forest-fly came abroad upon business, Coræbus used (in sporting parlance) to “shut up” immediately. This he did, not in a defiant tone, not in a mode to provoke antagonism; he was far too clever a horse for that; but with every appearance of a sad conviction that his master had no regard for him. At this earnest appeal to his feelings, John Rosedew would dismount in haste, and reflect with admiration upon the weeping steeds of Achilles, or the mourning horse of Mezentius, while he condemned with acrimony the moral conveyed by a song he had heard concerning the “donkey wot wouldn’t go.” Then he would loosen the girths, and, remonstrating with Coræbus for his want of self-regard, carefully wipe with his yellow silk pocket-handkerchief first all the accessible parts of the cob that looked at all gummy or greasy, and then his own capacious forehead. This being done, he would search around for a juicy mouthful of grass, or dive for an apple or slice of carrot—Coræbus at the same time diving nasally—into the depths of his black coat pocket, where he usually discovered his lunch, which he had altogether forgotten. While the horse was discussing this little refreshment, John would put his head on one side, and look at him very knowingly, revolving in his mind a question which very often presented itself, whether Coræbus were descended from Corytha or Hirpinus.

However this may have been—and from his “staying qualities,” one would have thought him rather a chip from the old block of Troy—he was the first horse good John Rosedew had ever called his own; and he loved and admired him none the less for certain calumnies spread by the envious about seedy-toes, splints, and spavins. Of these crimes, whatever they might be, the parson found no mention in Xenophon, Pliny, or Virgil, and he was more than half inclined to believe them clumsy modern figments. As for the incontestable fact that Coræbus began to whistle when irrationally stimulated

beyond his six miles an hour, why, that John Rosedew looked upon as a classical accomplishment, and quoted a line from Theocritus. Very swift horses were gifted with this peculiar power, for the safety of those who would otherwise be the victims of their velocity, even as the express train always whistled past Brockenhurst station.

After contemplating the animal till admiration was exhausted, and wondering why some horses have hairy, while others have smooth ankles, he would refresh himself with a reverie about the Numidian cavalry; then declaring that Jem Pottles was “*impolitici notandus*,” he would pass his arm through the bridle, and calling to mind the Pæon young lady who unduly astonished Darius, pull an old book from some inner pocket, and stroll on, with Coræbus sniffing now and then at his hatbrim.

To any one who bears in mind what a punctual body Time is, this account of the rector’s doings will make it not incredible that he was often late for dinner. But he never lost reckoning altogether in his circumnavigation, because his leisure did not begin till he had passed the “Jolly Foresters;” he must be there by a certain hour, or Coræbus would be displeased, and so would Mrs. Cripps, who always looked for him at or about 1.30 p.m. For some mighty fine company was to be had by a horse who could behave himself, in the stable of the “Jolly Foresters,” about middle-day on a Wednesday. Several high-stepping buggy-mares, one or two satirical Broughamites, even some nags who gave a decided tone to the neighbourhood, silver-hamed Clevelands, and champ-the-bit Clydesdales: even these were not too proud—that they left for vulgarian horses—to short and blow hard at the “Forester’s” oats, and then eat them up like winking. To this select circle our own Coræbus had been admitted already, and his conversational powers admired, when he had produced an affidavit that his master was in no way connected with trade.

Coræbus now bade fair to be spoiled by all this grand society. Every Wed-

nesday he came home less natural, more coxcombical. He turned up his nose at many good horses, whom he had once respected, fellows who wandered about in the forest, and hung down their chins when the rain came! And then he became so affected and false, with an interesting languor, when Amy jumped out to caress him! Verily, friend Coræbus, thou shalt pay out for this! What call, pray, hast thou to become a humbug, from seeing how men do flourish?

John Rosedew awoke quite suddenly to the laws of time and season, as the hazel branches came over his head, and he could see to read no longer. The gray wood closed about him, to the right hand and to the left; the thick shoots of the alder, the dappled ash, and the osier, hustled among the taller trees whose tops had seen the sunset; tufts of grass, and blackberry-tangles, hippled dog-roses leaning over them, stubby clumps of buckthorn, brake-fern waving six feet high where the ground held moisture—who, but an absent man, would have wandered at dusk into such a labyrinth?

“‘Actum est’ with my dinner,” exclaimed the parson aloud, when he awoke to the situation; “and what, perhaps, is more important to thee, at least, Coræbus, thine also is ‘pessum datum.’ And there is no room to turn the horse round without scratching his eyes and his tail so. Nevertheless, this *is* a path, or at one time must have been so; ‘semita, callis, trames’—that last word is the one for it, if it be derived from ‘traho’ (which, however, I do not believe)—for, lo! there has been a log of wood dragged here even during a post-diluvial period: we will follow this track to the uttermost; what says the cheerful philosopher:—‘παντοίην βίῳ τοιοῦτά μοι οὐδὲν.’ Surely a gun, nay, two, or, more accurately, two explosions; now for some one to show us the way. Coræbus, be of good cheer, there is supper yet in thy *πάτηρ*, not *εὐξέστω*; advance then thy best foot. Why not?—seest thou an *εἰδωλόν*? Come on, I say, good horse—oh, what!——” And he was silent.

Tired as he was, Coræbus had leaped

back from the leading rein, then threw up his head and snorted, and with a glare of terror stood trembling. What John Rosedew saw at that moment was stamped on his heart for ever. Across his narrow homeward path, clear in the gray light, and seeming to creep, was the corpse of Clayton Nowell, laid upon its left side, with one hand to the heart, the wan face stark and spread on the ground, the body stretched by the final throes. The pale light wandered over it, and showed it only a shadow. John Rosedew’s nerves were stout and strong, as of a man who has injured none; he had buried hundreds of fellow-men, after seeing them die; but, for the moment, he was struck with a mortal horror. Back he fell, and drove back his horse; he could not look at the dead man’s eyes fixed intently upon him. One minute he stood shivering, and the ash-leaves shivered over him; he was conscious too of another presence which he could not perceive. Then he ran up, like a son of God, to what God had left of his brother. The glaze (as of ground glass) in the eyes, the smile that has swooned for ever, the scarlet of the lips turned out with the chalky rim of death, the bulge of the broad breast, never again to be drawn in by breathing—is there one of these changes we do not know, having seen them in our own dearest ones?

But a worse sight than of any dead man—dead, and gone home to his Father—met John Rosedew’s vacuous eyes, as he gazed faintly round him. It was the sight of Craddock Nowell, clutching his gun with one hand, and anything firm with the other, while he hung from the bank (which he had been leaping) as a winding-sheet hangs from a candle. The impulse of his leap had failed him, smitten back by horror; it was not in him to go back, nor to come one foot forward. John Rosedew called him by his name, but he could not answer; only a shiver and a moan showed that he knew his baptism. The living was more startled, and more startling, than the dead.

To be continued.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1865.

THE DOVE IN THE EAGLE'S NEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLIFFE."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE EAGLETS IN THE CITY.

AFTER having once accepted Master Gottfried, Ebbo froze towards him and Dame Johanna no more, save that a naturally imperious temper now and then led to fitful stiffnesses and momentary haughtinesses, which were easily excused in one so new to the world and afraid of compromising his rank. In general he could afford to enjoy himself with a zest as hearty as that of the simpler-minded Friedel.

They were early afoot, but not before the heads of the household were pouring forth for the morning devotions at the cathedral; and the streets were stirring into activity, and becoming so peopled that the boys supposed that it was a great fair day. They had never seen so many people together except at the Friedmund-wake, and it was several days before they ceased to exclaim at every passenger as a new curiosity.

The "Dome Kirk" awed and hushed them. They had looked to it so long that perhaps no sublunary thing could have realized their expectations, and Friedel avowed that he did not know what he thought of it. It was not such as he had dreamt, and, like a German as he was, he added that he could not think, he could only feel, that there was something ineffable in it; yet he was

No. 71.—VOL. XII.

almost disappointed to find his visions unfulfilled, and the hues of the painted glass less pure and translucent than those of the ice crystals on the mountains. However, after his eye had become trained, the deep influence of its dim solemn majesty, and of the echoes of its organ tones and chants of high praise or earnest prayer, began to enchain his spirit; and, if ever he were missing, he was sure to be found among the mysteries of the cathedral aisles, generally with Ebbo, who felt the spell of the same grave fascination, since whatever was true of the one brother was generally true of the other. They were essentially alike, though some phases of character and taste were more developed in the one or the other.

Master Gottfried was much edified by their perfect knowledge of the names and numbers of his books. They instantly, almost resentfully, missed the Cicero's Offices that he had parted with, and joyfully hailed his new acquisitions, often sitting with heads together over the same book, reading like active-minded youths who were used to out-of-door life and exercise in superabundant measure, and to study as a valued recreation, with only food enough for the intellect to awaken instead of satisfying it.

They were delighted to obtain instruction from a travelling student, then attending the schools of Ulm—a meek timid lad who, for love of learning and

B B

desire of the priesthood, had endured frightful tyranny from the Bacchanten or elder scholars, and, having at length attained that rank, had so little heart to retaliate on the juniors that his contemporaries despised him, and led him a cruel life, until he obtained food and shelter from Master Gottfried at the pleasant cost of lessons to the young barons. Poor Bastien! this land of quiet, civility and books was a foretaste of Paradise to him after the hard living, barbarity, and coarse vices of his comrades, of whom he now and then disclosed traits that made his present pupils long to give battle to the big shaggy youths who used to send out the lesser lads to beg and steal for them, and cruelly maltreated such as failed in the quest.

Lessons in music and singing were gladly accepted by both lads, and from their uncle's carving they could not keep their hands. Ebbo had begun by enjoining Friedel to remember that the work that had been sport in the mountains would be basely mechanical in the city, and Friedel as usual yielded his private tastes; but on the second day Ebbo himself was discovered in the workshop, watching the magic touch of the deft workman, and he was soon so enticed by the perfect appliances as to take tool in hand and prove himself not unadroit in the craft. Friedel, however, excelled in delicacy of touch and grace and originality of conception, and produced such workmanship that Master Gottfried could not help stroking his hair and telling him it was a pity he was not born to belong to the guild.

"I cannot spare him, sir," cried Ebbo; "priest, scholar, minstrel, artist—all want him."

"What, Hans of all streets, Ebbo?" interrupted Friedel.

"And guildmaster of none," said Ebbo, "save as a warrior; the rest only enough for a gentleman! For what I am thou must be!"

Yet Ebbo did not find fault with the skill Friedel was bestowing on his work—a carving in wood of a dove brooding over two young eagles—the device that

both were resolved to assume. When their mother asked what their lady-loves would say to this, Ebbo looked up and with the fullest conviction in his lustreous eyes declared that no love should ever rival his motherling in his heart. For truly her tender sweetness had given her sons' affection a touch of romance, for which Master Gottfried liked them the better, though his wife thought their familiarity with her hardly accordant with the patriarchal discipline of the citizens.

The youths held aloof from these burghers, for Master Gottfried wisely desired to give them time to be tamed before running risk of offence, either to or by their wild shy pride; and their mother contrived to time their meetings with her old companions when her sons were otherwise occupied. Master Gottfried made it known that the marriage portion he had designed for his niece had been entrusted to a merchant trading in peltry to Muscovy, and the sum thus realized was larger than any bride had yet brought to Adlerstein. Master Gottfried would have liked to continue the same profitable speculations with it; but this would have been beyond the young baron's endurance, and his eyes sparkled when his mother spoke of repairing the castle, refitting the chapel, having a resident chaplain, cultivating more land, increasing the scanty stock of cattle, and attempting the improvements hitherto prevented by lack of means. He fervently declared that the motherling was more than equal to the wise spinning Queen Bertha of legend and lay; and the first pleasant sense of wealth came in the acquisition of horses, weapons, and braveries. In his original mood, Ebbo would rather have stood before the Diet in his home-spun blue than have figured in cloth of gold at a burgher's expense; but he had learned to love his uncle, he regarded the marriage portion as family property, and moreover, he sorely longed to feel himself and his brother well mounted, and scarcely less to see his mother in a velvet gown.

Here was his chief point of sympathy

with the housemother, who, herself precluded from wearing miniver, velvet, or pearls, longed to deck her niece therewith, in time to receive Sir Kasimir of Adlerstein Wildschloss, who had promised to meet his godsons at Ulm. The knight's marriage had lasted only a few years, and had left him no surviving children except one little daughter, whom he had placed in a nunnery at Ulm, under the care of her mother's sister. His lands lay higher up the Danube, and he was expected at Ulm shortly before the Emperor's arrival. He had been chiefly in Flanders with the King of the Romans, and had only returned to Germany when the Netherlanders had refused the regency of Maximilian, and driven him out of their country, depriving him of the custody of his children.

Pfingsttag, or Pentecost day, was the occasion of Christina's first full toilette, and never was bride more solicitously or exultingly arrayed than she, while one boy held the mirror and the other criticised and admired as the aunt adjusted the pearl-bordered coif and long white veil floating over the long-desired black velvet dress. How the two lads admired and gazed, caring far less for their own new and noble attire! Friedel was indeed somewhat concerned that the sword by his side was so much handsomer than that which Ebbo wore, and which, for all its dented scabbard and battered hilt, he was resolved never to discard.

It was a festival of brilliant joy. Wreaths of flowers hung from the windows; rich tapestries decked the Dome Kirk, and the relics were displayed in shrines of wonderful costliness of material and beauty of workmanship; little birds, with thin cakes fastened to their feet, were let loose to fly about the church, in strange allusion to the event of the day; the clergy wore their most gorgeous robes; and the exulting music of the mass echoed from the vaults of the long-drawn aisles, and brought a rapt look of deep calm ecstasy over Friedel's sensitive features. The beggars evidently considered a festival as a harvest-day, and crowded round the doors of the

cathedral. As the Lady of Adlerstein came out leaning on Ebbo's arm, with Friedel on her other side, they evidently attracted the notice of a woman whose thin brown face looked the darker for the striped red and yellow silk kerchief that bound the dark locks round her brow, as, holding out a beringed hand, she fastened her glittering jet black eyes on them, and exclaimed, "Alms! if the fair dame and knightly Junkern would hear what fate has in store for them."

"We meddle not with the future, I thank thee," said Christina, seeing that her sons, to whom gipsies were an amazing novelty, were in extreme surprise at the fortune-telling proposal.

"Yet could I tell much, lady," said the woman, still standing in the way. "What would some here present give to know that the locks that were shrouded by the widow's veil ere ever they wore the matron's coif shall yet return to the coif once more?"

Ebbo gave a sudden start of dismay and passion; his mother held him fast. "Push on, Ebbo mine; heed her not; she is a mere Bohemian."

"But how knew she your history, mother?" asked Friedel, cagerly.

"That might be easily learnt at our wake," began Christina; but her steps were checked by a call from Master Gottfried just behind, "Frau Freiherrinn, Junkern, not so fast. Here is your noble kinsman."

A tall, fine-looking person, in the long rich robe worn on peaceful occasions, stood forth, doffing his eagle-plumed bonnet, and, as the lady turned and courtesied low, he put his knee to the ground and kissed her hand, saying, "Well met, noble dame; I felt certain that I knew you when I beheld you in the Dom."

"He was gazing at her all the time," whispered Ebbo to his brother; while their mother, blushing, replied, "You do me too much honour, Herr Freiherr."

"Once seen, never to be forgotten," was the courteous answer; "and truly, but for the stately height of these my godsons, I would not believe how long since our meeting was."

Thereupon, in true German fashion, Sir Kasimir embraced each youth in the open street, and then, removing his long embroidered Spanish glove, he offered his hand, or rather the tips of his fingers, to lead the Frau Christina home.

Master Sorel had invited him to become his guest at a very elaborate ornamental festival meal in honour of the great holiday, at which were to be present several wealthy citizens with their wives and families, old connexions of the Sorel family. Ebbo had resolved upon treating them with courteous reserve and distance; but he was surprised to find his cousin of Wildschloss comporting himself among the burgomasters and their dames as freely as though they had been his equals, and to see that they took such demeanour as perfectly natural. Quick to perceive, the boy gathered that the gulf between noble and burgher was so great that no intimacy could bridge it over, no reserve widen it, and that his own bashful hauteur was almost a sign that he knew that the gulf had been passed by his own parents; but shame and consciousness did not enable him to alter his manner, but rather added to its stiffness.

"The Junker is like an Englishman," said Sir Kasimir, who had met many of the exiles of the Roses at the court of Mary of Burgundy; and then he turned to discuss with the guildmasters the interruption to trade caused by Flemish jealousies.

After the lengthy meal, the tables were removed, the long gallery was occupied by musicians, and Master Gottfried crossed the hall to tell his eldest grandnephew that to him he should depute the opening of the dance with the handsome bride of the Rathsherr, Ulrich Bürger. Ebbo blushed up to the eyes, and muttered that he prayed his uncle to excuse him.

"So!" said the old citizen, really displeased; "thy kinsman might have proved to thee that it is no derogation of thy lordly dignity. I have been patient with thee, but thy pride passes——"

"Sir," interposed Friedel hastily, raising his sweet candid face with a

look between shame and merriment, "it is not that, but you forget what poor mountaineers we are. Never did we tread a measure save now and then with our mother on a winter evening, and we know no more than a chamois of your intricate measures."

Master Gottfried looked perplexed, for these dances were matters of great punctilio. It was but seven years since the Lord of Praunstein had defied the whole city of Frankfort because a damsel of that place had refused to dance with one of his cousins; and, though "Fist-right" and letters of challenge had been made illegal, yet the whole city of Ulm would have resented the affront put on it by the young lord of Adlerstein. Happily the Freiherr of Adlerstein Wildschloss was at hand. "Herr Burgomaster," he said, "let me commence the dance with your fair lady niece. By your testimony," he added, smiling to the youths, "she can tread a measure. And, after marking us," he added, smiling to the boys, "you may try your success with the Rathsherrinn."

Christina would gladly have transferred her noble partner to the Rathsherrinn, but she feared to mortify her good uncle and aunt further, and consented to figure alone with Sir Kasimir in one of the majestic graceful dances performed by a single couple before a gazing assembly. So she let him lead her to her place, and they bowed and bent, swept past one another, and moved in interlacing lines and curves, with a grand slow movement that displayed her quiet grace, and his stately port and courtly air.

"Is it not beautiful to see the motherling?" said Friedel to his brother; "she sails like a white cloud in a soft wind. And he stands grand as a stag at gaze."

"Like a malapert peacock, say I," returned Ebbo; "didst not see, Friedel, how he kept his eyes on her in church? My uncle says the Bohemians are mere deceivers. Depend on it the woman had spied his insolent looks when she made her ribald prediction."

"See," said Friedel, who had been watching the steps rather than attend-

ing, "it will be easy to dance it now. It is a figure my mother once tried to teach us. I remember it now."

"Then go and do it, since better may not be."

"Nay, but it should be thou."

"Who will know which of us it is? I hated his presumption too much to mark his antics."

Friedel came forward, and the substitution was undetected by all save their mother and uncle; by the latter only because, addressing Ebbo, he received a reply in a tone such as Friedel never used.

Natural grace, quickness of ear and eye, and a skilful partner, rendered Friedel's so fair a performance that he ventured on sending his brother to attend the councelloress with wine and comfits; while he in his own person performed another dance with the city dame next in pretension, and their mother was amused by Sir Kasimir's remark, that her second son danced better than the elder, but both must learn.

The remark displeased Ebbo. In his isolated castle he knew no superior, and his nature might yield willingly, but rebelled at being put down. His brother was his perfect equal in all mental and bodily attributes, but it was the absence of all self-assertion that made Ebbo so often give him the preference; it was his mother's tender meekness in which lay her power with him; and, if he yielded to Gottfried Sorel's wisdom and experience, it was with the inward consciousness of voluntary deference to one of lower rank. But here was Wildschloss, of the same noble blood with himself, his elder, his sponsor, his protector, with every right to direct him, so that there was no choice between grateful docility and headstrong folly. If the fellow had been old, weak, or in any way inferior, it would have been more bearable; but he was a tried warrior, a sage counsellor, in the prime vigour of manhood, and with a kindly reasonable authority to which only a fool could fail to attend, and which for that very reason chafed Ebbo excessively.

Moreover, there was the gipsy prophecy ever rankling in the lad's heart, and embittering to him the sight of every civility from his kinsman to his mother. Sir Kasimir lodged at a neighbouring hostel; but he spent much time with his cousins, and tried to make them friends with his squire, Count Rudiger. A great offence to Ebbo was, however, the criticisms of both knight and squire on the bearing of the young barons in military exercises. Truly, with no instructor but the rough Lanzknecht Heinz, they must, as Friedel said, have been born paladins to have equalled youths whose life had been spent in chivalrous training.

"See us in a downright fight," said Ebbo; "we could strike as hard as any courtly minion."

"As hard, but scarce as dextrously," said Friedel, "and be called for our pains the wild mountaineers. I heard the men-at-arms saying I sat my horse as though it were always going up or down a precipice; and Master Schmidt went into his shop the other day shrugging his shoulders, and saying we hailed one another across the city as if we thought Ulm was a mountain full of gemsbocks."

"Thou heardest! and didst not cast his insolence in his teeth!" cried Ebbo.

"How could I," laughed Friedel, "when the echo was casting back in my teeth my own shout to thee across the market-place? I could only laugh with Rudiger."

"The chief delight I could have, next to getting home, would be to lay that fellow Rudiger on his back in the tilt yard," said Ebbo.

But, as Rudiger was by four years his senior, and very expert, the upshot of these encounters was quite otherwise, and the young gentlemen were disabused of the notion that fighting came by nature, and found that, if they desired success in a serious conflict, they must practise diligently in the city tilt yard, where young men were trained to arms. The crossbow was the only weapon with which they excelled; and, as shooting was a favorite exercise with the burghers,

their proficiency was not as exclusive as had seemed to Ebbo a baronial privilege. Harquibus were novelties to them, and they despised them as burgher weapons, in spite of Sir Kasimir's assurance that firearms were a great subject of study and interest to the King of the Romans. The name of this personage was, it may be feared, highly distasteful to the Freiherr von Adlerstein, both as Wildschloss's model of knightly perfection, and as one who claimed submission from his haughty spirit. When Sir Kasimir spoke to him on the subject of giving his allegiance, he stiffly replied, "Sir, that is a question for ripe consideration."

"It is the question," said Wildschloss, rather more lightly than agreed with the baron's dignity, "whether you like to have your castle pulled down about your ears."

"That has never happened yet to Adlerstein!" said Ebbo, proudly.

"No, because since the days of the Hohenstaufen there has been neither rule nor union in the empire. But times are changing fast, my Junker, and within the last ten years forty castles such as yours have been consumed by the Swabian League, as though they were so many walnuts."

"The shell of Adlerstein was too hard for them, though. They never tried."

"And wherefore, friend Eberhard? It was because I represented to the Kaiser and the Graf von Wurtemberg that little profit and no glory would accrue from attacking a crag full of women and babes, and that I, having the honour to be your next heir, should prefer having the castle untouched, and under the peace of the empire, so long as that peace was kept. When you should come to years of discretion, then it would be for you to carry out the intention wherewith your father and grandfather left home."

"Then we have been protected by the peace of the empire all this time?" said Friedel, while Ebbo looked as if the notion were hard of digestion.

"Even so; and, had you not freely

and nobly released your Genoese merchant, it had gone hard with Adlerstein."

"Could Adlerstein be taken?" demanded Ebbo triumphantly.

"Your grandmother thought not," said Sir Kasimir, with a shade of irony in his tone. "It would be a troublesome siege; but the League numbers 1,500 horse, and 9,000 foot, and, with Schlangenwald's concurrence, you would be assuredly starved out."

Ebbo was so much the more stimulated to take his chance, and do nothing on compulsion; but Friedel put in the question to what the oaths would bind him.

"Only to aid the Emperor with sword and counsel in field or Diet, and thereby win fame and honour such as can scarce be gained by carrying prey to yon eagle roost."

"One may preserve one's independence without robbery," said Ebbo, coldly.

"Nay, lad; did you ever hear of a wolf that could live without marauding? or if he tried, would he get credit for so doing?"

"After all," said Friedel, "does not the present agreement hold till we are of age? I suppose the Swabian League would attempt nothing against minors, unless we break the peace?"

"Probably not; I will do my utmost to give the Freiherr there time to grow beyond his grandmother's maxims," said Wildschloss. "If Schlangenwald do not meddle in the matter, he may have the next five years to decide whether Adlerstein can hold out against all Germany."

"Freiherr Kasimir von Adlerstein Wildschloss," said Eberhard, turning solemnly on him, "I do you to wit once for all that threats will not serve with me. If I submit, it will be because I am convinced it is right. Otherwise we had rather both be buried in the ruins of our castle, as its last free lords."

"So!" said the provoking kinsman; "such burials look grim when the time comes, but happily it is not coming yet!"

Meantime, as Ebbo said to Friedel, how much might happen—a disruption

of the empire, a crusade against the Turks, a war in Italy, some grand means of making the Diet value the sword of a free baron, without chaining him down to gratify the greed of hungry Austria. If only Wildschloss could be shaken off! But he only became constantly more friendly and intrusive, almost paternal. No wonder, when the mother and her uncle made him so welcome, and were so intolerably grateful for his impertinent interference, while even Friedel confessed the reasonableness of his counsels, as if that were not the very sting of them.

He even asked leave to bring his little daughter Thekla from her convent to see the lady of Adlerstein. She was a pretty, flaxen-haired maiden of five years old, in a round cap, and long narrow frock, with a little cross at the neck. She had never seen anyone beyond the walls of the nunnery; and, when her father took her from the lay sister's arms, and carried her to the gallery, where sat Hausfrau Johanna, in dark green, slashed with cherry colour, Master Gottfried, in sober crimson, with gold medal and chain, Freiherrin Christina, in silver-broidered black, and the two Junkern stood near in the shining mail in which they were going to the tilt yard, she turned her head in terror, struggled with her scarce known father, and shrieked for Sister Grethel.

"It was all too sheen," she sobbed, in the lay sister's arms; "she did not want to be in Paradise yet, among the saints! O! take her back! The two bright, holy Michaels would let her go, for indeed she had made but one mistake in her Ava."

Vain was the attempt to make her lift her face from the black serge shoulder where she had hidden it. Sister Grethel coaxed and scolded, Sir Kasimir reproved, the housemother offered comfits, and Christina's soft voice was worst of all, for the child, probably taking her for Our Lady herself, began to gasp forth a general confession. "I never will do so again! Yes, it was a fib, but Mother Hildegarde gave me a bit of marchpane not to tell—" Here the lay sister took strong measures for

closing the little mouth, and Christina drew back, recommending that the child should be left gradually to discover their terrestrial nature. Ebbo had looked on with extreme disgust, trying to hurry Friedel, who had delayed to trace some lines for his mother on her broidery pattern. In passing the step where Grethel sat with Thekla on her lap, the clank of their armour caused the uplifting of the little flaxen head, and two wide blue eyes looked over Grethel's shoulder, and met Friedel's sunny glance. He smiled; she laughed back again. He held out his arms, and, though his hands were gauntleted, she let him lift her up, and curiously smoothed and patted his cheek, as if he had been a strange animal.

"You have no wings," she said. "Are you St. George, or St. Michael?"

"Neither the one nor the other, pretty one. Only your poor cousin Friedel von Adlerstein, and here is Ebbo, my brother."

It was not in Ebbo's nature not to smile encouragement at the fair little face, with its wistful look. He drew off his glove to caress her silken hair, and for a few minutes she was played with by the two brothers like a newly-invented toy, receiving their attentions with pretty half-frightened graciousness, until Count Rudiger hastened in to summon them, and Friedel placed her on his mother's knee, where she speedily became perfectly happy, and at ease.

Her extreme delight, when towards evening the Junkern returned, was flattering even to Ebbo; and, when it was time for her to be taken home, she made strong resistance, clinging fast to Christina, with screams and struggles. To the lady's promise of coming to see her she replied, "Friedel and Ebbo, too," and, receiving no response to this request, she burst out, "Then I won't come! I am the Freiherrin Thekla, the heiress of Adlerstein Wildschloss and Felsenbach. I won't be a nun. I'll be married! You shall be my husband," and she made a dart at the nearest youth, who happened to be Ebbo.

"Ay, ay, you shall have him. He

will come for you, sweetest Fraulein," said the perplexed Grethel, "so only you will come home! Nobody will come for you if you are naughty."

"Will you come if I am good?" said the spoilt cloister pet, clinging tight to Ebbo.

"Yes," said her father, as she still resisted, "come back, my child, and one day shall you see Ebbo, and have him for a brother."

Thereat Ebbo shook off the little grasping fingers, almost as if they had belonged to a noxious insect.

"The matron's coif should succeed the widow's veil." He might talk with scholarly contempt of the new race of Bohemian impostors; but there was no forgetting that sentence. And in like manner, though his grandmother's allegation that his mother had been bent on captivating Sir Kasimir in that single interview at Adlerstein, had always seemed to him the most preposterous of all Kunigunde's forms of outrage, the recollection would recur to him; and he could have found it in his heart to wish that his mother had never heard of the old lady's designs as to the oubliette. He did most sincerely wish Master Gottfried had never let Wildschloss know of the mode in which his life had been saved. Yet, while it would have seemed to him profane to breathe even to Friedel the true secret of his repugnance to this meddlesome kinsman, it was absolutely impossible to avoid his most distasteful authority and patronage.

And the mother herself was gently, thankfully happy and unsuspecting, basking in the tender home affection of which she had so long been deprived, proud of her sons, and, though anxious as to Ebbo's decision, with a quiet trust in his foundation of principle, and above all trusting to prayer.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DOUBLE-HEADED EAGLE.

ONE summer evening, when shooting at a bird on a pole was in full exercise in the tilt yard, the sports were interrupted

by a message from the Provost that a harbinger had brought tidings that the Imperial court was within a day's journey.

All was preparation. Fresh sand had to be strewn on the arena. New tapestry hangings were to deck the galleries, the houses and balconies to be brave with drapery, the fountain in the market-place was to play Rhine wine, all Ulm was astir to do honour to itself and to the Kaiser, and Ebbo stood amid all the bustle, drawing lines in the sand with the stock of his arblast, subject to all that oppressive self-magnification so frequent in early youth, and which made it seem to him as if the Kaiser and the King of the Romans were coming to Ulm with the mere purpose of destroying his independence, and as if the eyes of all Germany were watching for his humiliation.

"See! see!" suddenly exclaimed Friedel; "Look! there is something among the tracery of the Dome Kirk Tower. Is it man or bird?"

"Bird, folly! Thou couldst see no bird less than an eagle from hence," said Ebbo. "No doubt they are about to hoist a banner."

"That is not their wont," returned Sir Kasimir.

"I see him," interrupted Ebbo. "Nay, but he is a bold climber! We went up to that stage, close to the balcony, but there's no footing beyond but crockets and canopies."

"And a bit of rotten scaffold," added Friedel. "Perhaps he is a builder going to examine it! Up higher, higher!"

"A builder!" said Ebbo; "a man with a head and foot like that should be a chamois hunter! Shouldst thou deem it worse than the Red Eyrie, Friedel?"

"Yea, truly! The depth beneath is plainer! There would be no climbing there without——"

"Without what, cousin?" asked Wildschloss.

"Without great cause," said Friedel. "It is fearful! He is like a fly against sky."

"Beaten again!" muttered Ebbo; "I did think that none of these town-bred

fellows could surpass us when it came to a giddy height! Who can he be?"

"Look! look!" burst out Friedel, "The saints protect him! He is on that narrowest topmost ledge—measuring; his heel is over the parapet—half his foot!"

"Holding on by the rotten scaffold pole! St. Barbara be his speed; but he is a brave man!" shouted Ebbo; "Oh! the pole has broken."

"Heaven forefend!" cried Wildschloss, with despair on his face unseen by the boys, for Friedel had hidden his eyes, and Ebbo was straining his with the intense gaze of horror. He had carried his glance downwards, following the 380 feet fall that must be the lot of the adventurer. Then looking up again he shouted, "I see him! I see him! Praise to St. Barbara! He is safe! He has caught by the upright stone work."

"Where? where? Show me!" cried Wildschloss, grasping Ebbo's arm.

"There! clinging to that upright bit of tracery, stretching his foot out to yonder crocket."

"I cannot see. Mine eyes swim and dazzle," said Wildschloss. "Merciful heavens! is this another tempting of Providence? How is it with him now, Ebbo?"

"Swarming down another slender bit of the stone network. It must be easy now to one who could keep head and hand steady in such a shock."

"There!" added Friedel, after a breathless space, "he is on the lower parapet, whence begins the stair. Do you know him, sir? Who is he?"

"Either a Venetian mountebank," said Wildschloss, "or else there is only one man I know of either so foolhardy or so steady of head."

"Be he who he may," said Ebbo, "he is the bravest man that ever I beheld. Who is he, Sir Kasimir?"

"An eagle of higher flight than ours, no doubt," said Wildschloss. "But come; we shall reach the Dome Kirk by the time the climber has wound his way down the turret stairs, and we shall see what like he is."

Their coming was well timed, for a

small door at the foot of the tower was just opening to give exit to a very tall knight, in one of those short Spanish cloaks the collar of which could be raised so as to conceal the face. He looked to the right and left, and had had one hand raised to put up the collar when he recognised Sir Kasimir, and, holding out both hands, exclaimed, "Ha, Adlerstein! well met! I looked to see thee here. No unbonneting; I am not come yet. I am at Strasburg, with the Kaiser, and the Archduke, and am not here till we ride in, in purple and in pall by the time the good folk have hung out their arras, and donned their gold chains, and conned their speeches, and mounted their mules."

"Well that their speeches are not over the lykwake of his kingly kaisarly highness," gravely returned Sir Kasimir.

"Ha! Thou sawest? I came out here to avoid the gaping throng, who don't know what a hunter can do. I have been in worse case in the Tyrol. Snowdrifts are worse footing than stone vine leaves."

"Where abides your highness?" asked Wildschloss.

"I ride back again to the halting-place for the night, and meet my father in time to do my part in the pageant. I was sick of the addresses, and, moreover, the purse-proud Flemings have made such a stiff little fop of my poor boy that I am ashamed to look at him, or hear his French accent. So I rode off to get a view of this notable Dom in peace, ere it be bedizened in holiday garb; and one can't stir without all the Chapter waddling after one."

"Your highness has found means of distancing them."

"Why, truly, the Prior would scarce delight in the view from yonder parapet," laughed his highness. "Ha! Adlerstein, where didst get such a perfect pair of pages? I would I could match my hounds as well."

"They are no pages of mine, so please you," said the knight; "rather this is the head of my name. Let me present to your kingly highness the Freiherr von Adlerstein."

"Thou dost not thyself distinguish

between them!" said Maximilian, as Friedmund stepped back, putting forward Eberhard, whose bright, lively smile of interest and admiration had been the cause of his cousin's mistake. They would have doffed their caps and bent the knee, but were hastily checked by Maximilian. "No, no, Junkern, I shall owe you no thanks for bringing all the street on me!—that's enough. Reserve the rest for Kaiser Fritz." Then, familiarly taking Sir Kasimir's arm, he walked on, saying, "I remember now. Thou wentest after an inheritance from the old Mouser of the Debateable Ford, and wert ousted by a couple of lusty boys sprung of a peasant wedlock."

"Nay, my lord, of a burgher lady, fair as she is wise and virtuous; who, spite of all hindrances, has bred up these youths in all good and noble nurture."

"Is this so?" said the king, turning sharp round on the twins. "Are ye minded to quit freebooting, and come a crusading against the Turks with me?"

"Everywhere with such a leader!" enthusiastically exclaimed Ebbo.

"What? up there?" said Maximilian, smiling. "Thou hast the tread of a chamois-hunter."

"Friedel has been on the Red Eyrie," exclaimed Ebbo; then, thinking he had spoken foolishly, he coloured.

"Which is the Red Eyrie?" good-humouredly asked the king.

"It is the crag above our castle," said Friedel, modestly.

"None other has been there," added Ebbo, perceiving his auditor's interest; "but he saw the eagle flying away with a poor widow's kid, and the sight must have given him wings, for we never could find the same path; but here is one of the feathers he brought down"—taking off his cap so as to show a feather rather the worse for wear, and sheltered behind a fresher one.

"Nay," said Friedel, "thou shouldst say that I came to a ledge where I had like to have stayed all night, but that ye all came out with men and ropes."

"We know what such a case is!" said the king. "It has chanced to us to hang between heaven and earth; I've

even had the Holy Sacrament held up for my last pious gaze by those who gave me up for lost on the mountain side. Adlerstein? The peak above the Braunwasser? Some day shall ye show me this eyrie of yours, and we will see whether we can amaze our cousins the eagles. We see you at our father's court to-morrow?" he graciously added, and Ebbo gave a ready bow of acquiescence.

"There," said the king, as after their dismissal he walked on with Sir Kasimir, "never blame me for rashness and imprudence. Here has this height of the steeple proved the height of policy. It has made a loyal subject of a Mouser on the spot."

"Pray Heaven it may have won a heart, true, though proud!" said Wildschloss; "but mousing was cured before by the wise training of the mother. Your highness will have taken out the sting of submission, and you will scarce find more faithful subjects."

"How old are the Junkern?"

"Some sixteen years, your highness,"

"That is what living among mountains does for a lad. Why could not those thrice-accursed Flemish towns let me breed up my boy to be good for something in the mountains, instead of getting duck-footed and muddy-witted in the fens?"

In the meantime Ebbo and Friedel were returning home in that sort of passion of enthusiasm that ingenuous boyhood feels when first brought into contact with greatness or brilliant qualities.

And brilliance was the striking point in Maximilian. The *Last of the Knights*, in spite of his many defects, was, by personal qualities, and the hereditary influence of long-descended rank, verily a king of men in aspect and demeanor, even when most careless and simple. He was at this time¹ a year or two past thirty, unusually tall, and with a form at once majestic and full of vigour and activity; a noble, fair, though sunburnt countenance; eyes of dark grey, almost

¹ By an oversight Maximilian is spoken of in the first chapter as already grown up and king of the Romans. His election took place in 1482.

black; long fair hair, a keen aquiline nose, a lip only beginning to lengthen to the characteristic Austrian feature, an expression always lofty, sometimes dreamy, and yet at the same time full of acuteness and humour. His abilities were of the highest order, his purposes, especially at this period of his life, most noble and becoming in the first prince of Christendom; and, if his life were a failure, and his reputation unworthy of his endowments, the cause seems to have been in great measure the bewilderment and confusion that unusual gifts sometimes cause to their possessor, whose sight their conflicting illumination dazzles so as to impair his steadiness of aim, while their contending gleams light him into various directions, so that one object is deserted for another ere its completion. Thus Maximilian cuts a figure in history far inferior to that made by his grandson, Charles V. whom he nevertheless excelled in every personal quality, except the most needful of all, force of character; and, in like manner, his remote descendant, the narrow-minded Ferdinand of Styria gained his ends, though the able and brilliant Joseph II. was to die broken-hearted, calling his reign a failure and mistake. However, such terms as these could not be applied to Maximilian with regard to home affairs. He has had hard measure from those who have only regarded his vacillating foreign policy, especially with respect to Italy—ever the temptation and the bane of Austria; but even here much of his uncertain conduct was owing to the unfulfilled promises of what he himself called his "realm of kings," and a sovereign can only justly be estimated by his domestic policy. The contrast of the empire before his time with the subsequent Germany is that of chaos with order. Since the death of Friedrich II. the Imperial title had been a mockery, making the prince who chanced to bear it a mere mark for the spite of his rivals; there was no centre of justice, no appeal; everybody might make war on everybody, with the sole preliminary of exchanging a challenge; "fist-right" was the acknowledged law of the land;

and, except in the free cities, and under such a happy accident as a right-minded prince here and there, the state of Germany seems to have been rather worse than that of Scotland from Bruce to the union of the Crowns. Under Maximilian, the Diet became an effective council, fist-right was abolished, independent robber-lords put down, civilization began to effect an entrance, the system of circles was arranged, and the empire again became a leading power in Europe, instead of a mere vortex of disorder and misrule. Never would Charles V. have held the position he occupied had he come after an ordinary man, instead of after an able and sagacious reformer like that Maximilian who is popularly regarded as a fantastic caricature of a knight-errant, marred by avarice and weakness of purpose.

At the juncture of which we are writing, none of Maximilian's less worthy qualities had appeared; he had not been rendered shifty and unscrupulous by difficulties and disappointments in money-matters, and had not found it impossible to keep many of the promises he had given in all good faith. He stood forth as the hope of Germany, in salient contrast to the feeble and avaricious father, who was felt to be the only obstacle in the way of his noble designs of establishing peace and good discipline in the empire, and conducting a general crusade against the Turks, whose progress was the most threatening peril of Christendom. His fame was, of course, frequently discussed among the citizens, with whom he was very popular, not only from his ease and freedom of manner, but because his peaceful tastes, his love of painting, sculpture, architecture, and the mechanical turn which made him an improver of fire-arms and a patron of painting and engraving, rendered their society more agreeable to him than that of his dull, barbarous nobility. Ebbo had heard so much of the perfections of the King of the Romans as to be prepared to hate him; but the boy, as we have seen, was of a generous, sensitive nature, peculiarly prone to enthusiastic impressions of veneration; and Maximilian's high-spirited manhood, personal fascina-

tion, and individual kindness had so entirely taken him by surprise, that he talked of him all the evening in a more fervid manner than did even Friedel, though both could scarcely rest for their anticipations of seeing him on the morrow in the full state of his entry.

Richly clad, and mounted on cream-coloured steeds, nearly as much alike as themselves, the twins were a pleasant sight for a proud mother's eyes, as they rode out to take their place in the procession that was to welcome the royal guests. Master Sorel, in ample gown, richly furred, with medal and chain of office, likewise went forth as Guild-master; and Christina, with smiling lips and liquid eyes, recollected the days when to see him in such array was her keenest pleasure, and the utmost splendour her fancy could depict.

Arrayed, as her sons loved to see her, in black velvet, and with pearl-bordered cap, Christina sat by her aunt in the tapestried balcony, and between them stood or sat little Thekla von Adlerstein Wildschloss, whose father had entrusted her to their care, to see the procession pass by. A rich Eastern carpet, of gorgeous colouring, covered the upper balustrade, over which they leant, in somewhat close quarters with the scarlet-boddiced dames of the opposite house, but with ample space for sight up and down the rows of smiling expectants at each balcony, or window, equally gay with hangings, while the bells of all the churches clashed forth their gayest chimes, and fitful bursts of music were borne upon the breeze. Little Thekla danced in the narrow space for very glee, and wondered why any one should live in a cloister when the world was so wide and so fair. And Dame Johanna tried to say something pious of worldly temptations, and the cloister shelter; but Thekla interrupted her, and, clinging to Christina, exclaimed, "Nay, but I am always naughty with Mother Ludmilla in the convent, and I know I should never be naughty out here with you and the barons; I should be so happy."

"Hush! hush! little one; here they come!"

On they came—stout Lanzknechts

first, the city guard with steel helmets unadorned, buff suits, and bearing either arquebuses, halberts, or those handsome but terrible weapons, morning stars. Then followed guild after guild, each preceded by the banner bearing its homely emblem—the cauldron of the smiths, the hose of the clothiers, the helmet of the armourers, the bason of the barbers, the boot of the sutors; even the sausage of the cooks, and the shoe of the shoeblacks, were represented, as by men who gloried in the calling in which they did life's duty and task.

First in each of these bands marched the prentices, stout, broad, flat-faced lads, from twenty to fourteen years of age, with hair like tow hanging from under their blue caps, staves in their hands, and knives at their girdles. Behind them came the journeymen, in leathern jerkins and steel caps, and armed with halberts or cross-bows; men of all ages, from sixty to one or two and twenty, and many of the younger ones with foreign countenances and garb betokening that they were strangers spending part of their wandering years in studying the Ulm fashions of their craft. Each trade showed a large array of these juniors; but the masters who came behind were comparatively few, mostly elderly, long-gowned, gold-chained personages, with a weight of solid dignity on their wise brows—men who respected themselves, made others respect them, and kept their city a peaceful, well-ordered haven, while storms raged in the realm beyond—men too who had raised to the glory of their God a temple, not indeed fulfilling the original design, but a noble effort, and grand monument of burgher devotion.

Then came the ragged regiment of scholars, wild lads from every part of Germany and Switzerland, some wan and pinched with hardship and privation, others sturdy, selfish rogues, evidently well able to take care of themselves. There were many rude, tyrannical-looking lads among the older lads; and, though here and there a studious, earnest face might be remarked, the prospect of Germany's future priests and teachers was not encouraging. And

what a searching ordeal was awaiting those careless lads when the voice of one as yet still a student should ring through Germany!

Contrasting with these ill-kempt pupils marched the grave professors and teachers, in square ecclesiastic caps and long gowns, whose colours marked their degrees and the Universities that had conferred them—some thin, some portly, some jocund, others dreamy; some observing all the humours around, others still intent on Aristotelian ethics; all men of high fame, with doctor at the beginning of their names, and “or” or “us” at the close of them. After them rode the magistracy, a burgomaster from each guild, and the Herr Provost himself—as great a potentate within his own walls as the Doge of Venice, or of Genoa, or perhaps greater, because less jealously hampered. In this dignified group was uncle Gottfried, by complacent nod and smile acknowledging his good wife and niece, who indeed had received many a previous glance and bow from friends passing beneath. But Master Sorel was no new spectacle in a civic procession, and the sight of him was only a pleasant fillip to the excitement of his ladies.

Here was jingling of spurs, and trampling of horses; heraldic achievements showed upon the banners, round which rode the mail-clad retainers of country nobles who had mustered to meet their lords. Then, with still more of clank and tramp, rode a bright-faced troop of lads, with feathered caps and gay mantles. Young Count Rudiger looked up with courteous salutation; and just behind him, with smiling lips and upraised faces, were the pair whose dark eyes, dark hair, and slender forms, rendered them conspicuous among the fair Teutonic youth. Each cap was taken off and waved, and each pair of lustrous eyes glanced up pleasure and exultation at the sight of the lovely “Mutterlein.” And she? The pageant was well-nigh over to her, save for heartily agreeing with Aunt Johanna that there was not a young noble of them all to compare with the twin barons of Adlerstein! However, she knew she should be called

to account if she did not look well at “the Romish King;” besides, Thekla was shrieking with delight at the sight of her father, tall and splendid on his mighty black charger, with a smile for his child, and for the lady a bow so low and deferential that it was evidently remarked by those at whose approach every lady in the balconies was rising, every head in the street was bared.

A tall, thin, shrivelled, but exceedingly stately old man on a grey horse was in the centre. Clad in a purple velvet mantle, and bowing as he went, he looked truly the Kaiser, to whom stately courtesy was second nature. On one side, in black and gold, with the jewel of the Golden Fleece on his breast, rode Maximilian, responding gracefully to the salutations of the people, but his keen grey eye roving in search of the object of Sir Kasimir’s salute, and lighting on Christina with such a rapid, amused glance of discovery that in her confusion she missed what excited Dame Johanna’s rapturous admiration—the handsome boy on the Emperor’s other side, a fair, plump lad, the young sovereign of the Low Counties, beautiful in feature and complexion, but lacking the fire and the loftiness that characterized his father’s countenance. The train was closed by the Reitern of the Emperor’s guard—steel-clad mercenaries who were looked on with no friendly eyes by the few gazers in the street who had been left behind in the general rush to keep up with the attractive part of the show.

Pageants of elaborate mythological character impeded the imperial progress at every stage, and it was full two hours ere the two youths returned, heartily weary of the lengthened ceremonial, and laughing at having actually seen the King of the Romans enduring to be conducted from shrine to shrine in the cathedral by a large proportion of its dignitaries. Ebbo was sure he had caught an archly disconsolate wink!

Ebbo had to dress for the banquet spread in the town-hall. Space was wanting for the concourse of guests, and Master Sorel had decided that the younger baron should not be included

in the invitation. Friedel pardoned him more easily than did Ebbo, who not only resented any slight to his double, but in his fits of shy pride needed the aid of his readier and brighter other self. But it might not be, and Sir Kasimir and Master Gottfried alone accompanied him, hoping that he would not look as wild as a hawk, and would do nothing to diminish the favourable impression he had made on the King of the Romans.

Late, according to mediæval hours, was the return, and Ebbo spoke in a tone of elation. "The Kaisar was most gracious, and the king knew me," he said, "and asked for thee, Friedel, saying one of us was nought without the other. But thou wilt go to-morrow, for we are to receive knighthood.

"Already!" exclaimed Friedel, a bright glow rushing to his cheek.

"Yea," said Ebbo. "The Romish king said somewhat about waiting to win our spurs; but the Kaisar said I was in a position to take rank as a knight, and I thanked him, so thou shouldst share the honour."

"The Kaisar," said Wildschloss, "is not the man to let a knight's fee slip between his fingers. The king would have kept off their grip, and reserved you for knighthood from his own sword under the banner of the empire; but there is no help for it now, and you must make your vassals send in their dues."

"My vassals?" said Ebbo; "what could they send?"

"The aid customary on the knighthood of the heir."

"But there is—there is nothing!" said Friedel. "They can scarce pay meal and poultry enough for our daily fare; and, if we were to flay them alive, we should not get sixty groschen from the whole."

"True enough! Knighthood must wait till we win it," said Ebbo, gloomily.

"Nay, it is accepted," said Wildschloss. "The Kaisar loves his iron chest too well to let you go back. You must be ready with your round sum to the chancellor, and your spur-money

and your fee to the heralds, and largess to the crowd."

"Mother, the dowry," said Ebbo.

"At your service, my son," said Christina, anxious to chase the cloud from his brow.

But it was a deep haul, for the avacious Friedrich IV. made exorbitant charges for the knighting his young nobles; and Ebbo soon saw that the improvements at home must suffer for the honours that would have been so much better won than bought.

"If your vassals cannot aid, yet may not your kinsman——?" began Wildschloss.

"No!" interrupted Ebbo, lashed up to hot indignation; "No, sir! Rather will my mother, brother, and I ride back this very night to unfettered liberty on our mountain, without obligation to any living man."

"Less hotly, Sir Baron," said Master Gottfried, gravely. "You broke in on your noble godfather, and you had not heard me speak. You and your brother are the old man's only heirs, nor do ye incur any obligation that need fret you by forestalling what would be your just right. I will see my nephews as well equipped as any young baron of them."

The mother looked anxiously at Ebbo. He bent his head with rising colour, and said, "Thanks, kind uncle. From you I have learnt to look on goodness as fatherly."

"Only," added Friedel, "if the Baron's station renders knighthood fitting for him, surely I might remain his esquire."

"Never, Friedel!" cried his brother.

"Without thee, nothing."

"Well said, Freiherr," said Master Sorel; "what becomes the one becomes the other. I would not have thee left out, my Friedel, since I cannot leave thee the mysteries of my craft."

"To-morrow!" said Friedel, gravely.

"Then must the vigil be kept to-night."

"The boy thinks these are the days of Roland and Karl the Great," said Wildschloss. "He would fain watch his arms in the moonlight in the Dome Kirk! Alas! no, my Friedel! Knight-

hood in these days smacks more of bezants than of deeds of prowess."

"Unbearable fellow," cried Ebbo, when he had latched the door of the room he shared with his brother. "First, holding up my inexperience to scorn! As though the Kaisar knew not better than he what befits me! Then trying to buy my silence and my mother's gratitude with his hateful advance of gold. As if I did not loathe him enough without! If I pay my homage, and sign the League to-morrow, it will be purely that he may not plume himself on our holding our own by sufferance, in deference to him."

"You will sign it, you will do homage!" exclaimed Friedel; "how rejoiced the mother will be."

"I had rather depend at once—if depend I must—on yonder dignified Kaisar and that noble king than on our meddling kinsman," said Ebbo. "I shall be his equal now! Ay, and no more classed with the court Junkern I was with to-day. The dullards! No one reasonable thing know they but the chase. One had been at Florence; and, when I asked him of the Baptistery and rare Giotto of whom my uncle told us, he asked if he were a knight of the Medici. All he knew was that there were ortolans at Ser Lorenzo's table, and he and the rest of them talked over wines as many and as hard to call as the roll of Æneas's comrades; and, when each one must drink to her he loved best, and I said I loved none like my sweet mother, they gibed me for a simple dutiful mountaineer. Yea, and, when the servants brought a bowl, I thought it was a wholesome draught of spring water after all their hot wines and fripperies. Pah!"

"The rose-water, Ebbo! No wonder they laughed! Why, the bowls for our fingers came round at the banquet here."

"Ah! thou hast eyes for their finikin manners! Yet what know they of what we used to long for in polished life? Not one but vowed he abhorred books, and cursed Dr. Faustus for multiplying them. I may not know the taste of a stew, nor the fit of a glove, as they do, but I trust I bear a less empty brain.

And the young Netherlanders that came with the Archduke were worst of all. They got together and gabbled French, and treated the German Junkern with the very same sauce with which they had served me. The Archduke laughed with them, and, when the Provost addressed him, made as if he understood not, till his father heard, and thundered out, 'How now, Philip! Deaf on thy German ear? I tell thee, Herr Probst, he knows his own tongue as well as thou or I, and thou shalt hear him speak as becomes the son of an Austrian hunter.' That Romish king is a knight of knights, Friedel. I could follow him to the world's end. I wonder whether he will ever come to climb the Red Eyrie."

"It does not seem the world's end when one is there," said Friedel, with strange yearnings in his breast. "Even the Dom steeple never rose to its full height," he added, standing in the window, and gazing pensively into the summer sky. "Oh, Ebbo! this knight-hood has come very suddenly after our many dreams; and, even though its outward tokens be lowered, it is still a holy, awful thing."

Nurtured in mountain solitude, on romance transmitted through the pure medium of his mother's mind, and his spirit untainted by contact with the world, Friedmund von Adlerstein looked on chivalry with the temper of a Percival or Galahad, and regarded it with a sacred awe. Eberhard, though treating it more as a matter of business, was like enough to his brother to enter into the force of the vows they were about to make; and, if the young barons of Adlerstein did not perform the night-watch over their armour, yet they kept a vigil that impressed their own minds as deeply, and in early morn they went to confession and mass ere the gay parts of the city were astir.

"Sweet niece," said Master Sorel, as he saw the brothers' grave, earnest looks, "thou hast done well by these youths; yet I doubt me at times whether they be not too much lifted out of this veritable world of ours."

"Ah, fair uncle, were they not above it, how could they face its temptations?"

"True, my child ; but how will it be when they find how lightly others treat what to them is so solemn ?"

"There must be temptations for them, above all for Ebbo," said Christina ; "but still, when I remember how my heart sank when their grandmother tried to breed them up to love crime as sport and glory, I cannot but trust that the good work will be wrought out, and my dream fulfilled, that they may be lights on earth and stars in heaven. Even this matter of homage, that seemed so hard to my Ebbo, has now been made easy to him by his veneration for the Emperor."

It was even so. If the sense that he was the last veritable *free* lord of Adlerstein rushed over Ebbo, he was, on the other hand, overmastered by the kingliness of Friedrich and Maximilian, and was aware that this submission, while depriving him of little or no actual power, brought him into relations with the civilized world, and opened to him paths of true honour. So the ceremonies were gone through, his oath of allegiance was made, investiture was granted to him by the delivery of a sword, and both he and Friedel were dubbed knights. Then they shared another banquet, where, as away from the Junkern and among elder men, Ebbo was happier than the day before. Some of the knights seemed to him as rude and ignorant as the Schneiderlein, but no one talked to him nor observed his manners, and he could listen to conversation on war and policy such as interested him far more than the subjects affected by youths a little older than himself. Their lonely life and training had rendered the minds of the brothers as much in advance of their fellows as they were behind them in knowledge of the world.

The crass obtuseness of most of the nobility made it a relief to return to the usual habits of the Sorel household when the court had left Ulm. Friedmund, anxious to prove that his new honours were not to alter his home demeanour, was drawing on a block of wood from a tinted pen-and-ink sketch ; Ebbo was deeply engaged with a newly-acquired

copy of Virgil ; and their mother was embroidering some draperies for the long-neglected castle chapel, all sitting, as Master Gottfried loved to have them, in his studio, whence he had a few moments before been called away, when, as the door slowly opened, a voice was heard that made both lads start and rise.

"Yea, truly, Herr Guildmaster, I would see these masterpieces. Ha ! What have you here for masterpieces ? Our two new double-ganger knights ?" and Maximilian entered in a simple riding dress, attended by Master Gottfried, and by Sir Kasimir of Adlerstein Wildschloss.

Christina would fain have slipped out unperceived, but the king was already removing his cap from his fair curling locks, and bending his head as he said, "The Frau Freiherrinn von Adlerstein ! Fair lady, I greet you well, and thank you in the Kaiser's name and mine for having bred up for us two true and loyal subjects."

"May they so prove themselves, my liege !" said Christina, bending low.

"And not only loyal-hearted," added Maximilian, smiling, "but ready-brained, which is less frequent among our youth. What is thy book, young knight ? Virgilius Maro ? Dost thou read the Latin ?" he added, in that tongue.

"Not as well as we wish, your kingly highness," readily answered Ebbo, in Latin, "having learnt solely of our mother till we came hither."

"Never fear for that, my young blade," laughed the king. "Knowst not that the wiseacres thought me too dull for teaching till I was past ten years ? And what is thy double about ? Drawing on wood ? How now ! An able draughtsman, my young knight ?"

"My nephew, Sir Friedmund, is good to the old man," said Gottfried, himself almost regretting the lad's avocation. "My eyes are falling me, and he is aiding me with the graving of this border. He has the knack that no teaching will impart to any of my present journey-men."

"Born, not made," quoth Maximilian. "Nay," as Friedel coloured deeper at the sense that Ebbo was ashamed of

him, "no blushes, my boy; it is a rare gift. I can make a hundred knights any day, but the Almighty alone can make a genius. It was this very matter of graving that led me hither."

For Maximilian had a passion for composition, and chiefly for autobiography, and his head was full of that curious performance, *Der Weisse König*, which occupied many of the leisure moments of his life, being dictated to his former writing-master, Marcus Sauerwein. He had already designed the portrayal of his father as the old white king, and himself as the young white king, in a series of woodcuts illustrating the narrative which culminated in the one romance of his life, his brief happy marriage with Mary of Burgundy; and he continued eagerly to talk to Master Gottfried about the mystery of graving, and the various scenes in which he wished to depict himself learning languages from native speakers—Czech from a peasant with a basket of eggs, English from the exiles at the Burgundian court, who had also taught him the use of the longbow, building from architects and masons, painting from artists, and, more imaginatively, astrology from a wonderful flaming sphere in the sky, and the black art from a witch inspired by a long-tailed demon perched on her shoulder.

No doubt "the young white king" made an exceedingly prominent figure in the discourse, but it was so quaint and so brilliant that it did not need the charm of royal condescension to entrance the young knights, who stood silent auditors. Ebbo at least was convinced that no species of knowledge or skill was viewed by his kaisarly kingship as beneath his dignity; but still he feared Friedel's being seized upon to be as prime illustrator to the royal autobiography—a lot to which, with all his devotion to Maximilian, he could hardly have consigned his brother in the certainty that the jeers of the ruder nobles would pursue the craftsman baron.

However, for the present, Maximilian was keen enough to see that the boy's mechanical skill was not as yet equal to his genius; so he only encouraged him

No. 71.—VOL. XII.

to practise, adding that he heard there was a rare lad, one Dürer, at Nuremberg, whose productions were already wonderful. "And what is this?" he asked; "what is the daintily-carved group I see yonder?"

"Your highness means 'The Dove in the Eagle's Nest,' said Kasimir. "It is the work of my young kinsmen, and their appropriate device."

"As well chosen as carved," said Maximilian, examining it. "Well is it that a city dove should now and then find her way to the eyrie. Some of my nobles would cut my throat for the heresy; but I am safe here, eh, Sir Kasimir? Fare ye well, ye dove-trained eaglets. We will know one another better when we bear the cross against the infidel."

The brothers kissed his hand, and he descended the steps from the hall door. Ere he had gone far, he turned round upon Sir Kasimir with a merry smile: "A very white and tender dove, indeed, and one who might easily nestle in another eyrie, methinks."

"Deems your kingly highness that consent could be won?" asked Wildschloss.

"From the Kaiser? Pfui, man, thou knowst as well as I do the golden key to his consent. So thou wouldst risk thy luck again! Thou hast no male heir."

"And I would fain give my child a mother who would deal well with her. Nay, to say sooth, that gentle, innocent face has dwelt with me for many years. But for my pre-contract, I had striven long ago to win her, and had been a happier man, mayhap. And, now I have seen what she has made of her sons, I feel I could scarce find her match among our nobility."

"Nor elsewhere," said the king; "and I honour thee for not being so besotted in our German haughtiness as not to see that it is our free cities that make refined and discreet dames. I give you good speed, Adlerstein; but, if I read aright the brow of one at least of these young fellows, thou wilt scarce have a willing or obedient stepson."

To be continued.

c c

PALGRAVE'S TRAVELS IN ARABIA.

No better proof can be afforded of the intellectual vigour of Mahommed than the ignorance of all things Arabian which pervades Christendom. Not to the Arab race itself, nor to the shifting sands of the Peninsula, can be ascribed the fact that a small portion of country lying next to Egypt and Syria, of easy access for many ages past, is still as a closed book to Europeans. It can only be traced to the vitality which his one mind gave to the heterogeneous tribes of Arabia—a vitality which raised them, in the space of thirty years, from a race of rude shepherds and petty highway-men to be a nation which overran the great Eastern Empire, conquered Egypt, Syria, Northern Africa, half Spain, penetrated to Switzerland, and threatened France itself. The leading spirit in such a revolution must needs be of no common order; and, albeit El Islâm is commonly reckoned to be nigh extinct, and the faithful say with a sigh that "the blessing hath departed from them," it is only necessary to point to Arabia in refutation of all such theories. Mahomedanism is not dead till its cradle is open to inspection.

To estimate the value of successful explorations of the interior of Arabia, it is necessary to remember that all our knowledge of the Peninsula—we except of course native accounts, for the most part accessible only to Arabic scholars—extends but to the regions lying next the sea, that is to say, the Arabian Gulf, Indian Ocean, and Persian Gulf. From Burckhardt, an English reader will gain a fair knowledge of the Hijâz; the accurate Niebuhr traversed and described much of the Yemen; Messrs. Wellsted and Cruttenden, of the Indian Navy, made excursions in the provinces of Hadramawt and Oman. We have almost summed up all our sources of knowledge. Of the great inland and upland provinces, of which the Nejd

(or "highland") is the chiefest, nothing has been told us by European pen. Mr. Palgrave's account of his travels across the Peninsula is therefore very welcome.¹ It opens out the country from the Syrian frontier, east of Gaza, through the northern provinces to the Nejd, and thence to the mid-shore of the Persian Gulf; through the heart of the land, amidst Arabs who had never seen a European, and who represent, as nearly as any of the race now do, the Arabs of Mahommed's time. Not that we can suppose time to have left no traces on the nation. Conservative above all others, they yet suffered, during their prosperity in the times of the Khaleefehs, from contact with other peoples, and since that time they have undoubtedly degenerated from too great seclusion. Evidence sufficient, both extrinsic and intrinsic, proves this to be the case.

The narrative of the remarkable journey which Mr. Palgrave accomplished is told in a singularly frank and captivating manner. Especially do the earlier portions of the work bear evident traces of the hand of a first-class Oxford man, who, by long residence in the East, has lost much of the artifice of composition. A rare chance this in these days of professional writing, and one that greatly enhances the pleasure afforded by the book. The traveller has written much as he thinks, and has tried to put on paper simply the recurrent memories of his Arabian existence. Differing as we do in much of his estimate of the Arab and his creed, it were as uncandid as idle to deny the excellence of the narrative, or the value of his contribution to our geographical and ethnological literature.

¹ Narrative of a year's journey through Central and Eastern Arabia (1862-63). By William Gifford Palgrave. Two vols. London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1865.

Geographically, Mr. Palgrave has made known to the general reader the interior of Arabia, the very core of the land. To the Arabic scholar he has clothed the dry bones of native geographers and historians with very living flesh; and, while he has not added many new names, he has helped, by his itinerary, to *place* those we knew, and has given them a reality which is never found in Semitic literature. Ethnologically, his experience of the Arabs of interior Arabia is of high interest, and, if cautiously read, importance. The points of difference which exist between us will be mentioned presently. Let us first accompany him over the more important portions of his route, giving as briefly as possible a notion of the country traversed, of its people, and their rulers.

Leaving the Mediterranean and Levantine civilization at Ghazzah, the modern Gaza, Mr. Palgrave, accompanied by a native of Zahleh (rather a dummy by the way, of whom we could wish to learn more), struck S.E. into the desert, and he first greets the reader from the port of Ma'an, a place lying on the eastern side of the Ghór or valley which runs from the 'Akábeh to the Dead sea. Thence began the real journey of which these two volumes are to us the tangible result. Escorted by a Bedouin of the Howeyhat Arabs, notorious for his lawlessness, and by two others of the inferior Shararát, he entered on the first stage of two hundred miles. The route at first lay across a desert waste, "one weary plain in a black monotony of lifelessness," where water is so scarce that four full days' journey lay between the wells of Wokba and the next water. Presently the Valley of the Wolf (Wádee Sirhán) was struck, and the desolation became less complete. Stretching from near Damascus to the Jowf in Arabia, across the great northern desert that lies between Syria, Mesopotamia, and Arabia—a plain mostly level, stony, and waterless, with spare herbage, even in the winter time—the Valley of the Wolf presents a mitigation of the surrounding sterility. Formed by a slight

depression of the plain, water may be found at depths varying from ten to twenty feet below the surface. "Here, in consequence, bushes and herbs spring up, and grass, if not green all the year round, is at least of somewhat longer duration than elsewhere; certain fruit-bearing plants, of a nature to suffice for meagre Bedouin existence, grow here spontaneously; in a word, man and beast find, not exactly comfortable accommodation, but the absolutely needful supply." Here, Mr. Palgrave found the "tents of Kedar"—not far wrong in his supposition, for it is probable, from the existing names of places and tribes, that traces of Kedar, Tema, and other Abrahamic peoples still linger on the northerly frontier of the Arabian desert.

The Valley of the Wolf leads down, as we have said, to the green Jowf, "a broad deep valley, descending ledge after ledge till its innermost depths are hidden from sight, amid far-reaching shelves of reddish rock, below, everywhere studded with tufts of palm groves and clustering fruit trees in dark green patches, down to the furthest end of its windings." It is "a sort of oasis, a large oval depression of sixty or seventy miles long, by ten or twelve broad, lying between the northern desert that separates it from Syria and Euphrates, and the Southern Nefood, or sandy waste." Perhaps Mr. Palgrave's description of this threshold of Central Arabia, taken with that of Jebel Shammar, the next province or outpost of the Nejd, is the most pleasing part of his narration. Both have a fresh charm, as refreshing as were to him the green trees and waters after the northern wastes.

The Jowf, or Jóf, anciently called Wadi-e-Kurá, has some remarkable points of interest. It lies in the great caravan route that conveyed from the Persian Gulf the merchandise of India, during the flourishing times of the kingdom of Israel and Judah. It formed the most important post of that traffic, almost in mid-desert. We have always thought that this old route would repay

investigation of the first enterprising traveller who should follow the footsteps of the old traders. The Jowf is sixty or seventy miles long, by ten or twelve broad, possessing one town and some scattered villages called the Kureigât. Architecturally it is noteworthy from its characteristic round towers, from thirty to forty feet high and twelve or more broad, which were built as strongholds in the frequent wars that, till the rule of Telâl, of Jebel Shammar, swept over the valley. The castle of Márid, which commands what is now called the town of Jowf, but formerly Doomah-el-Jeudel, or Doomah of the Stones, possesses interest to the Arabic student; for it defied the attacks of that mysterious Queen of Arabian history called Ez-Zebba, and by some thought to be Zenobia. To the Biblical critic it is of note, as it may be the same as Dumah, named after the son of Abraham and Hagar; and in the massive, so-called cyclopean, masonry of its walls, may be found evidence of its early and non-Semitic origin; for Semites have ever been, when left to themselves, sorry architects.

Of the people, Mr. Palgrave says,

"The most distinctive good feature of the inhabitants of the Djowf is their liberality. Nowhere else, even in Arabia, is the guest, so at least he be not murdered before admittance, better treated, or more cordially invited to become in every way one of themselves. Courage, too, no one denies them, and they are equally lavish of their own lives and property as of their neighbours."

Here the travellers were welcomed, and even it was sought to persuade them to become settlers in the land. And that reminds us that we have accompanied the narrator thus far on his journey without a word of his manner of travelling, of the disguise that gave him the pass among these people. He went then, he tells us, as a Christian doctor of Damascus. By avoiding the holy cities of the Hijáz, he found no difficulty in his profession of Christianity among less sophisticated peoples. Even the intolerant Wahhabees, he says, were

tolerant of his creed. His only danger was in the chance of his being discovered to be a European. To pass himself off as a man of Damascus required a familiarity with spoken Arabic that can only be ascribed (let alone the native ability of the man) to his long residence, in a missionary character, among the Lebanon hills. Parallels may, however, be found in M. Vambéry and Sir A. Burnes. Burckhardt never succeeded in imposing on the Arabs. His Arabic was imperfect, and he could not overcome his European habit of whistling—an abomination to the Arabs. But he thought himself successful in his disguise, and so have other more dubious Arabian travellers. Mr. Palgrave possesses, without doubt, a very extensive knowledge of Arabic, or he could never have returned alive from the Wahhabee capital. Perhaps the profession of a doctor was the best he could adopt; it appealed to the necessities of Arab humanity, always eager for drugs and medicaments; far better was it than the very dangerous disguise of a *darweesh*, which, of all others, is the one most likely of detection. Suffice it that his abilities in the healing art were everywhere in great demand, and that he had an immense practice from the Jowf to Riád. But we return to the narration of the journey, which we left at the former place.

From the pleasant oasis of the Jowf, the road lay across one of the waterless sand-passes, called Nefood, or Daughters of that Great Desert which lies to the south of the Nijd, and, not unlike running water, sends out northwards these streams of shifting, billowy sands, and girdles the midland highlands. The Great Desert, or Dahnâ, otherwise receives the appellation of the Deserted Quarter, and there do riot the devils, princes, efreets, ghouls, and those more mysterious monsters—the shikk and the nesuas, who possess each one leg, one arm, and half a head—all of which may be learnt from that most veracious of books, the "Thousand and One Nights." There also is the well of Barahoot, whence ascends an ill savour on the

occasion of each pre-eminently evil-doer's death. But to return from the Dahna to its daughters. Mr. Palgrave thus describes that which he now crossed :—

“We were now traversing an immense ocean of loose reddish sand, unlimited to the eye, and heaped up in enormous ridges running parallel to each other from north to south, undulation after undulation, each swell two or three hundred feet in average height, with stout sides and rounded crests furrowed in every direction by the capricious gales of the desert. In the depths between the traveller finds himself as it were imprisoned in a suffocating sand-pit, hemmed in by burning walls on every side; while at other times, while labouring up the slope, he overlooks what seems a vast sea of fire, swelling under a heavy monsoon wind, and ruffled by a cross-blast into little red-hot waves.”

Beyond this terrible wilderness, the plain gradually broke into cultivated oases and less parched tracts, rising slowly terrace after terrace towards the highlands. Jebel Shammar, the outpost of the Nijd, is the first mountainous province met from the north : “a large plain, many miles in length and breadth, and girt on every side by a high mountain rampart.” Its capital, Hayel, is a large, straggling, and unpicturesque town, with a population of some twenty thousand souls. The province is governed by Telál, whom Mr. Palgrave styles “king” and “monarch,” the son of one 'Abd-Allah Ibn-Rasheed, of the tribe of Shammar, to whom the government was given by the Wahhabee ruler. The character of Telál, as portrayed by Mr. Palgrave, is a very high one; courageous, enlightened, and just, he has steered a dangerous course between the Wahhabees on the one hand, and the Turks on the other. The former, though jealous of his popularity and his power, and irritated by his toleration of many things abominable in their eyes, have not been able to pick a quarrel with him. With the latter, while he has quietly usurped the government of large portions of the sultan's desert dominions, he is on terms of friendship, displaying his allegiance by public prayer for the

Khaleefeh in the mosques, and invariably receiving Turks with the highest consideration. Altogether a remarkable man, he shows a political sagacity of a high order. He received the travellers with his customary liberality; and so favourable an estimate did Mr. Palgrave conceive of his character that he dared to confide to him his nationality and the object of his journey. In the last interview with him, he said,

“‘You would not be imprudent enough to require, nor I to give, a formal and official answer to communications like yours, and in such a state of things. But this much I, Telál, will say: be assured now and ever of my good will and countenance; you must now continue your journey; but, return in whatever fashion you may, and I hope it will be before long, your word shall pass here as law, and whatever you may wish to see done shall be exactly complied with throughout the limits of my government. Does this satisfy you?’ added he. I replied that my utmost desires went no further; and we shook hands in mutual pledge.”

In Jebel Shammar we feel among the pure Arabs, without the uncomfortable puritanism of the Wahhabees; and the writer, as we have said, here discourses in his most pleasant manner. We dislike merely picturesque extracts, but there are two passages in the chapters about Hayel that claim exemption from any rule of exclusion. They illustrate alike the writer and his subject, and are too good to pass by. Perhaps in the whole book no better picture of Arab life may be found than that of the chieftain's approach to his palace.

“A few minutes later we saw a crowd approach from the upper extremity of the place, namely, that towards the market. When the new-comers drew near, we saw them to be almost exclusively armed men, with some of the more important-looking citizens, but all on foot. In the midst of this circle, though detached from those around them, slowly advanced three personages, whose dress and deportment, together with the respectful distance observed by the rest, announced superior rank. ‘Here comes Telál,’ said Seyf, in an undertone.

“The midmost figure was in fact that of the prince himself. Short of stature,

broad-shouldered, and strongly-built, of a very dusky complexion, with long black hair, dark and piercing eyes, and a countenance rather severe and open, Telāl might readily be supposed above forty years in age, though he is in fact thirty-seven or thirty-eight at most. His step was measured, his demeanour grave and somewhat haughty. His dress, a long robe of Cashmere shawl, covered the white Arab shirt, and over all he wore a delicately-worked cloak of camel's hair from 'Omān, a great rarity and highly-valued in this part of Arabia. His head was adorned by a brodered handkerchief, in which silk and gold thread had not been spared, and girt by a broad band of camel's hair entwined with red silk, the manufacture of Meshid 'Alee. A gold-mounted sword hung by his side, and his dress was 'perfumed with musk in a degree better adapted to Arab than to European nostrils. His glance never rested for a moment; sometimes it turned on his nearer companions, sometimes on the crowd; I have seldom seen so truly an 'eagle eye' in rapidity and in brilliancy.

"By his side walked a tall thin individual clad in garments of somewhat less costly material, but of gayer colours and embroidery than those of the king himself. His face announced unusual intelligence and courtly politeness; his sword was not, however, adorned with gold, the exclusive privilege of the royal family, but with silver only.

"This was Zānil, the treasurer and prime minister—sole minister, indeed, of the autocrat. Raised from beggary by 'Abd-Allah the late king, who had seen in the ragged orphan signs of rare capacity, he continued to merit the uninterrupted favour of his patron, and after his death had become equally, or yet more dear to Telāl, who raised him from post to post till he at last occupied the highest position in the kingdom after the monarch himself. Faithful to his master, and placed by his plebeian extraction beyond reach of rival family jealousy, his even and amiable temper had made him eminently popular without the palace, and as cherished by his master within, while his extraordinary application to business, joined with a ready but calm mind, and the great services he rendered the state in his double duty, merited, in the opinion of all, those personal riches of which he made a very free and munificent display.

"Of the demurely smiling 'Abd-el-Mahsin, the second companion of the king's evening walk, I will say nothing

for the moment; we shall have him before long for a very intimate acquaintance and a steady friend.

"Every one stood up as Telāl drew nigh. Seyf gave us a sign to follow him, made way through the crowd, and saluted his sovereign with the authorized formula of 'Peace be with you, O the Protected of God!'—no worse a title than 'Protector' anyhow, and more modest. Telāl at once cast on us a penetrating glance, and addressed a question in a low voice to Seyf, whose answer was in the same tone. The prince then looked again towards us, but with a friendlier expression of face. We approached and touched his open hand, repeating the same salutation as that used by Seyf. No bow, hand-kissing, or other ceremony is customary on these occasions. Telāl returned our greeting, and then, without a word more to us, whispered a moment to Seyf, and passed on through the palace gate."

After some such manner we may suppose the patriarchs and the kings of Judah and Israel to have passed among their followers; not, as it is the modern fashion to suppose, like the dirty Bedawees of the degraded tribes that escort and pillage the tourists who visit Palestine and Syria. Nearer still is the resemblance to the fashion of the early khaleefehs. The next quotation is an excellent example of word-painting, in its best sense. It reads like memory done into words, and such it probably is.

"On that day, then, in 1862, about a fortnight after our establishment at Hā'yā, and when we were, in consequence, fully inured to our town existence, Seleem Abou Mahmood-el-'Eys and Barakāt-esh-Shāmei, that is, my companion and myself, rose, not from our beds, for we had none, but from our roof-spread carpets, and took advantage of the silent hour of the first faint dawn, while the stars yet kept watch in the sky over the slumbering inhabitants of Shomer, to leave the house for a cool and undisturbed walk ere the sun should arise and man go forth unto his work and to his labour. We locked the outer door, and then passed into the still twilight gloom down the cross-street leading to the market-place, which we next followed up to its farther or south-western end, where large folding-gates separate it from the rest of the town. The wolfish city-dogs, whose bark and bite too render walking the streets at night a rather pre-

carious business, now tamely stalked away in the gloaming, while here and there a crouching camel, the packages yet on his back, and his sleeping driver close by, awaited the opening of the warehouse at whose door they had passed the night. Early though it was, the market-gates were already unclosed, and the guardian sat wakeful in his niche. On leaving the market we had yet to go down a broad street of houses and gardens cheerfully intermixed, till at last we reached the western wall of the town, or, rather, of the new quarter added by 'Abd-Allah, where the high portal between round flanking towers gave us issue on the open plain, blown over at this hour by a light gale of life and coolness. To the west, but some four or five miles distant, rose the serrated mass of Djebel Shomer, throwing up its black fantastic peaks, now reddened by the reflected dawn, against the lead-blue sky. Northward the same chain bends round till it meets the town, and then stretches away for a length of ten or twelve days' journey, gradually losing in height on its approach to Meshid 'Alee and the valley of the Euphrates. On our south we have a little isolated knot of rocks, and far off the extreme ranges of Djebel Shomer or 'Aja', to give it its historical name, intersected by the broad passes that lead on in the same direction to Djebel Solma. Behind us lies the capital—Telal's palace, with its high oval keep, houses, gardens, walls, and towers, all coming out black against the ruddy bars of eastern light, and behind, a huge pyramidal peak almost overhanging the town, and connected by lower rocks with the main mountain range to north and south, those stony ribs that protect the central heart of the kingdom. In the plain itself we can just distinguish by the doubtful twilight several blackish patches irregularly scattered over its face, or seen as though leaning upward against its craggy verge; these are the gardens and country-houses of 'Obeyd and other chiefs, besides hamlets and villages, such as Kefar and 'Adwah, with their groves of palm and 'Ithel' (a tree which I will describe farther on), now blended in the dusk. One solitary traveller on his camel, a troop of jackals sneaking off to their rocky caverns, a few dingy tents of Shomer Bedouins, such are the last details of the landscape. Far away over the southern hills beams the glory of Canopus, and announces a new Arab year; the pole-star to the north lies low over the mountain tops.

"We pace the pebble-strewn flat to the

south, till we leave behind us the length of the town wall, and reach the little cluster of rocks already mentioned. We scramble up to a sort of niche near its summit, whence, at a height of a hundred feet or more, we can overlook the whole extent of the plain and wait the sunrise. Yet before the highest crags of Shomer are gilt with its first rays, or the long giant shadows of the easternly chain have crossed the level, we see groups of peasants, who, drawing their fruit and vegetable-laden asses before them, issue like little bands of ants from the mountain gorges around, and slowly approach on the tracks converging to the capital. Horsemen from the town ride out to the gardens, and a long line of camels on the westerly Medinah road winds up towards Hā'yel. We wait esconced in our rocky look-out and enjoy the view till the sun has risen, and the coolness of the night air warms rapidly into the sultry day; it is time to return. So we quit our solitary perch, and descend to the plain, where, keeping in the shadow of the western fortifications, we regain the town gate and thence the market. There all is now life and movement; some of the warehouses, filled with rice, flour, spices, or coffee, and often concealing in their inner recesses stores of the prohibited American weed, are already open; we salute the owners while we pass, and they return a polite and friendly greeting. Camels are unloading in the streets, and Bedouins standing by, looking anything but at home in the town. The shoemaker and the blacksmith, those two main props of Arab handicraft, are already at their work, and some gossiping bystanders are collected around them. At the corner where our cross street falls into the market-place, three or four country women are seated, with piles of melons, gourds, egg-plant fruits, and the other garden produce before them for sale. My companion falls a haggling with one of these village nymphs, and ends by obtaining a dozen 'badinjans' and a couple of water melons, each bigger than a man's head, for the equivalent of an English twopence. With this purchase we return home, where we shut and bolt the outer door, then take out of a flat basket what has remained from over night of our wafer-like Hā'yel bread, and with this and a melon make a hasty breakfast."

Mr. Palgrave's own estimate of his work may coincide with that which we conceive to be the public one—that his account of the Wahhabees is of the

chief value and interest. But such, we predict, will not be the case. In manner, the earlier portions of the book are freer from constraint—evidently more spontaneous; while in interest and importance they certainly yield to no other part. And, if any good were to come out of the enterprise, any relations with interior Arabia, the portal of entry should be Jebel Shammar. In a word, the first and second acts are finer, we had almost said truer, than the scene on which the author has lavished all his pains.

From Jebel Shammar to the Wahhabee capital the road lay through Lower Nejd—at first a sandy plain, with scant herbage; then a high plateau (the plain of Upper Kaseem) where pasturage improves; and next, Lower Kaseem, of the first view of which Mr. Palgrave says,

"Before us to the utmost horizon stretched an immense plain, studded with towns and villages, towers and groves, all steeped in the dazzling noon, and announcing everywhere opulence, life, and activity. The average breadth of this populous district is about sixty miles, its length twice as much, or more; it lies full two hundred feet below the level of the uplands, which here break off like a wall and leave the lower ground to stretch uninterrupted far away to the long transverse chain of 'Toweyk that bounds it to the south... We had halted for a moment on the verge of the uplands to enjoy the magnificent prospect before us. Below lay the wide plain; at a few miles' distance we saw the thick palm-groves of 'Eyoon, and what little of its towers and citadel the dense foliage permitted to the eye. Far off on our right, that is, to the west, a large dark patch marked the tillage and plantations which girdle the town of Rass; other villages and hamlets too were thickly scattered over the landscape. All along the ridge where we stood, and visible at various distances down the level, rose the tall circular watch-towers of Kaseem."

At the town of Bereyda, the party first encountered Wahhabee obstacles; for war was raging in the neighbourhood, and the important town of 'Oneyzah, at no great distance, was invested by the autocrat of Riád. After a weary delay, this place was left on the 3rd of October, and the final space between

Bereyda and Riád, the goal of the enterprise, entered on. "This is Nejd," said a man of Bereyda; "he who entereth it cometh not out again." And so it nearly proved.

Ascending the high ground that encompasses the province, and traversing a grassy undulating country, the road at length left the greener land of Kaseem, and struck into another of the Nejd, of which we have already had experience. Once over this, the travellers found themselves in a valley that runs from the head waters of the Persian Gulf, transversely across the Peninsula past the Nejd; and in the far distance was the outline of Jebel Tuweyk, the barrier of the Nejd proper—a crescent-shaped range, between the horns of which lies Kaseem.

As the chief object of Mr. Palgrave's journey was the exploration of this province, we must quote his description of its boundaries and its conformation. He says:—

"This mountain essentially constitutes Nejed. It is a wide and flat chain, or rather plateau, whose general form is that of a huge crescent; its central and broadest segment belongs to the province of 'Aared; its north-eastern horn to that of Sedeyr; and in the first part of its southerly limb lies Woshem, after which the mountain runs on between the south and west behind the pilgrim road of Nejed, and thus severs it from Wadi Dowāsir. Kaseem with its lowlands is in front of, and in a manner embraced by, this part of the crescent; while Hasa to the east, Yemāmah and Aflāj to the south, and the interminable valley of Dowāsir to the south-west, form its background and appendages. If, I may be permitted here to give my rough guess regarding the elevation of the main plateau, a guess grounded partly on the vegetation, climate, and similar local features, partly on an approximative estimate of the ascent itself, and of the subsequent descent on the other or sea side, I should say that it varies from a height of one to two thousand feet above the surrounding level of the Peninsula, and may thus be about three thousand feet at most above the sea. Its loftiest ledges occur in the Sedeyr district, where we shall pass them before long; the centre and the south-westerly arm is certainly lower. Djebel Toweyk is the middle knot of

Arabia, its Caucasus, so to say; and is still, as it has often been in former times, the turning point of the whole, or almost the whole, Peninsula in a political and national bearing. To it alone is the term 'Nejed,' strictly and topographically applied; although the same denomination is sometimes, nay, often, given by the Arabs themselves to all the inland provinces now under Wahhabee rule; and hence Yemamah, Hareek, Aflāj, Dowāsir, and Kaseem have acquired the name of 'Nejed,' but more in a governmental than in a geographical sense."

And again:—

"The great mass of upland, thus named 'Toweyk,' or 'Nejed,' is for the most of calcareous formation, though toward east and south peaks of granite are sometimes intermixed with the limestone rock, or clustered apart. Basalt, to the best of my knowledge, appears nowhere, and in this respect Toweyk offers a remarkable contrast to the Shomer range. There the prevailing formation is reddish granite and basalt, rising in fantastic peaks and sierras; here a white table-land, and long parallel lines like stairs. The extreme verge is almost always abrupt, and takes a bold rise of about five or six hundred feet sheer in chalky cliffs from the adjoining plain. Then succeeds a table-land, various in extent, and nearly level throughout; then another step of three or four hundred feet, followed by a second and higher table-land; and occasionally a third and yet loftier plateau crowns the second; but the summit is invariably flat, excepting the few granite crests on the further side of Sedeyr and towards Yemamah. These high grounds are for the most clothed on their upper surface with fine and sufficient pastures which last throughout the year; but the greater the elevation the less is the fertility and the drier the soil. Trees, solitary or in little groups, are here common; not indeed the well-known Ithel of the plain, but the Sidr (or, according to the Nejdean dialect, Sedeyr, whence the name of one great province), or the Markh, with its wide-spreading oak-like branches, and the tangled thorny Talh. Little water is to be found, at any rate in autumn, though I saw some spots that appeared to have pools in spring; we met with one, and one only, perennial source, which I will describe when we reach it.

"The entire plateau is intersected by a maze of valleys, some broad, some narrow, some long and winding, some of little length, but almost all bordered with steep

and at times precipitous banks, and looking as though they had been artificially cut out in the limestone mountain. In these countless hollows is concentrated the fertility and the population of Nejed; gardens and houses, cultivation and villages, hidden from view among the depths while one journeys over the dry flats (I had well-nigh called them 'denes,' for they often reminded me of those near Yarmouth) above, till one comes suddenly on the mass of emerald green beneath. One would think that two different lands and climates had been somehow interwoven into one, yet remained unblended. The soil of these valleys is light, and mixed with marl, sand, and little pebbles washed down from the heights, for everywhere their abrupt edges are furrowed by torrent tracks, that, collecting above, rush over in winter, and often turn the greater part of the gully below into a violent watercourse for two or three days, till the momentary supply is spent, and then pools and plashes remain through the months of spring, while the most of the water sinks underground, where it forms an unfailing supply for the wells in summer, or breaks out once more in living springs amid the low lands of Ḥaṣa and Kateef, towards the sea-coast, and beyond the outskirts of Djebel Toweyk itself."

Through this country lay the road to the capital; and be it noted, in justice to the Wahhabees, that the men of Sedeyr (for thus the province now traversed is named) were eminently courteous to the strangers.

And so to Riād, a name of mysterious wonder—one of those places where heads are supposed to roll easily off men's shoulders, and whence few who enter from the outer world ever re-issue. Thus was the first view of the city:—

"Before us stretched a wild open valley, and in its foreground, immediately below the pebbly slope on whose summit we stood, lay the capital, large and square, crowned by high towers and strong walls of defence, a mass of roofs and terraces, where overtopping all frowned the huge but irregular pile of Feysul's royal castle, and hard by it rose the scarce less conspicuous palace, built and inhabited by his eldest son, 'Abd-Allah. Other edifices too of remarkable appearance broke here and there through the maze of grey roof-tops, but their object and indwellers were yet to learn. All around for full three miles

over the surrounding plain, but more especially to the west and south, waved a sea of palm-trees above green fields and well-watered gardens; while the singing droning sound of the water-wheels reached us even where we had halted, at a quarter of a mile or more from the nearest town walls."

The chapters descriptive of the Wahabee capital, its ruler, government, and people, are pregnant with new information. As on other occasions, Mr. Palgrave has given a sketch of the recent history of the sect, the more valuable as modern native accounts of Arabia, if such exist, are not accessible to Europeans. And we may note here that these historical interpolations, with other episcodical digressions are always interesting even to the general reader, and that they have a remarkable facility of falling into their places without breaking the thread of the narrative.

The portrait of Feysul, the Wahabee monarch, is repulsive; his system of government is described to be the hardest despotism; the people, to whom we shall presently recur, are most puritanically unamiable. The country governed from Riád embraces the best portion of the peninsula; the governed are of the purest of the Arab race. Although the dynasty of 'Abd-el-Wahhab received a staggering blow from Mohammád 'Alee, Pasha of Egypt, in the year 1830, it has since had the wisdom to let the rulers of the Nile valley alone, and, while confining its dominion to the highland of Arabia, with encroachments on the rich shores of the Persian Gulf, has, by concentration, much strengthened itself. But the severity of its precept and practice is an absolute bar to all progress, and makes friendly intercourse with foreign nations impossible. Mr. Palgrave's position in the capital was one of danger, ending in imminent peril; he owes his safety greatly to the court intrigues which split the family of the wretched Feysul—greatly, also, to his own courage. The midnight scene in the monarch's palace, which determined him on secret flight, is admirably effective. Through-

out his stay, danger seems to have whetted the edge of his adventurous spirit. He is full of description, anecdote, and more solid information. Nevertheless, we could have wished that he had visited the Wahhabees first, and Jebel Shammar last. His mind's eye still bears on its retina the image of the puritan, and colours his view of the Arab race generally. In his account of the Wahhabees, he presents his reader with a new view of the Arab in his puritanical aspect—one that is altogether modern, but not the less instructive. In place of being superstitious and reverent, he is here intolerant of saints and their tombs, disrespectful in his usage of holy things: instead of the extreme courtesy that historically marks him, he is rugged in his talk as any Cromwellian; he adorns not his sentences with religious phrases, but regards all such ornaments as degenerate redundancies. The desecrated temple at Mebbeh, and the rifled tomb of the Prophet at El-Medeeneh, bear a close analogy to the profanations that deprived England of the greater part of her church plate and her painted glass. The man and his creed are as hard and ungenial as the uncompromising Puritan. The picture of the Wahhabee, drawn by the Englishman, is true to the life. But it somewhat tones the rest of his book, which, we think, scarcely does the Arabs full justice. A theory that would assume Wahhabee characteristics to be such as distinguished the early days of El-Islám is certainly untenable; nor, perhaps, does Mr. Palgrave go as far. All history, anecdote, and national poetry disprove it; and, while some of the romance which clings to the Arab will disappear as we know him better, as it has fallen from the noble savage of other lands, we may be content to believe that the opinions regarding him held by educated men are not very far from the truth. Indeed, passages might be quoted from many pages of this book itself, which quite coincide with those opinions.

Apparently from the same cause, Mr. Palgrave has conceived a severe and (as we hold) erroneous view of El-Islám re-

ligion. Here he is writing with his Wahabee experience in his thoughts ; hence his severity ; but we are fairly at a loss to explain the far more serious errors of opinion into which he has fallen. His view of Mohammadanism must surely be unwittingly biased by the teaching of the Propaganda. Otherwise, he scarcely could have written so strongly against Mohammad's conception of One God, omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent. In truth, his attack is on these attributes, while he ignores others — compassionate, merciful, very forgiving ; we are almost tempted to quote the ninety-nine attributes in confirmation of our own opinions.

To justify the criticism by an extract :—

"One might at first sight think that this tremendous Autocrat, this uncontrolled and unsympathizing Power, would be far above anything like passions, desires, or inclinations. Yet such is not the case, for He has with respect to His creatures one main feeling and source of action, namely, jealousy of them, lest they should perchance attribute to themselves something of what is His alone, and thus encroach on His all-engrossing kingdom. Hence He is ever more prone to punish than to reward, to inflict pain than to bestow pleasure, to ruin than to build. It is His singular satisfaction to let created beings continually feel that they are nothing else than His slaves, His tools, and contemptible tools also, that thus they may the better acknowledge His superiority, and know His power to be above their power, His cunning above their cunning, His will above their will, His pride above their pride ; or rather, that there is no power, cunning, will, or pride save His own."

All which, and much more, he says he takes for granted, "monstrous or blasphemous as it may appear," to be "exactly and literally that which the Coran conveys or intends to convey." And he clenches this assertion by quoting a tradition (doubtful, as are all Mohammadan traditions) to the following effect :—

"When God—so runs the tradition ; I had better said, the blasphemy—resolved to create the human race, He took into His hands a mass of earth, the same whence all mankind were to be formed,

and in which they after a manner pre-existed ; and, having then divided the clod into two equal portions, He threw the one half into hell, saying, 'These to eternal fire, and I care not ;' and projected the other half into heaven, adding, 'and these to Paradise, and I care not.'"

The error into which he has here fallen springs mainly from a mistake in reading the Arabic negative. The tradition, correctly rendered, reads—"These [will be] in Paradise, and I shall not disapprove ; and these [will be] in the fire, and I shall not disapprove."

Nor do we find that the Kurán requires such contemptibly abject believers : "Your turning your faces [in prayer] towards the east and the west is not piety : but the pious is he who believeth in God and the last day, and in the angels and the Scripture and the prophets, and who giveth money, notwithstanding his love [of it] to relations and orphans, and to the needy and the son of the road, and to the askers, and for [the liberation of] slaves, and who performeth prayer and giveth the legal alms ; and those who perform their covenant when they covenant, and the patient in adversity and affliction, and in the time of violence. These are they who have been true, and these are they who fear [God]."

True, Mr. Palgrave asserts that his reading of the tenor of the Kurán is the correct one, and prudently meets objectors by acknowledging that "heteroclite exceptions" are found therein, adding that they can only "be adduced in opposition to the great scheme of the work and its writer, when one feeble line shall prove Shakespeare no poet," &c. Assertion can, of course, be met by counter assertion. We can broadly say that he has mistaken the teaching of the Prophet, and quote passage for passage in his summing up of that teaching. But we are content to reflect on the causes from which sprang the religion of Mohammad, to weigh the utter degradation of belief in which he found his countrymen, to remember that while he endeavoured to raise their theology

to a lofty, almost inaccessible, height, he had to contend with the most miserable superstitions, that he dared not emancipate the Arabs from all their darling sins, that he therefore permitted, "for the hardness of their hearts," polygamy and divorce, and even excited their hopes of heaven by the promise of sensuous pleasures in Paradise; reserving for the most pious the highest heavenly pleasure in the contemplation of the perfection of the Deity.

Further, the author thinks he has discovered that Mohammad's teaching was aimed chiefly against Christianity. This may be so, but the arguments here adduced do not prove it. They rest mainly on the prohibition of wine, music, bells, sunrise prayers. The notion that wine was prohibited because it was sacramental among the Christians is almost too puerile to combat. Its effect among Oriental nations is too precious to be overlooked by a man of the Prophet's sagacity; and the counter-assertion that it "has, in fact, been not only tolerated by the Founder of Christianity, but even, if I may so say, patronized and raised to a dignity of the highest religious import, nay, in the belief of three-fourths of the Christian world, absolutely supernatural," is a sophism. The wine sanctioned by Christianity was not inebriating; that forbidden by Mohammad was—he himself drank unfermented wine. The anathema against music may be an error of judgment, or taste, if you will; but it can scarcely have been levelled against church music, while profane music is undoubtedly a concomitant of vice in the East. Whether the Mueddin's call to prayer is not more soul-stirring than the jingling bell of an Eastern Church we leave those who have heard both to judge; and, as to the prayers of sunrise, surely these were interdicted not because of any Christian observance, but because of the wide spread of sun-worship in Arabia.

The laws and injunctions relating to women belong to a subject too extensive for discussion here. Perhaps it is sufficient to remember that, mistaken and

wrong as they are, they effected a vast improvement in the morality of the Arabs. We deny that the domestic life of a Muslim necessarily "resembles alternately the stable of beasts, or the battle-field of Roman legend."

Had Mohammad's creed been the miserable cast-iron invention which it is in this book described to be, it is scarcely credible that all the events of which history makes us sure could have come out of it. The facts of the rise of El Islâm refute such wholesale assertions. Like most able reformers, Mohammad appealed to the intellect and the senses alike of his disciples. The result was the collapse of mediæval empires and the unexampled prosperity of a new religion and a new nation. Until the results of Mohammad's teaching are proved to be myths, we may decline to accept as true theories which negative history.

We might almost have spared ourselves any plea for Mohammad, when we read the conclusion of Mr. Palgrave's onslaught. "The tree is known by its fruit," he says; "and, should any of my readers, though I should be reluctant to suppose it, yet hesitate between approval and rejection of Coranic theology, its practical results and outworking in the Wahhabee capital, may help him to make up his mind." Here we have the root of all this misconception. Passing by what may be called the "insolence of novelty" displayed in his description of the Wahhabees—(not quite as bad as they are here painted)—we discover that he believes their testimony to be the true teaching of Mohammad—a genuine Reformation of El Islâm. As apposite were the notion that Puritanism represented apostolic Christianity. The Wahhabees are not Mohammadan Reformers, but Mohammadan Puritans, though, like the Puritans, they pretend to the better title.

Until recent years, Mohammad was unjustly condemned by European writers—he is now commonly praised overmuch. Mr. Palgrave's theory represents a reaction. We await a philo-

sophical handling of a remarkable man who has left his mark on all time.

Another point, to which we must take exception, is of a purely literary character. We read, at page 311, "The lands where Arabic is at the present day spoken precisely as it was in the age of Mahomet, or even earlier, with whatever grammar and enunciation can supply to give freshness and perfection to its exactitude, are Djebel Shomar, Kaseem, Sedeyr, Woshem, and the northern half of Aared." This astounding assertion is refuted by the whole literature of the country—by the express opinion of the hundred and one native lexicographers who have made Arabic the richest of all languages in its dictionaries. For many centuries past, but one secluded district has been by these learned men believed to preserve the ancient language. In the face of this fact, it is simply incredible that a considerable part of the entire peninsula still speak that tongue, pure and undefiled. The great caravan route from the Euphrates to Mekkeh has passed through these districts for centuries past—nay, since the promulgation of El Islâm; and can we believe that the fact of

classical Arabic still existing therein as the spoken language has been overlooked by all the Arab professors, lecturers in the great schools of Cairo, El Basrah, and Damascus, who have passed along that road?

The latter half of the second volume narrates a tour round the coasts of the Persian Gulf, in continuation of the adventurous journey across the Peninsula. It is fully as entertaining as the earlier narrative, withal betraying a more practised pen. Take the description of the shipwreck, dramatically painted as it is—read it beside the voyages of that wonderful sailor, Sindibad of the sea—and then realize his frequent shipwrecks and hair-breath scapes. The Arab sailor is here portrayed to the life. We cannot linger over this portion of the book—though much might be said about it and learnt from it—but we quit it with less regret, inasmuch as the inhabitants of the regions visited are the least Arab of the Peninsula. We have thus far spent an hour with the pure Arabs, and may be content to hold our hand while the image of that wonderful race is still fresh in our mind. E.S.P.

ERASMUS IN ENGLAND.

BY JAMES HAMILTON, D.D. F.L.S.

To the Bishop of Cambray Erasmus was indebted for his escape from monkish durance—a great deliverance, for which he never ceased to be grateful; but the obligation went no farther. With a good income and great ambition Henry de Bergues was a profuse, mismanaging, needy man, who could neither pay the stipend of his Latin secretary nor muster up the ready money needful to buy that costly head-gear, a cardinal's hat. So the journey to Rome was never accomplished, and Erasmus had to maintain himself in Paris by such shifts as were then open to scholars. The chief of

these was begging: not that he literally went from door to door, as many of the poor German students at that period were fain to do; but, when he got introduced to any lover of learning or rich and kindly citizen, whenever his creditors grew importunate or his books were in pawn, he had recourse to this friend in need. Thus we find him writing to the Marchioness de Vere: "With the resources of literature and the consolation of philosophy, I am ashamed of my depression; especially when I remember how you, born a lady and so tenderly nurtured, have cares of your own,

"and bear them so bravely; and still farther, when amidst the storms of adversity I see you shining before me a serene and steadfast cynosure. No calamity can separate me from the love of letters, and the slight assistance which would secure the requisite leisure you have both the means and the heart to bestow." He then mentions what Mæcenas did for Horace and Virgil, and Vespasian for Pliny; how Paula and Eustochium encouraged Jerome, and in their own day how Lorenzo de Medici had befriended and fostered Politian; and, as these scholars had in their writings handed down their benefactors to all time, he adds that on his part no effort should be wanting so as to tell coming ages how in a far corner of the world, when letters were corrupted by ignorance and condemned by princes, and when Erasmus was by false promises and regal rapacity reduced to poverty, there had risen up a noble lady to rescue the one and enrich the other. On the part of the Marchioness there was no want of good will; but she was a kind-hearted widow, with numberless dependents and no definite notions of income; "hence her purse was generally open, but often empty,"¹ and, if no supplies had come in his way except such as were sent by French bishops and ladies of the house of Bourbon, the poor student might have died of starvation.

He had better fortune. Attracted by the fame of its University, which had no rival in Europe except Bologna, there were then in Paris several young Englishmen of distinguished families, Grays, Blounts, and Stanleys, who for guidance in their studies were glad to secure the services of so great a scholar. The only drawback was the absorption of that time which he had destined for the increase of his own acquisitions, and for the following out of his chosen pursuits: a drawback of which he felt the force so strongly, that although promised a handsome sum if he would *grind* into a bishop a son of the Earl of Derby,² he refused

the tempting offer. However, there was one of these pupils in whom Erasmus found a kindred spirit, and whose ardent friendship left him under life-long obligations. Amongst the places in France then held by the English was the fortress of Ham—a dreary stronghold on the swampy northern frontier, which we of these later days have learned to associate with the imprisonment of Polignac and Louis Napoleon. The governor of Ham was William Blount, Lord Mountjoy. Having classical tastes, he came to Paris to study. There he was so fortunate as to secure for his tutor the learned Dutchman, and kindred pursuits soon ripened into a warm affection. To Erasmus there was something delightful in the enthusiasm of his chivalrous and accomplished friend, and under the inspiration of such a guide and instructor the young baron became a great burner of midnight oil, to the immense disgust of footmen whom he had forgotten to send to bed.¹ On Erasmus he settled a pension of a hundred crowns, which was punctually paid for nearly forty years; and then he carried him off to his castle at Ham, and, as it was but a step from Ham to Calais and another step from Calais to Dover, he soon tempted his dainty and delicate friend across the Channel, and introduced him point-

Countess of Derby and Richmond, and mother of Henry VII. His half-brother, the King, had offered him a bishopric, but, much to his honour, he declined it till he should be better able to discharge its duties. After pursuing his studies somewhat farther, he became Bishop of Ely.

¹ In the dedication of *Livy* to Lord Mountjoy's son Charles, in 1531, Erasmus speaks as if the stout old soldier still maintained his studious vigils: "I thought I could not do amiss if these five books came into the world under your protection, when I considered what an insatiable devourer of history your father has always been, whom I have no doubt you will in this particular repeat. Although I do not wish you to be too like him: for it is his daily habit to keep bending over his books from supper-time till far on into the night, to the no small disgust of his wife and valet, and to the mighty discontent of the household: a course which, although he has hitherto pursued it without injuring his health, I do not think you should copy."—*Erasmii Opera* (Amst.) iii. 1859.

¹ Butler's *Erasmus*, p. 49.

² James Stanley, stepson of Margaret,

blank to the good cheer of merry England.

It was the England of Henry VII. rapidly recovering from the Wars of the Roses, and springing up into that sturdy manhood which was so soon to welcome the Reformation and then bid defiance to the Spanish Armada. It was a country in which Erasmus soon found himself at home. He liked its simple solid ways, its genuine welcome to the stranger, its ample hospitality. After the stale eggs and sour wine of Vinegar College, as he nicknamed his old quarters in Paris,¹ and these not to be got without grudging, it was delightful to travel where at any house you found "free fare and free lodging, with bread, beef, and beer for your dinner."² To his friend Robert Piscator (Fisher), an Englishman then in Italy, he writes from London, December 5, 1497:—"You ask how I like England. If you will believe me, my Robert, I never was so delighted. I have found the climate most agreeable and healthful, and along with politeness an erudition, not commonplace and trivial, but so profound and exact both in Greek and Latin, that, except for the sake of seeing it, I now scarcely care to go to Italy. In listening to Colet I seem to hear Plato. Grocyus' full-orbed sphere of knowledge who can help admiring? Than the judgment of Linacre, what can be more penetrating, more profound, more delicate? Than the disposition of Thomas More, did Nature ever fashion aught more gentle, more endearing, more happy? But why continue the catalogue? It is amazing how far and wide classical scholarship is flourishing here; so that if you are wise you will lose no time in returning."³

The first visits of Erasmus to England were in 1497 and 1498,⁴ and most of

the time was spent at Oxford. There the supreme attraction was Greek. Already one of the best Latin scholars in Europe, our hero, although upwards of thirty, had made small progress in the nobler tongue. But he felt the want of it intensely. He had already begun that collection of Adages which he shortly afterwards published, and, having exhausted the Roman writers, he perceived that the richest store of materials was still to ransack. Like a skilful mineralogist who, travelling along the bed of a torrent, finds jaspers and agates, or it may be golden grains, and who at once hastens to explore up-stream the auriferous soil or the rocky nidus where chalcedonies and cornelians lie buried: so, perambulating Plautus and his favourite Terence in search of proverbs and such precious stones, our scholar could not help perceiving that many of them were far-travelled and water-worn, and he longed to reach the Greek Parnassus from which these Latin freshets had swept them down. Besides, in translations he had tasted the wits and poets of Ionia and Athens, and, muddy and vapid as the sample was, it made him long to quaff the vintage on its proper soil, sparkling in the sunshine which matured it and giving back its fragrance given up." But the Rev. W. J. Deane, of Ashen, makes it very probable that Erasmus was at Oxford in 1497 as well as 1498. See *Notes and Queries*, second series, vol. viii. pp. 181, 182. We heartily join the writer in the *Quarterly* in his desire for a reprint of the Epistles of Erasmus arranged with a more careful regard to chronology. Of such a work there is a model in the nine quartos in which Bretschneider has brought out the Epistles of Melancthon, compiled from all available sources, often collated with the originals, and preceded by a chronological summary. The last and best collection of the Letters of Erasmus and his correspondents is that which forms the third volume of his Works in the Amsterdam edition (1703). It is much more comprehensive than any which preceded, a fair effort is made to observe the right order of time, and it has an invaluable index. But many of the dates are obviously wrong, and since the days of Le Clerc not a few additional letters have seen the light; as, for example, in the appendix to Hess's "*Leben von Erasmus*," 1790, in Hottinger's *Historia Ecclesiastica*, tom. vi., and in the above-mentioned collection of Melancthon's correspondence.

¹ Montacutum=Montacetum.

² Froude's England, vol. i. p. 36.

³ Opp. iii. 13.

⁴ The author of a pleasant article in the *Quarterly Review* (vol. 106, p. 14) says, that "the short visit, supposed in the older lives to have taken place in 1497, and which rested on erroneous dates in some of the letters, is now

to the hills where it grew. And Greek, of which he had acquired some little knowledge in Paris, perhaps even before he left his native Holland, was now to be found in Oxford. Cornelio Vitelli had been there in 1488, "giving that most "barbarous University some notion of "what was going forward on the other "side of the Alps ;"¹ and now Grocyn and Linacre had imported direct from Italy a farther supply. In the society of these friends, the worthy pupils of Politian, of Hermolaus, and Chalcondyles, and in the command of books and manuscripts which they gave him, Erasmus soon made such proficiency as to write translations from Lucian and Libanius, and laid the basis of that sound and graceful scholarship which received the copestone and immortalized the architect when eighteen years thereafter he gave to the world the Greek Testament for the first time printed.

Erasmus came to England a scholar, and there he formed an acquaintance which went far to make him a divine. Writing to a friend in 1498 he gives a lively account of an Oxford symposium, at which were present his own host, Richard Charnock, Prior of the Augustinians, then dwelling in St. Mary's, and sundry others, under the presidency of an earnest and eloquent divine, JOHN COLET. When various topics had been ventilated, the master of the feast happened to say that the sin of Cain was trusting too little in God and too much in his own industry, so that he must needs cut up and cultivate the soil, whilst Abel, content with its spontaneous produce, was a keeper of sheep. The paradox of course brought up a general opposition, but it also brought out those clever plausibilities which cunning propounders of paradox usually hold back in ambush. As when a lapping, pretending to be wounded, draws the schoolboys far into the swamp, so the lame proposition drew half the company in full cry after it; and, nettled by the absurdity of the thing, and the impossibility of refuting it, tempers

waxed hot, and words grew high, when Erasmus said, "I will tell you something if you will promise to believe it." They all promised. "I met with it once upon a time, in a very ancient manuscript, so old that there was only one entire leaf which had escaped the mice and maggots. Shall I repeat it?" "By all means," they exclaimed. "Well, it seems Cain was an industrious man, but grasping and greedy. From his parents he had frequently heard that in the garden they had forfeited the crops grew spontaneous, every ear and grain of enormous size, and each stalk like the trunk of an alder. On this he could not help brooding when he saw his own miserable harvests, till at last he went up to the angel who guarded Eden, and begged a few grains of that wonderful corn. Says he, 'The Most High does not care about it now as once He did. Even if it should reach His knowledge, it is a matter of no moment: He will readily overlook it, seeing that it does not concern those apples regarding which He is so strict. Come now, you must not be a churlish sentinel. Are you sure that He who put you here is pleased with such rigidity overmuch? What if He would not rather be deceived? Is not His approval more likely to be given to industrious enterprise than to an ignoble sluggishness? And are you so charmed with your office? Once an angel, He has made you a gaoler; and, whilst we wretched men are shut out from our Eden, because we tasted too tempting an apple, in keeping us out with that flaming sword you are excluded at once from our Paradise and your own Heaven.' By such representations this good pleader gained his bad end. A few grains were pilfered and committed to the soil. They grew with great increase, till successive harvests were reaped, each larger than its predecessor. Then said the Most High, 'The sweat of the brow

¹ Hallam's *Literary History*, part i. ch. iii. p. 128.

"seems pleasant to this man: he shall have it in full measure." And so from every side came trooping God's great army—ants, weevils, toads, caterpillars, mice, locusts, boars from the forest, and birds from the firmament, and consumed the seed in the ground, the crop in the field, the corn in the garner. The angel, for unduly favouring mortals, was changed into a man; and, when Cain presented his offering of fruit, the smoke refused to ascend; and, seeing himself rejected, he fell into despair."¹ By improvising this apologue Erasmus restored good humour to the company, and by throwing it into the scale of Colet, against whom he had hitherto been arguing, not only ended the debate, but gained still farther the golden opinions of his host.

For that host, barring his severity to little boys, we own a great affection. His father, Sir Henry Colet, had been twice Mayor of London, and of eleven sons and as many daughters John was the sole survivor. Opulent, well-educated, with his insular ideas somewhat expanded by travels in France and Italy, his fair and open countenance was the index of a generous mind, and his athletic, vigorous understanding was in keeping with his tall, handsome figure and manly port. Encumbered by no sentiment, and capable of no great subtlety, all matters submitted to his judgment he looked fully in the face, and, making up his mind on their own intrinsic merits, he was little influenced by the voice of antiquity on the one hand, or the allegations of casuists on the other. His serious and manly intellect had early learned to bow before the Word of God; but the strength of his religious convictions only gave to his attitude as a thinker and teacher an additional sturdiness, and twenty years before Luther published his *Theses* he was inveighing against indulgences and expounding the *Epistles* of St. Paul in a style which would have entitled any other man to martyrdom. Too much the Briton to be a Roman

vassal, and for the purposes of priestcraft too honest; with a courage amounting to hardihood, and which was incapable of concealing an opinion, and with wealth which made preferment no object; he was withal too high in favour with the young Prince Henry, and too popular to become an easy prey. Much lamenting the scanty Greek which made him insecure in nice or dubious passages, to Oxford students and the youthful clergy he explained the New Testament with the directness of a devout believer, and exhorted the Convocation with the frankness of a bold reformer; and, when his elevation to the deanery placed at his command the pulpit at Paul's Cross, in the language of Chaucer and Piers Ploughman,¹ he preached such sermons as the common people were glad to hear, practical and plain, and free from old wives' fables. The consequence was that in the early years of Henry the Eighth London was deeply tainted with heresy. In 1515 we find its bishop, Fitzjames, entreating Wolsey to release from custody his chancellor, then awaiting his trial for a barbarous murder: "for assured I am," he says, "if my chancellor be tried by any twelve men in London, they be so maliciously set in favour of heresy, that they will cast and condemn any clerk, though he were as innocent as Abel." But, although his antagonists at last thought they had found a handle against him in a sermon which he preached against war at a time when the king was projecting a campaign in France, his good sense and openness made such an impression on the young and still right-minded sovereign, that, coming in from a walk with him in the convent garden at Greenwich, the king called for a glass of wine, and drank to the health of the Dean, with the reassuring remark, "Well, let every one choose his own doctor; but this shall be my doctor, before all others

¹ "Habet gens Britannica qui hoc præstiterunt apud suos, quod Dantes et Petrarcha apud Italos. Et horum evolvendis scriptis linguam expolivit, jam tum se præparans ad præconium sermonis evangelici."—Opp. iii. 456.

¹ Opp. iii. 42-44.

"whatsoever." He was promoted to be chaplain to Henry the Eighth, and, when the times grew dangerous—for the Reformation had begun on the Continent—the sweating sickness came opportunely, and in 1519 he was rescued by death from the rage of his enemies. Their malice followed him in the grave; but, although they often spake concerning burning his bones, they were destined to escape till the great fire laid old St. Paul's in ruins in 1666.

First in his chambers at Oxford, afterwards in the deanery of St. Paul's, on his successive visits to England, Erasmus greatly enjoyed the society of Colet. A good way out of town, there was a retired village called Stepney. Here in a spacious house, such as befitted a former lady-mayoreess, and the widow of a wealthy citizen, lived Dame Colet, a dear old lady, nearly ninety when Erasmus saw her last, and so proud of her surviving son, and at his arrival brightening up so gaily, that he alone seemed compensation for all her sorrows. It was a small stock of any modern language that our scholar was ever able to acquire, and even his native Dutch he seems at last to have pretty well forgotten. Of English his works contain a solitary specimen, where he says, that when the jury bring in a verdict against the prisoner they say "Killin;" and with this illustration we think his apology must be sustained when he declined a presentation to an English parish on the ground of not knowing the language. Still, though the dame had nothing but her mother-tongue, like her guest she had a large share of mother-wit, and, with shrewdness and good humour on either side, they got on famously together. And here out at Stepney, amongst the snipes, and the orchards, and ploughmen, or in the wainscotted room in Doctor's Commons, the Dean and his visitor discoursed. They sometimes made merry on the monks and the other opponents of learning. "When I was prolocutor of the Lower House," said Colet, "it was in debate whether 'heretics should be capitally punished.

"One old gentleman was very hot for the affirmative, and offered to prove it from Scripture. Being asked to produce his text he quoted Titus iii. 10, 'Hæreticum hominem devita.' What could *de vitâ* mean but *ad mortem*?" No doubt there were many tales to match: such as Melancthon's divinity professor, who on the passage, "*Rex Salem panem ac vinum obtulit*," pointed out the virtues of *salt*, believing it to be a part of the offering as well as bread and wine; the provost's plea for not paving before his own door, "*Paveant illi, non paveam ego*;" and the commentator who, reading Aristotle's dictum, *ψυχή ἐστὶν αἰὼλος*, "the soul is immaterial," and taking it for *ψυχή ἐστὶν αὐλός*, "the soul is a pipe," gave fifteen arguments in favour of the tubular structure of the thinking principle.¹

The favourite project of the Dean, to which he gave joyfully away his large estate whilst living, was the establishment of a school where London boys, such as he himself had been, might be prepared for the Universities. He was so fortunate as to secure for the first teacher the excellent William Lily—the first schoolmaster who taught Greek in England, even as Vitelli had been the first professor; and, infecting others with his own fervour, he not only himself aided Lily, but he got Erasmus also to assist in preparing some of those elementary Latin books whose "*Propria quæ maribus*" and "*As in præsentî*" seem to eyes profane such frightful jargon, but which would canonize the authors did schoolboys only know the grammatical ogres which Lily superseded.² Born in the Mansion-house, or on the road to it, he had no contempt for little cockneys: on the contrary, he thought them singularly bright and clever, and, although Christ's Hospital, and Merchant Taylors', and the Charter-house, and the City of London were

¹ See Knight's *Life of Colet*, 2d edit. pp. 51, 176.

² It was for the scholars in St. Paul's School that, at the instance of the Dean, Erasmus prepared his "*Concio de puero Jesu*," and "*Christiani hominis Institutum*," both in the fifth volume of the Amsterdam edition.

afterwards to spring up and divide the spoil, it was in the school then founded that young Londoners like Leland and Camden, Halley the astronomer, Strype the ecclesiastical historian, Nelson of the Fasti and Festivals, Cumberland of the Weights and Measures, and John Milton of either Paradise, were to receive their first lessons in useful knowledge, as well as boys not Londoners, like Samuel Pepys, Charles, Duke of Manchester, and John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough.

If in starting the new school Erasmus rendered good service to Colet, it was no small benefit which the latter conferred on the sage of Rotterdam. With a few weak points—such as an excessive love of argument, and a bluntness which occasionally amounted to boorishness, and now and again twinges of parsimony following great fits of profusion, with one of which he chanced to be afflicted when his friend was in want of money.¹—Colet's was a very noble character, and he seems to have been almost the first divine whose enlightened piety and unaffected earnestness made an impression on our author. And they were sufficiently distinct to be the more interesting to one another. By taste and habit the one was a man of letters, lured on by the love of the witty, the brilliant, the beautiful; and, although he had lately written a short "Manual for the Christian Soldier," it was the work of a layman in canonicals. In subsequent times it found its counterpart in the "Christian Hero" of Sir Richard Steele, rather than in the "Practical View" of William Wilberforce; it was an episode in a literary career, rather than the effusion of an earnestly pervasive Christian spirit. But the other was more the theologian than the scholar, and, more than either, he was the man of God. If in the structure of his mind there was nothing sentimental, in his creed there was nothing superstitious, and Erasmus was delighted and somewhat overawed by a faith so direct and simple in union with

a piety so warm and self-denying. Like an elephant in a jungle crushing the nearest path out into daylight, with noble sense and straightforwardness, in an age of quibblers and sophistical wranglers, Colet forced his way direct to the Bible, and there for his intrepid truth-loving intellect he had found foothold as firm as the repose was welcome to his wistful, unworldly spirit. Not, What say the Scriptures? but, What says Occam? What says Aquinas? What says Scotus? were the questions which our traveller had been accustomed to hear in convents and colleges; and, instead of a text from St. John or St. Peter, the disputants chose a sentence from one of these subtle doctors, and then they defined and explained and distinguished,¹ till in the dusty pother the original particle of sense was irretrievably lost, and to the hearer nothing remained except a bewildered sense of confusion worse confounded. To the mind of Colet, at once masculine and devout, all this was a vexatious waste of time and an impertinent foolery. To him the Bible was the mind of God revealed, the one window through which on our dark world streamed in the light from heaven: the Bible was the window, and scholastic glosses were the cobwebs which monkish spiders had been spinning through all these drowsy years. Clear the windows! cried Colet. Away with the dust and the cobwebs and the desiccated blue-bottles, and through the cleansed limpid casement let the light come in—God's own light, for it is pleasant. Let us get at the very Word of God, if possible in its own original tongues; and, when we get at it, let us give it out to the people as plainly and exactly as we can. And, whilst he shared the joy of his guest at the revival of Greek, it was not so much because fountains of old philosophy were allowed to flow again, as because from

¹ See Jortin's *Life of Erasmus* (8vo. edit.) vol. i. p. 81; also, *Erasmii Opera*, iii. 107, 132.

¹ "Liber ille Parvorum Logicalium operæ pretium est videre, in suppositionibus quas vocant, in ampliationibus, restrictionibus, appellationibus, et ubi non?"—Sir T. More in *Opp. Erasmii*, tom. iii. 1897.

the well's mouth of revelation the stone was rolled away; and, whilst Erasmus had come to Oxford seeking to enrich his *Adages* with Attic gems, he could not but confess that the faith of his friend was a pearl of greater price. To the conversations of Colet, as well as his prelections on the Pauline epistles, Erasmus was indebted for clearer conceptions of primitive Christianity; and, when with grave and anxious urgency he pressed upon him theology as the noblest of the sciences, and the elucidation of Scripture as the worthiest bestowment of scholarship, Erasmus could not gainsay.

In those days there were no excursion trains, nor did Tunbridge Wells or Brighton tempt from his pestilential lanes the Londoner. But,

"Whanne that April with his shoures sote
The droughte of March hath perced to the
rote; . . .

When Zephirus eke with his sote brethe
Enspired hath in every holt and hethe
The tender croppes, and the younge sonne
Hath in the Ram his half cours yronne,
And smale foules maken melodie,
That slegen alle night with open eye; . . .
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmeres for to seken strange strondes."

Along with Colet, Erasmus made the pilgrimage to Canterbury, some time between the years 1511 and 1513, and with the bluff outspoken humour of his companion, he seems to have enjoyed exceedingly this holy tour. The grand old minster was in itself impressive as its towers rose up and gave the travellers stately welcome, and filled the surrounding region with that solemn old-world melody which sends the thoughts back beyond Anselm and Austin.¹ But pensive meditations were soon dispelled in the business which brought devotees from all ends of the island. St. Thomas of Canterbury was still a worker of miracles, and grateful worshippers paid their vows at his shrine. In the porch the first object which arrested our pil-

grims was three statues of stone,—"Tusci, Fusci, and Berri," *alias* the three murderers of Becket, Tracy, Fitzurse, and Bret, who ran mad after their frightful crime, and would never have recovered their senses but for the intercession of St. Thomas: "such is the noble clemency of martyrs." In a vault underneath they were shown the skull of the martyr encased in silver, with an opening at the top for the lips of the faithful. Here also still hung his shirt and girdle of haircloth, testifying against his effeminate successors. Remounting to the choir, such a store of skulls, chins, teeth, hands, toes was produced that they grew tired of kissing them, and Colet made no effort to conceal his impatience. At last, behind the high altar, and in a chapel golden with the effigy of the saint and ablaze with jewels, he said to the guide, "Good father, is it true that Thomas while he lived was so kind to the poor?" "Nothing can be truer." "And in that respect I do not think he is changed, except for the better." The attendant assented. "Well, then, since he was so kind to the poor whilst a poor man himself and really requiring the money, now that he needs it no longer, suppose a poor woman with starving children or a sick husband were coming and, asking the Saint's leave, were to help herself to some little trifle out of this enormous hoard?" As the showman was silent, in his own blunt fashion Colet concluded, "For my own part I firmly believe the saint would be delighted, now that he is gone, to know that his goods were relieving the poor." At words which so smacked of the Wicliffite (*Viclevita*) the guide looked thunder, and if they had not been friends of the archbishop (Warham) he would have at once turned them out of doors. However, Erasmus slipped a few coins into the irate custodian's hand, and told him that his friend was a great wag and much given to irony. In the sacristy they again lost character. There with much solemnity a black box was produced, and as soon

¹ "Turres sunt ingentes duæ, procul veluti salutantes advenas, miroque nolarum ænearum boatu longe lateque regionem vicinam personantes." *Colloquia: Peregrinatio Religionis ergo.*

as it was opened the spectators dropped on their knees and gazed with awe-struck devotion. Nothing, however, met the outward eye except a few rags of old linen; which nevertheless turned out to be very sacred. They were the remains of the holy handkerchief which had so often dried the tears from the eyes of St. Thomas, and with which he had no doubt often blown his blessed nose. The prior, who had by this time come in, knowing his visitor to be a man of no small consequence, asked his acceptance of one of these holy rags. The Dean only took it between his finger and thumb, not without signs of disgust, and threw it back into the box with a contemptuous whistle. "At this," says Erasmus, "my heart failed me, and I was agitated with shame and fear;" but the prior was a sensible man, and, pretending not to notice the indignity, he invited them to take a cup of wine, and dismissed them with due courtesy.

Much as he quizzed the monks, and merry as he made with their miracles, Erasmus would hardly have shown his contempt so openly as the gruff and courageous Englishman. On the other hand, Colet's contempt of monkery was only a result of his Christian sincerity, and to his more playful companion it was a great advantage to be in contact with a mind so profound in its convictions, and so serious in its search after truth. Although not in all respects congenial, by his manliness, his moral intrepidity, and his sterling worth, Colet, from the outset, secured the respect of Erasmus, who, in his turn, was not able to withstand those urgencies which were prompted by enlightened piety and public spirit, and of which this was the tenor:—"Oh, Erasmus, if I were as clever and as learned as you, I would publish the Greek Testament: I would give the world a plain and straightforward explanation of the Gospels and Epistles: I would do what I could to restore to mankind the Saviour's legacy!" For this end, he supplied him with books and manuscripts and money, and, from excursions in profaner

fields, continued to recall the wandering genius. Thus, in 1504, we find a letter from Paris, in which the truant pleads his apology:—"My dear Colet, words cannot tell how impatient I am to proceed with sacred learning, and how I fret at all interruptions. It was with this intention that I hastened to France, resolved to rid myself of those retarding tasks if I could not complete them, so as to give the rest of my days to divinity. Nevertheless, three years ago I did attempt something on the Epistle to the Romans, and wrote off four volumes at one heat; and I should have gone on had it not been for hindrances, one of which was a want of Greek. At this language I have been working nearly all that interval, and I think with some success. I also nibbled a little at Hebrew, but found myself daunted by its utter strangeness. Nor, at my time of life, am I able to carry on many undertakings together."¹ A few months afterwards Sir Henry Colet died; and it may have been in coming into possession of his large fortune, if not beforehand, that Dr. Colet began to allow Erasmus the yearly pension which Pace, Colet's successor in the deanery of St. Paul's, was asked to continue.² Nor were special largesses wanting, as well as words of hearty cheer. Thus, when at length the Greek Testament appeared, with its improved Latin translation, Colet writes: "I am variously affected. Sometimes I grieve that I am not master of Greek, without which I am nothing; then I rejoice in that light which the sun of your genius has poured on us so plentifully. . . . Do not leave off, dear Erasmus; but, since you have given us the New Testament in Latin, illustrate the same with your expositions, and give us on the Gospels commentaries as ample as possible. Your copiousness is real brevity, and to the healthy appetite the hunger grows. If you will open up the sense, as no one is better able, you will confer a vast obligation on those who

¹ Opera, iii. 95.

² Knight's Life of Colet, 2d edit. p. 203.

"love the Bible, and you will earn for yourself immortal renown."¹ To the ascendancy of Colet over Erasmus, as well as to his substantial services, we are, in great measure, indebted for the theological deflection in the career of the scholar, and for those two priceless memorials of his sacred studies—the Greek Testament and the Paraphrase. Had Colet lived, no one can doubt which side he would have taken in the English revolt from Rome; and, had Erasmus remained in England till then, with personal security and the fortification of powerful examples, is it likely that he would have remained behind? But Colet died in 1519. Dwelling on his character, and that of another friend, Vittrarius, Erasmus concludes: "With such a fortune, the great thing in Colet was that he constantly went the way not of his own inclination, but of Christ's command: it is the nobler praise of Vittrarius, that, like a fish in a marsh not tasting of mud, he dwelt in a convent, and lived the life of the Gospel. In Colet there were some things which betrayed the mortal: in Vittrarius I never saw sign of human frailty. Jonas, if you will take my word, you will not hesitate to add them to your saints, even though no pope should ever canonize them. Happy spirits, to whom I owe so much, assist with your prayers Erasmus still struggling with the evils of this life, so that I may at last join your fellowship, never again to be parted."²

¹ Opera, iii. 1572.

² Opera, iii. 461. The loss of no friend seems ever to have affected Erasmus so deeply. Indeed, he repeatedly says, to Lupset and Mountjoy: "For thirty years I have never felt any death so bitterly." Knight has written a life of Colet as well as one of Erasmus; but in neither work is the obligation of the latter to the former brought out as clearly and pointedly as it appears to us. In many respects the two were remarkably contrasted, and there were some things in the divine which the scholar did not like; but the stronger and more courageous spirit first overmastered, and then upheld the weaker. Had it not been for Colet we might have had more of the classical scholar in the sage of Rotterdam, but we should probably have lost altogether the Biblical critic; and we cannot but be grateful

With Colet few are acquainted; but there was another Englishman of that day, his friend and admirer, with whom we are all familiar. The lawyer whose chestnut hair is better known than the chancellor's wig; the judge with the funny face, who made culprits smile when he should have made them cry, and some of whose merriest jests were spoken when all except himself were weeping; the philosopher whose Utopia anticipated Locke on Toleration, but withal the actual persecutor who once more bathed in blood the sword of Torquemada; the liberal thinker who could laugh at monkish superstitions, but, withal, the practical ascetic who put on sackcloth as if it had been the very robe of righteousness; the martyr whose noble frankness "gave the devil a foul fall," but whose small jokes on the scaffold have made solemn people wonder if, after all, he was not a luckless merry-andrew, who lost his head twice over: a man of this stamp, like a combative Quaker, or a clerical comedian, is sure to be popular. It is not only the amusement of seeing Democritus in the cowl of St. Dominic, or Punch on the great Duke's pedestal; but we fancy the humourist, because he does not exact a sustained and unmingled admiration. If Aristides could have only contrived to be nicknamed "the honest rogue," he need not have been ostracised; and, if William of Orange had been capable of an occasional *bon mot*, or had founded a new race of spaniels, the deliverer of England might have shared the loyalty which was cheerfully given to the stipendiary of Louis Quatorze. It is the felicity of SIR THOMAS MORE that, although one of the foremost names amongst England's worthies, he is not faultless; whilst, on the other hand, every failing is in such near neighbourhood to some great excellence, that none but microscopic eyes can see them apart from one another; and, if at any time we are ready to utter a severe or indignant condemnation, it is at once to the fellow-countryman who did so much to make him an affectionate student of the Bible and its bold interpreter.

arrested or softened by pity for the tragic fate which extinguished the brightest genius then in England, and reduced to desolation its happiest home.

That home the pen of Erasmus and the pencil of Holbein have made immortal. Fain would we transcribe the epistle to Ulric Hutten, in which the life of a philosopher at Chelsea, 350 years ago, is depicted as our traveller often shared it: the central personage himself, with his light blue eyes, and large workmanlike hands, and high right shoulder, drinking his favourite beverage, water, out of a pewter mug, and so passing it off for beer, and escaping from the Court at Greenwich with the unfeigned desire that the king and queen were less dependent on his society, and would leave him more leisure for his books, his monkeys, and his children. Our author is doubtless right in describing him as "a philosopher sauntering through the market-place (the world) without any business of his own, simply surveying the stir and activity of the buyers and sellers;"—himself always cheerful and resolved to keep cheerful those around him. It was to the credit of his genial humour that it flowed most freely at his own fireside; and, unlike many men of wit, he enjoyed the wit of others. An instance is mentioned where it even mollified his zeal against heresy. A heretic of the name of Silver was before him. Said the judge, "Silver, you must be tried by fire." "Yes," replied the prisoner, "but you know, my lord, *quick silver* cannot abide the fire." He was so pleased with this retort that he set the man at liberty.

The story is that the first meeting of the two wittiest men in Europe was at a dinner-party in the Mansion-house, and as the entertainment proceeded a young lawyer was spreading such fits of laughter right and left among his neighbours that, catching his eye, Erasmus exclaimed, "Aut tu es Morus aut nullus!" and was answered, "Aut tu es Erasmus aut diabolus!"¹ This mu-

¹ The story, which is of course impugned, is thus told by Dr. King: "Sir Thomas being

tual introduction ripened into a close and congenial intimacy. In the filial affection and the graceful accomplishments with which the future Speaker and Chancellor surrounded himself in his chosen retirement, the wandering friar witnessed a happiness and shared innocent pastimes which might well make him repent more bitterly his monkish vow, and wish for the sake of stunted affections that he could have seen such things earlier. Nor had More yet become a Romish bigot. The *Utopia*, advocating freedom of religious opinion, was published in 1516,¹ and in the following year Erasmus paid his last visit to England. There was, therefore, within the period to which their personal intercourse extended, nothing to prevent the utmost liberty of speculation and debate; and not only was the "Encomium

one day at my Lord Mayor's table, word was brought him that there was a gentleman, who was a foreigner, inquiring for his lordship (he being then Lord Chancellor). They having nearly dined, the Lord Mayor ordered one of his officers to take the gentleman into his care, and give him what he best liked. The officer took Erasmus into the Lord Mayor's cellar, where he chose to eat oysters and drink wine (as the fashion was then), drawn into leathern jacks, and poured into a silver cup. As soon as Erasmus had well refreshed himself, he was introduced to Sir Thomas More. At his first coming in to him, he saluted him in Latin. Sir Thomas asked him 'Unde venis?'—*Erasmus*. 'Ex inferis.'—*Sir T.* 'Quid ibi agitur?'—*Erasmus*. 'Vivis vescuntur et bibunt ex ocreis.'—*Sir T.* 'An nocuis?'—*Erasmus*. 'Aut tu es Morus aut nullus.'—*Sir T.* 'Et tu es aut demon aut meus Erasmus.'—Quoted in *Notes and Queries*, third series, vol. v. p. 61. If there be any foundation for the incident, it must have happened long before More was Chancellor, a promotion which took place many years after Erasmus's last visit to England. Erasmus was acquainted with More in 1497, when the latter was a mere youth; indeed, so young, that it is surprising that he should have made such an impression on the illustrious stranger.

¹ Hallam, founding on a letter of Montjoy to Erasmus, dated Jan. 4, 1516, in which he mentions that he had received the *Utopia*, says it must have been printed in 1515. *Literary Hist.* 6th edit. vol. i. p. 283. The learned historian has for the moment forgotten that Jan. 4, 1516, O.S. was actually 1517: so that there is no need to throw the publication of More's great work farther back than the date above given.

Moriae," with its caricature of the Court of Rome, written under the roof of More, and dedicated to his host, but, like some others, it would seem as if the philosopher had countenanced a latitude of opinion which the statesman' and lawyer found it afterwards needful to condemn. If all tales are true, it was not liberty of speech alone in which Erasmus indulged. Soon after a discussion as to the Real Presence in the Mass, the learned Hollander set out for the Continent. More had lent him a horse to carry him as far as the sea-side, but so pleasant were his paces that the borrower could not part with the beast, and in due time sent the owner the following epigram instead:—

"Remember, you told me
'Believe and you'll see;
Believe 'tis a body,
And a body 'twill be.'

"So, should you tire walking,
This hot summer-tide,
Believe your staff's Dobbin,
And straightway you'll ride." ¹

On the glimpses of old England, which we find in the letters of Erasmus, we would gladly have lingered, and in his company made the acquaintance of Richard Pace and Archbishop Warham, and Cardinal Wolsey, and Henry the Eighth; but those readers who have followed us thus far we shall reward by no longer taxing their forbearance. We shall only add that, if Holland is justly proud of having given birth to the great Restorer of Letters, it is gratifying to know that England was the first country by which he was fully appreciated, and was ever afterwards the coun-

¹ "Quod mihi dixisti
De corpore Christi,
Crede quod edis, et edis;
Sic tibi rescribo
De tuo palfrido,
Crede quod habes, et habes."

The story is told in Covel's "History of the Greek Church," p. 28. The following is his more literal translation of the monkish verse:—

"What of Christ's body to me
You said, 'What you do not see,'
Believe you receive, you receive it';
I of your nag say again,
Though with me he still remain,
Believe that you have it, you have it."

try by which that light was fed and fostered which all other lands admired. Like the Bishop of Cambray and the Marchioness de Vere, the Emperor Charles the Fifth promised him a pension; but in France and Germany it was then a failing to promise more than they could pay, and he was never much the richer for the fair words of his Continental patrons. But Mountjoy faithfully paid his yearly allowance of a hundred crowns; Archbishop Warham presented him to the parish of Aldington,¹ and allowed him to resign it, retaining from the benefice another yearly income of a hundred crowns; Colet too assigned him a pension, and from Warham and Tonstall, from Longland, Bishop of Lincoln, and Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, from Pace, and Mountjoy, and Queen Catherine he was continually receiving presents, horses and silver cups, crowns, nobles, and angels; so that it was not without reason that he said, "Whatsoever in the way of fortune I have, I owe to the English:" "My sole reliance is Britain, but for whose help Erasmus would still be a beggar."² Indeed, as he tells Cardinal Grimani,³ it was his adopted country, and as a residence he preferred it to Rome.⁴ And he amply repaid the benefit. It was not only that the Greek which he learned at Oxford he went and taught at Cambridge⁵—the first in that long series in which the names of Barrow, Bentley, Porson, shine conspicuous; nor was it only that men whom here he met—like Lupset, Grocyn, Linacer, Lily—he filled with fresh enthusiasm for ancient learning; but the two great works which England enabled him to prepare, and which one Englishman in particular extorted from him, became such power-

¹ Had Erasmus entered on the cure he would have had for his parishioner the famous Nun of Kent, whose impostures made such a sensation afterwards, and involved so many victims. Her story is fully told in the second volume of Froude's History.

² The former expression occurs in a letter to the Abbot of St Bertin, Opp. iii, 124; the latter in writing to Laurinus, 1632.

³ Opp. iii. 141.

⁴ Id. 115.

⁵ Gibbon.

ful elements in our country's spiritual history. It was not Luther who started the Reformation in England, nor Zwingle, but the Greek New Testament published by Erasmus;¹ and during the remainder of that century no single mind had such influence on the theology of the pulpit and the people as the author of the "Paraphrase." That work all bachelors of divinity were ordered by Edward the Sixth to possess and study, so that they might preach to their flocks its comfortable

doctrine. Elizabeth went farther. She commanded that a copy of the Paraphrase in English should be affixed to a desk in every church for the use of the congregation;¹ and, although the injunction might be imperfectly fulfilled, there can be no question that the master spirits who went farthest to mould the thinking and teaching of Elizabethan divines were, amongst theologians Melancthon, amongst interpreters Erasmus.

¹ Merle d'Aubigné's *Reformation*, vol. v. bk. xviii. chaps. 1, 2.

¹ See Jortin's *Life of Erasmus*, vol. i. p. 144. *Notes and Queries*, vol. v. p. 332. Milman's *Latin Christianity*, vol. vi.

MACDONALD OF SLEAT.

WHERE wild the winds sweep o'er the lone western deep,
 The towers of Dunvegan rise stately and proud:
 Such the dwelling should be of old kings of the sea;
 And Sea-kings of old were the sires of Macleod.

With a dull, sullen roar break the waves on the shore;
 Wintry winds whistle, and shrill sea-birds shriek;
 And one wide rain-cloud in a solemn storm-shroud
 Wraps the big granite-mountains from basement to peak.

But wild though the night be, and starless the sky;
 Though mountains stand mantled in solemn storm-shroud;
 What care they within for the wild tempest's din,
 Duinnhewassals twice twelve that hold feast with Macleod?

"Hist! Macleod, to thy gate there's a guest cometh late:
 With twelve Hieland laddies a chieftain there stands:
 'Tis a bold man that here seeketh shelter and cheer,
 While the blood of thy father is red on his hands."

"When storm-winds are high, and when starless the sky,
 To a guest at his door shall Dunvegan say Nay?
 Safe shelter and cheer with a welcome are here,
 Though my guest be the devil—or Donald the Grey."

Twelve Hielanders tall boldly enter the hall,
 And before them a chieftain stalks stately and proud;
 And a smile of scorn plays round his lips as he says,
 "Macdonald of Sleat greets his foe, the Macleod!"

Six men to the right, and six men to the left,
 At the foot of the board sat he down to his meal;
 And before him there stood, an inch deep in the wood,
 The chieftain's long dagger of blue, shining steel.

"At the foot of my board, where my gillies carouse,
 Is no place at table, Dunthuil, for thee:
 I have good cause to hate the Macdonald of Sleat,
 But in this hall a chieftain sits only by me."

Macdonald of Sleat.

"MacLeod of Dunvegan : MacLeod of MacLeod :
 Ye may revel and feast with your gillies in state ;
 But the head of your board, when Grey Donald sits here,
 Is behind the long dirk of Macdonald of Sleat."

They may frown as they list on their bold-spoken guest ;
 They may frown as they list, and but little reck he :
 They may clap hand on sword, Duinnhewassals and Lord ;
 Still his look will be high, and his speech will be free.

Dunthuilm, for thee, since thy speech will be free,
 It is well that behind thee a lassie should wait
 That will one day be wife, and love dearer than life
 A lad that loves dearly Macdonald of Sleat.

She whispers : "Beware ! there is treachery near :
 Rest not on pillow of traitor thine head ;
 But, chieftain, to-night let thy slumbers be light ;
 Be the grass under foot, and the sky over head."

To a tower on the west went he,—not to his rest,—
 To a tower on the western crag, massive and lone :
 For, when next the sun shone, roof and rafters were gone,
 And a thin smoke rose curling from bare walls of stone.

MacLeod, when he woke, saw the thin, curling smoke
 From blackened wall floating toward mountain and glen :
 "Ah ! soundly," he said, "they'll be sleeping in bed,
 My bold-spoken guest and his twelve Hielandmen."

Listen, Dunvegan : listen : listen :
 A pibroch sounds merry and shrill at your gate :
 The fires of the night, that set rafters alight,
 Left scatheless your foe, the Macdonald of Sleat.

Listen, Dunvegan : listen : listen :
 On the green grass below 'tis a chieftain that stands ;
 Thy guest of the night, and to left and to right
 Are twelve good claymores in twelve good Hieland hands.

"Lord of Dunvegan, MacLeod of MacLeod,
 To thee and to thine be dishonour and shame ;
 For sacred his head is at board or in bed,
 Though a guest be the foe of thy house and thy name.

"MacLeod of MacLeod, when the storm is abroad,
 If by Dunthuilm tower ye pass early or late,
 Ye will find my board spread, ye may sleep safe in bed,
 For no traitor to guest is Macdonald of Sleat.

"But, lord of Dunvegan, look well to your steel,
 By lake or on mountain or in the lone glen ;
 For—God help me ! ye'll say, if by night or by day
 Ye meet the Macdonald and his Hielandmen.

"With the long shining dirk, that is sheathed at my knee,
 The blood of one lord of Dunvegan was spilt ;
 And Dunvegan again with his life-blood may stain
 The dirk of Macdonald of Sleat to the hilt !"

GALWAY ; OR, THE CITY OF THE TRIBES.

BY PROFESSOR D'ARCY W. THOMPSON.

For the description of a place and of its inhabitants the flying tourist and the anchored resident are equally incapacitated. The one would be deficient in accuracy ; the other in freshness. Even supposing the eyes of the former were a pair of photographic lenses, this ocular advantage would only aid him in the delineation of outward scenery. In such a place as the City of the Tribes one must linger for a while before he can fully appreciate how perfectly the quaintness of architecture and costume reflects the character of the inhabitant and wearer. But, perhaps, those are least calculated to judge of the striking characteristics of a place to whom these characteristics have been familiar from childhood. It is like as with the face of a near and dear relative, the beauty of which we never fully realize until she leave us, and go with her husband to the Cape or India ; or until she may have crossed a wider and a deeper sea than either the Atlantic or the Pacific—a sea over which only such vessels sail as are at once both outward-bound and homeward-bound.

So it would seem to me that a comparative stranger like myself may possibly have found more food for observation and reflection in the streets and neighbourhood of Galway, than those to whom its streets and neighbourhood are as familiar as their parlour mantelpieces. Now I am sure I had not been ten minutes in this dear old town before I was struck and delighted with the picturesque irregularity of its streets. The city seemed to me a beautiful antithesis to ancient Babylon. We have all seen drawings of that imperial city of rectangles. The long wide streets of terrace after terrace must have been admirably adapted for sacerdotal and military processions ; but their symmetry and regularity must have rendered them altogether unpaintable. They would have

deadened the imagination of a landscape artist, and charmed the despotic fancies of a Frederick or a Napoleon. I think the architect of that great eastern capital must have been a man of practical ability, with an undue share of prose in his composition. There are many, and not unpleasant objects, that are impossible for painting purposes : a fashionably-dressed lady ; a carriage and pair ; an unimpeachable over-coat ; and a shiny-leather boot. If we are in search of the beautiful and picturesque, we must throw away rulers, and squares, and compasses, and call in the elements of irregularity, unsymmetry, eccentricity. And the very genius of eccentricity dwells in the streets of Galway. You may seldom see two hundred yards ahead. I wonder what would be the length of the main street of the city, if a Brobdignag should take hold of it at both ends, and pull it out straight ? Is there any accounting for this picturesque irregularity ? Perhaps the architect drew his plans with a tremulous hand the morning after some great dinner-party ; for, in the olden times, they were terribly jovial fellows here in Galway. Or, perhaps, when the mortar was still wet, and the masonry in unstable equilibrium, a westerly gale blew with unusual violence over the bay, and shook the city into zigzags. Indeed, this latter hypothesis is carried out by one interpretation of the city's Celtic name—the Place of Storms.

The grandest feature of Galway is the lordly river that flows through it. It is, like all rivers, on its way from the mountains to the sea, with some mysterious message to deliver ; and it may not rest until the message is delivered. From the stream above the town, canals branch off, with all the power and will to do good service in their short journey. They have, unfortunately, too little work to do. Capitalists are capricious. There

is here a surplus population, and water-power unsurpassed in Great Britain ; and yet, for reasons of its own, commerce holds scornfully and foolishly aloof, and bestows his favours on less favoured spots. Even so have I known a man of otherwise sound judgment pass slightly by a pretty girl that liked him, and marry a plain widow, the mother of ready-made children. The summer tourist never sees our river to advantage. To see it in its glory, you should stand upon the central bridge on a clear frosty night after a month of winter rains, and watch and listen to it as it goes foaming and roaring seawards, and on either side the bridge you would see the artificial waterfalls of the descending canals, glistening like molten silver in the moonlight.

My daily walks carry me over two bridges. From the one, I see the main river rushing impetuously on, and over a rocky bed dashing past imperilled bridges ; and I think of the main and open stream of life, with the waves of which we must all, with more or less of success, go buffeting. From the other, I see the oily waters of a canal gliding on ; and I know the waters to be of equable depth, and made so by artificial masonry ; and the lazy, comfortable spectacle sets me thinking of the lucky people that hold government sinecures ; or that pass venerable but useless years beneath the shadow of a cathedral close ; or that fatten upon college fellowships ; or that enjoy professional monopolies in some legal nook, some undiscoverable and mouldy court, civil or ecclesiastic.

It is a pleasant and an edifying spectacle to watch from the easternmost bridge by the Court-house the rows of fishermen at the water's side upon a summer's day, and the close-packed salmon, black at rest, or glistening in motion, at the bottom of the shallow water. You may see the silly victims raised from time to time, and the spectacle will, doubtless, set you moralizing. You have an allegory before you. We are all of us pushing our way against an opposing stream ; our business it is to push right on towards the bosom of some upper lake ; but we are all apt to

linger by the way, and to open silly mouths to catch painted flies, and the hook catches sometimes in our gills, and we are hauled out of the water, and good men say that there are a great many of us that may never see Lake Corrib.

However prejudiced even an old inhabitant may be in favour of Galway—and, of course, he will be very considerably so prejudiced—it is almost impossible for him to take his daily walks abroad without coming to the conclusion that there are a great number of stones lying about. I myself was so struck with this phenomenon on my first excursion into the inner country, that I came to the rash conclusion that, a second Layard, I had come upon the site and ruins of the ancient tower of Babel. And, on arriving at the college, I was confirmed in the idea ; for I found one colleague discussing English literature ; another busied with French, and German, and Italian ; another, with the language of ancient Rome ; and myself, with the language of the Archipelago ; and I was convinced that with a geographical propriety we were placed here to perpetuate the confusion of tongues.

Of all days here the most interesting is the Saturday, or market-day. The suburbs send in their contingents of strapping peasant-lads, and pretty peasant-lassies, and philosophic-looking donkeys, and musical, unwilling pigs, not altogether without suspicion of their coming doom. It is wonderful to think from whence all this life can come. You see no hamlets or villages around to explain this sudden tide-rise in the flow of life. As Roderick Dhu whistled on the mountain, and the heather bristled into armed men, so, each Saturday before day-break, Barter gives his bugle call, and peasant lads, and peasant lassies, and philosophic donkeys, and unwilling pigs rise magically out of the silent, lifeless landscape of cold, grey stone.

It were well worth your while to rise before the dawn some market-day, and to take a stroll along the sea-road towards Barna. You would be appetised for breakfast by the delicious west wind blowing off the bay, and be put into

good humour by the singular panorama of character that would be passing before you. You would see scores of droll-costumed, pleasant-faced Paddies ; some driving donkey-carts, and some driving, with more of difficulty, a team of leg-bridled pigs. If you were in a social mood, and gave a salutation to the passers-by, you would get in return a civil answer from every one of them. St. Patrick was a gentleman, as his name indicates. He left behind him, when he went to heaven, his mantle of good manners. John and Sandy have something to learn and borrow from brother Pat. But whence did the latter derive his singular costume ? His knee-breeches are reasonable and picturesque ; but how account for the chimney-hat and tail-coat ? Ah, Patrick ! Patrick ! I fear you at one time took a fancy to the left-off clothes of gentlefolk ! You would have consulted better for your taste and self-respect, had you stuck by some fashion of your own, or of your Celtic forefathers. Besides, if you must have a coat, why make an article of dress, ridiculous enough in itself, superfluously ridiculous by a double length of tail ? And, if you must wear a chimney-hat, why sit upon it habitually, or kick it into that outrageous abnegation and defiance of all shape and form ? A pleasanter sight, however, than even the pleasant-faced, queer-costumed Paddies, would be that of the passing peasant-women, young and old—the bright-eyed, blue-cloaked, red-petticoated Paddeens. You would think that all the nursery-books in all the land had become animated over night, and that all their pictured pages were marching upon Galway.

One remarkable and most creditable characteristic of this over-populated city is the total absence of beggars. I have, indeed, seen one old blind man, led along by the usual dog Tray ; but from his neck he had suspended a little wooden box, containing a few articles of no earthly value for sale, and by this transparent but pardonable artifice he was eluding the vigilance of the police. He had been arrested, poor fellow, a few days previously, for appearing without his talisman. Even our dogs are

liable to a similar fate if similarly unprovided. The law ordains that every dog, allowed to patrol the streets, shall be so weighted with a timber-loaded collar as to render biting difficult, and speed impossible. The weights, I am told, were originally attached to the tail ; but, in consequence of the spread of hydrophobia, the fashion was discarded in favour of the present one. No attention, however, is now paid to the spirit of the law. The letter is observed by the hanging of a tiny log of wood to the neck of every rambling cur. I have known a friend of my own to burthen the neck of his house-dog with a champagne-cork. In my earliest walks here I was greatly puzzled to account for this unusual fashion of canine necklaces. It seemed to me as though the curs were all doing penance, and that I had arrived in the middle of a dog-Lent. There is a more formidable burthen to be tied ere long round the necks of these street-wanderers in the shape of an annual tax. This load, I fear, will weigh down many an unsuspecting doggie to the bottom of our canals, there to study subaqueous botany tail upwards and nose downwards, steadied in that uncomfortable position by a brickbat-anchor—a talisman against all future ill.

There is an old man, whom I pass continually in my walks, whose costume is composed of several millions of rags. These rags are either fastened to the person of the wearer by some glutinous material, or—what to me seems more probable—are held together by some special interposition of Providence. I have an idea that this composite and mosaic costume was the original coat of many colours made for Joseph by his father ; that it passed from the Ishmaelites to Phœnicia ; from thence to Spain ; and was brought by a Milesian colony to the City of the Tribes, where it has remained to this day. The aged wearer could no more strip his clothes off of an evening than a bear could doff his skin before wallowing in the water. For all the shabbiness of his outer covering, this old gentleman is no beggar in the commonplace acceptation of

the term. He has never once condescended to offer me a regular and formal petition. On every occasion of my passing, he has said, with a tone of meek and long-suffering reproachfulness:—"It's the ha'penny, your honour, that I never got!"

There are old women about by the hundred, some in gowns infinitely checkered, some clad with a simplicity that would have stirred Diogenes to envy and emulation. One old soul trudges contentedly about, arrayed in a very slightly-disguised mealsack. She appears to have made a hole in the bottom of it for the head to go through, and a hole at either side for the occasional extrusion of her arms, and to put it on as you would put on an ordinary smock. This soapless gymnosophist seemed as cheerful and contented when the frost was on the ground as she does now, when the sun is fit to bake us all, and send us into costumes simpler than her own. By many of these rambling old ladies I have, unhappily, been taken in charge. I seldom leave my door at morning, or enter it at eventide, but I have to walk beneath a shower-bath of prayer and invocation. I am wholly unconscious of having done anything to deserve it. With some of these good people I have expostulated, entreating them to go and bless somebody else, if it were only for a fortnight; and at times I have peremptorily, but vainly, desired them to go themselves and be——blessed too. One member in particular of this Benedictine Order seems to entertain a miserably poor idea of my spiritual condition, for she prays for me, to all appearance, absolutely without ceasing. My landlady has, indeed, threatened her with the police; but this persistent old Christian, supported by the purity of her motives and the legality of her proceedings, lays wait for me daily, discharges at my devoted head volley upon volley of heartrending—because utterly unprovoked—benediction.

But if beggars are rare, brats are rife. On a sunny evening every street and alley is swarming with urchins. An elephant could scarcely take three con-

secutive steps in the fish-market without stamping upon dozens of ragged, happy, little rascals. The fact is, Pat, like Harry VIII. is addicted to matrimony, but is without the burly monarch's love of change. When Nora has passed the outermost rim of early womanhood, if she be in possession of a feather-bed and a pig, she will not have long to pine for a Benedick. Pay sweet Nora a visit in some half-a-dozen years, and you will find her cabin-floor sprinkled with ducks, and geese, and hens, and pigs, and piglings, and black-eyed, curly-haired, semi-clad, merry little photographs of Patrick and Nora. Common things are usually held cheap. It is not so with regard to children amongst the poorer classes here. It is a singular phenomenon in social ethics, that the Irish Catholic peasantry should be purer in unmarried life, and more affectionate and self-denying in their after family-relations, not only than the peasantry, but than any class of any degree in more wealthy and civilized England. The Irish reaper sends from across the water his summer wages, almost untouched, to mother, or wife, or sister. The Irish emigrant in America devotes his first earnings to the procuring of free outward passages for his kinsfolk left behind. The servant-maid in Cork or Dublin, well-housed, well-fed, well-clothed, sighs for the smoky cabin on the bare hill-side, for the potato-diet and the red petticoat of her childhood; and will send ungrudgingly a large share of her annual wages to buy peat, potatoes, or a pig for the dear and dirty ones at home. The moral purity of the Irish peasant is attributable in a very great degree to the working of the confessional; his clannishness and affectionateness in domestic life are due to his Celtic blood.

In my walks I meet with certain oddities, who seem part and parcel of the place, and whose absence would create in my mind an uncomfortable sensation of vacuum. Half-way upon the sea-road sits a weird and crow-like old woman, who would make a capital witch in a pantomime. She has a little tray upon the ground, with apples or gooseberries for sale. I once made her

a trifling present, and for a fortnight she was aristocratic with oranges. But this was a golden age, a season of transitory grandeur. I never knew her but once with a stock-in-trade that could possibly have cost fourpence, and I have seen the same threepennyworth gradually moulder for lack of purchasers. She never seems to beg, and no one ever seems to notice her.

There is a tall, gaunt man, some six foot six in height, who walks peacefully but mournfully about, uttering no complaint, but leaving behind him an almost visible trail of misery. He was at one time, I am told, a respectable cottier; but the corn-laws came, and brought a blessing to many a manufacturing district in the kingdom, and in Ireland turned many a peasant-farmer out of doors;—the old see-saw of good and evil. God be merciful to such as are seated on the lower end of the plank!

I must also make special mention of a nondescript creature that might profitably engage the attention of a comparative anatomist. The creature is considerably below three feet in height, and walks about with a staff of its own length, and in a costume approaching the feminine. It has a jovial look, the creature; takes a penny, if unsolicited you should offer it, in a bluff and hearty manner, as though to reassure you, and let you know that there is nothing in the transaction for you to be ashamed of. This creature is to me a perambulating conundrum; an animated note of interrogation. I trust nobody will ever give me the answer. The conundrum, I am nearly sure, is either a man, or a woman. Indeed, I once saw this him-her going into church during Lent-tide for confession. Consequently, there will be some one in the world that knows whether this *it* is a *he* or a *she*. God be with it, be it masculine, or feminine, or neuter, or epicene! for it is a good-natured and a sunshiny creature.

The country walks around the city admit of little variety. If you take the north-easterly side of the river, and make for Lough Corrib, you will pass

over a land of solid limestone. Patches here and there of greenest grass afford excellent pasture. Such is the case with all grass upon a limestone foundation. Here, to all appearances, some fifty acres might support one goat. On the other side of the river, if you walk in a north-westerly direction, you will pass over thinly-clad granite until you reach a knoll, called Badger's Something. The name is, in reality, a Celtic word, the correct translation of which presents a trifling difficulty. From the summit of this hill of quaint denomination you have one of the strangest and most gloomily-beautiful of views. On every side are low, undulating grounds, studded close and thick with stone fences. It seems as though every acre were a book-cover bound in stone; or as though you had before you hundreds and thousands of pounds (not money-pounds). A hard and pitiless land. Valley upon valley of desolation. You would think it was the ruins of some old world, and that there had not yet elapsed sufficient time for its renovation. This would be the very hill for Deucalion and Pyrrha to descend. If they threw over their shoulders every stone they fell in withal, an empty world would be repopled in a fortnight. Look again; it is the skeleton of a land, off which the grassy skin and turfy flesh have been scraped by that old anatomist, Time. There were green forests hereabouts in olden days. Strange to say, there are multitudinous cots within the circle of your ken; but the grey cots amalgamate with the grey landscape. Here and there a film of smoke tells of underlying life. These cots are inhabited by a peaceful, orderly, moral, and religious peasantry. Alas! within another twenty years these honest people will be on the other side of the Atlantic, unless some sensible men of commerce come to make their own fortunes with having their wheels turned by the willing waters of the river Corrib.

But, although the inland walks, for all their savage grandeur, are a little monotonous, the westward sea-walk is magnificent. Arrived at the Blackrock upon the sea-road, you pass a stone stile,

and walk along a smooth terrace of green. You reach an isolated heap of stones. They seem loosely scattered. Look again ; there is a method in the scattering. There are headstones, and footstones, and loose cairns between. Raise your hat, for you are on holy ground ; in the burying-place of ancient mariners ; in the churchyard of the Great Worm. Pass on, until over stone and shingle you reach the promontory ahead. When you reach it, be sorry it is not the month of May. For, were it so, the green grass all around you would be alive and merry with little Alpine strangers, the blue-starred gentian flowers. And now walk to the farther end of the bold jutting hill, and look over the undulating hills of County Clare, the great masses of hard limestone whitening in the sun's rays ; and look westwards, where the isles of Arran lie—visible, if you come upon a lucky day anticipatory of rain—look, and see the western sun go hissing into the red sea ; look northwards at the wide grey wilderness, and eastwards towards the broken outline of the old city ; and, if the heart be not stirred within you by a spectacle so varied and beautiful and solemn, then God help you !

But apart from the beauty and grandeur of the scene, the promontory on which you stand and its brethren twain possess a peculiar geological interest. They are composed of limestone detritus, and are as full of granite boulders as a Christmas pudding of plums. They were deposited here by some great glacial drift. The limestone dust would percolate through the clefts and firths of ice ; and ever and anon the ice-lumps would tumble over like wheelbarrows, and shoot out their loads of granite. Far inland you will see marks of the great drift in the rounded outlines of the lower hills ; and, clearest of all, in great isolated boulders ; petrified gods, stone Titans—mute, shapeless records of a dead eternity.

Again, from the lower part of the hill, look upon the shallow and narrow water betwixt you and the opposite promontory. If you dig some two or three feet deep, on the verge of low-

water mark during spring-tides, you will disinter a variety of beautiful shells, that are strangers to European shores. They are the painted homes or vessels of little mollusc-mariners, that sailed hither in the tepid waters of the Gulf-stream, thousands and thousands of years before the birth of Christopher Columbus.

But, apart alike from consideration of picturesque beauty, of geological and conchological interest, this hill is to my imagination consecrated by a strange and prophetic dream that I dreamt here one cloudless sunny afternoon. I dreamt that I was made dictator of this beautiful but ill-starred island for the space of three moons ; that I made instant and diligent search, and had brought together on to yonder beach all non-resident noblemen ; all idle, good-for-nothing gentlemen-jockeys ; all rude, discourteous, and mischief-working proselytisers ; all sheepless shepherds ; the mayors and councillors of certain cities notorious for the rowdiness of their religion ; all ecclesiastical editors ; all political ecclesiastics ; that one day upon the hill were stationed thirty bands of music, and that the pasture-grounds along the beach were crowded with a million of spectators ; that the Great Eastern was at anchor in the centre of the bay, and that the non-resident noblemen, and the idle, good-for-nothing gentlemen-jockeys, and the mischief-working proselytisers, the sheepless shepherds, the unruly mayors and councillors, the ecclesiastical politicians, and political ecclesiastics went two and two into boats, to be embarked in the new Noah's ark, and to enter there upon a Kilkenny warfare ; and that, when the ark was laden with its cargo of mischief and rubbish, it made slowly and majestically for the western sea ; and that thereupon the thirty bands struck up a marvellous sound of jubilant harmony, and that the million of spectators shouted with a loud shout, and that thereafter the land had rest forty thousand years.

Let us on some one of our walks return from the promontory by the new Grattan Road, and thread the mazes of the Claddagh. This is our fishing vil-

lage. It consists of numerous disconnected little clumps of cottages, scattered about in reckless confusion. You may walk where you please, for there is no *cul-de-sac*. It is a Rosamond's Bower : a very dirty one, wherein you cannot go astray, and wherein is no Rosamond. Peep into one of the cots, and you have a sample of them all. A ground-floor, a thatched roof, a peat-fire, an old withered woman dimly visible through the peat-smoke, a gander, goose, and goslings, and a duck family about the doorway, a cock with his cackling harem perched on some beam inside, and some half-clad merry urchins teasing a black piggy-wig. And now you have seen enough ; the smell of peat is too pungent to be agreeable. Your eyes are watering, and you have a sensation in your nose and mouth as though you had been smoking a mixture of soot and bad tobacco. If it be a sunny day, and near the evening hours, we may as well walk to the end of the western pier, seat ourselves upon its ledge of stone, and contemplate. Yon tall and stately vessels at anchor in the roadstead, asleep on their own perfect shadows, are discharging into barges cargoes of grain or guano. From round the lighthouse is coming a fleet of fishing-craft in long line, one by one, black-sailed, and freighted, according to the season, with fish, or peat, or seaweed. But there is a splash to our left : look, there are little sea-dogs leaping at low water into the sea some fifteen or twenty feet below them. Scarcely have they cloven the clear green water with their down-pointed feet, when up again they spring like corks, and away they go swimming and frisking like tadpoles. The transparency of the water beneath us is delusive as to its real depth ; none of these leapers, unless he made a purposed effort, need touch the white sand with his feet. Observe one of these little fellows after he has undressed. Round his neck you will see a collar of cord, with a slip, apparently of leather, attached. This, I imagine, is an amulet, and has been blessed by the priest. The lad will cross himself upon the forehead and the breast just before he plunges—

No. 71.—VOL. XII.

with his amulet on—into the water. Now this almost unconscious reference to religion, made by these peasant children in the midst of noise and play might suggest to one a few reflections upon the contrasts between Catholicism and Protestantism. The former might seem an adaptative garment, fit for wear on every day alike ; the latter a robe kept clean and new by being worn on Sundays only. The former might seem a monetary system embracing notes, and gold, and silver, and minutest copper coins ; the latter a silver coinage, where many pieces must be used to pay a sum of magnitude, and where no piece is small enough for trifling wants. But, bless me, I am wandering. As the tide is at its lowest, let us walk round by the fish-market, and see the river dragged for salmon.

At the further end of the fish-market is an old and broken and picturesque gateway. Over it, with your mind's eye, you may trace the words : "Ichabod, Ichabod." I trust, the glory will one day return again. At intervals in our streets you will see great stately mansions, that bespeak an ancient time of prosperity and wealth. For a long period Galway was held, as an outlying, isolated, and well-defended camp, by a small but gallant and resolute band of Anglo-Normans, in the midst of a numerous, fierce, and inveterately hostile population. Over one of the gates is said to have been inscribed : "From the bloody O'Flahertys, O Lord, deliver us !" After the subjugation of the native septa, the heads and leading members of the great houses or tribes of Galway engaged largely in the wine trade with France and Spain, exporting grain and cattle. The architecture of the old mansions is such as you read of in "Don Quixote," or "Gil Blas." You pass through an archway in the centre of the front façade into a square court bounded by the dwelling-house and offices. The mullions and ornamental work, wherever uneffaced, are Spanish in style. To the remains of one of the old mansions a singular and tragic interest is attached. A young patrician,

E E

whose father was head of a tribe, and mayor of the city, on his return from Spain as supercargo in one of his father's vessels, murdered the captain from motives of love-jealousy. He was tried, found guilty, and condemned to death. But youth, and noblesse, and the special motive for the crime pleaded for the criminal, and no one had the will or courage to act the part of executioner. On the balcony of his own house the mayor vindicated with his own hands the terrible majesty of law. Galway had its stern fathers as well as ancient Rome.

This old city has never ceased to be Catholic ; the vesper-bell has rung for centuries ; [the old cathedral stands, a venerable cross, in our midst ; but its vaulted roof of stone re-echoes, and on Sundays only, to the thin sound of rare Protestant worshippers. The Catholic sparrow gazes yearningly on the old nest, and thinks hard things of the Protestant cuckoo.

Religious discord has been for ages the curse of Ireland, the chief obstacle in the way of its mental and commercial progress. It is a melancholy fact that the city which has most disgraced itself by the perpetuation of religious animosities is the centre and nucleus of Scotch-Irish Presbyterianism. A Catholic city in the south may be placed second in the discreditable list. The established Church of Ireland has suffered greatly, and, perhaps, unfairly, in the estimation of the Catholic public, and of very many of its own members, by its supposed connexion with a society of zealous, well-meaning, but unsuccessful and indiscreet proselytisers. Every single lay Protestant gentleman, and almost every Protestant clergyman, with whose opinions on the subject I have become directly or indirectly conversant, views unfavourably the extreme measures adopted by this society. It was only of late that I was walking with two friends, whose attachment to our own communion is undoubted, but who have numerous friends attached to the older form of faith, when, at a turn in the street, we read on a large placard staring us in the face the follow-

ing words : "*The Hope of the Christian AS CONTRASTED with the Hope of the Roman Catholic !!!*" I cannot say which of the three felt the most humiliated by the perusal of this mischievous and most un-Christian insult.

If such a placard were posted up by the emissaries of a religious minority in the streets of Belfast, Aberdeen, Glasgow, or Manchester, the posters would be fleet of foot indeed, if they escaped out of any of these towns with a sound head and a whole skin. It speaks well for the forbearance of the Catholic clergy, and the orderliness of our poorer population here, that the periodical appearance of such indecent manifestos has never led to a disturbance of the peace.

And now, reader, let me tell you of a sad, but edifying spectacle, that I witnessed some six months ago in this old Catholic city. Early in the last spring, upon a certain day every shop was here closed till past noon, and the whole population was out of doors. A student of the college was that morning to be buried. The deceased had been a youth of excellent abilities, of good promise ; of kindly, affectionate, and loveable temperament. His death had been due to a most lamentable accident. His family were widely known, and universally respected. The coffin was carried on the shoulders of fellow-students ; and on the coffin were laid the student's cap and gown. There was only one conveyance in the funeral procession, and in that were seated the father of the poor boy, and a white-haired, venerable man of God—the Catholic rector of the parish. The father was a Protestant. The funeral service was read by two Protestant clergymen, in a church crammed with a congregation of Catholic poor. The priest stood by the father through the service in the alien church, and stood by him at the grave-side, supporting him through his moments of unspeakably agony. Where I was standing in the churchyard, was a group of little ragged children ; Catholics, of course. One of them spoke with an inopportune loudness, but was rebuked by a tiny

companion, and told to be quiet, and listen to the good clergyman. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings doth God perfect praise." Whenever, in future, I shall feel my Christianity waning into sectarianism, I shall call to mind that solemn and sublime scene; how the white-haired servant of the

Lord stood comforting a poor Christian brother, heedless of doctrinal differences in the presence of an awful sorrow; and how the ragged little Catholic chit preached, all unconsciously, a short sermon to me upon Christian charity and godly reverence, in a Protestant churchyard.

CRADOCK NOWELL: A TALE OF THE NEW FOREST.

BY RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE.

CHAPTER XXI.

THERE was a little dog that crept and moaned by Clayton's body, a little dog that knew no better, never having been taught much. It was a small black Swedish spaniel, skilful only in woodcocks, and pretty well up to a snipe or two, but actually afraid of a pheasant on account of the dreadful noise he made. She knew not any more than the others why her name was "Wena," and she was perfectly contented with it, though it must have been a corruption. The men said it ought to be "Winifred"; the maids, more romantic, "Rowena;" but very likely John Rosedew was right, being so strong in philology, when he maintained that the name was a syncopated form of "Wadstena," and indicated her origin.

However, she knew her master's name better than her own. You had only to say "Clayton" anywhere or anywhen, and she would lift her tangled ears in a moment, jerk her little whisk of a tail, till you feared for its continuity, and trot about with a sprightly air, seeking all around for him. Now she was cuddled close in to his bosom, moaning, and shivering, and licking him, staring wistfully at his eyes and the wound where the blood was welling. She would not let John Rosedew touch him, but snapped as he leaned over; and then she began to whimper softly, and nuzzle her head in closer. "Wena," he said,

in a very low voice—"pretty Wena, let me." And then she understood that he meant well, and stood up, and watched him intently.

John knew in a moment that all was over between this world and Clayton Nowell. He had felt it from the first glance indeed, but could not keep hope from fluttering. Afterwards he had no idea what he did, or how he did it, but the impression left by that short gaze was as stern as the death it noted. Full in the throat was the ghastly wound, and the charge had passed out at the back of the neck, through the fatal grape-cluster. Though the bright hair flowed in a pool of blood, and the wreck of life was pitiful, the face looked calm and unwrung by anguish, yet firm and staunch, with the courage summoned to ward death rather than meet it.

John Rosedew, shy and diffident in so many little matters, was not a man to be dismayed when the soul is moving vehemently. Now he leaped straight to the one conclusion, fearful as it was.

"Holy God, have mercy on those we love so much! No accident is this, but a savage murder."

He fell upon his knees one moment, and prayed with a dead hand in his own. He knew, of course, that the soul was gone, a distance thought can never gaze; but prayer flies best in darkness.

Then, with the tears all down his cheeks, he looked round once, as if to mark the things he would have to tell

of. In front of the corpse lay the favourite gun, with the muzzle plunged into the bushes, as if the owner had fallen with the piece raised to his shoulder. The hammer of one barrel was cocked, of the other on half-cock only; both the nipples were capped, and, of course, both barrels loaded. The line of its fire was not towards Craddock, but commanded a little by-path leading into the heart of the wood.

Meanwhile, Craddock had fallen forward from the steep brow of the hedge-bank; the branch to which he clung in that staggering way, had broken. Slowly he rose from the ground, and still intent and horror-struck, unable to come nearer, looked more like one of the smitten trees which they call in the forest "dead men," than a living and breathing body. John Rosedew, not knowing what he did, ran to the wretched fellow, and tried to take his hand, but the offer was quite unnoticed. With his eyes still fixed on his twin-brother's corpse, the youth began fumbling clumsily in the pocket of his shooting-coat; he pulled out a powder-flask, and rapidly, never once looking at it, dropped a charge into either barrel. John heard the click of the spring—one, two, as quick as he could have said it. Then the young man drew from his waistcoat-pocket two thick patent wads, and squeezed one into either cylinder. All at once it struck poor "Uncle John" what he was going to do. Preparing to shoot himself!

"Craddock, my boy, is this all the fear of God I have taught you?"

Craddock looked at him curiously, and nodded his head in acknowledgment. It was plain that his wits were wandering. The parson immediately seized the gun, and sowed the powder broadcast, then wrenched the flask away from him with a hand there was no resisting. Then for the first time he observed Caldo in the hedge, "down-charging;" the well-trained dog had never moved from the moment his master fired.

"Come with me at once, come home, Craddock; boy, you *shall* come home with me!"

But the man of threescore was not quick enough for the young despair. Craddock was out of sight in the thicket, and Caldo galloped after him. Wild with himself for his slowness of wit, John Rosedew ran to poor Clayton's gun, for fear of his brother finding it. Then he took from the dead boy's pocket his new and burnished powder-flask, though it went to his heart to do it, and leaped upon the back of Coræbus, without a thought of Xenophon. Only Wena was left to keep her poor master company.

How the rector got to the hall I know not, neither has he any recollection; but he must have sat his horse like a Nimrod, and taken a hedge and two ditches. All we know is that he did get there, with Coræbus as frightened as he was, and returned to the place of disaster and death, with three men, of whom Dr. Hutton was one. Sir Craddock was not yet returned to his home, and the servants received proper orders.

As the four men, walking in awe and sorrow, cast the light of a lamp through the bushes, they heard a quick rustle of underwood, and crackle of the dead twigs, but saw no one moving.

"Some one has been here since I left," exclaimed John Rosedew, trembling; "some one has lain beside the body, and put marks of blood on the forehead."

Each of the men knew of course, what it was—Craddock embracing his brother!

"A good job you took the gun away; wonder you had the sense though," said Rufus Hutton sharply, to pretend he wasn't crying; "I only know what I should have done, if I had shot my brother so—blown out the remains of my brains, sir!"

"Hush!" said John Rosedew, solemnly, and his deep voice made their hearts thrill; "it is not our own life to will or to do with. In the hands of the Lord are our life and our death."

They knelt around the pale corpse tenderly, shading the lamp from the eyes of it: even Rufus could not handle it in a medical manner. One of the men,

who had always declared that he had saved Clayton's life in his childhood, fell flat on the ground, and sobbed fearfully. I cannot dwell on it any more; it makes a fellow cry to think of it. Only, thank God, that I am not bound to tell how they met his father.

CHAPTER XXII.

MARK STOTE, the head gamekeeper on the Nowelhurst estate, was a true and honest specimen of the West Saxon peasant—slow, tenacious, and dogged, faithful and affectionate, with too much deference perhaps to all who seemed "his betters." He was now about fifty years old, but sturdy and active as ever, with a weather-beaten face and eyes always in quest of something. His home was a lonely cottage in one of the plantations, and there he had a tidy and very intelligent wife, and a host of little anxieties. His children, the sparrow-hawks, the weasels, the young fellows who "called themselves under-keepers, and all they kept was themselves, sir,"—what with these troubles, and (worst, perhaps, of all) that nest of charcoal burners by the bustle-headed oak, with Black Will at the head of them, sometimes, Mark Stote would assure us, his head was gone "all wivvery¹ like," and he could get no sleep of night-time.

A mizzly, drizzly rain set in before the poor people got home that evening with the body of Clayton Nowell. Long mournful sighs of wind ensued, the boughs of the trees went heavily, and it blew half a gale before morning; but it takes a real storm to penetrate some parts of the forest. Once, however, let the storm get in, and it makes the most of the opportunity, raging with triple fury, as a lion does in a compound—the rage of the imperious blast, when it finds no exit.

In the gray of the morning, two men met, face to face, in the overhanging of

¹ "Wivvery," i.e. giddy and dizzy.—
[?] "Weavery," from the clack and thrum of the loom, or, more probably, a softer form of "quivery:" the West Saxon loves to soften words.

the Coffin Wood. Which was the more scared of the two, neither could have said; although each felt a little pleased at the terror of the other. The one of strong nerves was superstitious; the other, though free from much superstition, was nervous under the circumstances. The tall and big man was Mark Stote, the little fellow who frightened him Dr. Rufus Hutton. The latter, of course, was the first to recover presence of mind, for Mark Stote's mental locomotion was of ponderous metal.

"What brings you here, Mr. Stote, at this time of the morning?"

"And what brings *you* here, Dr. Hutton?" Mark might have asked with equal reason. He wondered afterwards why he did not; the wonder would have been if he had. As it was he only said,—

"To see the rights o' my young meester, sir."

"The wrongs you mean," said Rufus; "Mark Stote, there is more in this matter than any man yet has guessed at."

"You be down upon the truth of it, my word for it but you be, sir. I've a shot along o' both of 'em, since 'em wor that haigh, and see'd how they thought of their guns, sir; Meester Clayton wor laike enough to shoot Meester Cradrock 'xidentially; but never wicey warse, sir, as the parson sayeth, never wicey warse, sir, for I niver see no one so cartious laike."

"Mark Stote, do you mean to say that Cradock shot his brother on purpose?"

Mark stared at Rufus for several moments, then he thrust forth his broad brown hand and seized him by the collar. Dr. Hutton felt that he was nothing in that big man's grasp, but he would not play the coward.

"Stote, let me go this instant. I'll have you discharged this very day unless you beg my pardon."

"That you moy then, if you can, meester. A leetle chap coom fram Ingy, an' we bin two hunner and feesty year 'long o' the squire and his foregoers!"

Nevertheless he let Rufus go, and looked over his hat indignantly.

"You are an honest fellow," cried Hutton, when he got his breath again; "an uncommonly honest fellow, although in great need of enlightenment. It is not in my nature, my man," here he felt like a patron, getting over his shaking, so elastic was his spirit; "I assure you, Luke—ah no, your name is Matthew; upon my word I beg your pardon, I am almost sure it is Mark—Mr. Mark, I shall do my utmost for your benefit. Now talk no more, but act, Mark."

"I oodn't a talked nothing, but for mating with your honour."

"Then resume your taciturnity, which I see is habitual with you, and perhaps constitutional." Mark Stote felt sore all over. Dr. Hutton now was the collarer. Mark, in his early childhood, had been to school for a fortnight, and ran away with a sense of rawness, which any big word renewed.

"Mr. Stote, I will thank you to search in that direction, while I investigate this way."

Mark Stote longed to suggest that possibly Dr. Hutton, being (as you might say) a foreigner, was not so well skilled in examining ground as a woodman of thirty years' standing; and therefore, that he, old Mark, should have the new part assigned to him, before it was trampled by Rufus. But the game-keeper knew not how to express it; sure though he was (as all of us are, when truth hits the heart like a hammer), that something evil would come of slurring the matter so feebly. But who are we to blame him?—we who transport a poor ignorant girl for trying to hide her ignominy, while we throttle, before she can cry, babe Truth, who should be received in society with a "Welcome, little stranger?"

With the heavy rain-drops hanging like leeches, or running together, as they do, at every thorn or scale of the bark, seeking provocation to come down the nape of the neck of any man, Rufus Hutton went creeping under, trying not to irritate them, pretending that he was

quite at home, and understood them like a jungle. Nevertheless he repented, and did not thoroughly search more than ten square yards. The things would knock him so in the face, and the stumps would stick in his trousers so, and the drops were so bad for his rheumatism; and, as it was quite impossible for any man to make way there, what on earth was there to look for?

In spite of all this, he did find something, and stowed it away in his waistcoat pocket, to be spoken of, or otherwise, according to the turn of events. And by this he meant no dishonesty, at least in his own opinion, only he pitied young Craddock most deeply, and would do all he could in his favour. At the side of the narrow by-path leading from that woodman's track (by which John Rose-dew had approached) into the far depth of the thicket, Dr. Hutton found, under a blackberry bush, a little empty tube, unlike any tube he had seen before. It was about two inches and a half in length, and three-fourths of an inch in diameter. Sudden as it was with the rain, and opened partway along the seam, it still retained, unmistakeably, the smell of exploded powder. It seemed to be made of mill-board, or some other form of paper, with a glaze upon the outside and some metal foil at the butt of it. What puzzled Rufus most of all was a little cylinder passing into and across the bottom, something like a boot tag.

Dr. Hutton was not at this time skilled in modern gunnery. He knew how to load a fowling-piece, and what the difference was between a flint-gun and a percussion-gun; moreover, he had been out shooting once or twice in India, not from any love of the sport, but to oblige his neighbours. So he thought himself both acute and learned in arriving at the conclusion that this was a cartridge-case.

"Mark, does Mr. Craddock Nowell generally shoot with cartridges?"

"He laiketh mostways to be with a curtreege in his toard barryel, sir."

"Oh, keeps a cartridge in his left barrel, does he; and fires first the right, I suppose?"

Leaving Mark to continue the search, Rufus returned to the hall, after carefully taking the distances between certain important points. He was bound, as he felt, to lose no time in making the strictest examination of the poor youth's body. For now, in this great calamity, the management of everything seemed to fall upon Rufus Hutton. Sir Cradock, of course, was overwhelmed; John Rosedew, although so deeply distressed, for the boys were like his own to him, was ready to do his utmost; but, as every one knew, except himself, he was not a man of the world. Unluckily, too, Mr. Garnet, always the leading spirit wherever he appeared, had not yet presented himself in this keen emergency. But his son came up, in the course of the day, to ask how Sir Cradock Nowell was, and to say that his father was quite laid up with a violent bilious attack. Dr. Hutton worked very hard, kept his mind on the stretch continually, ordered every one right and left. He even contrived to repulse all the kindred, to the twentieth generation, who were flocking in, that day, to rejoice at the manhood of the heir. From Old Hogstaff, who knew all the family, kith and kin, and friends and enemies, he learned the names of the guests expected, and met them with laconic missives handed through the closed gates at the lodge. In many cases, it is to be feared, indignation overcame sympathy; "upstart insolence!" was heard through the clatter of carriage-windows, very nearly as often as, "most sad occurrence!" However, most of them were consoled by the prospect of learning everything at the inquest on the morrow. What could be clearer than that Cradock must be hanged for Clayton's murder? The disgrace would kill the old baronet. "And then, it would be very painful, but my wife would be bound, sir, for the sake of her poor children, to prove her direct descent from that well-known Sir Cradock Nowell, who shot a man in the New Forest. Ah, I fear it runs in the family."

But their wrath was most unphilosophical, unworthy of any moralists, when

they found that Rufus had cheated them all as to the time of the inquest. In every direction he spread a report that the coroner could not attend until three o'clock on Friday, while he had arranged very quietly to begin the proceedings at noon. And he had taken good care to secure the presence of all the chief men in the neighbourhood—the magistrates, the old friends of the family, all who were interested in its honour rather than in its possessions. As none of the baffled cousins could solace themselves with outcry that the matter had been hushed up, they discovered that kind feeling had made the scene too sad for them.

The coroner sat in the principal room at the "Nowell Arms;" the jury had been to see the body lying at the hall, and now were to hear the evidence. Six or seven of the county magistrates sat behind the coroner, and their clerk was with them. Of course they did not attend officially, their jurisdiction being entirely several from that of the present court. But there could be little doubt that their action would depend, in a great measure, upon what should now transpire.

The jury was chosen carefully to preclude, so far as might be, the charge of private influence. They were known, for the most part, as men of independence and probity, and two of them as consistent enemies to the influence of the Hall. As for general spectators, only a few of the village-folk allowed their curiosity to conquer their good feeling, or, perhaps, I should say their discretion; for all were tenants under Sir Cradock; and, though it was known by this time that Bull Garnet was ill and in bed, prostrated by one of his old attacks, everybody felt certain that he would find out who dared to be present, and visit them pretty smartly.

It would be waste of time to recount all the evidence given; for we know nearly all that Dr. Hutton and the clergyman would depose. Another medical man, Dr. Gall, had also examined poor Clayton's remains; and the healing profession, who cure us (like bacon) after they have killed us, are remarkable for

agreeing in public, and quarrelling sadly in private life. So Dr. Gall deposed exactly as Mr. Hutton had done. He was very emphatic towards Rufus, in the use of the proper prefix; but we who know the skill displayed pre-suppose the game certificate.

One part, however, of the medical evidence ought to be repeated. Poor Clayton had not died from an ordinary small-shot wound or wounds, but from a ghastly hole through his throat, cut as if by a bullet. As Dr. Gall, who knew something of guns, very concisely put it, the hole was like the hole in a door, when boys have fired, as they sometimes do, a tallow-candle through it. And yet it was fluted at the exit, in the fleshy part of the neck, as no bullet could have marked it. That was caused by the shot diverging, beginning to radiate, perhaps from the opposition encountered.

"In two words," said Dr. Gall, when they had badgered him in his evidence, "the deceased was killed either by a balled cartridge, or by a charge of loose shot fired within three feet of him."

"Very good," thought Rufus Hutton, who heard all Dr. Gall said, "I'll keep my cartridge-case to myself. Poor Cradock shan't have that against him."

Hereupon, lest any mist (which goddesses abound in, *vide* Homer *passim*) descend upon the eyes or mind of any gentle follower of my poor Craddy's fortunes, let me endeavour to explain Dr. Gall's obscurities.

Cartridges, as used by sportsmen with guns which load at the muzzle, are packages of shot compact, and rammed down in a body. Some of them have spiral cases of the finest wire, covered round with paper; others, used for shorter distance, have only cylinders of paper to enclose the shot. The interstices between the shots are solidified with sawdust. The only use of these things is—for they save little time in loading—to kill our brother bipeds, or quadrupeds, if such we are, at a longer distance. The shots are prevented from scattering so widely as they love to do, when freed from the barrel's repression.

They fly in a closer body, their expansive instincts being checked, when first they leave the muzzle, by the constraint of the case and the tightness of their brotherhood. But it sometimes happens, mainly with wire-cartridges, that the shot can never burst its cerements, and flies in the compass of a slug, until it meets an obstacle. When this is so, the quarry escapes; unless a bullet so aimed would have hit it. This non-expansion is called, in good English, the "balling" of the cartridge. And those which are used for the longest distance, and for wild-fowl shooting—green cartridges, as they are called, containing larger shot—are especially apt to ball.

Dr. Gall was aware, of course, that no one beating for a woodcock would think of putting a green cartridge into his gun at all; but it seemed very likely indeed that Craddock might have used a blue one, for a longer shot with his left barrel; and the blue ones, having wire round them, sometimes ball, though not so often as their verdant brothers. It only remains to be said that when a cartridge balls, it flies with the force, as well as in the compass, of a bullet. With three drachms of powder behind it, it will cut a hole at forty yards through a two-inch deal.

Whether it were a balled cartridge or a charge of loose shot at three feet distance, was the momentous issue. In the former case there would be fair reason to set it down as an accident; for the place where Craddock had first been seen was thirty yards from Clayton; and he might so have shot him thence, in the dusk, and through the thick of the covert. But if that poor boy had died from a common charge of shot, "Murder" was the only verdict true men could return on the evidence set before them. For Craddock must have fired wilfully at the open throat of his brother, then flown to the hedge, and acted horror when he saw John Rose-dew. Where was Craddock? The jury trembled, and so did Rufus Hutton. The coroner repeated the question, although he had no right to do it, at that stage of the evidence.

"Since it occurred he has not been seen," whispered Rufus Hutton at last, knowing how men grow impatient and evil when unanswered.

"Let us proceed with the rest of the evidence," said his honour grandly; "if the young man cares for his reputation, he will be here by and by. But I have ridden far to-day. Let us have some refreshment, gentlemen. Justice must not be hurried."

CHAPTER XXIII.

It will have been perceived already that the coroner was by no means "the right man in the right place." The legal firm, "Cole, Cole, and Son," had been known in Southampton for many years, as doing a large and very respectable business. The present Mr. Cole, the coroner, who had been the "Son" in the partnership, became sole owner suddenly by the death of his father and uncle. Having brains enough to know that he was far from having too much, he took at once into partnership with him an uncommonly wide-awake, wary fellow, who had been head clerk to the old firm, ever biding his time for this inevitable result. So now the firm was thriving under the style and title of "Cole, Chope, and Co." Mr. Chope being known far and wide by the nick-name of "Cole's brains." Mr. Cole being appointed coroner, not many months ago, and knowing very little about his duties, took good care for a time not to attempt their discharge without having "Cole's brains" with him. But this had been found to interfere so sadly with private practice, that little by little Cole plucked up courage, as the novelty of the thing wore off, and now was accustomed to play the coroner without the assistance of brains. Nevertheless, upon an occasion so important as this, he would have come with full cerebrum, but that Chope was gone for his holiday. Mr. Cole however was an honest man—which could scarcely be said of his partner—and meant to do his duty, so far as he could see it. In the present inquiry he had less chance of

seeing it than usual, for he stood in great awe of Mr. Brockwood, a man of ability and high standing, who as Sir Cradock Nowell's solicitor, attended to watch the case, at the suggestion of Rufus Hutton.

Both the guns were produced to the coroner, in the condition in which they were found, except that John Rosedew, for safety's sake, had lowered the right hammer of Clayton's to the half-cock, before he concealed it from Cradock. Cradock's own unlucky piece had been found, on the following morning, in a rushy pool, where he had cast it, as he fled so wildly. Both the barrels had been discharged, while both of Clayton's were loaded. It went to the heart of every man there who could not think Cradock a murderer, when in reply to a jurymen's question, what was the meaning of certain lines marked with a watch-spring file on the trigger-plate of his gun, it was explained that the twins so registered the number and kind of the season's game.

After this, Mark Stote was called, and came forward very awkwardly with a deal of wet on his velveteen cuffs, which he tried to keep from notice. His eyes were fixed upon the coroner, with a kind of defiance, but even while he was kissing the book, he was glad to sniff behind it.

"Mr. Mark Stote," said the coroner, duly prompted, "you have, I believe, been employed to examine the scene of this lamentable occurrence?"

Mark Stote took a minute to understand this, and a minute to consider his answer.

"Yees, my lard, I throwed a squoyle at 'un."

The representative of the Crown looked at Mark with amazement equal at least to that with which Mark was regarding him.

"Gentlemen," asked Mr. Cole, addressing the court in general, "what language does this man talk?"

"West Saxon," replied Mr. Brockwood, speaking apart to the coroner; "West Saxon of the forest. He can talk plain English generally, but whenever these people are nervous, they fall

back unconsciously upon their native idiom. You will never be able to understand him: shall I act as interpreter?"

"With all my heart; that is to say, with the consent of the jury. But what—I mean to say, how—"

"How am I to be checked, you mean, unless I am put upon oath; and how can you enter it as evidence? Simply thus—let your clerk take down the original answers. All the jury will understand them, and so, perhaps, will he."

The clerk, who was a fine young gentleman, strongly pronounced in attire, nodded a distinct disclaimer. It would be so unaristocratic to understand any peasant-tongue.

"At any rate, most of the magistrates do. There are plenty of checks upon me. But I am not ambitious of the office. Appoint any one you please"

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the coroner, glad to shift from himself the smallest responsibility, "are you content that Mr. Brockwood should do as he has offered?"

"Certain, and most kind of him," replied the jury, all speaking at once, "if his honour was unable to understand old English."

"Very good," said Mr. Brockwood; "don't let us make a fuss about nothing. Mr. Stote says he 'threwed a squoyle'; that is to say, he looked at it."

"And in what state did you find the ground?" was the coroner's next question.

"Twearable, twearable. Dwont 'e ax ov me vor gude now, dwont 'e." And he put up his broad hand before his broad face.

"Terrible, terrible," said the coroner, going by the light of nature in his interpretation; "but I do not mean the exact spot only where the body was found. I mean, how was the ground as regards dry and wet, for the purpose of retaining footmarks?"

"Thar a bin zome rick-rack wather, 'bout a sannit back. But most peart on it ave a droud up agin. 'Twur starky, my lard, moor nor stoachy." Here Mark felt that he had described things

lucidly and powerfully, and looked round the room for approval.

"Stiff rather than muddy, he means," explained Mr. Brockwood, smiling at the coroner's dismay.

"Were there any foot-prints upon it, in the part where the ground could retain them?"

"'Twur dounted and full of stabbles, in the perts whur the mulloch wur, but the main of 'un tuffets and stramots."

"That is to say," Mr. Brockwood translated, "the ground was full of impressions and footmarks, where there was any dirt to retain them; but most of the ground was hillocky and grassy, and so would take no footprints."

"When you were searching, did you find anything that seemed to have been overlooked?"

"Yees, my lard, I vound thissom"—producing Crad's stubby meerscham—"and thissom"—a burnt felt-wad—"and a whaile vurther, ai vound thissom." Here he slowly drew from his pocket a very fine woodcock, though not over fat, with its long bill tucked most carefully under its wing. He stroked the dead bird softly, and set its feathers professionally, but did not hand it about, as the court seemed to anticipate.

"In what part, and from what direction, has that bird been shot?"

"Ramhard of the head, my lard, as clane athert shat, and as vaine a bird as iver I wish to zee. But, ah's me, her be a wosebird, a wosebird, if iver wur wan."

Mark could scarcely control his tears, as he thought of the bird's evil omen, and yet he could not help admiring him. He turned him over and over again, and dropped a tear into his tail covert. Mr. Brockwood saw it and gave him time; he knew that for many generations the Stotes had lived under the Nowells.

"Oh, the bird was shot, you say, on the right side of the head, and clean through the head."

"Thank you," proceeded the coroner. "Now, do you think that he could have moved after he touched the ground?"

"Nivir a hinch, I allow, my lard. A vell as dead as a stwoun."

"Now, inform the court, as nearly as you can, of the precise spot where you found it."

It took a long time to discover this, for Mr. Stote had not been taught the rudiments of topography. Nevertheless, they made out at last that the woodcock had been found, dead on his back, with his bill up, eight or ten yards beyond the place where Clayton Nowell fell dead, and in a direct line over his body from the gap in the hedge where Craddock stood. Dr. Hutton must have found the bird, if he had searched a little further.

"Now," said the coroner, forcibly, "Mr. Stote, I will ask you a question which is, perhaps, a little beyond the rules of ordinary evidence, I mean, at least, as permitted in a court of record"—here he glanced at the magistrates, who could not claim the rank of record—"which of these two unfortunate brothers caused, in your opinion, the death of—that woodcock?"

Mr. Brockwood glanced at the coroner sharply, and so did his own clerk. Even the jury knew, by intuition, that he had no right to tout for opinions.

"Them crink-crank words is beyond me. Moy head be awl wivvery wi' 'em, zame as if my old ooman was patchy."

"His honour asks you," said Mr. Brockwood, with a glance not lost on the justices—for it meant, You see how we court inquiry, though the question is quite inadmissible—"which of the brothers in your opinion shot the bird which you found?"

"Why, Meester Craddock, o' course. Meester Cleaton 'ud needs a blowed un awl to hame, where a stwooud."

"Mr. Clayton must have blown him to pieces, if he shot him from the place where he stood, at least from the place where Mr. Clayton fell. And poor Mr. Clayton lay directly between his brother and the woodcock!"

Mr. Brockwood in his excitement forgot that he had no right to put this question, nor, indeed, any other, except as formally representing some one formally

implicated. But the coroner did not check him.

"By whur the blude wor, a moost have been naigh as cud be atwane the vern-patch and the wosebird."

"Very good. That fern-patch was the place where Mr. Craddock dropped from the gap in the hedge. Mr. Rosedew has proved that. Now let us have all you know, Mark Stote. Did you see any *other* marks, stabbles you call them, not, I mean, in the path Mr. Rosedew came along, nor yet in the patches of thicket through which poor Craddock fled, but in some other direction?"

This was the very question the coroner ought to have put long ago. Thus much he knew when Brockwood put it, and now he was angry accordingly.

"Mr. Brockwood, I will thank you—consider, sir, this is a court of record!"

"Then don't let it record stupid humbug!" Mr. Brockwood was a passionate man, and his blood was up. "I will take the responsibility of anything I do. All we want to elicit the truth is a little skill and patience; and for want of that the finest young fellow I have ever known may be blasted for life, for this world and the other. Excuse me, Mr. Coroner, I have spoken precipitately; I have much reverence for your court, but far more for truth."

Here Mr. Brockwood sat down again, and all the magistrates looked at him with nods of approbation. Human passions and human warmth are sure to have their way, even in Areopagus. At last the question was put by the coroner himself. Of course it was a proper one.

"Yees, I zeed wan," said Mark Stote, scratching the back of his head (where at least the memory *ought* to be); but a wadn't of no 'count much."

"Now tell us where that one was."

"Homexide of the rue, avore you coams to them hoar-witheys, naigh whur the bower-stone stanneth. 'Twur zumbawdy yaping about mebbe after nuts as had lanced fro' the rue auver the water-tabla."

Before this could be translated, a great stir was heard in the outer room, a number of people crying "Don't ee-

now!" and a hoarse voice uttering "I will." The coroner was just dismissing Mr. Stote with deep relief to both of them, and each the more respecting because he could not understand the other.

"Mark Stote, you have given your evidence in a most lucid manner. There are few people more to be respected than the thorough Saxon gamekeeper."

"Moy un goo, my lard?" asked the patient Mark, with his neck quite stiff, as he at first had stuck it, and one eye cocked at the coroner, as along the bridge of a fowling-piece.

"Mr. Stote, you may now depart. Your evidence does you the greatest credit, both as the father of a family, and as—as a conservator of game, and I may say—ah, yes—as a faithful family retainer."

"Thank 'ee, my lard, and vor my peart I dwoan't b'leeve now as you manes all the 'arm as most volks says of 'ee."

Mark was louting low, trying to remember the fashion they taught him forty years since in the Sunday-school, when the door flew back, and the cold wind entered, and in walked Craddock Nowell.

As regards the outer man, one may change in fifty ways in half of fifty hours. Villanous ague, want of sleep, violent attacks of bile, inferior claret, love rejected, scarlet fever, small-pox, any of these may make a man lose memory in the looking-glass; but all combined could not have wrought such havoc, such appalment, such drought in the fountains of the blood, as that young face now told of. There was not one line of it like the face of Craddock Nowell. It struck the people with dismay, as they made room and let him pass; it would have struck the Roman senate, even with Cato speaking. Times there are when we forget even our sense of humour, absorbed in the power of passion, and the rush of our souls along with it. No one in that room could have laughed at the best joke ever was made, while he looked at Craddock Nowell.

Utterly unconscious what any fellow thought of him (except perhaps in some

under current of electric sympathy, whose wires never can be cut, up to the drop on the gallows), Craddock crossed the chairs and benches, feeling them no more than the wind feels the hills it crosses. Yet with the inbred courtesy of nature's thorough gentleman, though he forgot all the people there as thinking of himself, he did not yet forget himself as bound to think of them. He touched no man on leg or elbow, be he baronet or cobbler, without apologizing to him. Then he stood in the foremost place, looking at the coroner, saying nothing, but ready to be arraigned of anything.

Mr. Cole had never yet so acutely felt the loss of his "brains;" and yet it is likely that even Choep would have doubted how to manage it. The time a man of the world might pass in a dozen common-places, passed over many a shrewd heads there, and none knew what to say. Craddock's deep gray eyes, grown lighter by the change of health, and larger from the misery, seemed to take in every one who had any feeling for him.

"Here I am, and cannot be hurt, more than my own soul has hurt me. Charge me with murder if you please, I never can disprove it. Reputation is a thing my God thinks needless for me; and so it is in the despair which He has sent upon me."

Not a word of this he spoke, but his eyes said every word of it, to those who have looked on men in trouble, and heard the labouring heart. As usual, the shallowest man there was the first to speak.

"Mr. Nowell," asked the coroner, blandly, as of a wealthy client, "am I to understand, sir, that you come to tender your evidence?"

"Yes," replied Craddock. His throat was tight, and he could not manage to say much.

"Then, sir, I am bound to administer to you the caution usual on these occasions. Excuse me; in fact, I know you will; but your present deposition may be—I mean it is possible—"

"Sir, I care for nothing now. I am here to speak the truth."

"Very laudable. Admirable! Gentlemen of the jury—Mr. Brockwood, perhaps you will oblige the court by examining in chief."

"No, your honour, I cannot do that; it would be a confusion of duties."

"I will not be examined," said Craddock, with a low hoarse voice; he had been in the woods for a day and two nights, and of course had taken cold,—"*I don't think I could stand it. A woman who gave me some bread this morning told me what you were doing, and I came here as fast as I could, to tell you all I know. Let me do it, if you please, in the best way I can; and then do what you like with me.*"

The utter despair of those last words went cold to the heart of every one, and Mark Stote burst out crying so loud that a woman lent him her handkerchief. But Craddock's eyes were hard as flint, and the variety of their gaze was gone.

The coroner hesitated a little, and whispered to his clerk. Then he said with some relief, and a look of kindness,

"The court is ready, Mr. Nowell, to receive your statement. Only you must make it upon oath."

Craddock, being duly sworn, told all he knew, as follows:

"It had been agreed between us, that my—my dear brother should go alone to look for a woodcock, which he had seen that day. I was to follow in about an hour, and meet him in the spire-bed just outside the covert. For reasons of my own, I did not mean to shoot at all, only to meet my brother, hear how he had got on, and come home with him. However, I took my gun, because my dog was going with me, and I loaded it from habit. Things had happened that afternoon which had rather upset me, and my thoughts were running upon them. When I got to the spire-bed, there was no one there, although it was quite dusk; but I thought I heard my brother shooting inside the Coffin Wood. So I climbed the hedge, with my gun half-cocked, and called him by his name."

Here Craddock broke down fairly, as

the thought came over him that henceforth he might call and call, but none would ever answer.

"By what name did you call him?" Mr. Brockwood looked at the coroner angrily. What difference could it make?

"I called, 'Viley, Viley, my boy!' three times, at the top of my voice. I used to call him so in the nursery, and he always liked it. I can't make out why he did not answer, for he must have been close by—though the bushes were very thick certainly. At that instant, before I had time to jump down into the covert, a woodcock, flushed, perhaps, by the sound of my voice, crossed a little clearing not thirty yards in front of me. I forgot all about my determination not to shoot that day, cocked both barrels in a moment, but missed him clean with the first, because a branch of the hedge flew back and jerked the muzzle sharply. But the bird was flying rather slowly, and I got a second shot at him, as he crossed a little path in the copse, too narrow to be called a ride. I felt quite sure that I shot straight at him, and I thought I saw him fall; but the light was very bad, and the trees were very thick, and he gave one of those flapping jerks at the moment I pulled the trigger, so perhaps I missed him."

"That 'ee doedn't, Meester Craydock. Ai'se larned 'ee a bit too much for thic. What do 'ee call thissom?" Here he held up the woodcock. "Meester Craydock, my lard, be the sprackest shat anywhur round these pearts."

Poor Mark knew not that in his anxiety to vindicate his favourite's skill, he was making the case more black for him.

"Mark Stote, no more interruptions, if you please;" exclaimed the coroner: "Mr. Nowell, pray proceed."

"Dwoan't 'ee be haish upon un, my lard, dwoan't 'ee vaine un guilty. A coodn't no how 'ave doed it. A wor that naice and pertiklar, a woodn't shat iven toard a gipsy bwoy. And his oyes be as sprack as a merlin's. A cood zee droo a mokies neestie."

Craddock's face, so pale and haggard but a minute before, was now of a burning red. The jury looked at him with astonishment, and each, according to his bias, put his construction upon the change. Two of them thought it was conscious guilt; the rest believed it to be indignation at the idea of being found guilty. It was neither; it was hope. The flash and flush of sudden hope, leaping across the heart, like a rocket over the sea of despair. He could not speak, but gasped in vain, then glutched (to use a forest word, which means gulped down a sob), and fell back into John Rosedew's arms, faint, and stark, and rigid.

The process of his mind which led him to the shores of light—but only for a little glimpse, a glimpse and then all dark again—was somewhat on this wise: "Only a bullet, or balled cartridge, at the distance I was from him, could have killed my darling Viley on the spot, as I saw him dead, with the hole cut through him. I am *almost* sure that my cartridge was in the left barrel of the gun, where I always put it. And now it is clear that the left barrel killed that unlucky bird, and killed him with shot flying separate, so the cartridge must have opened. Viley, too, was ten feet under the height the bird was flying. I don't believe that I hit him at all. I had loose shot in my right barrel; the one that sent so random, on account of the branch that struck it. I am *almost* sure I had, and I fired quite straight with the left barrel. God is good, the great God is merciful, after all I thought of Him." No wonder that he fainted away, in the sudden reaction.

There is no need to dwell any longer on the misery of that inquest. The principal evidence has been given. The place where Craddock stood in the hedge, and the place where Clayton fell and died; how poor Craddock saw him first, in the very act of jumping, and hung like a nut-shuck, paralysed; how he ran back to his dead twin-brother and could not believe in his death, and went through the woods like a madman, with nothing warm about him, except his

brother's blood,—all this, I think, is clear enough, as it had long been to the jury, and now was to the coroner. Only Craddock awoke from his hope—what did he care for their verdict? He awoke from his hope not in his moral—that there could be no doubt of—but in his manual innocence; when, to face all circumstances, he had nothing but weak habit. He could not swear, he could not even feel confident (and we want three times three for swearing, that barbarous institution) that he had rammed the cartridge down the left barrel, and the charge of shot down the right. All he could say was this, that it was a very odd thing if he had not.

The oddity of a thing is seldom enough to establish its contrary, in the teeth of all evidence. So the jury found that "Violet Clayton Nowell had died from a gunshot wound, inflicted accidentally by his brother Craddock Nowell, whom, after careful consideration, they absolved from all blame."

CHAPTER XXIV.

RUFUS HUTTON rode home that night to Geopharmacy Lodge. He had worked unusually hard, even for a man of his activity, during the last three days, and he wanted to see his Rosa again, and talk it all over with her. Of course he had cancelled her invitation, as well as that of all others, under the wretched circumstances. But before he went, he saw Craddock Nowell safe in the hands of the rector, for he could not induce him to go to the Hall, and did not think it fair towards his wife, now in her delicate health, to invite him to the Lodge. And even if he had done so, Craddock would not have gone with him.

If we strike the average of mankind, we shall find Rufus Hutton above it. He had his many littlenesses—and which of us has few?—his oddities of mind and manner, even his want of charity, and his practical faith in selfishness; none the less for all of that there were many people who loved him. And those of us who are loved of any—save parents, wife, or daughter—loved, I

mean, as the word is felt and not interpreted,—with warmth of heart, and moistened eyes (when good or ill befalls us); any such may have no doubt of being loved by God.

All this while, Sir Cradock Nowell had been alone; and, as Homer has it, "feeding on his heart." Ever since that fearful time, when, going home to his happy dinner with a few choice friends, he had overtaken some dark thing, which he would not let them hide from him,—ever since that awful moment when he saw what it was, the father had not taken food, nor comfort of God or man.

All they did—well-meaning people—was of no avail. It was not of disgrace he thought, of one son being murdered, and the other son his murderer; he did not count his generations, score the number of baronets, and weep for the slur upon them; rave of his painted scutcheon, and howl because this was a dab on it. He simply groaned and could not eat, because he had lost his son—his own, his sweet, his best beloved son.

As for Cradock, the father hoped—for he had not now the energy to care very much about it—that he might not *happen* henceforth to meet him (for all things now were of luck) more than once a month perhaps; and then they need not say much. He never could care for him any more; of that he felt as sure as if his heart were become a tombstone.

Young Cradock, though they coaxed and petted, wept before him at the parson's, and still more behind him, and felt for him so truly deeply that at last he burst out crying (which did him heaven's own good)—Cradock, on his part, would not go to his father, until he should be asked for. He felt that he could go on his knees, and crawl along in abasement, for having robbed the old gray man of all he loved on earth. Only his father must ask for him, or at least give him leave to come.

Perhaps he was wrong. Let others say. But in the depths of his grief he felt the need of a father's love; and so

his agony was embittered because he got no signs of it. Let us turn to luckier people.

"Rufus, why, my darling Rufus, how much more are you going to put on that little piece of ground, no bigger than my work-table?"

Mrs. Hutton had been brought up to "call a spade a spade;" and she extended this wise nomenclature to the contents of the spade as well.

"Rosa, why, my darling Rosa, that bed contains one hundred and twenty-five feet. Now according to the great Justus Liebig, and his mineral theory—"

"One hundred and twenty-five feet, Rue! And I could jump across it! I am sure it is not half so long as my silk measure in the shell, dear!"

"Dearest Rosa, just consider: my pet, get out your tablets, for you are nothing at mental arithmetic."

"Indeed! Well, you never used to tell me things like that, Rufus!"

"Well, perhaps I didn't, Roe. I would have forsworn to any extent, when I saw you among the gilliflowers. But now, my darling, I have got you; and from a lofty feeling, I am bound to tell the truth. Consider the interests, Rosa—"

"Go along with your nonsense, Rue. You talk below your great understanding, because you think it suits *me*."

"Perhaps I do," said Rufus, "perhaps I do now and then, my dear: you always hit the truth so. But is it not better to do that than to talk Greek to my Rosa?"

"I am sure I don't know; and I am sure I don't care either. When have I heard you say anything, Rufus, so wonderful, and so out of the way, that I, *poor I*, couldn't understand it? Please to tell me that, Rufus."

"My darling, consider. You are exciting yourself so fearfully. You make me shake all over."

"Then you should not say such things to me, Rufus. Why, Rue, you are quite pale!"—What an impossibility! She might have boiled him in soda without bringing him to a shrimp-colour.—

"Come into the house this moment, I

insist upon it, and have two glasses of sherry. And you *do* say very wonderful things, much too clever for me, Rufus; and indeed, I believe, too clever for any woman in the world, even the one that wrote Homer."

Rosa Hutton ran into the house, and sought for the keys high and low; then got the decanter at last out of the cellaret, and brought out a bumper of wine. Crafty Rufus stopped outside, thoroughly absorbed in an autumn rose; knowing that she liked to do it for him, and glad to have it done for him.

"Not a drop, unless you drink first, dear. Rosa, here under the weeping elm: you are not afraid of the girls who are making the bed, I hope!"

"I should rather hope not, indeed! Rue, dear, my best love to you. Do you think I'd keep a girl in the house I was afraid to see through the window?"

To prove her spirit, Mrs. Hutton tossed a glass of wine off, although she seldom took it, and it was not twelve o'clock yet. Rufus looked on with some dismay, till he saw she had got the decanter.

"Well done, Rosa! What good it does me to see you take a mere drop of wine! You are bound now to obey me. Roe, my love, your very best health, and that involves my own. You're not heavy on my shoulder, love."

"No, dear, I know that: you are so very strong. But don't you see the boy coming? And that hole among the branches! And the leaves coming off too! Oh, do let me go in a moment, Rue!—"

"Confound that boy! I'm blest if he isn't always after me."

The boy, however, or man as he called himself, was far too important a personage in their domestic economy to be confounded audibly. Gardener, groom, page, footman, knife-boy, and coachman, all in one; a long, loose, knock-kneed, big-footed, what they would call in the forest a "yaping, shammocking gally-bagger." His name was Jonah, and he came from Buckinghamshire, and had a fine drawl of his own, quite different from that of Ytene, which he looked upon as a barbarism.

"Plase sir, Maister Reeves ave a zant them traases as us hardered." Jonah's eyes, throughout this speech, which occupied him at least a minute, were fixed upon the decanter, with ineffable admiration at the glow of the wine now the sun was upon it.

"Then, Jonah, my boy," cried Rufus Hutton, all animation in a moment, "I have a great mind to give you sixpence. Rosa, give me another glass of sherry. Here's to the health of the great horticulturist, Rivers! Most obliging of him to send my trees so early, and before the leaves are off. Come along, Roe, you love to see trees unpacked, and eat the fruit by anticipation. I believe you'll expect them to blossom and bear by Christmas, as St. Anthony made the vines do."

"Well, darling, and so they ought, with such a gardener as you to manage them.—Jonah, you shall have a glass of wine, to drink the health of the trees.—He has never taken his eyes off the decanter, ever since he came up, poor boy."

Rosa was very good-natured, and accustomed to farm-house geniality. Rufus laughed and whispered, "My love, my Indian sherry!"

"Can't help it," said Mrs. Hutton, "less chance of its disagreeing with him. Here, Jonah, you won't mind drinking after your master."

"Here be vaine health to all on us," said Jonah, scraping the gravel and putting up one finger as he had seen the militia men do (in imitation of the regulars); "and may us nayver know no taimse warse than the prasent mawment."

"Hear, hear!" cried Rufus Hutton; "now, come along, and cut the cords, boy."

Dr. Hutton set off sharply, with Rosa on his arm, for he did not feel at all sure but what Jonah's exalted sentiment might elicit, at any rate, half a glass more of sherry. They found the trees packed beautifully; a long cone like a giant lobster-pot, weighing nearly two hundredweight, thatched with straw, and wattled round, and corded over that.

"Out with your knife and cut the cards, boy."

"Well, Rufus, you *are* extravagant!" — "Rather fine, that," thought Dr. Hutton, "after playing such pranks with my sherry!" — "Jonah, I won't have a bit of the string cut. I want every atom of it. What's the good of your having hands if you can't untie it?"

At last they got the great parcel open, and strewed all the lawn with litter. There were trees of every sort, as tight as sardines in a case, with many leaves still hanging on them, and the roots tied up in moss. Half a dozen standard apples; half a hundred pyramid pears, the prettiest things imaginable, furnished all round like a cypress, and thick with blossom-spurs; then young wall-trees, two years' trained, tied to crossed sticks, and drawn up with bast, like the frame of a schoolboy's kite; around the roots and in among them were little roses in pots No. 60, wrapped in moss, and webbed with bast; and the smell of the whole was glorious.

"Hurrah!" cried Rufus, dancing, "no nurseries in the kingdom, nor in the world, except Sawbridgeworth, could send out such a lot of trees, perfect in shape, every one of them, and every one of them true to sort. What a bore that I've got to go again to Nowelhurst to-day! Rosa dear; every one of these trees ought to be planted to-day. The very essence of early planting (which in my opinion saves a twelvemonth) is never to let the roots get dry. These peach-trees in a fortnight will have got hold of the ground, and be thinking of growing again; and the leaves, if properly treated, will never have flagged at all. Oh, I wish you could see to it, Rosa."

"Well, dear Rufus, and so I can. To please you, I don't mind at all throwing aside my banner-screen, and leaving my letter to cousin Magnolia."

"No, no. I don't mean that. I mean, how I wish you understood it."

"Understood it, Rue! Well, I'm sure! As if anybody couldn't plant a tree! And I, who had a pair of gardening gloves when I was only that high!"

NO. 71.—VOL. XII.

"Roe, now listen to me. Not one in a hundred even of professional gardeners, who have been at it all their lives, knows how to plant a tree."

"Well, then, Rufus, if that is the case, I think it very absurd of you to expect that I should. But Jonah will teach me, I dare say. I'll begin to learn this afternoon."

"No, indeed, you won't. At any rate, you must not practise on *my* trees; nor in among them, either. But you may plant the mop, dear, as often as you like, in that empty piece of ground where the cauliflowers were."

"Plant the mop, indeed! Well, Dr. Hutton, you had better ride back to Nowelhurst, where all the grand people are, if you only come home for the purpose of insulting your poor wife. It is there, no doubt, that you learn to despise any one who is not quite so fine as they are. And what are they, I should like to know? What a poor weak thing I am, to be sure; no wonder no one cares for me. I can have no self-respect. I am only fit to plant the mop."

Hereupon the blue founts welled, the carmine of the cheeks grew scarlet, the cherry lips turned bigarreaux, and a very becoming fur-edged jacket lifted, as if with a zephyr stealing it.

Rufus felt immediately that he had been the lowest of all low brutes; and almost made up his mind on the spot that it would be decidedly wrong of him to go to Nowelhurst that evening. We will not enter into the scene of strong self-condemnation, reciprocal collaudation, extraordinary admiration, because all married people know it; and as for those who are single, let them get married and learn it. Only in the last act of it, Jonah, from whom they had retreated, came up again, looking rather sheepish—for he had begun to keep a sweetheart—and spake these winged words,

"Plase sir, if you be so good, it baint no vault o' maine nohow."

"Get all those trees at once laid in by the heels. What is no fault of yours, pray? Are you always at your dinner?"

F F

"Baint no vault o' maine, sir; but there coom two genelman chaps, as zays they musten zee you."

"Must see me, indeed, whether I choose it or no! And with all those trees to plant, and the mare to be ready at three o'clock!"

"Zo I tould un, sir; but they zays as they *must* zee you."

"In the name of the devil and all his works, but I'll give them a bitter reception. Let them come this way, Jonah."

"Oh dear, if you are going to be violent! You know what you are sometimes, Rue—enough to frighten any man."

"Never, my darling, never. You never find Rufus Hutton formidable to any one who means rightly."

"No, no, to be sure, dear. But then perhaps they may not. And after all that has occurred to-day, I feel so much upset. Very foolish of me, I know. But promise me not to be rash, dear."

"Have no fear, my darling Rosa. I will never injure any man who does not insult you, dear."

While Rufus was looking ten feet high, and Mrs. Rufus tripping away, after a little sob and two kisses, Jonah came pelting down the walk with his great feet on either side of it, as if he had a barrow between them. At the same time a voice came round the corner past the arbutus tree, now quivering red with strawberries, and the words thereof were these:—

"Perfect Paradise, my good sir! I knew it must be, from what I heard of him. Exactly like my friend the Dook's, but laid out still more tastefully. Bless me, why his Grace must have copied it! Won't I give him a poke in the ribs when he dines with me next Toosday! Sly bird, a sly bird, I say, though he is such a capital fellow. Knew where to come, I'm blest if he didn't, for taste, true science, and landscape."

"Haw! Yes; I quite agree with you. But his Grace has nothing so chaste, so perfect as this, in me opeenion, sir. Haw!"

The cockles of the Rufine heart swelled warmly; for of course he heard every word of it, though, of course, not in-

tended to do so. "Now Rosa ought to have heard all that," was passing in his mind, when two gentlemen stood before him, and were wholly amazed to see him. One of them was a short stout man, not much taller than Rufus, but of double his cubic contents; the other a tall and portly signor, fitted upon spindle shins, with a slouch in his back, gray eyebrows, long heavy eyes, and large dew-laps.

The short gentleman, evidently chief spokesman and proud of his elocution, waved his hat most gracefully, when he recovered from his surprise, drew back for a yard or so, in his horror at intruding, and spoke with a certain flourish, and the air of a man above humbug.

"Mr. Nowell Corklemore, I have the honour of making you known to the gentleman whose scientific fame has roused such a spirit among us. Dr. Hutton, sir, excuse me, the temptation was too great for us. My excellent friend, Lord Thorley, who has, I believe, the honour of being related to Mrs. Hutton, pressed his services upon us, when he knew what we desired. But, sir, no. 'My lord,' said I, 'we prefer to intrude without the commonplace of society; we prefer to intrude upon the footing of common tastes, my lord, and warm, though far more rudimental and vague pursuit of science.' Bless me, all this time my unworthy self, sir! I am too prone to forget myself, at least my wife declares so. Bailey Kettledrum, sir, is my name, of Kettledrum Hall, in Dorset. And I have the enlightenment, sir, to aspire to the honour of your acquaintance."

Rufus Hutton bowed rather queerly to Mr. Nowell Corklemore and Mr. Bailey Kettledrum; for he had seen a good deal of the world, and had tasted sugar candy. Moreover, the Kettledrum pattern was known to him long ago; and he had never found them half such good fellows as they pretend to think other people. Being, however, most hospitable, as are nearly all men from India, he invited them to come in at once, and have some lunch after their journey. They accepted very warmly;

and Mrs. Hutton, having now appeared and been duly introduced, Bailey Kettledrum set off with her round the curve of the grass-plot, as if he had known her for fifty years, and had not seen her for twenty-five. He engrossed her whole attention by the pace at which he talked, and by appeals to her opinion, praising all things, taking notes, red hot with admiration, impressively confidential about his wife and children, and, in a word, regardless of expense to make himself agreeable. Notwithstanding all this, he did not get on much, because he made one great mistake. He rattled and flashed along the high road leading to fifty other places, but missed the quiet and pleasant path which leads to a woman's good graces. The path, I mean, which follows the little brook called "sympathy," a winding but not a shallow brook, over the meadow of soft listening.

Mr. Nowell Corklemore, walking with Rufus Hutton, was, as he was forced to be by a feeble nature enfeebled, a dry and pompous man.

"Haw! I am given to understand you have made all this yourself, sir. In me 'umble opeenion, it does you the greatest credit, sir; credit, sir, no less to your heart than to your head. Haw!"

Here he pointed with his yellow bamboo at nothing at all in particular.

"Everything is in it's infancy yet. Wait till the trees grow up a little. I have planted nearly all of them. All except that, and that, and the weeping elm over yonder, where I sit with my wife sometimes. Everything is in it's infancy."

"Excuse me; haw! If you will allow me, I would also say, with the exception of something else." And he looked profoundly mystic.

"Oh, the house you mean," said Rufus. "No, the house is not quite new; built some seven years back."

"Sir, I do not mean the house—but the edifice, haw!—the tenement of the human being. Sir, I mean, except just *this*."

He shut one 'eye, like a sleepy owl, and tapped the side of his head most

sagely; and then he said "Haw!" and looked for approval.

And he might have looked a very long time, in his stupidly confident manner, without a chance of getting it; for Rufus Hutton disliked allusions even to age intellectual, when you came to remember that his Rosa was more than twenty years younger.

"Ah, yes, now it strikes me," continued Mr. Corklemore, as they stood in front of the house, "that little bow-window—nay, I am given to understand, that bay-window is the more correct,—haw! I mean the more architectural term—I think I should have felt inclined to make that nice bay-window give to the little grass-plot. A mere question perhaps of idiosyncrasy, haw!"

"Give what?" asked Rufus, now on the foam. That his own pet lawn which he rolled every day, his lawn endowed with manifold curves and sweeps of his own inventing, with the Wellingtonia upon it, and the plantain dug out with a cheese-knife—that all this should be called a "little grass-plot," by a fellow who had no two ideas, except in his intonation of "Haw!"

"Haw! It does not signify. But the term, I am given to understand, is now the correct and recognised one."

"I wish you were given to understand anything, except your own importance," Rufus muttered savagely, and eyed the yellow bamboo.

"Have you—haw! excuse my asking, for you are a great luminary here; have you as yet made trial of the *Spergula pilifera*?"

"Yes; and found it the biggest humbug that ever aped God's grass."

Dr. Hutton was always very sorry when he had used strong language; but being a thin-skinned, irritable, cut-the-corner man, he could not be expected to stand Nowell Corklemore's "haws."

And Mr. Corklemore had of "haw" no less than seven intonations. First, and most common of all, the haw of self-approval. Second, the haw of contemplation. Third, the haw of doubt and inquiry. Fourth, that of admiration. Fifth, that of interlude and hiatus,

when words or ideas lingered. Sixth, the haw of accident and short-winded astonishment; *e.g.* he had once fallen off a hayrick, and cried "Haw!" at the bottom. Seventh, the haw of indignation and powerful remonstrance, in a totally different key from the rest; and this last he now adopted.

"Haw—then!—haw!—I have been given to understand that the *Spergula pilifera* succeeds most admirably with people who haw!—have studied it."

"Very likely it does," said Rufus, though he knew much better, but now he was on his own door-step, and felt ashamed of his rudeness; "but come in, Mr. Corklemore; our ways are rough in these forest outskirts, and we are behind you in civilization. Nevertheless we are heartily glad to welcome our more intelligent neighbours."

At lunch he gave them home-brewed ale and pale sherry of no especial character. But afterwards, being a genial soul, and feeling still guilty of rudeness, he went to the cellar himself, and fetched a bottle of the richest Indian gold. Mrs. Hutton withdrew very prettily, and the three gentlemen, all being good judges of wine, began to warm over it luminously, more softly indeed than they would have done after a heavy dinner. Surely noble wine deserves not to be the mere operculum to a stupidly mixed hot meal.

"Have another bottle, gentlemen; now do have another bottle."

"Not one drop more for the world," exclaimed they both, with their hands up. None the less for that, they did, and, what was very unwise of them, another after that, until I can scarcely write straight in trying to follow their doings. Meanwhile Jonah had prigged three glassfuls out of the decanter left under the elm-tree.

"Now," said Rufus, who alone was *à l'aise* in a state of sobriety, "suppose we take a turn in the garden and my little orchard-house! I believe I am indebted to that for the pleasure of your very agreeable society—ahem, agreeable company to-day."

Bailey Kettledrum sprang up with a flourish. "No, sir, no, sir! Permit me to defend myself and this most marketable—I—I mean remarkable gentleman here present, Mr. Nowell Corklemore, from any such dis—dish—sparagus, disparaging imputations, sir. An orchard, sir, is very well, and the trees in it are very well, and the fruit of it is very good, sir; but an orchard can never appear, sir, to a man of exalted sentiments, and temporal—I mean, sir, strictly temperate judgment, in the light of an elephant—irrelevant—no, sir, I mean of course an equivocal—for a man, sir, for a man!" Here Mr. Bailey Kettledrum hit himself hard on the bosom, and broke the glass of his watch.

"Mr. Kettledrum," said Rufus, rising, "your sentiments do you honour. Mine, however, is not an orchard, but an orchard-house."

"Ha ha, good again! House in an orchard! yes, I see. Corklemore, hear that, my boy! Our admirable host—no, thank you, not a single drop more wine—I always know when I have had enough. Sir, it is the proud privilege of a man. Corklemore, get up, sir; don't you see we are waiting for you!" Mr. Corklemore stared heavily at him; his constitution was a sleepy one, and he thought he had eaten his dinner. His friend nodded gravely at Dr. Hutton; and the nod expressed compassion tempering condemnation.

"Ah, I see how it is. Ever since that fall from the hayrick, the leastest little drop of wine, prej—prej—"

"Prejudge the case, my lord," muttered Mr. Corklemore, who had been a barrister.

"Prejudicially affects our highly-admired friend. But, sir, the fault is mine. I should have stretched forth long ago the restraining hand of friendship, sir, and dashed the si—si—silent bottle."

"Chirping bottle, possibly you mean."

"No, sir, I do not, and I will thank you not to interrupt me. Who ever heard a bottle chirp! I ask you, sir, as a man of the world, and a man of common sense, who ever heard a bottle chirp! What I mean, sir, is the siren—the

siren bottle from his lips. What is it in the Latin grammar—or possibly in the Greek, for I have learned Greek, sir, in the faulchion days of youth ;—is it not, sir, this: *improba Siren desidia*? Perhaps, sir, it may have been in your grammar, if you ever had one, *improba chirping desidia*.” As he looked round in the glow and sparkle of lagenic logic, Rufus caught him by the arm, and hurried him out at the garden door, where luckily no steps were. The pair went straight, or, in better truth, went first to the kitchen garden; Rufus did not care much for flowers; all that he left to his Rosa. “Now I will show you a thing, sir,” cried Rufus in his glory, “a thing which has been admired by the leading men of the age. Nowhere else, in this part of the world, can you see a piece of ground, sir, cropped in the manner of that, sir.”

And to tell the plain, unvinous truth, the square to which he pointed was a triumph of high art. The style of it was wholly different from that of Mr. Garnet’s beds. Bull Garnet was fond of novelties, but he made them square with his system; the result was more strictly practical, but less nobly theoretical. Dr. Hutton, on the other hand, travelled the entire porker; obstacles of soil and season were as nothing to him, and when the shape of the ground was wrong, he called in the navvies and made it right.

A plot of land four-square, and measured to exactly half an acre, contained 2,400 trees, cutting either way as truly as the spindles of machinery; there was no tree more than five feet high, the average height was four feet six inches. They were planted just four feet asunder, and two feet back from the pathway. There was every kind of fruit-tree there, which can be made by British gardeners to ripen fruit in Britain, without artificial heat. Pears especially, and plums, cherries, apples, walnuts (*juglans præparturiens*), figs, and medlars, quinces, filberts, even peaches, nectarines, and apricots—though only one row, in all, of those three; there was scarcely one of those miniature trees which had not

done its duty that year, or now was bent upon doing it. Still the sight was beautiful; although fargone with autumn, still Cox’s orange-pippin lit the russet leaves with gold, or Beurré Clairgeau and Capiaumont enriched the air with scarlet.

Each little tree looked so bright and comely, each plumed itself so naturally, proud to carry its share of tribute to the beneficent Maker, that the two men who had been abusing His choice gift, the vine, felt a little ashamed of themselves, or perhaps felt that they ought to be.

“Magnificent, magnificent!” cried Kettledrum theatrically; “I must tell the Dook of this. He will have the same next year.”

“Will he though?” said Rufus, thinking of the many hours he had spent among those trees, and of his careful apprenticeship to the works of their originator; “I can tell you one thing. He won’t, unless he has a better gardener than I ever saw in these parts. Now let us go to the orchard-house.”

The orchard-house was a span-roofed building, very light and airy; the roof and ends were made of glass, the sides of deal with broad falling shutters, for the sake of ventilation. It was about fifty feet in length, twenty in width, and fifteen in height. There was no ventilation at the ridge, and all the lights were fixed. The free air of heaven wandered through, among peaches, plums, and apricots, some of which still retained their fruit, crimson, purple, and golden. The little trees were all in pots, and about a yard apart. The pots were not even plunged in the ground, but each stood, as a tub should, on its own independent bottom. The air of the house was soft and pleasant, with a peculiar fragrance, the smell of ripening foliage. Bailey Kettledrum saw at once—for he had plenty of observant power, and the fumes of wine were dispersing—that this house must have shown a magnificent sight, a month or two ago. And having once more his own object in view, he tripled his true approval.

"Dr. Hutton, this is fine. Fine is not the word for it; this is grand and gorgeous. What a triumph of mind! What a lot you must pay for wages!"

"Thirteen shillings a week in summer, seven shillings a week in the winter." This was one of his pet astonishments.

"What! I'll never believe it. Sir, you must either be a conjuror, the devil, or—or—"

"Or a liar," said Rufus, placidly; "but I am none of the three. Jonah has twelve shillings a week, but half of that goes for housework. That leaves six shillings for gardening; but I never trust him inside this house, for he is only a clumsy dolt, who does the heavy digging. And besides him I have only a very sharp lad, at seven shillings a week, who works under my own eye. I have in some navvies, at times, it is true, when I make any alterations. But that is outlay, not working expense. Now come and see my young trees just arrived from Sawbridgeworth."

"Stop one moment. What is this stuff on the top of the pots here? What queer stuff! Why it goes quite to pieces in my hands."

"Oh, only a little top-dressing, just to refresh the trees a bit. This way, Mr. Kettledrum."

"Pardon me, sir, if I appear impertinent or inquisitive. But I have learned so much this afternoon, that I am anxious to learn a little more. My friend, the Dook, will cross-examine me as to everything I have seen here. He knew our intention of coming over. I must introduce you to his Grace, before you are a week older, sir; he has specially requested it. In fact, it was only this morning he said to Nowell Corklemore—but Corklemore, though a noble fellow, a gem of truth and honour, sir, is not a man of *our* intelligence; in one word, he is an ass!"

"Haw! Nowell Corklemore, Nowell Corklemore is an ass, is he, in the wise opinion of Mr. Bailey Kettledrum? Only let me get up, good Lord—and perhaps he told the Dook so. There, it's biting me again, oh Lord! Nowell Corklemore an ass."

By the door of the orchard-house grew a fine deodara, and behind it lay Mr. Corklemore, beyond all hope entangled. His snores had been broken summarily by the maid coming for the glasses, and he set forth, after a dozen "haws," to look for his two comrades. With instinct ampeline he felt that his only chance of advancing in the manner of a biped lay or stood in his bamboo. So he went to the stick-stand by the back-door, where he muzzily thought it ought to be. Mrs. Hutton, in the drawing-room, was rattling on the piano, and that made his head ten times worse. His bamboo was not in the stick-stand; nevertheless he found there a gig-umbrella with a yellow handle, like the top of his fidus Achates. Relying upon this, he made his way out, crying "haw!" at every star in the oilcloth. He progged away all down the walk, with the big umbrella; but the button that held the cord was gone, and it flapped like a mutinous windmill. However, he carried on bravely, until he confronted a dark, weird tree, waving its shrouded arms at him. This was the deodara; so he made a tack to the left, and there was hulled between wind and water by an unsuspected enemy. This was Rufus Hutton's pet of all pet pear-trees, a perfect model of symmetry, scarce three feet six in height, sturdy, crisp, short-jointed, spurred from keel to truck, and carrying twenty great pears. It had been so stopped and snagged throughout, that it was stiffer than fifty hollies; and Rosa was dreadfully jealous of it, because Rufus spent so much time there. He used to go out in the summer forenoon, whenever the sun was brilliant, and draw lines down the fruit with a wet camel's hairbrush, as the French gardeners do. He had photographed it once or twice, but the wind would move the leaves so.

Now he had the pleasure of seeing Nowell Corklemore flat on his back, with this pet Beurré Superfin (snapped at the stock), and the gig-umbrella between his legs, all a hideous ruin. The gig-umbrella flapped and flapped, and the agonized pear-tree scratched

and scratched, till Nowell Corklemore felt quite sure that he was in the embrace of a dragon. The glorious pears were rolling about, some crushed under his frantic heels, the rest with wet bruises on them, appealing from human barbarism.

"Well!" said Rufus Hutton. He was in such a rage, it would have choked him to say another word.

"Haw! I don't call it well at all to be eaten up by a dragon. Pull him away for mercy's sake, pull him away! and I'll tell all about this business."

At last they got him out, for the matter was really serious, and Rufus was forced to hide his woe at the destruction of the pear-tree. And after all he had no one but himself to thank for it. Why did he almost force his guests to drink the third bottle of sherry?

"Wonderful, perfectly wonderful!" exclaimed Mr. Bailey Kettledrum, as Rufus was showing them out at the gate, before having his own horse saddled. "The triumphs of horticulture in this age are really past belief. You beat all of us, Dr. Hutton, you may depend upon it; you beat all of us. I never would have believed that trees ought to be planted with their heads down, and their roots up in the air.

Stupid of me, though, for I have often heard of root-pruning, and of course you could not prune the roots unless they grew in that way."

Rufus thought he was joking, or suffering from vinous inversion of vision.

"Remember, my good friend Hutton—excuse my familiarity, I feel as if I had known you for years—remember, my dear friend, you have pledged your word for next Wednesday—and Mrs. Hutton too, mind—Mrs. Hutton with you. We waive formality, you know, in these country quarters. Kettledrum Hall, next Wednesday—honour bright, next Wednesday! You see I know the motto of your family."

"Thank you, all right," said Rufus Hutton; "it's a deuced deal more than I know," he added, going up the drive. "I didn't know we had a motto. Well, I'm done for at last!"

No wonder he was done for. He saw what Kettledrum had taken in the purest faith. All those lovely little trees, dwarf pyramids, &c. were standing on the apex. Jonah, after all the sherry given to and stolen by him, had laid them in by the heels with a vengeance. All the pretty heads were a foot underground, and the roots, like the locks of a mermaid, wooing the buxom air.

To be continued.

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

IF I and mine were all below the grass
Beside that old and solemn church you know,
Would you forget us? Nay! In fitful show
Fair early friendships through lone memory pass,
Like sunny glimpses caught in a cold glass;
And there, serenely sheltered, come and go
The undying dead: ay, better sheltered so
Than under sepulchres of stone and brass.
But for the rest, whose mortal hands to-day
Might clasp your own as warmly as before,
To whom your voice, your looks, might now convey
The joy Time crowns with pathos, and restore
The strength of trust in absence worn away,—
O, let remembrance plead their claim to more!

NARRATIVE OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH EXPEDITION, 1865.

BY JOHN C. DEANE.

THE following narrative of the events which took place in the *Great Eastern* in her voyage with the Atlantic Telegraph Cable is as nearly as possible a transcript from my diary written on board.

I did not join the ship until Sunday, 23d of July, when the splice was made between the main cable and the shore end, twenty-seven miles off the Irish land. I was at Valentia for a week before her arrival at Berehaven, where she anchored on Wednesday morning, the 19th of July. She left her anchorage off the Maplin Sands at the Nore on Saturday, the 15th. She took the screw-steamer *Caroline* in tow on Monday, the 17th, off Falmouth, with the shore-end of the cable, and encountered a strong gale, with heavy sea, off the Irish coast, during which the tow-rope broke, and the *Caroline* was obliged to find her way to Valentia, the *Great Eastern* bearing up for Berehaven. On Thursday evening, July 20th, the *Caroline* went round from Valentia Harbour to Port Magee to be in readiness the following day, if the weather was fine, first to lay the "earth cable," and as soon as possible afterwards to attach the shore-end of the cable to the cliff of Foilhammurum, on the south side of Valentia. Foilhammurum Bay, about a mile in length at its widest part, is protected on the north side by the bold projecting headland of Bray, on the south by ledges of rock forming the northern entrance to Port Magee Channel. The bay becomes gradually narrower towards the cliffs, which rise to a height of about 300 feet. No better place could be well imagined for landing and maintaining a shore-end cable in safety. The bay was carefully surveyed and dredged by Lieut. White, in charge of the coast-guard of the district; and, outside a

small line of rocks, about 60 feet from high-water mark, the cable will rest upon a bed of sand. The cable of 1858 was landed near the Castle of Ballycarberry, on the mainland opposite Knightstown, in a position where it was subjected to chafing from the force of sea sent in by the westerly gales, while at Foilhammurum the sea from the westward is broken by the islands which guard its entrance.

On Friday, July 21st, the officials connected with the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, stationed at the Telegraph House, which has been built on the plateau over the cliffs of Foilhammurum, astir very early, were actually engaged in making the necessary preparations for laying the cable called the "earth cable," on Mr. Varley's plan, which consists of a wire rope about two miles long, with a piece of zinc attached to the end—the object of this cable being to obtain what electricians call a "good earth," or, in other words, to get the current as far away as possible from local controlling influences, such as lightning, &c. The *Caroline* accordingly was towed into the bay, and anchored about two cables' length from the shore, and a bridge of boats was made, the rope being passed from the stern of the ship across the boats until it reached the shore, where it was hauled up the cliffs to the instrument house. The *Caroline* then proceeded out in a south-westerly direction, and dropped the earth-cable to the eastward of the little islet which is at the entrance of Port Magee.

This service having been effected, the next step, and one of the most important in the telegraph expedition, was to lay the twenty-seven miles of shore-end cable. This was commenced the next day at about nine o'clock, and

the bridge of boats already referred to was used to land the end. The scene was one which cannot be easily forgotten by those who witnessed it. It was a lovely day, and the top of the cliff was lined by the inhabitants of the island, who, in their own simple and natural way, had improvised a demonstration in the way of flags by hanging their brilliant-coloured shawls on the tops of masts, oars, poles, or anything else which was available for that purpose. Tents made of old sails, supported by oars and boat-hooks, lined the road at the summit of the cliff; and their proprietors did a thriving trade not only during the day, but for many days previously, crowds of the islanders, as well as visitors from the mainland, having made up their minds that the *Great Eastern* would come into the bay. Pipers and fiddlers gathered round them groups of dancers, and the jig and reel were merrily footed during the day. Itinerant gamesters did their stroke of business too, and "Spoil five" was the favourite game. While these amusements were going on on the top of the cliff, underneath it were engaged one hundred or more of the peasants hauling the rope ashore, passed, as I have before described, over the bridge of boats, in each of which, on an average, there might have been eight or ten men. These boats formed a graceful curve across the bay from the stern of the ship to the shore. The end, being landed, was passed up the crevice in the cliff prepared for it; and, a large number of men being sent to the top, it was finally passed into the trench dug for it, conveyed to the Telegraph House, and put in connexion with the electric instruments. The house itself is a long wooden building, about seventy feet long by thirty feet wide, containing ample accommodation for the staff. As soon as the electricians announced that they had got a message from the *Caroline* that all was right, the Knight of Kerry, standing among his family and visitors, addressed the large assemblage in a few appropriate and earnest words. The Chief Secretary for Ireland, Sir Robert

Peel, M.P., made an admirable speech, alluding to the fact that everything that science could do had been done to make the laying of the cable a success, and commenting upon the great political importance of establishing telegraphic communication with America. He then called on the people to give "Three Cheers for Her Majesty," and asked them to pay a similar compliment to the President of the United States, which was done with great heartiness.

It was now time for the *Caroline* to start on her mission; and, just about 2.15, P.M. she was taken in tow by the *Hawk*, a screw steamer of 700 tons, belonging to the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, Sir Robert Peel, the Knight of Kerry, Lord John Hay, Mr. Glass (managing director), Mr. Charles Edwards, and one or two others going out a short distance in her, and returning by the *Princess Alexandra*, the steam yacht of the Irish Lighthouse Board. The weather was most favourable for laying the shore cable, which was done about 10.30 P.M.

The *Hawk* returned to Valentia, where she arrived at 3 A.M. of the 23d. She started again at 7.30 A.M., with the Knight of Kerry, Sir Robert Peel, and a distinguished party of ladies and gentlemen, who were determined to brave any amount of sea-sickness to see the *Great Eastern* make the splice with the shore end. The *Hawk* arrived at the rendezvous 51°50' N., Long. 11° 2' 20" W. at a quarter to 1 P.M., and found the *Great Eastern* with the *Caroline* close aside her stern making the splice. The *Sphinx* sloop-of-war, one of the convoy sent by Her Majesty's Government, was on the *Caroline's* weather, and the *Terrible* frigate about a mile astern of her. The Big Ship was gaily decked with flags; on her main was flying, at the instance of Mr. Cyrus Field, the identical burgee which flew from the mast of the *Agamemnon* in the Atlantic Telegraph expedition of 1858. Many boats, as well as those of the *Great Eastern*, as of the men-of-war, were plying to and fro in the heavy swell which prevailed, and it was a

service of no ordinary kind to get those who would visit the *Great Eastern* on board her. The Secretary of Ireland got his share of wetting, as well as others. Of course there was a little eating and drinking to be done, and Captain Anderson dispensed the hospitalities of the ship in his kind and genial way. It was now time to be off; and, after hearty leave-taking and cheers for the ship from those who left her, preparations were made for the final start. The *Terrible* and *Sphinx* now appeared, the one on our starboard and the other on our port quarter. Their respective commanders gave the order to man the rigging, and three tremendous cheers were given by the crews for the *Great Eastern*, which were returned from the monster ship with enthusiasm.

At length all was declared to be in readiness. The huge paddles began to revolve slowly, the screw was set in motion, and precisely at sixteen minutes after 7 P.M. Greenwich time, (Sunday, July 23d), we commenced paying out the cable, which looked like a thread as it discharged itself over the wheel at the stern of the ship.

All went on well during the night; those in charge of the paying-out apparatus and of the electric testing instruments taking their prescribed positions in watches. The weather was all that could be desired, and everything was going on most favourably, when at 3.14 A.M. on Monday, 24th, it was intimated by Mr. de Santy, the chief of the electric staff, that the insulation of the cable showed evident symptoms of being imperfect. Mr. Clifford, in charge of the cable paying-out machinery, at once reported to the chief engineer, Mr. Samuel Canning; and before long almost all of us left our berths and came on deck to learn the cause of the ship being stopped and of the firing of a signal gun. We soon saw by the grave faces of those employed that there was something unusually wrong; and, though it was scarcely a time to ask questions, one had little difficulty in getting information. There was no doubt of it now. The

cable was injured somewhere between us and the shore. Could it be that an imperfect splice had been made between the thicker or shore end and the main cable? or was the fault between that and the ship? and again, might it not be between the position where the splice was made and the Bay of Foilhammum? These and other speculations were advanced and discussed for many subsequent hours. Mr. Canning and his assistants looked thoughtful and grave. Captain Anderson's expression indicated that he saw the critical position in which we were placed. In fact, one and all of us on board felt that the success of the expedition was greatly imperilled. All this time signals were being received very faintly from the shore, though the electricians thought that our signals to Foilhammum might probably be stronger than theirs to us. Mr. Canning at length resolved upon the practical step to take. He gave instructions to pass the cable from the stern to the bow, and to pick it up with the machinery placed there until the fault should be discovered. This was an operation requiring great skill and care, not only from the cable-laying staff, but from Captain Anderson in the handling of the ship. It was admirably done by all; and, at 25 minutes to 12, the cable was on the bow-wheel, and, passing over a drum, it was put in connexion with a small steam-engine placed on the port side of the deck, near the foremast. It was soon discovered that this engine had not sufficient boiler-power, and the rate at which the cable came on board never exceeded one mile and a quarter an hour, and sometimes even less. We were making up our minds now that we should have to get back to Valentia, and were in anything but good spirits. Fresh boiler-power was put on to the picking-up engine, by getting a small locomotive near the donkey, with connecting bands; but this did not very materially increase the speed of hauling in the cable. Mr. de Santy, in the meantime, putting on the Morse instruments in connexion with the shore, sent a message to Mr.

Glass, the managing director, to request that he would order the *Caroline* to the ground where the splice was made, and the *Hawk* to the *Great Eastern*, with all possible speed. A reply came back that the *Caroline* should be sent as soon as she coaled. The gentlemen in the test-room were, as can be easily imagined, continuing their test experiments with great anxiety, and various opinions were expressed as to the locality of the "fault." Mr. Saunders, Mr. de Santy's first assistant, steadily maintained throughout the day that he felt satisfied the cable was injured not more than eleven or twelve miles from the ship.

Before dinner we had a visit from Mr. Prowse, first lieutenant of the *Terrible*, sent by Captain Gerard Napier, to ascertain whether he could be of any use; for of course we had signalled to both ships, informing them of the mishap which had befallen us. Mr. Saunders's opinion became stronger and stronger as to the locality of the injury; and almost the last thing he said to me on my bidding him "good-night" was "that we should find that the faulty bit of the cable would be on deck early next day."

Puff! puff! went the little "pick-up" engine, and, as the rope came up, it was coiled on the deck just forward of the starboard paddle-box. At 5.30 in the morning (25th July) the *Hawk* came alongside. At 9 A.M., while we were all at breakfast, to our intense joy and gratification, one of the electricians came in to announce that Mr. Saunders's tests had proved accurate, and that, on getting the tenth mile on board, the cause of all our trouble and anxiety was discovered. A wretched bit of iron, not longer than two inches, had by some unaccountable means been pushed through the exterior covering of the cable, and, passing through the gutta-percha, had done all the mischief. Mr. Saunders was cheered loudly as he came into the saloon to breakfast, and everybody was pleased with everything and everybody. How different the expression of faces from yesterday—then all gloom and disappointment, now all radiance and hope! "Pass the cable aft now" was the word,

and it required great skill to do it. Of course the splicings had to be made and the tests to be carried on, and it was some time after two o'clock before we all had the pleasure of seeing the rope discharged again over the wheel at the stern into the sea. Our pleasure, however, was not destined to be of long continuance, for at 3 P.M. an alarm was given that not a signal was received from shore. Here, indeed, was a source of deep annoyance and mortification. Faces again became long, and we all began to think the chances of laying the cable were becoming more remote. "Pass the cable forward to the 'pick-up'" was the order now given, and we had anything but a pleasant prospect before us. But what is that excitement outside the test-house? Has any fresh trouble arisen? Listen again! All is right. "We have got the signals from the shore!" It was true; and ere long men who an hour previously had nearly given up the chance of laying the Atlantic Cable were now grasping hands and congratulating each other. Signals announcing that all was "right again" were sent to the *Terrible* and *Sphinx*, and in a very short time we were paying out the cable, and receiving the most satisfactory signals from shore.

July 26th.—During the whole of the night the cable was paid out without a mistake, the paying-out apparatus working to perfection. By morning, we were distant 150 miles from Valentia, and had paid out 161½ miles. The day broke thick and hazy, and the Big Ship began to show the *Terrible* and *Sphinx* what she can do in the way of steaming. The sea was rather rough, and the wind was blowing what one would designate a double-reefed-top-sail breeze; and yet we were as steady and upright in the water as if we had been alongside a wharf. The *Terrible* sent down her top-gallant masts, and signalled to us that we were going too fast for the *Sphinx*. We replied that we could not slacken our speed—The insulation of the cable improves as we get into deep water. We are now in 1,750 fathoms. The *Sphinx* is barely visible on the horizon.

July 27th.—There is but one opinion on board in reference to the singular adaptability of the *Great Eastern* for a telegraphic cable-laying ship. There is quite enough of head-sea to enable us to judge of what sort of weather smaller vessels would make. The *Terrible* plunged her bow into it, while we were as upright as a house. At 8.30 A.M. we had run 302 miles, 235 from the last splice, being an average of 5.87 miles an hour of paying out. The average depth to-day, according to the chart, was 2,000 fathoms. The cable first reaches the water at a distance of about 213 feet from the paying-out wheel astern. The paddle-engines were making $6\frac{1}{2}$ revolutions, the screw 26, and the average speed was 6 knots. Observations at noon gun, lat. $52^{\circ} 34' N.$, long. $19^{\circ} W.$ Distance run since yesterday, 142 miles. *Terrible* on our port-beam, *Sphinx* not visible.

The electricians report the signals as being most satisfactory between the ship and the shore. Assuming all to go on well, between this and Sunday at noon the after-tank will be emptied of its contents. There are three iron tanks which contain the cable—one near the stern, from which it is going now; another situated in the middle; and a third in the fore part of the ship. The after-tank is 58 feet in diameter and 26 in height, the main-tank is 58 feet 6 inches by 26, and the fore is 51 feet 6 in. by 26 feet. In the main-tank there are 798 miles; in the fore, 633.75. The after-tank, now happily so near exhaustion, contained 837 miles. There are 3 miles of shore-end in the main-tank. The *Caroline* laid 27; and thus the total amount of cable in miles and bound, when the ship left the Nore, was 2,300, weighing 4,100 tons. To this must be added 1,198 tons of water put in the tanks, which made the total weight 5,600 tons.

We next pay out from the fore-tank, and the passing of the cable from there to the stern will be a nice operation. It is hoped that this may happen in the early part of Sunday; for, though the cable staff are quite prepared to do it at

night, yet it is far better that they should have daylight for their work.

July 28th. Our course has been N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W.; wind, N.N.W. All night every thing worked as smoothly as possible. At 7 P.M. 119 miles of distance had been gone over. The index of the paying-out wheel showed 152,905 revolutions, equal to 476.6 miles distance; so that we had payed out 176.78 miles of cable. It is calculated that, during our voyage (the distance between Valentia and Heart's Content being 1,663 miles), the revolutions of the paying-out machine will amount to about 600,000, and each of these revolutions represents a cost of rather more than a pound sterling.

The paying-out machinery for the Atlantic Telegraph cable on board the *Great Eastern* differs in many material respects from that used in the former expeditions. I shall endeavour to describe it. Over the hold is a light wrought-iron V wheel, the speed of which is regulated by a friction-wheel on the same shaft. This is connected with the paying-out machinery by a wrought-iron trough, in which at intervals are smaller iron V wheels, and, at the angles, vertical guide-wheels. The paying-out machinery consists of a series of V wheels, and jockey or riding-wheels (six in number). Upon the shafts of the V wheels are friction-wheels, with break-straps weighted by levers and running on tanks filled with water, and upon the shafts of the jockey-wheels and also friction-straps, with weights, to hold the cable and keep it taut round the drum. Immediately before the drum is a small guide-wheel, placed under an apparatus called the knife, for keeping the first turn of the cable on the drum from riding, or getting over another turn. The knives, of which there are two, can be removed and adjusted with the greatest ease by slides similar to a slide-rest of an ordinary turning-lathe. One knife only is in use, the other being kept ready to replace it if necessary. The drum round which the cable passes is six feet in diameter and one foot broad, and upon the same

shaft are fixed two Appold's breaks, running in tanks filled with water. There is also a duplicate drum and pair of Appold's breaks fitted for position, and ready for use in case of accident. Upon the overhanging ends of the shafts of the drums, driving-pulleys are fitted, which can be connected by leather belts for the purpose of bringing into use the duplicate breaks if the working breaks should be out of order. Between the duplicate-drum and the stern-wheel are placed the dynamometer and intermediate wheels for indicating the strain upon the cable. The dynamometer-wheel is placed midway between the two intermediate wheels, and the strain is indicated by the rising or falling of the dynamometer-wheel on a graduated scale of cuts attached to the guide-rods of the dynamometer slide. The stern-wheel over which the cable passes when leaving the ship is a strong V wheel, supported on wrought-iron girders overhanging the stern; and the cable is protected from injury by the flanges of the wheel by a bell-mouthed cast-iron shield surrounding half its circumference. Close to the dynamometer is placed an apparatus similar to a double-purchase crab or winch, fitted with two steering wheels for lifting the jockey or riding-wheels with their weights, and the main weights of the drum, as indications are thrown on the dynamometer scale. All the break-wheels are running in tanks supplied with water by pipes from the paddle-box tanks of the ship. The cable passes over the wrought-iron V wheels, over the tank, along the trough, between the V wheels and jockey-wheels in a straight line, four turns round the drum, when the knife comes into action, over the first intermediate wheel, and over the other intermediate and stern wheel, out into the sea.

This beautiful and ingenious machinery has been invented by Messrs. Canning and Clifford, and has worked up to this time with admirable regularity and precision. At noon yesterday, 531·57 nautical miles had been paid out, between 1,529 to 1,950 fathoms. Distance from

Valentia 476 miles. We asked the *Terrible* to prevent any ships from crossing the cable astern, and she replied, "Yes, if possible."

July 29th.—The observations at noon placed the ship in 52° 38' 3" N. long. 27·40 hrs. Distance from Valentia 634, and from Heart's Content 1,028. The night passed over very favourably, in respect to the ship's progress, the amount of cable paid out, and the satisfactory manner in which the machinery worked. We were all in the highest spirits; and, though the morning opened with a misty sort of fog, and it continued drizzling during the day, we walked the deck, inspecting the machinery by which the cable was discharged from the ship, and looked down occasionally into the tank, which every moment was lessening its contents. We heard from the electricians that there was an undeviating accuracy in the transmission of the signals; and, turning our eyes to the western horizon, we speculated as to the day, if not the hour, we should arrive at Heart's Content. At ten minutes after 1 P.M., ship's time (Greenwich time 3, 3' 30" P.M.), one of the electricians was seen to come hastily out of the test-room and to run towards the stern of the ship. I was standing looking down at the paddle-engines at the time. He returned hastily, and it was quite clear that something was wrong. The order was at once given to stop, and it seemed wonderful how the huge engines ceased to move by the simple turning of a wheel. The whole population of this floating town were soon made aware that another mishap had occurred. A very serious one it turned out to be. All communication was stopped between us and the shore, the instantaneous expression of the fairy light on Professor Thomson's marine galvanometer indicating this mortifying fact. It was not a "fault," as it was on the morning of the 24th, but infinitely worse—a "dead earth," as the electricians call it, showing that there existed a serious injury to the cable. Mr. Canning, the chief engineer, at once conferred with Mr. de Santy, and it was determined again to "pick up." Mean-

time, the tests showed that the injury was not more than three miles from the ship, and we had now to ascertain practically whether the "pick-up" machinery would perform its duty as well in the deep water (we were now in 2,000 fathoms) as it did when we were in 600. The word was passed to get up steam for the donkey engines forward, and very speedily they were declared ready. Then came the passing of the rope from the stern, along the huge wall-sides of the ship, to the bow; and, notwithstanding the very great difficulties of this operation, owing to the projections of the paddle-box, the boats, &c., it was effected at 9.45 ship's time. The engines worked away very satisfactorily. The three miles of cable were got on board; and, the injured portion having been cut out, and connexion made with the instruments, immediate communication was established between us and the shore, signals having been sent and received before half-past 11 p.m. Captain Anderson never left the bridge for a moment, and it was owing to his admirable management of the ship at this trying juncture that the cable was successfully got to the bows of the *Great Eastern*. The slightest inaccuracy in handling the ship would have been fatal, and he had to watch her to prevent her from breaking the cable, on which, at times, there was a strain of over 2½ tons. Mr. Halpin, his able chief officer, was of the greatest assistance to him in this emergency. We of course signalled to the *Terrible* to let her know what occurred; and, stopping her engines, she remained close by us on the starboard quarter during the night, Mr. Canning resolving to wait for daylight before he passed the cable aft to the stern wheel.

Altogether this is the most trying day we have had; and, while we rejoice that the mischief has been repaired, yet none of us, however sanguine, dare speak with too much confidence as to the final result. These "ups and downs" in Ocean Telegraph Cable-laying life keep one in a perpetual state of excitement. Our next essay, possibly, will be with

the Buoys; and, if we bring them into use practically, we shall have then tested all the machinery and appliances so thoughtfully devised for the expedition by Mr. Canning. I hope it may not come to the buoying.

Sunday, July 30th.—Mr. Canning and his staff commenced transferring the cable from the bow to the stern as soon as day broke, but unfortunately it got off the drum, and fastened in the axle. There it received such chafing that it was resolved to cut and splice again. This involved a delay of several hours, and it was not until 10.8 a.m. Greenwich time, or 8.10 by our ship's time, that the cable was passed to the stern-wheel again, and once more payed out. By this time but 133 miles remained in the after-tank. Staff-Commander Moriarty, R.N., who was in the former Atlantic Telegraph Cable expedition, has been permitted by the Admiralty to join the *Great Eastern* to assist in scientific navigation. His observations, which agree with those taken by Captain Anderson independently, place the ship at noon, lat. 52° 30', long. 28° 17', distance from Valentia, 650 miles; cable paid out, 745 miles. We had divine service performed in the dining-saloon. Our course still N.W. by W. *Terrible* on our starboard quarter. The *Sphinx* must have passed us in the night. Our delay of 19 hours has given her a fair chance.

Monday, July 31st.—The 133 miles of cable which remained in the after-tank being nearly run out by 2.30 a.m., the chief engineer and his staff made the necessary arrangements to connect the cable in the fore-tank with the paying-out machinery. At 3 a.m. the screw-engines were stopped, at 3.30 the paddle-engines were slowed, and in about an hour the *Great Eastern* was steaming ahead again. By noon we had run 753 miles, and had paid out 903 miles of cable; lat. 52° 9', long. 31° 53'. After breakfast, Mr. Canning and Mr. De Santy proceeded to make an examination of the piece of cable in which the 'dead earth' was found, and in the course of a short time the electricians disco-

vered it. That wonderful instrument designed by Professor Thomson gave its significant jump across the graduated paper, and told us the position of the injury. We all clustered around Mr. Canning to examine the cable, and the conclusion, I may say, then unanimously arrived at, was that the injury was the deed of an assassin's hand—some demon in human form, who had deliberately driven into the external hemp a piece of the wire used in the manufacture of the cable, having made an incision right through the gutta percha. One end of the piece of iron was sharp, as if it had been cut with a nippers; the end coming out at the other side was broken off abruptly. One may easily imagine the indignation which this dreadful act created. Mr. Canning conferred with his assistants as to what was the best course to be taken. It was ultimately decided that the cablemen should be asked to examine the injury, and to give their opinion to the chief engineer. A meeting was held, and they arrived at the unanimous conclusion that it was done by wicked design. Mr. Canning then appealed to the gentlemen on board acting in various capacities in connexion with the expedition, and they formed themselves into a volunteer guard, each agreeing to take a watch of six hours daily, and remain in the tank during the paying-out of the cable. Mr. Cyrus Field took the first watch.

The Atlantic has been literally like a mill-pond all day. Up to this moment, save in the delay occasioned by the unfortunate incidents I have described, we have been singularly favoured.

Tuesday, August 1st.—A charming day of monotonous paying out. The ship's position at noon, lat. $51^{\circ} 52' 30''$, long. $36^{\circ} 3' 30''$. Distance from Valentia, 946; to Heart's Content, 717. Cable paid out, 1081 miles. We passed the burial-place of three Atlantic cables to-day, and are approaching the deepest soundings—that is, between 1,975 and 2,250 fathoms. The weather has been a little hazy; wind from N.W. to S.W. Ship's course, N.W. by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W. *Terrible* on our starboard quarter, quite close. We

have only seen two sail since we left. One ran down quite close to have a look at us. At night we must present a strange sight to a ship unacquainted with the service in which we are engaged. Between the fore tank and the paying-out gear, there is erected a wooden trough for the cable to run in, and powerful lamps are placed at intervals of about twenty feet all along its length—two-thirds of the upper deck. Looking at it from the bridge, it is not unlike a street at night.

Wednesday, August 2nd.—A day never to be forgotten. The wind rose shortly after midnight, increasing to a strong gale from the S.W. Our grand ship, however, received little, if any, impression from its force. Away went the cable over the paying-out wheel at seven miles an hour, and all on board were in great spirits at the prospect of soon seeing the Atlantic cable at its American terminus. At 5.45 A.M. (ship's time) the ship was stopped, a report having been made by the electricians that the galvanometer indicated a fault, and, as far as they could then form an opinion, not very far astern. They could make signals to and receive them from Valentia; but, as there could be no deceiving the instrument, the fault was overboard, and therefore the sooner it was on board the better. Shortly before the engines were stopped, a grating noise was heard in the tank from which the cable was being paid out. Mr. Cyrus Field, whose watch it was, stated that one of the hands called out to the man on duty immediately over the tank, "There is a piece of wire;" but this intimation does not appear to have been passed aft. Subsequently a wire was found in the tank, projecting out of the cable in one of the flakes being then paid out, and evidently that in which the fault was supposed to exist. It was brought by the foreman to Mr. Canning for examination. It was about three inches in length; and, when it was broken off, which it was very easily, it appeared to be of ill-tempered steel. Here, then, was a fair reason for arriving at the conclusion that

the recent fault may have arisen from accident, and not from design; but there was the singular fact staring us in the face that, whether by accident or whether by design, the "fault" was discovered overboard during the same watch. Mr. de Santy reported to Mr. Canning that the fault was of such a kind as could not be well passed over; and so the pick-up apparatus was put into requisition again—previously to which, tests were applied to the cable in the tank, and it was pronounced all right.

Another experiment showed the fault to be overboard about six miles. The chief engineer set his men to work, and, with much more smartness than they showed upon the former fault being found, the cable was passed from the stern and hauled in over the bow of the ship. This was at 10.30 a.m. We were then in about 2,000 fathoms soundings. The engine being set going, the rope passed over the drum very slowly, only one mile being hauled in after the expiration of an hour and forty-five minutes. Just at this time the eccentric gear of the engine got adrift, and in addition to this mishap steam failed, owing to a want of a supply of water to the boilers; and so the picking-up ceased altogether. Eight bells (12 o'clock) had been made some time, and we had all gone down to lunch. There we were discussing the locality of the fault, and it was a great consolation to find that the electricians agreed that it lay only about six miles overboard. Two miles had already been got in, and so we looked forward to a few more hours' work to get in the rest, make the splice, and again resume paying out. Suddenly Mr. Canning rushed into the saloon, and, with an expression on his face which told how deeply he was moved, exclaimed, "It is all over; the cable has parted!" Mr. Cyrus Field also came down, and with admirable composure and fortitude conveyed to us the sad intelligence. We were all on deck in a moment, and I shall never forget the scene as long as I live. The men who were engaged in the bows of the ship had wandered listlessly aft after the accident, and in their sad countenances you at once saw the

effect which the disaster had on their minds. A deep silence prevailed. The ship was drifting away over the course of the cable. The Atlantic was as calm and as placid as a lake, its very stillness adding to the melancholy which pervaded all. Groups stood about in various positions on the vast deck of the great ship, condoling with each other on the great misfortune which had occurred. "I have put into the enterprise my all," said one to me; "but with God's blessing, I shall live to see the Atlantic cable laid. In spite of what has occurred, I am more than ever satisfied of the practicability of laying it." "Let us not despair," said Cyrus Field. "I have seen worse disasters than this in Atlantic telegraphy, and I know we must eventually succeed." From one no less sincere, with whom I conversed shortly after Mr. Field had thus expressed himself, I heard a quiet remark which struck me forcibly. "I have but a small stake in this undertaking," said he, "as compared with others; but I am more than ever satisfied that the cable can be successfully laid, and there are men in England who will not fail to give us the means to do so when they know the truth."

But there is Mr. Canning hurrying along to the bow of the ship: he has never for a moment lost his self-possession. He soon returns midships and is accompanied by Mr. Clifford, his able assistant, and a staff of workmen. A brief consultation is held. He mounts the bridge and confers with Captain Anderson, and soon we learn what they resolve to do—to grapple for the cable! What, at 2500 fathoms deep? Such a thing has never been heard of before. Cables have been grappled for in the shallow waters in the Mediterranean and elsewhere at from 400 to 600 fathoms; but at 2500 fathoms it is simply absurd! The experienced chief, however, had issued his orders, and immediate preparations were made to grapple. Then it was that the functions of the navigator were called into active request; for what use would there be in attempting to hook up the cable unless we knew

the line in which it lay? Captain Anderson and Staff Commander Moriarty immediately conferred, and it was determined that the ship should be steamed in an easterly direction, and to windward, and drift down with the grapnel across the track in which the cable was lying.

But I ought to go back a little before I describe the grapnel operations, and dwell on the circumstances connected with the parting of the cable. Those who visited the ship before she left the Nore will recollect a large V-wheel at the bow, similar in construction to that over which the cable is paid out a-stern. This wheel, overhanging the bow, is supported on wrought iron girders. On each side of it are smaller V-wheels moving on the same axis. Over the larger V-wheel the rope was passed leading aft to a large drum on which it was coiled and kept in position by a knife, precisely in the same manner as in the paying-out machinery, which I have already described. The cable, with the wire rope by which it was brought from the stern to the bow, was coming in the groove of the larger V-wheel. The cable going to the drum, the wire-rope to the capstan, the strain was very great; the cable being out at an angle in the sea at the starboard bow, to which side it was hauled over, after having received some chafing from one of the ship's hawse-holes over which it passed, having previously been under the *Great Eastern's* forefoot. The wind had shifted, and Captain Anderson found it almost impossible to keep the ship's head so as to give a chance to the cable to keep up and down. Up, however, came the cable, and the wire-rope over the wheel, together; and those engaged in directing its movements saw that it had been considerably damaged, and were congratulating themselves that the injured part was on board, when suddenly a jerk was given to the dynamometer, which indicated a strain of something like sixty cwt. Away the cable, wire-rope, and chain-shackling flew off the larger V-wheel on to one of the smaller V-wheels; and, just as it passed the in-

No. 71.—VOL. XII.

strument which had measured the severe test to which it had been subjected, snapped with a booming sound, and dashed into the sea, leaving a curl of eccentric foam after it. I have already very faintly attempted to describe the sensation produced on board our ship by this sad and untoward event, lacking words to convey the dismay which it occasioned. It was indeed a day of mourning. But there was a quiet settled purpose and determination upon the face of Mr. Canning which showed that he would leave nothing undone; and, as I have already told you, he resolved, with thorough English pluck, to sweep the track in which the cable lay in the hope of bringing it up from a depth exceeding two nautical miles.

The observations at noon place the ship in lat. $51^{\circ} 25'$, long. $39^{\circ} 6'$, course 765 S, 25 W. We had run $1,062$ miles from Valentia, were just 606 from Heart's Content, and had paid out since yesterday 116.4 miles of cable. Nothing could be more beautiful than the weather or more favourable for carrying out what appeared to all a forlorn hope. However, the grapnel—a sort of anchor weighing about three cwt., with five very strong flukes in it—was soon brought up from the stores, and bent on to the wire rope, of which we had a supply of five miles on board. We steamed away some fourteen miles from the place where the cable parted, and in the smoothest of water. The *Terrible*, to whom we signalled the disaster, was quite close to us at the time. The grapnel was let go at 3.20 ship's time on its deep-sea-fishing errand. The small engine was set going, and its wheels and drums revolved at a terrific pace as the wire rope went down, buckets of water being constantly thrown on them to keep them cool. Yet hissing clouds of steam arose.

Down, down went the rope, and one began to realize at every turn of the drum asking for fresh supply, what a grandeur there is in the depth of this mighty ocean. At 5 P.M. intimation was given that the strain was becoming gradually less; and, in a few minutes more, the grapnel had arrived below in

q q

just 2,500 fathoms, having occupied, with the intervals of stopping the machinery, over two hours in its wondrous journey to the caverns of the deep. From 5 until quite dark the cablemen, as well as the ship's crew, were actively engaged in getting one of the huge buoys over the port bow with the aid of the shears. When it hung over the side, all had been then done for the day that was deemed necessary; and the *Great Eastern*, broadside on to the track of the cable, trawled the grapnel over the ground in search of a prize worth, with all its belongings, not less than a million sterling. We had a mournful party in the grand saloon at night; and one by one dropped away from the table to the privacy of his cabin, to reflect on the events of a day ever memorable in the annals of ocean telegraphy.

Thursday, August 3d.—Broadside on to the line in which the cable lay, the *Great Eastern* tugged the grapnel during the night. There were indications now and then, towards break of day, that it had hold of something, and one bite which was given induced the fishermen to haul up and see what had been caught. About $\frac{1}{4}$ before 7 (Greenwich time) the pick-up engine was put in motion, and, to aid its feeble efforts, the rope was passed round the capstan close by. It came up kindly at first, and by 8 o'clock A.M. three hundred fathoms were on board. The dynamometer, which had been registering as high a strain as 70 cwt., suddenly indicated an increase to 75 cwt., and it was clear to every one that the flukes of the grapnel had laid hold of something. Even the most sceptical admitted that, if it was anything, it must be the cable. About 8 o'clock one of the wheels of the picking-up gear began to complain; and very shortly afterwards it broke. This disaster threw a very dangerous sort of work on the cable-staff in hauling in the rope, which sprung occasionally with such force as to imperil the lives of those who were near it. As it was, two men received rather serious injuries, and were taken to hospital to receive the tender and efficient care of our excellent Doctor

Ward. It now became very thick and hazy. The engine worked on, and our spirits rose as each fathom of the rope coiled over the drum. But, alas! all of a sudden, with one bound, the rope, springing into the air with a ringing noise, left the rapidly revolving drum; and, before it could be stopped with the hempen stops which men were preparing to roll round it near the wheel at the bow, it slipped away from them and darted down to the mysterious Atlantic waters again.

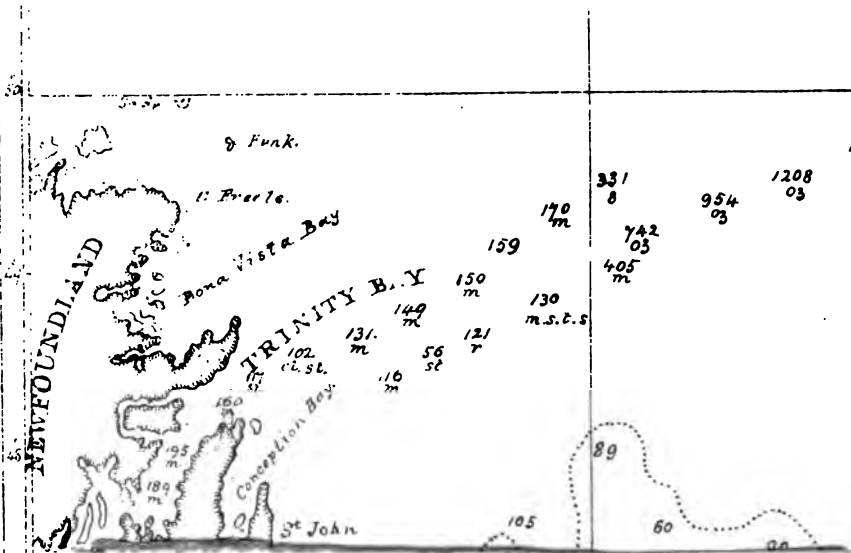
Another blow to our hopes! But still we reasoned upon what had occurred, and the probability of grappling the prize did not seem so distant as it was yesterday. To persevere while we had a foot of the buoy rope left was the resolve which those in command at once arrived at; and it was agreed to get to westward of where the grapnel and cable lay, and drift across its line again. The wind, hitherto favourable for this operation, now somewhat changed, and there was a very thick fog. At 1.30 P.M. (ship's time), and just before we started, we fired guns and blew the steam-whistle, to let the *Terrible* know we had moved; and it was some time before we heard one of her 100-pounders boom a reply. We soon steamed the fifteen miles—the distance Captain Anderson determined upon; and we lay to during the night, the weather being very fine, and the sea as smooth as glass.

Friday, August 4th.—There is very little to record to-day. We were drifting still away, to get at the desired place—to reach which was rendered more difficult by the fact of our not being able to get observations. An attempt to sound was made and became fruitless, so far as learning the nature of the bottom was concerned, by the line having broken. It was said that the lead touched the bottom at 2,300 fathoms. Early in the morning, the *Terrible* appeared to leeward of us quite close, and her first lieutenant, Mr. Prowse, came on board to ascertain what we proposed to do. He saw preparations made for lowering one of the smaller buoys—which was placed on a raft composed of planks and

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH (Chart

SHOWING THE TRACK OF THE STEAM S
ON HER VOYAGE FROM VALENTIA TO NEW
SOUNDINGS - THE DAILY LATITUDE AND LONG
RUN - AND THE NUMBER OF MILES OF

LITHOGRAPHED AND PRINTED ON BOARD
THE "CREST EASTERN" - AUGUST 1865.



secondary in point of interest. No one entertained a doubt as to the practicability of the one; but to bring up a cable from a depth of over two miles was to overcome difficulties scarcely to be estimated.

Our hopes are again destroyed. At 17 minutes to 8 A.M. away went the cable again. A shackle had passed in apparent safety over the V wheel at the bow, thence to the drum, and so on to the capstan, where, after three turns had been taken, the swivel came out, and, with a force which those who saw it can never forget, whizzed into the air like a ship's rocket, and, after lashing its tail with fury, dived down under the frowning bows of the ship. We came to the breakfast-table almost broken-hearted; and Captain Anderson, Mr. Gooch, and Mr. Canning intimated that we should soon know the decision as to what course should be pursued.

The indomitable Canning, it was understood, had urged another "try;" and, as enough rope was on board of the five miles, to enable him to try the experiment, it was resolved to look once more for the cable. Lieutenant Prowse, of the *Terrible*, had by this time come on board, and learned what we intended to do. He told us that on the Sunday they came up with the first buoy we threw in, and close alongside of it a small schooner called the *First Fruits*, of Bridport, out twenty days from Cardiff, and bound to Harbour Grace. The captain of the *Terrible* sent Lieutenant Prowse on board of the little vessel, and learned from her captain that he had seen the buoy, and, on making out what it was, had determined to remain near it for a while, in the hope of being enabled to give information to any ship in the telegraph expedition which happened to be near. He expressed the greatest sorrow on learning that the cable had parted. We all hope that the conduct of this warm-hearted and excellent sailor, whose name we did not learn, may be rewarded by those who have it in their power to do so.

At 9.50 another buoy was hove overboard, of the same size as the former

one, painted red, with the word "Telegraph." On the top of the flag-staff there was a canvass-ball painted black, and the flag itself was red, white, and red, horizontal. The Buoy is in lat. $51^{\circ} 25' 30''$, lon. $38^{\circ} 56'$. Mr. Canning and Mr. Gooch now conferred with respect to the coming attempt to get at the cable; and it was resolved to trust to the capstan, which has not only shown what it can do, with the engine to which it has been attached, in getting up the huge anchors of the *Great Eastern*, but has proved itself an excellent auxiliary to the machinery which was too credulously supposed to be able to do the work of picking up. Round the capstan a casing of wood is to be placed, so as to increase its diameter for the coiling of the rope. The dynamometer and its two wheels are to be shifted nearer the capstan; and it is believed that the strain will be by these means made more even, and that sudden jerks can be more readily controlled. The swivels, too, will all be taken out, and either new ones made at one of the forges on deck (for we have two) or the old ones strengthened. All this work will take over forty-eight hours to get through.

Up to 5 P.M. we kept company with the *Terrible*, but the wind was freshening every moment to what Captain Anderson called a summer gale. We steered W.N.W. up to midnight, and congratulated ourselves that the increasing sea had so little effect on our great ship.

Wednesday, August 9th.—We had a gentle intimation last night that the *Great Eastern* could be induced to roll like other ships if she only had a chance. There was a heavy beam sea on. It rained in the early part of the morning; but afterwards the weather cleared, and by noon the wind changed from N.W. to N.N.E., and we went along in search of Buoy No. 2 at half-speed screw and paddle, with a heavy following sea, the result of last night's wind. Our navigators have an idea that they ought not to err more than a quarter of a mile or so in any of their "placings," and we were told to look out for Buoy No. 3 on

the port beam. The *Terrible* was in sight right ahead on our starboard bow, and we thought she was close to it. She came down on us, and signalled that she had not seen the Buoy. She told us that the Buoy bore S.S.E. of her. We steered S. by E. half E., and at 4.40 P.M. were abreast of it. Just as we made it from the bridge the *Terrible* signalled that she also had seen it. Thus, Captain Anderson and Staff-Commander Moriarty were right to a nicety in their calculations—a special chart of the tracks in searching for the Buoys has been drawn by Staff-Commander Moriarty, and will be lithographed on board.¹ Buoy No. 1 is distant as nearly as possible 9 miles from the second Buoy we placed; and between where the cable parted and the first Buoy is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Our lat. to-day was $51^{\circ} 19' W.$; our lon. $3\frac{1}{2}^{\circ} 6'$. The fore part of the deck is alive with artificers of all kinds. The capstan is nearly cased with wood nine inches thick, and is ready to receive its iron-clad covering, which will be finished before daylight. The night was perfectly calm; and, as the sparks flew aloft from the seething iron, hammered by the brawny Vulcans, we were all impressed with the picturesqueness of the scene—a picture that Rembrandt would have painted.

Thursday, August 10th.—A calm night. Towards 3 A.M. a slight breeze. The ship was taken by a current to the eastward some 6 or 7 miles between 9 P.M. last night and 4 this morning. Shortly before this we made out Buoy No. 1, and then steered away for Buoy No. 2. As on former occasions, we bore away to get the ship broadside on and drift on over the cable, steering N.W. The grapnel left the bows at 10.30 A.M. Greenwich time with 2,460 fathoms of wire rope and cable attached, and found bottom at 11.18 A.M. We then set the fore and aft sail and also our topsails to assist our drifting. Strain varying from 40 to 45 cwt. still drifting. At 1 P.M. strain on the index of the dynamometer 60 cwt. beyond which point

¹ A fac-simile of this Chart, as well as one showing the track of the *Great Eastern*, accompanies this article.

it did not show any inclination to go; and Mr. Canning and Captain Anderson arrived at the conclusion that we had moved the cable this time. Orders were then given to haul the grapnel in, and the machinery was set in motion. By 11.30 over 1,400 fathoms had been got in, the capstan working very satisfactorily.

Friday, August 11th.—At 5.20 A.M., the whole staff having remained faithful to their respective posts during the night, the grapnel made its appearance under the V wheel at the bow. We were dismayed to find that the chain which fastened the shank had taken an ugly half hitch round one of the flukes, so that it was impossible to hook the cable effectually. Captain Anderson said that he was pretty sure we had caught hold of it at one o'clock yesterday; but the discovery which was now made showed that, even if he had, the grapnel never could have got a proper hold. It was calculated from the length of the rope covered with ooze, that we were in 1,950 fathoms, though we sent down 2,460. There was a great desire among all on board to get some of the stuff from the bottom which adhered to the grapnel and the rope; and all of us collected specimens. Dr. Ward showed me some small shells, which were examined in a microscope. Sir Roderick Murchison will have an opportunity of seeing the ooze, as a bottle of it will be sent to the Geographical Society.

"What! Another trial, Mr. Canning?" "Yes," said he, "as long as I have enough rope—but I fear it has been sadly tried in the last work it had to do." Such were the chief engineer's conclusions, and his staff were set at once to work to patch it up. On examination it was found that the strands had been unlaid; so it was resolved that the defective pieces should be replaced. When complete, it was made up of 1,600 fathoms of wire rope, 220 fathoms of hemp rope, and 510 fathoms of Manila. A new grapnel was bent on. At 7.25 A.M. we were abreast of Buoy No. 2, and at 11.30 we signalled our

companion, the *Terrible*, "We are going to make a final effort," and "We are sorry you have had such uncomfortable waiting."

When the ship's head was W. by S. and the buoy bore E. by N. about two miles, the grapnel was let go. This was at 1:56 Greenwich time. We again set the canvas on the ship to regulate our drift. At 3:50 p.m. ship's time strain was marked to be 60 cwt. and the cable came in with the utmost ease and regularity round the capstan. The strain now became greater, the dynamometer indicating 80 cwt., and shortly afterwards, in a jerk which the shackle made in coming in, it marked 105 cwt. There was only one opinion now on board as to our having the cable on the grapnel, and at no period of the trying time which we had gone through was there more real hope; for, though men openly said, "We dare not hope," yet there was confidence inspired in us from Mr. Canning's and Captain Anderson's manner, which made us, spite of all, believe that we should pick up the cable. We all sat down to dinner in better spirits than we had been in for some days.

About a quarter to 7 I strolled up to the bows, and stood at the barrier, separating the capstan and machinery from the fore part of the deck, put there in order to leave the cable men ample space to work, and to prevent them being interfered with. The capstan was bringing in the manilla rope very steadily, which was being passed aft by the cable crew for coiling. A dozen or more hands were on the elevated grating on deck, at the bow, watching the progress of the rope after it had come over the V wheel, and standing by with hempen stops to stop its progress on getting the signal. Captain Anderson stood at the port side of the bow, watching the strain of the rope, and occasionally speaking through the tube which leads aft to the bridge, and giving instructions to "stop her," "reverse," or "go on," as occasion might demand. All of a sudden a whistling noise was heard, and all was over! The rope broke like a carrot, and

dived into the Atlantic to join the mute cable which lay below.

Now then for home! What more could be done? Thought, zeal, energy, labour, had all been honestly and faithfully applied; every available resource at the Engineer's command had been used to recover the cable; but, these having failed, there was only one course to pursue. After a short conference with Mr. Gooch and Mr. Canning, Captain Anderson gave the necessary instructions to prepare for our return. Lieutenant Prowse, of the *Terrible*, had come on board as soon as we signalled our failure, and informed us that the frigate would at once proceed to St. John's, and would take dispatches for us. She came up quite close to our stern. Her captain, becoming impatient at the delay of the pinnace—the sea beginning to rise rapidly with the increasing wind—fired a recall gun; and soon afterwards Mr. Prowse put off from the ship, lighting a blue light in the boat to show the *Terrible* where he was. He soon got on board, and Colomb's signal-lights, which have been used in both ships during the expedition, flashed the word "Farewell" from the frigate, to which we replied, "Good-bye, thank you." Captain Anderson then said, "Full speed, and keep her head east," and the *Great Eastern* pointed her obedient bow towards England.

The Fastnet Lighthouse, off Crookhaven, was made early on Thursday, the 17th of August, and despatches were sent ashore by a small steamer. The following statement, having been unanimously agreed to on board, was telegraphed to London. It is a summary of the facts connected with the discovery of the faults and of the parting of the cable; and it is impossible for any one who, like myself, witnessed the events of this memorable expedition to disagree with the conclusion at which the practical men have arrived.

"ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH EXPEDITION,
" *Great Eastern*, August 16th, 1865.

"The *Great Eastern* sailed from Valentia, after making the splice with the shore-end, on

23d July, and continued on her voyage to Lat. 51° 25', Long. 39° 6', being 1063 miles from Valentia and 600 miles from Heart's Content, Trinity Bay, having paid out 1,212 miles of cable, when the cable parted on the 2d August, at 12.35 p.m. in soundings 3,900 yds. under the following circumstances:—

"A partial loss of insulation having been discovered, the ship was stopped to recover that portion of the cable in which the fault lay—electrical tests placing it probably within 6 miles. The cable was passed from the stern to the bow of the ship for this purpose; and, after getting in two miles of cable, the fault being still overboard, the cable broke about 10 yds. inboard of the wheel at the bow, having been injured by chafing on the stern of the ship.

"Two previous faults had been discovered—the first in soundings of about 1,000 yds. and the second in about 4,100 yds.—and had been successfully recovered and made good. In the first case 10 miles, and in the second 2½ miles of cable, were hauled in.

"After the cable parted, a grapnel with 2½ nautical miles of rope was lowered down, the ship being so placed as to drift over the line of cable. The cable was hooked on the 3d; and, when 2,200 yds. of the rope had been hauled in, a swivel in the latter gave way, and 2,800 yds. of rope were lost—the cable having been lifted 1,200 yds. from the bottom.

"On the 4th a buoy with flag and ball was moored with 5,000 yds. of rope to mark the place. It is in lat. 51° 25', long. 38° 42' 30".

"From the 4th, fogs and adverse winds prevented a further attempt until the 7th, which was then made nearer the end of the cable, and was unsuccessful from the same cause when the cable had been lifted about 1,000 yds. Another buoy was then placed in lat. 51° 28' 30", long. 38° 56'.

"A third attempt was made on the 10th, which failed on account of the grapnel chain having fouled the flukes of the grapnel. The grapnel and last 800 yds. of rope came up covered with ooze.

"A fourth attempt was made on the 11th, at 3 p.m., which also failed through the breaking of the grapnel rope when the cable had been raised 600 yds. from the bottom. Having now exhausted the stock of rope, it became absolutely necessary to proceed to England for more and stronger tackle."

Practical conclusions unanimously arrived at by those engaged in various capacities in the expedition.

"1st. That the steam-ship *Great Eastern*, from her size and consequent steadiness, together with the better control obtained over her by having both the paddles and screw, render it possible and safe to lay an Atlantic Telegraph in any weather.

"2d. That the paying-out machinery, constructed for the purpose by Messrs. Canning and Clifford, worked perfectly, and can be confidently relied on.

"3d. That the insulation of the gutta-percha-covered conductor improved when submerged to more than double what it had been before starting, and has proved itself to be the best insulated cable ever manufactured, and many times higher than the standard required by the contract. The cause of the two faults which were recovered was, in each case, a perforation of the gutta percha through to the copper conductor, by a piece of iron wire found sticking in the cable. Electrically the third fault was analogous to the first. The difficulty may be provided against in future.

"4th. That nothing has occurred to create the least doubt in the minds of all those engaged in the expedition of the practicability of successfully laying and working an Atlantic Telegraph cable; but, on the contrary, their confidence has been largely increased by the experience obtained on this voyage.

"5th. That, the *Great Eastern* steam-ship supplied with sufficiently strong tackle and hauling in machinery for depths of 4,000 to 5,000 yds., there is little or no doubt of the possibility of recovering the lost end of the cable, and completing the line already about two-thirds laid.

"S. CANNING, Chief Engineer.

"JAMES ANDERSON, Comdr.

"DAN'L GOOCH, Chairman of the Gt.

"Ship Co. and Director of the Telegraph C. & M. Co.

"HENRY CLIFFORD, Engineer, T. C. & M. Co.

"CROMWELL F. VARLEY, Electrician of

"the Electric & International Tel. Co. and Atlantic Tel. Co.

"WILLIAM THOMSON, LL.D. F.R.S.

"Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Glasgow.

"C. V. DE SANTY, Chief Electrician, Telegraph Constn. Compy.

"HENRY A. MURPHY, Staff Commander, R.N."

The expedition of 1865 has proved, not only the practicability of laying a cable, but a fact of very great importance to all interested in ocean telegraphy—namely, that it can be picked up from a depth of two nautical miles. Already there has been expended, up to the present moment, in Atlantic Telegraph expeditions, a sum not less than 1,162,820*l.* of which, in round numbers, England has contributed the million, and America has found the rest. The present cable, which cost 700,000*l.* has been two-thirds laid, and that it can be recovered and taken to its destination in Heart's Content, is the conclusion at which the practical men engaged in the expedition have arrived. But

this is not all that is required. Another cable should be constructed at once ; but whether the external protector of the conductor and insulator is to be of a different kind will have yet to be determined. Beyond all doubt the protector¹ was pierced through, and the core was wounded ; but still the cable has so many other admirable qualities, particularly in its flexibility for paying out, and its general strength, that those interested may hesitate before they abandon the form which has been approved

¹ *Conductor*—Copper strand consisting of 7 wires (6 laid round one), and weighing 300 lbs. per nautical mile, embedded for solidity in Chatterton's Compound. Gauge of single wire .048 = ordinary 18 gauge. Gauge of strand .144 = ordinary No. 10 gauge.

Insulation—Gutta percha, 4 layers of which are laid on alternately with four thin layers of Chatterton's Compound. The weight of the entire insulation 400 lbs. per nautical mile. Diameter of core .464, circumference of core 1.392.

External protection—Ten solid wires of the gauge .095 No. 13 gauge), drawn from Webster and Horsfall's Homogeneous Iron, each wire surrounded separately with five strands of Manilla yarn, saturated with a preservative compound, and the whole laid spirally round the core, which latter is padded with ordinary hemp, saturated with preservative mixture.

Weight in air 35 cwt. 3 qrs. per nautical mile.

Weight in water 14 cwt. per nautical mile, or equal to eleven times its weight in water per knot ; that is to say, it will bear its own weight in eleven miles depth of water.

Breaking strain 7 tons 15 cwt.

Deepest water to be encountered 2,400 fathoms, or less than 2½ nautical miles in depth.

The contract strain is equal to eleven times its weight per nautical mile in water.

of by the scientific committee.² Possibly it may be thought desirable to strand the solid wires and thus give additional protection.

Captain Anderson is of opinion—and no one is more competent now than he is to form a correct one—that the *Great Eastern* is the ship of all others best calculated to pick up the cable. By the early part of the month of May, next year, proper and efficient machinery and gear could be got ready ; a new cable could be manufactured by the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, and the *Great Eastern*, having laid it at Heart's Content, could then return to the spot where the cable of 1865 parted, raise it and bring it to the American terminus. By these means the lines (if the expedition be successful) will be brought into commercial operation.

Englishmen, at all events, are not accustomed to be beaten in any enterprise they take up, and nothing has occurred in the Atlantic Telegraph expedition of 1865 to create doubt as to ultimate success.

² Captain Douglas Galton, R.E., F.R.G.S., F.G.S., F.R.S., William Fairbairn, Esq., C.E., F.R.S., Charles Wheatstone, Esq., F.R.S., William Thomson, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S., and Joseph Whitworth, Esq., C.E., F.R.S.—who formed the Scientific Committee, appointed by the Directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company to examine all specimens and tenders submitted to the Company—*unanimously* recommended that Messrs. Glass, Elliot, and Co.'s specimen be adopted, and that their tender for making and laying the cable be accepted.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1865.

GROTE'S PLATO:¹ THE AFFIRMATIVE, OR EXPOSITION, DIALOGUES.

BY PROFESSOR BAIN.

HAVING devoted an article to the negative and dialectic side of Plato, we must now consider him in his dogmatic or affirmative side. Mr. Grote reckons fourteen dialogues as more or less of this character, including some of the leading compositions of Plato,—the Republic, the Laws, Protagoras, Philebus, Timæus, Phædrus. It is chiefly as an affirmer of positive doctrine that Plato has been influential on the subsequent course of thought; his negative function has been so generally overlooked, that Mr. Grote's representation of it has all the air of a discovery.

In probing his affirmative views, we must bear in mind, not merely his negative character already dwelt upon, and his intense interest in the mere process of dialectic sifting, which was his ideal of research, but also the fact that he maintained and published different opinions at different times of his life, and left the separate and conflicting expositions in their original shape, without adjustment or reconciliation. The question then occurs, how are we to determine his real opinions? Our only means is to refer to the dialogues where the Sokratic elenchus is in abeyance; where

there is only the form, and scarcely even so much as the form, of antagonism, and where the substance is continuous monologue and uninterrupted dogmatism. The Timæus and the Laws are perfect examples.

The doctrines thus taught affirmatively might be reduced under various heads, according to the sciences that they respectively enter into. Thus, one set might be called Ethical and Political, which would include his theories of virtue and his schemes of society and social reconstruction. A second class might be termed Psychological, and would include a great number of suggestions as to the nature of the mind—the theories of pleasure and pain in the Philebus, for example. A third class would belong to Logic, inasmuch as we find him carrying out the Sokratic process of Inductive Definition, the method of classification by genus and species, and, in one Dialogue (Euthydemus), giving the first enumeration of Logical Fallacies. Lastly, we might group together his Physical, Physiological and Cosmical Theories, which, although of no value as science, are extremely curious as illustrating his own individuality, and the early speculative tendencies of the human mind. His leading dogma—the eternal, self-existent Ideas—has bearings in all the departments. In the particular instance

¹ Plato, and the other Companions of Sokrates. By George Grote, F.R.S. D.C.L. Oxon, and LL.D. Cambridge, Vice-Chancellor of the University of London. 3 vols. Murray.

of the Idea of the Good, it belongs to Ethics ; as a theory of generalization and the nature of general ideas it belongs alike to Psychology and to Logic, being the first term of the Nominalist and Realist controversy ; and, from its lofty character as a producing cause of concrete things, it may be said to be a great cosmical agent. It also bears a part in the question as to the prior and the future existence of the Soul.

It belongs to the historians of Philosophy to collect and arrange the various items under these, or other, heads, with a view to bring them into closer comparison with the theories of other philosophers. The purpose of the present article is sufficiently served, if we review a select number of the Dialogues of Affirmation, as handled and criticised by Mr. Grote ; in the course of which review, some of the leading doctrines will come prominently before us.

Let us begin with PROTAGORAS. This dialogue exhibits Sokrates in controversy with the celebrated Sophist, Protagoras, in the presence of a distinguished society of listeners, most of them bearing an occasional part. It is characterised by setting forth a large and comprehensive ethical theory, with a great deal of matter that seems to be neither search nor exposition, but pure literary ornament. Hippokrates, a youth of high family, having just heard of the arrival of Protagoras in Athens, runs off to the house of Sokrates before daylight to announce the fact, and to request an introduction to the great man. Sokrates maintains one of his characteristic conversations with Hippokrates, as to the false persuasion of knowledge and the treatment of the mind, and they then proceed in company to Protagoras. In answer to the interrogatory of Sokrates, as to the nature of his teaching, he says, "I shall teach the young man what he really comes to learn : wisdom and good counsel, both respecting his domestic affairs, that he may manage his own family well ; and respecting the affairs of the city, that he may address himself to them most efficaciously, both in speech and in act." Hereupon Sokrates

doubts whether the political art is teachable, and for this plain reason ; that the Athenian public, who put it in practice, never have been anywhere to school to learn it. Protagoras defends his position in a long harangue prefaced by a fable : the gist of it being that the child is indoctrinated in ethical and political right and wrong from his earliest years by the contact of everybody around him. He is praised for this, and punished for that ; hears this called right and honourable, that called base ; he has to obey the laws of the city, and to respect its institutions ; and, in short, there is a constant process of assimilation going on all his life with the community that he lives in. All that he, Protagoras, can do is to second and enforce this public teaching, and, perhaps, improve upon it. As Mr. Grote remarks, nothing can be more just or true to fact than the account thus given of the moral and political education of the citizen ; although, coming from a professed sophist, many of the commentators regard it as empty and worthless, or else as low-minded immorality. "I think it one of the best parts of the Platonic writings, as an exposition of the growth and propagation of common sense—the common, established, ethical and social sentiments, among a community ; sentiments neither dictated in the beginning by any scientific or artistic lawgiver, nor personified in any special guild of craftsmen apart from the remaining community—nor inculcated by any formal professional teachers—nor tested by analysis—nor verified by comparison with any objective standard ;—but self-sown and self-asserting, stamped, multiplied, and kept in circulation by the unpremeditated conspiracy of the general public—the omnipresent agency of King Nomos and his numerous volunteers."

In many of the dialogues Sokrates dwells on the fact that there are no recognised teachers of virtue and statesmanship ; it is only in this harangue of Protagoras that Plato gives the explanation, and it is the true explanation. When Protagoras has concluded, Sokrates steps in. He bestows high en-

comiums on the speaker, admitting that his conclusion is as well made out as it could be by continuous exposition. Indeed, as Mr. Grote remarks, it is a model speech for an orator of the public assembly. Protagoras "has sailed triumphantly upon the stream of public sentiment, accepting all the established beliefs, appealing to his hearers with all those familiar phrases, round which the most powerful associations are grouped, and taking for granted that justice, virtue, good, evil, &c. are known, indisputable, determinate data, fully understood and unanimously interpreted. He had shown that the community take great pains, both publicly and privately, to inculcate and enforce virtue; that is, what *they* believe in and esteem as virtue. But is their belief well founded? Is what they esteem really virtue? Do they and their elegant spokesman, Protagoras, know what virtue is? If so, how do they know it, and can they explain it?" In short, the Sokratic Dialectic has to be brought to bear on the popular Rhetoric; and Protagoras must now submit to the usual cross-examination, which he does with a very bad grace, being soon entangled in hopeless contradictions. He loses his temper, and has to be soothed by the intervention of the hearers. Alkiabides remarks by way of pacifying him: "Sokrates acknowledges the superiority of Protagoras in rhetoric; if Protagoras acknowledges the superiority of Sokrates in dialectic, Sokrates is satisfied;"—the claim of a Sokratic partisan for a *locus standi* to dialectic as a power over the human mind. We must leap the windings of the dialogue, to come at once to its remarkable ethical doctrine. The disputants had gone on, under the Sokratic lead, discussing the parts or subdivisions of virtue, their agreements and disagreements, and they come to the special member, Courage, which Protagoras readily affirms to be a quality in the highest degree fine and honourable. Sokrates remarks that so-called courageous men may do rash and foolish things; and that, as blind ventures

cannot be reckoned worthy of approbation, Courage must consist in knowledge or intelligence. Protagoras doubts this; Sokrates then conducts him to the general question as to the function of knowledge in the matter of good and evil, and he admits that it would be disgraceful not to proclaim that knowledge or intelligence is the governing element in human affairs. Sokrates approves of his opinion, and remarks that he must be aware that a different opinion is prevalent; namely, that, often, men, knowing what is best, act otherwise on the spur of pleasure and pain. There is now but one step to the main position of the dialogue, which is to affirm, without qualification or reserve, that good and evil are identical with pleasurable and painful, and that virtue is an affair of measurement or computation. An intelligent man puts into the scale the pleasures and pains, present and future, so as to determine the balance. Weighing pleasures against pleasures, he ought to prefer the more and the greater; weighing pains against pains, the fewer and the less. If pleasures against pains, then, when the pains outweigh the pleasures, reckoning distant as well as near, he ought to abstain from the act; when the pleasures outweigh, he ought to do it. Protagoras acquiesces in this position.

"Such is the ethical theory which the Platonic Sokrates enunciates in this dialogue, and which Protagoras and the others accept. It is positive and distinct, to a degree very unusual with Plato. We shall find that he theorises differently in other dialogues; whether for the better or the worse, will be hereafter seen. He declares here explicitly that pleasure, or happiness, is the end to be pursued; and pain, or misery, the end to be avoided; and that there is no other end, in reference to which things can be called good or evil, except as they tend to promote pleasure or mitigate suffering, on the one side—to entail pain or suffering on the other. He challenges objectors to assign any other end. And thus much is certain—that in those other dialogues where he himself departs from the present doctrine, he has not complied with his own challenge. Nowhere has he specified a different end. In other dialogues, as well as in the Protagoras, Plato has insisted on the necessity of a science or art of calculation: but in no other dialogue has he told us distinctly what are the items to be calculated.

"I perfectly agree with the doctrine laid down by Sokrates in the *Protagoras*, that pain or suffering is the End to be avoided or lessened as far as possible—and pleasure or happiness the End to be pursued as far as attainable—by intelligent forethought and comparison: that there is no other intelligible standard of reference, for application of the terms Good and Evil, except the tendency to produce happiness or misery: and that if this standard be rejected, ethical debate loses all standard for rational discussion, and becomes only an enunciation of the different sentiments, authoritative and self-justifying, prevalent in each community. But the End just mentioned is highly complex, and care must be taken to conceive it in its full comprehension. Herein I conceive the argument of Sokrates (in the *Protagoras*) to be incomplete. It carries attention only to a part of the truth, keeping out of sight, though not excluding, the remainder. It considers each man as an individual, determining good or evil for himself by calculating his own pleasures and pains: as a prudent, temperate, and courageous agent, but neither as just nor beneficent. It omits to take account of him as member of a society, composed of many others akin or co-ordinate with himself. Now it is the purpose of an ethical or political reasoner (such as Plato both professes to be and really is) to study the means of happiness, not simply for the agent himself, but for that agent together with others around him—for the members of the community generally. The Platonic Sokrates says this himself in the *Republic*: and accordingly, he there treats of other points which are not touched upon by Sokrates in the *Protagoras*. He proclaims that the happiness of each citizen must be sought only by means consistent with the security, and to a certain extent, with the happiness of others: he provides as far as practicable that all shall derive their pleasures and pains from the same causes: common pleasures, and common pains, to all. The doctrine of Sokrates in the *Protagoras* requires to be enlarged so as to comprehend these other important elements. Since the conduct of every agent affects the happiness of others, he must be called upon to take account of its consequences under both aspects, especially where it goes to inflict hurt or privation upon others. Good and evil depend upon that scientific computation and comparison of pleasures and pains which Sokrates in the *Protagoras* prescribes: but the computation must include, to a certain extent, the pleasures and pains (security and rightful expectations) of others besides the agent himself, implicated in the consequences of his acts."

The essential identity of the pleasurable with the good, of the painful with the evil, is exceedingly distasteful to the great mass of the Platonic commentators,

and they regard it as not seriously meant, but as a sort of jest or mockery against *Protagoras*. On the contrary, Mr. Grote contends that nowhere in Plato is there to be found any train of argument more direct, more serious, and more elaborate than what is here furnished by Sokrates. Instead of thinking lightly of the speech of *Protagoras*, he would think very highly of that sophist, if he thought him capable of composing it. Plato, it is true, does not maintain this theory elsewhere; in the *Gorgias*, *Republic*, *Phædrus*, and others, he discards calculation, and insists on the health of the mind as the principle of moral rectitude.

Let us now refer to the *GORGIAS*: for, although it may be classed with the dialogues of Search, it contains several well-marked ethical doctrines affirmatively declared. We find Sokrates here maintaining the position that to do evil is the worst thing that can happen to any one; the evildoer is the most miserable and pitiable of men. He that suffers evil is unfortunate, but much less so than the doer. The greatest blessing that can happen to the unjust man is to be punished; the greatest misery is to escape. Archilaus, who waded through slaughter to the throne of Macedonia, was the most miserable of mankind. All this proceeds on the theory of mental health as identified with virtue, and mental taint as connected with vice: a mere metaphor or analogy that determines nothing. Under all Plato's changes of view, virtue was self-regarding; either it was a calculation of individual pleasures and pains, or it was a regard to a high ideal of mental health. By the help of Mr. Grote we may put one point of the contrast of the *Protagoras* and the *Gorgias* thus:—The life of a man and of a society consists of successive moments of action and feeling. But at each moment we may draw a distinction between a transient impression, and the established character, habits, dispositions, intellectual acquirements, &c.—the accumulated mental capital of the past life. This permanent element is like the fixed capital of the trader, as compared to his annual pro-

duce; he must set apart, and abstain from devoting to immediate enjoyment, as much as will keep this unimpaired: he must do more, if he would improve his condition. Now in the Protagoras, the permanent element is pointedly distinguished from the transient; it is Knowledge, the Science or Art of Calculation. It is to take measure of all the transient elements, the pleasures and pains, present and future, near and distant, certain and uncertain, faint and strong. "The safety of life" (says Sokrates) "resides in our keeping up this science or art of calculation." No present enjoyment must be admitted that would impair it; no present pain must be shunned that is needful to uphold it. Yet its whole value is estimated by nothing but pleasures and pains. In the Gorgias the two elements are differently and less satisfactorily described. The permanent is termed Order, arrangement, discipline, a lawful, just, and temperate cast of mind, parallel to health and strength of body; the unordered mind is the parallel of the corrupt, dis-tempered, helpless body; life is undesirable till this is cured. You must abstain from a particular enjoyment, not because it will bring a greater pain, or risk a greater enjoyment in the future, but because it will taint the soundness of your mind, which soundness or discipline is a thing existing for itself, and not a means to the procuring of enjoyment and the warding off of pain.

"Indeed there is nothing more remarkable in the Gorgias, than the manner in which Sokrates not only condemns the unmeasured, exorbitant, maleficent desires, but also depreciates and degrades all the actualities of life—all the recreative and elegant arts, including music and poetry, tragic as well as dithyrambic—all provision for the most essential wants, all protection against particular sufferings and dangers, even all service rendered to another person in the way of relief or of rescue—all the effective maintenance of public organised force, such as ships, docks, walls, arms, &c. Immediate satisfaction or relief, and those who confer it, are treated with contempt, and presented as in hostility to the perfection of the mental structure. And it is in this point of view that various Platonic commentators extol in an especial manner the Gorgias: as recognizing an Idea of Good superhuman and supernatural, radi-

cally disparate from pleasures and pains of any human being, and incommensurable with them: an Universal Idea, which though it is supposed to cast a distant light upon its particulars, is separated from them by an incalculable space, and is discernible only by the Platonic telescope."

Sokrates then leads an attack on the public Rhetors as pandering to the distempers of the public, instead of curing them. He affirms that no man can keep his independence of mind and aspire to political power, and that the philosopher, who is, by the law of his being, a dissenter from the creed of King Nomos, must abstain from public affairs. The exercise of the negative dialectic, the proper philosophical weapon, could only get a man into trouble. It is but too evident that Plato had here in his mind the fate of Sokrates, and that he had deeply reflected on the position and plan of life of an active-minded reasoner differing from the established opinions of the public. The Gorgias claims an open field for the self-acting reason of the individual against the authority of numbers and the pressure of inherited tradition. Mr. Grote thinks it significant that he does not renew the farther demand of Sokrates in the Apology—the liberty of oral and aggressive cross-examination, addressed to individuals personally of all ranks and degrees. The formal assertion of liberty of examination was worthy of the founder of the Academy—the first school of philosophy; but something less than the Sokratic practice behoved to satisfy the philosopher even in the most tolerant of existing communities. Mr. Grote refuses to acquiesce in the disparaging view of the Athenian orators here given, and recalls occasions under Perikles and under Demosthenes when they gave wholesome counsel to the Athenians, regardless of its being palatable at the time. But, notwithstanding his difference from Plato in this matter, and in the still more important matter of the ethical theory we have alluded to, he exultingly points to this dialogue as unequalled in the literature of the ancient world for its bold assertion of the title, position, and dignity of individual dissenting

opinions—ethical and political—against ethical and political orthodoxy. “The Athenians will judge as they think right; none but those speakers who are in harmony with them have any chance of addressing their public assemblies with effect, and acquiring political influence. I, Sokrates, dis-sent from them, and have no chance of political influence; but I claim the right of following out, proclaiming, and defending, the conclusions of my own individual reason, until debate satisfies me that I am wrong.”

The PHÆDON is too remarkable in itself, and in our author's criticism, to be passed over. It is a marked example of the affirmatory class, being engaged in proving the immortality of the soul. The interest felt by most readers, however, depends not so much on the argumentative exposition, which is both obscure and unsatisfactory, as on the personality of the expounding speaker, and the irresistible pathos of the situation. Sokrates had been condemned to death; but, by the well-known accident of the occurrence of the annual religious mission to Delos, his execution was suspended for thirty days, during which he maintained his conversations with his friends. The last of these conversations is that reported in the Phædon; it was continued up to the administration of the hemlock. In the hands of Plato, the pathos and dramatic force of the situation were sure to receive the fullest justice. In this point of view the conception of the Dialogue is to represent Sokrates as the same man that he was before the trial; unmoved by the situation, not feeling that any misfortune is about to happen to him, equally delighting in dialectic invention. He persists in a great argumentative effort in spite of the intimation of the gaoler that the heat of talking would lead to a distressing death-struggle with the poison. Not the least interesting feature of the extraordinary scene, in the eye of our author, is his unchanged and emphatic proclamation of the right of independent judgment for hearer as well as for speaker.

“He does not announce the immortality of the soul as a dogma of imperative orthodoxy; which men, whether satisfied with the proofs or not, must believe, or must make profession of believing, on pain of being shunned as a moral pestilence, and disqualified from giving testimony in a court of justice. He sets forth his own conviction, with the grounds on which he adopts it. But he expressly recognises the existence of dissentient opinions: he invites his companions to bring forward every objection: he disclaims all special purpose of impressing his own conclusions upon their minds: nay, he expressly warns them not to be biassed by their personal sympathies, then wound up to the highest pitch, towards himself. He entreats them to preserve themselves from becoming tinged with *misology*, or the hatred of free argumentative discussion: and he ascribes this mental vice to the early habit of easy, uninquiring, implicit belief: since a man thus ready of faith, embracing opinions without any discriminative test, presently finds himself driven to abandon one opinion after another, until at last he mistrusts all opinions, and hates the process of discussing them, laying the blame upon philosophy instead of upon his own intellect.”

The first doctrinal view presented by the dialogue is a theory of the Soul or mind, differing considerably from that threefold partition, so elaborately set forth in the Republic and Timæus as to be commonly reckoned the view of Plato. The soul is made up, according to the last-named dialogues, of the Rational or Intellectual soul, located in the head; the Courageous, or Passionate (thoracic), placed between the neck and the diaphragm; and the Appetitive (abdominal) between the diaphragm and the navel. In the present dialogue, we have simply a division into soul and body; the soul being the seat of Reason, Intellect, the love of knowledge exclusively; while all that belongs to the second and third heads, Passion and Appetite, is put to the account of the body. There is a farther contradiction to a doctrine of the Philebus, namely, that desire or appetite cannot belong to the body, but only to the soul, being, in fact, an element of our consciousness and not a corporeal phenomenon. In the Phædon, the phrenology, or separate location, is dropped, to make room for a hypothesis of more independent existence; and the threefold composition is exchanged for an entity one and indivisible, which makes a

point of the argument. Again, uniformity or the absence of change is here predicated of the soul, in special contrast to the changing body, while, in the *Symposion*, soul and body are alike in constant flux and variation. These comparisons of the different dialogues show how Plato modified his doctrines to suit the occasion. For the end now in view, it was required that soul and body should be as sharply distinguished as possible. Then, Plato's immortality is one that chiefly concerns the philosopher, who alone complies with the conditions that makes it a state of bliss. The preparatory exercises consist in struggling against the passions, appetites, impulses, and aspirations, growing out of the body; in withdrawing oneself from the confusing preceptions of sense; in prosecuting pure mental contemplations, and looking to the essences of things, which requires a mind purified from all bodily contact whatsoever. The body is the enemy, the prison of the soul, and only philosophy can bring about the conquest and release. As regards the ordinary commonplace multitude, the soul in them is so encrusted and weighed down with bodily accompaniments as to be unfit for separate existence, and must at death pass into fresh bodies of men or animals chosen according to their disposition—a despot becoming a wolf, a glutton an ass. The men of good social virtues will fare slightly better: their souls passing into gentle and social animals, as bees, or perhaps into human forms.

Such is the statement of the creed; and we are not surprised that some of the hearers hesitate as to accepting it. The reasons are then given; and from them we merely select a point or two in connexion with our author's handling of the dialogue.

Sokrates recites an imaginary history of his philosophical phases. As a youth, he was ardent in his desire for investigating nature, and he began with the method of assigning, in the explanation of phenomena, some of their physical antecedents; as that animals are nourished by the putrefaction of the Hot and the Cold; that we think either by the blood,

or by the air, or perhaps by the brain; that men grow in size by the addition of new matter from the food, and so on. This method broke down in his hands (he does not say why); and, when looking out for another, he chanced to hear of the doctrine of Anaxagoras, that *Nous* (Reason, Intelligence), or the volition of some intelligent mind, was the cause of all things. For a time this gave him much satisfaction; but, on getting the book of Anaxagoras, he found to his great disappointment that the author, in his detailed explanations, did not employ Reason at all, but gave air, æther, water, and other alien powers—absurdly termed causes, as they could not explain why he, a rational agent, did what he was now doing. It was merely another mode of physical antecedence; and such inquirers set no value on the idea that *things occupy the position best for them to occupy*; they seemed not to think that *the Good and the Becoming have a power of binding things together*. But these despised considerations were vital in his eyes; and he accordingly proceeded in his last stage to build up a theory in correspondence therewith; whence we have the famous doctrine of Substantial Ideas, or Eternal Forms, which make the world what we find it by communicating their nature to the particular things. The cause of the Beautiful in an object is its participation in the Eternal Idea, the Self-Beautiful; a thing Great is made from the Self-Great; two is a derivative of the Dyad, three of the Triad. Here, then, we have a third stage, or variety, of belief respecting causes, which commended itself to the mind of Plato, although accepted by no one else. Mr. Grote adds an interesting comment on these philosophical phases of faith. We indicate only the heads of his criticism. Almost every one talks of Cause as a thing clearly understood. Some have represented the Idea of Cause as simple, intuitive, self-originated, universal; one and the same in all minds. Such theorists consider the maxim—every phenomenon must have a cause—as self-evident, known *a priori* apart from experience; something that no one can help believing as

soon as stated. The gropings of Sokrates are opposed to this; or at least show that it can be admitted only in a partial or qualified way. There is no positive, fixed, universal Idea, corresponding to Cause. The same man differs from himself at different times; much more do different men. Plato complains of Anaxagoras as being in the wrong track; Aristotle is dissatisfied with Plato. If there be an intuition in the matter, it must be different in all these men. In reality, however, the word itself is equivocal, the things meant by it are not the same. The sameness is an *emotional* sameness; the intellectual acceptance is various. Whatever satisfies the inquirer for the time, *that* is to him the cause. As with Good, all men desire it, but all men are not satisfied with the same things. For a time the ideal Sokrates was satisfied with the crude suggestions of physical antecedence; then came the designing and volitional agency of the animated Kosmos; and this must give place to the fiction of Universal Ideas. The personal agency passes into a metaphysical one; and metaphysical agencies were what both Plato and Aristotle accepted. They did not even require regularity in the action of a cause, admitting a class irregular and unpredictable, as well as the regular and predictable. Lastly, we come to modern inductive science, under which has been elaborated unconditional regularity of sequence as the essential idea of a Cause; rejecting all metaphysical entities, and allowing only the assemblage of phenomenal antecedents duly verified. All which shows that Cause is a Proteus; it may be instinctive as regards each separate mind; but, as an universal instinct, it would be self-contradiction.

From the eternal Ideas, Forms, or Essences, Plato undertakes to prove the immortality of the soul. One Idea or Form will not admit, will peremptorily exclude, the opposite Form. Greatness will not receive the form of Little-ness. Fire, the form of Heat, will not receive Snow, which has the form or essence of Cold. Accordingly, when we ask what it is in the living body that gives life,

the answer must be the Soul. Soul is identical with life. Now death is contrary of life, and accordingly the Soul, which brings with it Life, will never receive the contrary of Life; in other words, it is deathless or immortal.

This is one of the most peculiarly Platonic of all the arguments in the dialogue. Some of the others—as the argument from the unity or indiscerptibility of the soul, and that from the dignity of the soul—have been continued into modern times.

We have next a mythical representation of the state of the dead, the highest honours, as before, being reserved for the philosophers. Sokrates makes the application to his own approaching end; and then follows the death ceremonial, whose pathetic details and dramatic arrangement lend imperishable interest to the dialogue.

Our author cannot help remarking on the opposite views given by Plato as to the position of our bodily frame. Here the situation and the argument are suited by a total renunciation of the body. But this would not have been in keeping with the character of Sokrates in those dialogues where he is presented in the fulness of life, exhibiting bodily strength and soldierly prowess, proclaiming gymnastic training for the body as co-equal with musical training for the mind, and impressed with the most intense admiration for the personal beauty of youth. The human body, here discredited as an incumbrance of the soul, is represented in the Phædrus as the only sensible object adequate to reflect the beauty of the ideal world; while the Platonic Timæus proclaims (in language befitting Locke) that sight, hearing, and speech are the sources of abstract Ideas, and the foundations of speculative intellect and philosophy.

As regards the impression made by the argumentative part of the Phædon:—

“Neither the doctrine nor the reasonings of Plato were adopted even by the immediate successors in his school: still less by Aristotle and the Peripatetics—or by the Stoics—or by the Epikureans. The Epikureans denied altogether the survivorship of soul over body: Aristotle gives a definition of the soul which

involves this same negation, though he admits as credible the separate existence of the rational soul, without individuality or personality. The Stoics, while affirming the soul to be material as well as the body, considered it as a detached fragment of the all-pervading cosmical or mundane soul, which was re-absorbed after the death of the individual into the great whole to which it belonged. None of these philosophers were persuaded by the arguments of Plato. The popular orthodoxy, which he often censures harshly, recognised some sort of posthumous existence as a part of its creed; and the uninquiring multitude continued in the teaching and traditions of their youth. But literary and philosophical men, who sought to form some opinion for themselves without altogether rejecting (as the Epicureans rejected) the basis of the current traditions—were in no better condition for deciding the question with the assistance of Plato, than they would have been without him. While the knowledge of the bodily organism, and of mind or soul as embodied therein, received important additions, from Aristotle down to Galen—no new facts either were known or could become known, respecting soul *per se*, considered as pre-existent or post-existent to body. Galen expressly records his dissatisfaction with Plato on this point, though generally among his warmest admirers. Questions of this kind remained always problematical, standing themes for rhetoric or dialectic. Every man could do, though not with the same exuberant eloquence, what Plato had done—and no man could do more. Every man could coin his own hopes and fears, his own æsthetical preferences and repugnances, his own ethical aspiration to distribute rewards and punishments among the characters around him—into affirmative prophecies respecting an unknowable future, where neither verification nor Elenchus were accessible.”¹

THE PHÆDRUS and SYMPOSIUM are the two erotic dialogues of Plato.

“Under the totally different vein of sentiment which prevails in modern times, and which recognises passionate love as prevailing only between persons of different sex—it is

difficult for us to enter into Plato's eloquent exposition of the feeling as he conceives it. In the Hellenic point of view, upon which Plato builds, the attachment of man to woman was regarded as a natural impulse, and as a domestic, social, sentiment; yet as belonging to a common-place rather than to an exalted mind, and seldom or never rising to that pitch of enthusiasm which overpowers all other emotions, absorbs the whole man, and aims either at the joint performance of great exploits or the joint prosecution of intellectual improvement by continued colloquy. We must remember that the wives and daughters of citizens were seldom seen abroad: that the wife was married very young; that she had learnt nothing except spinning and weaving: that the fact of her having seen as little and heard as little as possible, was considered as rendering her more acceptable to her husband: that her sphere of duty and exertion was confined to the interior of the family. The beauty of women yielded satisfaction to the senses, but little beyond. It was the masculine beauty of youth that fired the Hellenic imagination with glowing and impassioned sentiment. The finest youths, and those too of the best families and education, were seen habitually uncovered in the *Palæstra* and at the public festival-matches; engaged in active contention and graceful exercise, under the direction of professional trainers. The sight of the living form, in such perfection, movement, and variety, awakened a powerful emotional sympathy, blended with æsthetic sentiment, which in the more susceptible natures was exalted into intense and passionate devotion. The terms in which this feeling is described, both by Plato and Xenophon, are among the strongest which the language affords—and are predicated even of Sokrates himself. Far from being ashamed of the feeling, they consider it admirable and beneficial; though very liable to abuse, which they emphatically denounce and forbid. In their view, it was an idealising passion, which tended to raise a man above the vulgar and selfish pursuits of life, and even above the fear of death. The devoted attachments which it inspired were dreaded by the despots, who forbade the assemblage of youths for exercise in the *palæstræ*.”

¹ An able, careful, and scholarly edition of the *Phædon* has been lately published by Mr. W. D. Geddes, Professor of Greek in the University of Aberdeen. In the Introduction, the dramatic scheme of the dialogue is critically set forth; the arguments are given in a clear summary, and compared with the modern arguments for the immortality of the soul. An ample running commentary accompanies the Text. Among the numerous appended Notes on the subjects of interest growing out of the dialogue, we would especially recommend the historical survey of the sentiment of death, and the views on suicide throughout the ancient world.

To Plato the passion appeared in the light of a stimulus to philosophy and high contemplation. At first impetuous and undistinguishing, it became afterwards regulated towards improving communion with an improveable youth. Personal beauty (in the *Phædrus*) is the main point of visible resemblance between the world of sense and the world of Ideas; the Idea of Beauty has thus a brilliant concrete representative; while the Ideas of Justice and Temperance

have none. The contemplation of a beautiful youth was the only way of reviving in the soul the Idea of Beauty seen in its previous state of existence. The philosopher must begin with this; and the emotion once excited gradually becomes expanded and purified. The lover at first charmed with the beloved person, enters into sympathy with his feelings, and promotes in him mental beauty and high aspirations. The admiration was then to take a wide sweep and embrace beauty generally, in arts and sciences, and in the arrangements of society. And the mind would be at last exalted to see Beauty in the abstract—the Idea or Form of the Beautiful. To reach this high summit, and be absorbed in the contemplation of “the great ocean of the beautiful,” was the rarest and most glorious privilege of a human being.

The picture of the beneficent and elevating influence of Eros Philosophus was much taken to heart by the Neo-Platonists. It is a striking manifestation of Plato—the transition of amorous impulse to religious and philosophical mysticism, the implication of poetical fancy with philosophic method, the surrender of the mind to metaphor and analogy, correct to a certain point, but stretched beyond all bounds. The worship of youthful masculine beauty, the belief in its efficacy to stimulate to instructive colloquy, the desire to exalt the spiritual and depress the sensual side of it, were common to Plato with Sokrates and Xenophon. But it is the peculiarity of Plato to treat the passion as the initial point to spring from in soaring into the region of abstractions where nothing lives but Beauty Absolute—the Self-Beautiful—the full sea of the beautiful.

It is always illustrative to compare Plato's changes of view, and the present dialogues furnish curious examples. In Phædrus (as in Phædon, Timæus, and others), the pre-existence of the soul, and its antecedent familiarity with the world of Ideas, are brought into the foreground. In the Symposium no such doctrine appears. The mind rises from

particulars to generals, but finds in itself the Form or Concept; the postulate is not pre-existence, but indwelling conceptions. In the Phædrus and Phædon the soul is declared immortal both in the past and in the future. In the Symposium the soul yearns for, but does not reach, immortality; the only perpetuity is in the memory of others. In Phædrus, Phædon, Republic, and elsewhere, Plato recognises many distinct Forms or Ideas, Beauty being only one. In the Symposium the Form of Beauty is presented singly and exclusively, as the sole occupation of the most exalted philosophy. And now lastly, the erotic couple themselves, Phædrus and Symposium, in this particular stand alone. If we look to the Phædon, Theætetus, Sophistes, or Republic, we shall not find Eros invoked as the stimulant to philosophy. The Republic describes an elaborate scheme for developing the philosophic power, but the excitement of the emotions bears no part in it. In Theætetus, the young man of that name is presented as in want of foreign aid to make his great capacity available; and there is provided the obstetric help of Sokrates in the shape of cross-examination, and instead of personal beauty, the ugliness of both the conversers is prominently signified.

We cannot make room for the briefest notice of the discussion on Rhetoric occupying the second part of Phædrus, with its many openings of thought, and the usual share of Platonic whims.

“Plato is usually extolled by his admirers, as the champion of the Absolute—of unchangeable forms, immutable truth, objective necessity cogent and binding on every one. He is praised for having refuted Protagoras; who can find no standard beyond the individual recognition and belief, of his own mind or that of some one else. There is no doubt that Plato often talks in that strain: but the method followed in his dialogues, and the general principle of method which he lays down, here as well as elsewhere, point to a directly opposite conclusion. Of this the Phædrus is a signal instance. Instead of the extreme of generality, it preclaims the extreme of speciality. The objection which the Sokrates of the Phædrus advances against the didactic efficacy of written discourse, is founded on the fact, that it is the same to all

readers—that it takes no cognizance of the differences of individual minds nor of the same mind at different times. Sokrates claims for dialectic debate the valuable privilege, that it is constant action and re-action between two individual minds—an appeal by the inherent force and actual condition of each, to the like elements in the other—an ever shifting presentation of the same topics, accommodated to the measure of intelligence and cast of emotion in the talkers and at the moment. The individuality of each mind—both questioner and respondent—is here kept in view as the governing condition of the process. No two minds can be approached by the same road or by the same interrogation. The questioner cannot advance a step except by the admission of the respondent. Every respondent is the measure to himself. He answers suitably to his own belief; he defends by his own suggestions; he yields to the pressure of contradiction and inconsistency, *when he feels them*, and not before. Each dialogist is (to use the Protagorean phrase) the measure to himself of truth and falsehood, according as he himself believes it. Assent or dissent, whichever it may be, springs only from the free working of the individual mind, in its actual condition then and there. It is to the individual mind alone that appeal is made, and this is what Protagoras asks for.”

THE SOPHISTES is not calculated for general reading, but it is one where Mr. Grote's powers of evoking interest appear to advantage. The dialogue (in common with POLITIKUS) is an exercise in Logical Definition and Division, as these processes were understood by Plato. The examples chosen are partly trivial and partly important—the place of the Angler in classification and the place of the Sophist. There is a highly metaphysical or ontological discussion respecting truth and falsehood, *ens* and *non ens*. Our author, every inch a historian, loves to decry the dawning, and to follow the onward movement, of scientific methods and scientific ideas; and more than once succeeds in animating the driest materials. He has here a good opportunity for vindicating his well-known views as to the Sophists; and also reads a homily, worthy of Bacon, on the intrusion of the emotional element in scientific inquiries.

POLITIKUS is Logic applied to Politics or Government, and contains a dissertation on scientific art as opposed to rule of thumb practice. By means of Logical Division, Plato singles out the true

Politikus, political man, or governor (he will not allow the supreme rule to be in a plurality), who must be able to exercise a scientific guidance over all the chiefs of departments. He it is that understands the crowning art, that is, to determine on what occasions to put forth all the other arts,—when to go to war, and when to act the Judge, the Rhetor, and so on. There is also a renewal of the complaint and protest against the stifling of free thought in all communities. As we are reserving space for the Republic, we will not enter farther into this dialogue.

As regards its ostensible purpose, the tracing of the growth of names, the KRATYLUS has little to detain the modern philologist. Nevertheless, in the hands of Mr. Grote, it illustrates several leading Platonic characteristics. It pushes the theory of Ideas, or Forms, to the extreme of including Name-Forms, as well as Thing-Forms; and postulates a true Artistic Name-giver, who is to discover a suitable Name-Form for every essence. Plato will not allow languages any more than societies, or the Kosmos, to *grow*; they must be *made* by a skilled constructor. It is our author's practice to bring Plato face to face with the best modern views on every subject, and he here refers us to the doctrines of Renan, Hensleigh Wedgwood, and others, as to the origin of language. As we might expect, he strenuously resists the thesis of the recent German commentators, that Plato's ridiculous specimens of etymology are intended to caricature the Sophists.

THE PHILEBUS is a dialogue of Exposition, accompanied with Search:—

“The question is, Wherein consists The Good—The Supreme Good—Summum Bonum. Three persons stand before us: the youthful Philebus: Protarchus, somewhat older, yet still a young man: and Sokrates. Philebus declares that The Good consists in pleasure or enjoyment; and Protarchus his friend advocates the same thesis, though in a less peremptory manner. On the contrary, Sokrates begins by proclaiming that it consists in wisdom or intelligence. He presently however recedes from this doctrine, so far as to admit that wisdom, alone and *per se*, is not sufficient to constitute the Supreme Good; and that a

certain combination of pleasure along with it is required. Though the compound total thus formed is superior both to wisdom and to pleasure taken separately, yet comparing the two elements of which it is compounded, wisdom (Sokrates contends) is the most important of the two, and pleasure the least important. Neither wisdom nor pleasure can pretend to claim the first prize; but wisdom is fully entitled to the second, as being far more cognate than pleasure is, with the nature of Good."

Under the guise of determining a practical question, we have theories of pleasure and pain, the varieties of knowledge or cognition, logical classification exemplified, man compared to the Kosmos, &c. In first putting the question as to pleasure's being the sole good, Sokrates asks Protarchus—"Would you be satisfied to pass your life in enjoyment and nothing else?" Protarchus assents. "But recollect," says Sokrates, "that you are to be without thought, intelligence, reason, sight, and memory; you are to live *the life of an oyster*, with "great present pleasures." Protarchus is silenced rather than convinced. Sokrates then asks whether he will accept a life of full and all-comprehensive intelligence without either pleasure or pain, which Protarchus also declines. Mr. Grote, however, remarks justly that more than one Grecian philosopher, looking at the miseries of life, would have accepted as a *summum bonum* the absence of pain, without any guarantee for the presence of pleasure, while with the addition of so large a measure of intelligence they would have considered themselves fortunate.

The mixed view of the Good being thus granted, it is the object of Sokrates to show that the element of intelligence is the more important of the two. Preparatory to this we have a logical discussion respecting the One and the Many, which is Platonic for the General and the Individual—man in the general, as against the individual man. Our author's criticisms are especially called for in these logical windings. He sees in them the earliest struggles to comprehend the principle of Classification, and lets us know how far Plato had got, and where he broke down. The general-

izing process was, in the Sokratic age, for the first time a subject of study, and it affected Plato with a kind of intoxication. His Ideas or Forms are the grand generalities of things, elevated to the rank of uncreated essences. The upshot of the digression hardly corresponds to the labour. It appears that Pleasure is Indefinite or Indeterminate, and Intelligence the principle of Regulation or Measure; a fine way of saying that the feelings are to be regulated by the reason.

Then follows an interesting analysis of Pleasures and Pains, distinguishing pleasures that are the reaction of former pain (warming ourselves, for example) from such as do not depend on that reaction; these last are the pure pleasures, and the only sort that Plato here admits. The distinction is real, but the cases are mistaken. We may grant that the pleasures of the eye, and of the ear, are pure; but, when he assigns scientific studies as an example of the class, most people will demur; for, even setting aside the labour, the highest charms of knowledge are a reaction from the pains of ignorance. But worse than this is the doctrine that some pleasures are *true* and others *false*, introducing intellectual attributes into emotional states; a kind of jumble characteristic of Plato and of early philosophizing. Unless the present writer is greatly mistaken, the Freedom of the Will is a parallel case of incongruous conjunction; there is no similarity between Freedom and Will, as there is between Freedom and Government, the Press, Trade, and other political institutions.

After the analysis of Pleasure, comes the analysis of Intelligence and its modes, also highly Platonic. An acute and well-founded remark, on the superiority of all arts based on exact measurement, is followed out into a mystical identification of Measure and Proportion with the Beautiful and the Good; and so settles, by assuming, the point in dispute.

We should have been glad to quote our author's interesting comments upon the asceticism of the Philebus, as con-

trusted with the free scope given to pleasure in Phædrus and Symposium. But we have said enough to whet curiosity in this remarkable, although obscure and difficult, composition. Two other scholars have recently devoted themselves to its elucidation—Dr. Badham and Mr. Edward Poste.

The author's handling is nowhere seen to greater advantage than in the *REPUBLIC* :—

"The professed subject is—What is Justice? Is the just man happy in or by reason of his justice, whatever consequences may befall him? Is the unjust man unhappy by reason of his injustice? But the ground actually travelled over by Sokrates, from whose mouth the exposition proceeds, is far more extensive than could have been anticipated from this announced problem. An immense variety of topics, belonging to man and society, is adverted to more or less fully. A theory of psychology or phrenology generally, is laid down and advocated: likewise a theory of the Intellect, distributed into its two branches: 1. Science, with the Platonic Forms or Ideas as Realities corresponding to it; 2. Opinion, with the fluctuating semi-realities or pseudo-realities, which form its object. A sovereign rule, exercised by philosophy, is asserted as indispensable to human happiness. The fundamental conditions of a good society, as Plato conceived it, are set forth at considerable length, and contrasted with the social corruptions of various existing forms of government. The outline of a perfect education, intellectual and emotional, is drawn up and prescribed for the ruling class: with many accompanying remarks on the objectionable tendencies of the popular and consecrated poems. The post-existence, as well as the pre-existence, of the soul, is affirmed in the concluding books. As the result of the whole, Plato emphatically proclaims his conviction, that the just man is happy in and through his justice, quite apart from all consideration of consequences—yet that the consequences also will be such as to add to his happiness, both during life as well as after death: and the unjust man unhappy in and through his injustice."

We must pass at once to Mr. Grote's chapter wherein he comments on the main thesis of the *Republic*;—a chapter not surpassed, in our judgment, in the whole literature of Ethical Philosophy, for a clear, searching, and thorough exposition of the great question at issue.

The larger portion of the dialogue is engaged in expounding the rise of a commonwealth generally; whence the author passes to the delineation of his

Model Commonwealth—enumerating the conditions of aptitude for its governors and guardian-soldiers, estimating the obstacles in its way, and pointing out the steps of its too-probable degeneracy. Nevertheless, the avowed object of the treatise is to solve the questions,—What is Justice? What is Injustice?—and, with reference thereto, to maintain that the just man is happy in virtue of his justice, apart from all consequences, and even though he is not known to be just, and is treated as unjust by gods and men. That vague notice elsewhere appearing, that Justice is the soul's health, here receives a detailed elaboration.

The *Republic* or *Commonwealth* of Plato is the individual man "writ large;" the parts of the one and the parts of the other are treated as alike. The triple division of the human mind into—(1) *REASON* or *Intelligence*, (2) *ENERGY*, *Courage*, *Spirit*, or the *Military Virtue*; and (3) *Many-headed APPETITE*—all in mutual counter-play, is transferred to the State, each of the three parts being represented by one of the political orders or divisions of the community. The happiness of the man and the happiness of the commonwealth are attained in the same way, namely, by realizing the four virtues—*Wisdom*, *Courage*, *Temperance*, *Justice*; with this condition, that *Wisdom*, or *Reason*, is sought only in the Ruling caste, the *Elders*; *Courage*, or *Energy*, only in the second caste, the *Soldiers* or *Guardians*; while *Temperance* and *Justice* (meaning almost the same thing) must inhere alike in all the three classes, and be the only thing expected in the third, the *Working Multitude*.

The opponents of Sokrates in the dialogue advance the position that Justice is a good thing, not in itself, since just acts are often painful to perform, but because of its consequences in procuring reciprocal good treatment from others; this, they say, is what fathers inculcate on their children, and poets and teachers on everybody. Sokrates, on the other hand, as Plato's spokesman, declares justice to be good, or a cause of

happiness to the just agent, *most of all in itself*, but also, additionally, in its consequences. Plato stands forth as impugning a received opinion of mankind, countenanced by Sokrates himself, in the Platonic Apology, and in the Memorabilia of Xenophon. Mr. Grote maintains that the common opinion is nearest the truth.

Let it be noted, in behalf of Plato, that he desires to stand forward as the champion of justice. But to commend it for its consequences is to him a low view. Its dignity demands nothing short of the allegation that, whatever the consequence from gods or men, the just man is inherently happy in his justice; to such lengths does he carry his enthusiastic eulogy—"neither the eastern star nor the western star is so admirable." We may consider Plato as the first proclaimer of the doctrine, afterwards insisted on by the Stoics, and repeated in modern ethics, that virtue is all-sufficient to the happiness of the virtuous agent, whatever may be his fate in other respects. Every one would be glad if the theory were true. Those that maintain it now consider that they are in the opposite extreme from a Selfish Theory of Morals; but Plato's theory is essentially self-regarding; his nowhere recognising disinterestedness of conduct is a serious defect in his ethical views.

Plato supplies against himself the argument that, if the theory were true, and could only be impressed on every one from their childhood, no other checks against injustice would be necessary. In these words we have a characteristic Platonic trait. There are certain doctrines, this about justice for one, and the goodwill of the gods for another, that, whether true or not, he would inculcate for the sake of their beneficial influence on society. "If the fable of Kadmus and the dragon's teeth, with a great many other stories equally improbable, can be made matters of established faith, surely a doctrine so plausible as mine, about justice and injustice, can be easily taught and accredited."

There is a well-managed stroke of special pleading in the reply of Sokrates to the common theory, that justice, in itself troublesome, is necessary to ensure reciprocal good offices. He says, that what this theory suggests to a man is, not to be just, but to *appear* so, at the least cost to himself; inasmuch as the good of justice follows on the reputation of it; and the evils of injustice are solely owing to being believed unjust. Although not unanswerable, the argument is a telling one:—

"Now upon this we may observe, That Plato, from anxiety to escape corollaries which are only partially true, and which, in so far as they are true, may be obviated by precautions—has endeavoured to accredit a fiction misrepresenting the constant phenomena and standing conditions of social life. Among those conditions, reciprocity of services is one of the most fundamental. The difference of feeling which attaches to the services which a man renders, called duties or obligations—and the services which he receives from others, called his rights—is alike obvious and undeniable. Each individual has both duties and rights: each is both an agent towards others, and a patient or sentient from others. He is required to be just towards others, they are required to be just towards him: he in his actions must have regard, within certain limits, to their comfort and security, they in their actions must have regard to his. If he has obligations towards them, he has also rights against them; or (which is the same thing) they have obligations towards him. If punishment is requisite to deter him from doing wrong to them, it is equally requisite to deter them from doing wrong to him. Whoever theorises upon society, contemplating it as a connected scheme or system including different individual agents, must accept this reciprocity as a fundamental condition. The rights and obligations, of each towards the rest, must form inseparable and correlative parts of the theory. Each agent must be dealt with by others according to his works, and must be able to reckon beforehand on being so dealt with:—on escaping injury or hurt, and receiving justice, from others, if he behaves justly towards them. The theory supposes, that whether just or unjust, he will appear to others what he really is, and will be appreciated accordingly.

"The fathers of families, whose doctrine Plato censures, adopted this doctrine of reciprocity, and built upon it their exhortations to their children. 'Be just to others: without that condition, you cannot expect that they will be just to you.' Plato objects to their doctrine, on the ground, that it assumed justice to be onerous to the agent, and there-

fore indirectly encouraged the evading of the onerous preliminary condition, for the purpose of extorting or stealing the valuable consequent without earning it fairly. Persons acting thus unjustly would efface reciprocity by taking away the antecedent. Now Plato, in correcting them, sets up a counter-doctrine which effaces reciprocity by removing the consequent. His counter-doctrine promises me that if I am just towards others, I shall be happy in and through that single circumstance; and that I ought not to care whether they behave justly or unjustly towards me. Reciprocity thus disappears. The authoritative terms *right* and *obligation* lose all their specific meaning."

In the conclusion of this interesting chapter, Mr. Grote remarks that Plato, throughout the Republic, mixes up the preacher with the social analyst. When he is exhorting youth to justice, he depicts the just man in glowing colours, regardless of fact, and thinks that the "pious fraud" is excused, and even ennobled, by the end. But as the cool analyst, and as paving the way for his own reconstructive scheme, he sets forth the condition of existing societies as anything but favourable to his just man. The dissenter for the better, and the dissenter for the worse, are equally obnoxious to King Nomos.

In dealing with the Platonic communism of the sexes, which is always set aside as unnatural, impossible, &c. Mr. Grote, as usual, forms an independent and dispassionate opinion. The impossibility of establishing either the Platonic commonwealth, or the Aristotelian, is in his eyes grounded on the same fact; namely, that all the various communities of mankind exist under established customs, beliefs, and sentiments, in complete discordance with them; while we have no knowledge of any influence sufficient to overcome the opposition thence arising. He will not admit that the power capable of establishing the Spartan System, or any other system—the Monogamy of the West, or the Polygamy of the East—could not have established the Platonic scheme; and such a scheme, once prevailing, would have been an effectual conservative barrier against any Plato or Aristotle who should have dreamt of introducing European Monogamy or Asiatic Poly-

gamy. It is in regard to the sexual code that we have the most startling illustrations of the variety of men's views of right and wrong in different ages and nations. All agree in the possession of a moral sentiment, as in possessing any other human sentiment—love, hope, desire—but, in the matter of it, the things commanded and forbidden, there are discrepancies amounting to contradiction.

"Practices now abhorred as wrong are here directly commanded by Plato and Aristotle, the two greatest authorities of the Hellenic world: men differing on many points from each other, but agreeing in this: men not only of lofty personal character, but also of first-rate intellectual force, in whom the ideas of virtue and vice had been as much developed by reflection as they ever have been in any mind: lastly, men who are extolled by the commentators as the champions of religion and sound morality, against what are styled the unprincipled cavils of the Sophists."

Our author describes the Malthusianism of the ancient world, as put in a definite shape by Plato and Aristotle, in terms implying commendation of the object, although not necessarily of the means proposed.

The REPUBLIC is not confined to Ethical and Political views, but enters largely into the Intellectual Philosophy of Plato. The TIMÆUS contains the Platonic theories of Cosmogony, Physics, Physiology, Practice of Physic, Mind, &c. all which our author has taken great pains to elucidate. Lastly, we have the long treatise, called the LAWS, where Plato appears again as a constructor of Society, on a less ambitious plan than in the Republic, for which mankind was not sufficiently exalted. This is the work of his old age, and repeats his principal ethical and political doctrines, which, however, are largely mixed up with a dogmatic theology of his own invention, to be enforced by civil pains and penalties.

The extraordinary revolution that came over the mind of Plato with advancing years, in regard to intellectual freedom, is commented on by Mr. Grote with sorrow and indignation. After reciting the penalties against heterodoxy—five years' solitary confinement in

chains in the House of Correction for the first offence, death for the second—he exclaims, “Such is the new Act of Uniformity”:

“We seem to be under a legislation imbued with the persecuting spirit and self-satisfied infallibility of mediæval Catholicism and the Inquisition. The dissenter is a criminal, and among the worst of criminals, even if he do nothing more than proclaim his opinions. How striking is the contradiction between this spirit and that in which Plato depicts the Sokrates of the Phædon, the Apology, and the Gorgias! How fully does Sokrates in the Phædon recognize and respect the individual reason of his two friends, though dissenting from his own! How emphatically does he proclaim, in the Apology and Gorgias, not merely his own individual dissent from his fellow-citizens, but also his resolution to avow and maintain it against one and all, until he should hear such reasons as convinced him that it was untrue! How earnestly does he declare (in the Apology) that he has received from the Delphian God a mission to cross-examine the people of Athens, and that he will obey the God in preference to them: thus claiming to himself that special religious privilege which his accuser Meletus imputes to him as a crime, and which Plato, in his Magnetic colony, also treats as a crime, interdicting it under the severest penalties!”

In a chapter on the other companions of Sokrates, Mr. Grote surveys the Ethical doctrines of the Cynic and Cyrenaic schools, which, with slight modifications, passed into the Stoic and Epicurean; and takes occasion to state

his own opinion on this standing controversy, which is on the Epicurean side. He devotes a separate chapter to Xenophon.

The character of Plato may now, we think, be seen in its true proportions, as well as in its vast dimensions. Poetry was wedded to Science; hence transports more than human, but also discords and marred individuality on both sides.

With a very few words, we shall leave our readers to their own meditations as to the value of the work now brought under notice. A historian of philosophy, according as he masters, or is mastered by, the questions in debate, is the very best, or the very worst, teacher of the subject-matter of philosophy. Mr. Grote need not fear the application.

To some, so strong a manifestation of sympathy with the unfettered judgment of the individual, will rank as a greater merit than either the extent of the erudition or the philosophical grasp. In this respect, the author's consistent life is a worthy contrast to the inverted career of his subject. In youth, the liberal reformer and the ballot-moving politician; in middle age, the historian of the “free life of collective Hellas;” he now appears with unabated vigour as the champion of liberty in the domain of intellect or thought.

ON THE RHINE.

On the little plank-pier of the village,
The village on banks of Rhine,
With peasants brown from the tillage
See a travelling youth recline.

The rock with its castle facing,
Vine-hills in a sunny air,
The silver current chasing
With image reversed and rare.

But the youth loses eyes of dreaming
In the heat-haze luminous,
Afar where the flood looks streaming
From skies mysterious.

Till a cloud or a smoke faint staining,
A phantom emerges dim;
Though his eye grow tired with straining,
His heart rings a happy chime

With the wash of the mighty water
As it forks at the pier piles,
And the peasant's careless laughter, ;
And the myriad river smiles.

He can see the deck of the steamer,
The froth of her rushing wheel;
Now sidling smoother and tamer,
Flin, the uncoiling reel!

And a maiden has waved him greeting
As he hurries across the plank,
While thirsty eyes in the meeting
Draughts for a century drank.

To the vineyards turn their glances
And storied castle shells,
To the creaming foam as it dances
In the crush of the paddle swells.

But their faces touch more nearly
Than anything compels,
If two young travellers merely
Study the Drachenfels.

At the last I saw them standing
With wringing hands locked long ;
But the careless crowd at the landing
To separate was strong.

To bear through the years asunder
With a change of cares and strife,
Till they only vaguely wonder
Where each has roved in life.

And if either came to the river
In a far-off after year,
And saw the sunlight quiver
On water about the pier,

It would seem to them two strangers
Had met as lovers here,
While they, mere careless rangers,
Had travelled with him and her.

For the hour has been crowned and
banished

When the youth stood there intent,
And the globes of the stream have va-
nished

Whereon his gaze was bent.

So vanished are thought and feeling
Which glimmered in boy and maid :
To the old loved places stealing
We find the Past is dead !

Our friends may be laughing or weeping
Much as they used of old,
Nor yet our little ones leaping
Over our loveless mould.

And one may indeed resemble
The man who was yours before,
And your wistful spirit a-tremble
May feel for the friend of yore.

Learn such a longing to smother !
Yesterday's friends are gone ;
The man were not more another
Slept he under the stone.

Still stands the pier of the village,
But never from there again
That youth with men from the tillage
Eyes to the haze shall strain.

RODEN NOEL.

CRADOCK NOWELL: A TALE OF THE NEW FOREST.

BY RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE.

CHAPTER XXV.

THAT evening Dr. Hutton started, on his long swift mare, for the hall at Nowelhurst, where he had promised to be. He kissed his Rosa many times, and begged her pardon half as often, for all the crimes that day committed. Her brother Ralph, from Fordingbridge, who always slept there at short notice, because the house was lonely, would be sure to come (they knew) when the little boy Bob was sent for him. Ralph Mohorn—poor Rosa rejoiced in her rather

No. 72.—VOL. XII.

uncommon patronymic, though perhaps it means Cow-horn—Ralph Mohorn was only too glad to come and sleep at Geopharmacy Lodge. He was a fine, fresh-hearted fellow, only about nineteen years old ; his father held him hard at home, and of course he launched out all the more abroad. So he kicked up, as he expressed it, "the devil's own dust" when he got to the Lodge, ordered everything in the house for supper, with a bottle of whiskey afterwards—which he never touched, only he liked the name of the thing—and then a cardinal, or the

biggest meerschaum to be found in any of the cupboards. His pipe, however, was not, like his grog, a phantom of the imagination; for he really smoked it, and sat on three chairs, while he "baited" Rosa, as he called it, with all the bogeys in Christendom. It was so delicious now to be able to throw her into a tremble, and turn her cheeks every colour, and then recollect that a few years since she had smacked his own cheeks *ad libitum*. However, we have little to do with him, and now he is a jolly farmer.

Rufus Hutton rode through Ringwood over the low bridge where the rushes rustle everlastingly, and the trout and dace for ever wag their pellucid tails up stream. How all that water, spreading loosely, wading over miles of meadows, growing leagues of reed and rush, mistress of a world in winter, how it all is content to creep through a pair of little bridges,—matter of such mystery, let the Christchurch salmon solve it. Dr. Hutton went gaily over—at least his mare went gaily—but he was thinking (beyond his wont) of the business he had in hand. He admired the pleasant old town as he passed, and the still more pleasant waters; but his mare, the favourite Polly, went on at her usual swing, until they came to the long steep hill towards the Picked Post. As he walked her up the sharp parts of the rise, he began to ponder the mysterious visit of those convivial strangers. It was very plain that neither of them knew or cared the turn of a trowel about the frank art of gardening; that of course was only a sham; then what did they really come for? Rufus, although from childhood upwards he had been hospitable to his own soul, that is to say, regarded himself with genial approbation, was not by any means blindly conceited, and could not suppose that his fame, for anything except gardening, had spread through the regions round about. So he felt that his visitors had come, not for his sake, but their own. And it was not long before he suspected that they wished to obtain through him some insight, perhaps even some influence, into and in the course of events now

toward at Nowelhurst Hall. They had altogether avoided the subject; which made him the more suspicious, for at present it was of course the leading topic of the county.

However, as they were related to the family, while he, Rufus Hutton, was not, it was not his place to speak of the matter, but to let his guests do as they liked about it. They had made him promise, moreover, to dine with the Kettledrums on the very earliest day he could fix, viz.—the following Wednesday, and there he was to meet Mr. and Mrs. Corklemore. Was it possible that they intended, and perhaps had been instructed, to subject the guest on that occasion to more skilful manipulation than that of their rude male fingers?

"I'll take Rosa with me," said Rufus to himself; "a woman sees a woman's game best; though Rosa, thank heaven, is not very Machiavellian. How very odd, that neither of those men had the decency to carry a bit of crape, out of respect for that poor boy; and I, who am no way connected with him, have been induced by my Roe with a hat-band!"

Shrewd as our friend Rufus was, he could not be charged with low cunning, and never guessed that those two men had donned the show of mourning, and made the most of it round their neighbourhood to impress people with their kinship to the great Nowells of Nowelhurst, but that their guardian-angels had disarrayed them ere they started, having no desire to set Rufus thinking about their chance of succession. As the sharp little doctor began to revolve all he had heard about Corklemore, his mare came to the Burley-road where they must leave the turnpike. Good Polly struck into it, best foot foremost, and, as she never would bear the curb well, her rider had quite enough to do, in the gathering darkness, and on that cross-country track, to attend to their common safety.

She broke from the long stride of her trot into a reaching canter, as the moon grew bright between the trees, and the

lane was barred with shadow. Pricking nervously her ears at every flaw or rustle, bending her neck to show her beauty, where the light fell clear on the moor-top, then with a snort of challenge plunging into the black of the hollows, yet ready to jump the road and away, if her challenge should be answered; bounding across the water-gulley and looking askance at a fern-shadow; then saying to herself, "It is only the moon, child," and up the ascent half ashamed of herself; then shaking her bridle with reassurance to think of that mile of great danger flown by, and the mash and the warm stable nearer, and the pleasure of telling that great roan horse how brave she had been in the moonlight—

"Goodness me! What's that!"

She leaped over road and roadside bank, and into a heavy gorse-bush, and stood there quivering from muzzle to tail in the intensity of terror. If Rufus had not just foreseen her alarm, and gripped her with all his power, he must have lain senseless upon the road, spite of all his rough-riding in India.

"Who-hoa, who-hoa, then, Polly, you little fool, you are killing me! Can't you see it's only a lady?"

Polly still backed into the bush, and her unlucky rider, with every prickle running into him, could see the whites of her eyes in the moonshine, as the great orbs stood out with horror. Opposite to them, and leaning against a stile which led to a foot-path, there stood a maiden dressed in black, with the moonlight sheer upon her face. She took no notice of anything; she had heard no sort of foot-fall; she did not know of Polly's capers, or the danger she was causing. Her face, with the hunter's moon upon it, would have been glorious beauty, but for the broad rims under the eyes, and the spectral paleness. One moment longer she stared at the moon, as if questing for some one gone thither, then turned away with a heavy sigh, and went towards the Coffin Wood.

All this time Rufus Hutton was utterly blind to romance, being scarified

in the calf and thighs beyond any human endurance. Polly backed further and further away from the awful vision before her—the wife of the horse-fiend at least—and every fresh swerve sent a new lot of furze-pricks into the peppery legs of Rufus.

"Hang it!" he cried, "here goes; no man with a ha'porth of flesh in him could stand it any longer. Thorn for thorn, Miss Polly." He dashed his spurs deep into her flanks, the spurs he had only worn for show, and never dared to touch her with. For a moment she trembled, and reared upright in wrath worse than any horror; then away she went like a storm of wind, headlong through trees and bushes. It was all pure luck or Providence that Rufus was not killed. He grasped her neck, and lay flat upon it; he clung with his supple legs around her; he called her his Polly, his darling Polly, and begged her to consider herself. She considered neither herself nor him, but dashed through the wild wood, wilder herself, not knowing light from darkness. Any low beech branch, any scrag holly, even a trail of loose ivy, and man and horse were done for. The lights of more than a million stars flashed before Rufus Hutton, and he made up his mind to die, and wondered how Rosa would take it. Perhaps she would marry again, and rear up another family who knew not the name of Hutton; perhaps she would cry her eyes out. Smack, a young branch took him in the face, though he had one hand before it. "Go it again!" he cried, with the pluck of a man despairing, and then he rolled over and over, and dug for himself a rabbit-hole of sand, and dead leaves, and moss. There he lay on his back, and prayed, and luckily let go the bridle.

The mare had fallen, and grovelled in the rotten ground where the rabbits lived; then she got up and shook herself, and the stirrups struck fire beneath her, and she spread out all her legs, and neighed for some horse to come and help her. She could not go any farther; she had vented her soul, and must come to herself, like a lady after hysterics.

Presently she sniffed round a bit, and the grass smelled crisp and dewy, and, after the hot corn and musty hay, it was fresher than ice upon brandy. So she looked through the trees, and saw only a squirrel, which did not frighten her at all, because she was used to rats. Then she brought her fore-legs well under her stomach, and stretched her long neck downwards, and skimmed the wet blades with her upper lip, and found them perfectly wholesome. Every horse knows what she did then and there, to a great extent, till she had spoiled her relish for supper.

After that, she felt grateful and good, and it repented her of the evil, and she whinnied about for the master who had outraged her feelings so deeply. She found him still insensible, on his back, beneath a beech-tree, with six or seven rabbits, and even a hare, come to see what the matter was. Then Polly, who had got the bit out of her mouth, gave him first a poke with it, and then nuzzled him under the coat-collar, and blew into his whiskers as she did at the chaff in her manger. She was beginning to grieve and get very uneasy, taking care not to step on him, and went round him ever so many times, and whinnied into his ear, when either that, or the dollop of grass half-chewed which lay on his countenance, revived the great spirit of Rufus Hutton, and he opened his eyes and looked languidly. He saw two immense black eyes full upon him, tenderly touched by the moonlight, and he felt a wet thing like a sponge poking away at his nostrils.

"Polly," he said, "oh, Polly dear, how could you serve me so? What will your poor mistress say?"

Polly could neither recriminate nor defend herself; so she only looked at him beseechingly, and what she meant was, "Oh, do get up."

So Rufus arose, and dusted himself, and kissed Polly for forgiveness and she, if she had only learned how, would have stooped like a camel before him. He mounted, with two or three groans for his back, and left the mare to her own devices to find the road again. It

was very pretty to see in the moonlight how carefully she went with him, not even leaping the small water-courses, but feeling her footing through them. And so they got into the forest-track, some half mile from where they had left it; they saw the gleam of Bull Garnet's windows, and knew the straight road to the hall.

Sir Cradock Nowell did not appear. Of course that was not expected; but kind John Rosedew came up from the parsonage to keep Rufus Hutton company. So the two had all the great dinner-table to themselves entirely; John, as the old friend, sat at the head, and the doctor sat by his right hand. Although there were few men in the world with the depth of mind, and variety, the dainty turns of thought, the lacework infinitely rich of original mind and old reading, which made John Rosedew's company a forest for to wander in and be amazed with pleasure; Rufus Hutton, sore and stiff, and aching in the back, thought he had rarely come across so very dry a parson.

John was not inclined to talk: he was thinking of his Cradock, and he had a care of still sharper tooth—what had happened to his Amy? He had come up much against his wishes, only as a duty, on that dreary Saturday night, just that Mr. Hutton, who had been so very kind, might not think himself neglected. John had dined four hours ago, but that made no difference to him, for he seldom knew when he had dined, and when he was expected to do it. Nevertheless he was human, for he loved his bit of supper.

Mr. Rosedew had laboured hard, but vainly, to persuade Sir Cradock Nowell to send some or any message to his luckless son. "No," he replied, "he did not wish to see him any more, or at any rate not at present; it would be too painful to him. Of course he was sorry for him, and only hoped he was half as sorry for himself." John Rosedew did not dream as yet of the black idea working even now in the lonely father's mind, gaining the more on his better heart because he kept it secret. The

old man was impatient now even of the old friend's company; he wanted to sit alone all day weaving and unravelling some dark skein of evidence, and as yet he was not so possessed of the devil as to cease to feel ashamed of him. "Coarse language!" cries some votary of our self-conscious euphemism. But show me any plainer work of the father of unbelief than want of faith in our fellow-creatures, when we have proved and approved them; want of faith in our own flesh and blood, with no cause for it but the imputed temptation. It shall go hard with poor old Sir Cradock, and none shall gainsay his right to it.

Silence was a state of the air at once uncongenial to Dr. Hutton's system and repugnant to all his finest theories of digestion. For lo, how all nature around us protests against the Trappists, and the order of St. Benedict! See how the cattle get together when they have dined in the afternoon, and had their drink out of the river. Don't they flip their tails, and snuffle, and grunt at their own fine sentiments, and all the while they are chewing the cud take stock of one another? Don't they discuss the asilus and cestrum, the last news of the rinderpest, and the fly called by some the cow-dab, and don't they abuse the festuca tribe, and the dyspepsia of the sorrel? Is the thrush mute when he has bolted his worm, or the robin over his spider's eggs?

So Rufus looked through his glass of port, which he took merely as a corrective to the sherry of the morning, cocked one eye first, and then the other, and loosed the golden bands of speech.

"Uncommonly pretty girls, Mr. Rose-dew, all about this neighbourhood."

"Very likely, Dr. Hutton; I see many pleasant faces; but I am no judge of beauty." He leaned back with an absent air, just as if he knew nothing about it. And all the while he was saying to himself, "Pretty girls, indeed! Is there one of them like my Amy?"

"A beautiful girl I saw to-night. But I don't wish to see much more beauty in that way. Nearly cost me my life, I know. You are up in the

classics so: what is it we used to read at school?—Helene, Helena, Helip—something—*teterrima belli causa fuit*. Upon my word I haven't talked so much Latin and Greek—have another glass of port, just for company; the dry vintage of '34 can't hurt anybody." John Rose-dew took another glass, for his spirits were low, and the wine was good, and the parson felt then that he ought to have more confidence in God. Then he brought his mind to bear on the matter, and listened very attentively while the doctor described, with a rush of warm language and plenteous exaggeration, the fright of his mare at that mournful vision, the vision itself, and the consequences.

"Sir, you must have ridden like a Centaur, or like Alexander. What will Mrs. Hutton say? But are you sure that she leaped an oak-tree?"

"Perfectly certain," said Rufus gravely, "clean through the fork of the branches, and the acorns rattled upon my hat, like the hail of the Himalaya."

"Remarkable! Most remarkable!"

"But you have not told me yet," continued Dr. Hutton, "although I am sure that you know, who the beautiful young lady is."

"From your description, and the place, though I have not heard that they are in mourning, I think it must have been Miss Garnet."

"Miss Garnet! What Miss Garnet? Not Bull Garnet's daughter? I never heard that he had one."

"Yes, he has, and a very nice girl. My Amy knows a little of her. But he does not allow her to visit much, and is most repressive to her. Unwise in my opinion; not the way to treat a daughter; one should have confidence in her, as I have in my dear child."

"Oh, you have confidence in Miss Amy; and she goes out whenever she likes, I suppose?"

"Of course she does," said the simple John, wondering at the question; "that is, of course, whenever it is right for her."

"Of which, I suppose, she herself is the judge."

"Why, no, not altogether. Her aunt has a voice in the matter always, and a very potent one."

"And, of course, Miss Amy, managed upon such enlightened principles, never attempts to deceive you?"

"Amy! my Amy deceive me!" The rector turned pale at the very idea. "But these questions are surely unusual from a gentleman whom I have known for so very short a time. I am entitled, in turn, to ask your reason for putting them." Mr. Rosedew, never suspecting indignities, could look very dignified.

"I'm in for it now," thought Rufus Hutton; "what a fool I am! I fancied the old fellow had no *nous*, except for Latin and Greek."

Strange to say, the old fellow had *nous* enough to notice his hesitation. John Rosedew got up from his chair, and stood looking at Rufus Hutton.

"Sir, I will thank you to tell me exactly what you mean about my daughter."

"Nothing at all, Mr. Rosedew. What do you suppose I *should* mean?"

"You *should* mean nothing at all, sir. But I believe that you *do* mean something. And, please God, I will have it out of you." Rufus Hutton said afterwards that he had two great frights that evening, and he believed the last was the worst. The parson never dreamed that any man could be afraid of him, except it were a liar, and he looked upon Rufus contemptuously. The man of the world was nothing before the man of truth.

"Mr. Rosedew," said Rufus, recovering himself, "your conduct is very extraordinary; and (you will excuse my saying it) more violent than becomes a man of your position and character."

"No violence becomes any man, whatever his position. I am sorry if I have been violent."

"You have indeed," said Rufus, pushing his advantage: a generous man would have said, "No, you haven't," at seeing the parson's distress, and so would Rufus have said, if he had happened to be in the right; "so violent, Mr. Rosedew, that I believe you almost frightened me."

"Dear me!" said John, reflecting, "and he has just leaped an oak tree! I must have been very bad."

"Don't mention it, my dear sir, I entreat you say no more about it. We all know what a father is." And Rufus Hutton who did not yet, but expected to know in some three months, grew very large, and felt himself able to patronise the rector. "Mr. Rosedew, I as well am to blame. I am thoughtless, sir, very thoughtless, or rather I should say too thoughtful; I am too fond of seeing round a corner, which I have always been famous for. Sir, a man who possesses this power, this gift, this—I don't know the word for it, but I have no doubt you do—that man is apt to—I mean to—"

"Knock his head against a wall?" suggested the parson, in all good faith.

"No, you mistake me; I don't mean that at all; I mean that a man with this extraordinary foresight, which none can understand except those who are gifted with it, is liable sometimes, is amenable—I mean to—to—"

"See double. Ah, yes, I can quite understand it." John Rosedew shut his eyes, and felt up for a disquisition, yet wanted to hear of his daughter.

"No, my dear sir, no. It is something very far from anything so commonplace as that. What I mean is—only I cannot express it, because you interrupt me so—that a man may have this faculty, this insight, this perception, which saves him from taking offence where none whatever is meant, and yet, as it were by some obliquity of the vision, may seem, in some measure, to see the wrong individual." Here Rufus felt like the dwarf Alypius, when he had stodged Iamblichus.

"That is an interesting question, and reminds me of the state of *ἀπψηλία*, as described in the life of Pyrrho by Diogenes Laertius; whose errors, if I may venture to say it, have been made too much of by the great Isaac Casaubon, then scarcely mature of judgment. It will give me the greatest pleasure to go into that question with you. But not just now. I am thrown out so sadly, and my

memory fails me"—John Rosedew had fancied this, by-the-by, ever since he was thirty years old—"only tell me one thing, Dr. Hutton, and I am very sorry for my violence; you meant no harm about my daughter?" Here the grey-haired man, with the mighty forehead, opened his clear blue eyes, and looked down upon Rufus beseechingly.

"Upon my honour as a gentleman, I mean no harm whatever. I made the greatest mistake; and I see the mistake I made."

"Will you tell me, sir, what it was? Just to ease my mind. I am sure that you will."

"No, I must not tell you now, until I have worked the matter out. You will thank me for not doing so. But I apologize most heartily. I feel extremely uncomfortable. No claret, sir, but the port if you please. I was famous, in India, for my nerve; but now it seems to be failing me."

Rufus, as we now perceive, had fully discovered his mistake, and was trying to trace the consequences. The beautiful girl whom he saw in the wood, that evening, with Clayton Nowell, was not our Amy at all at all, but Mr. Garnet's daughter. He knew the face, though changed and white, when it frightened his mare in the moonlight; and, little time as he had to think, it struck him then as very strange that Miss Rosedew should be there. Bull Garnet's cottage, on the other hand, was quite handy in the hollow.

CHAPTER XXVI.

At this melancholy time, John Rosedew had quite enough to do without any burden of fresh anxieties about his own pet Amy. Nevertheless that burden was added; not by Dr. Hutton's vague questions, although they helped to impose it, but by the father's own observation of his darling's strange condition. "Can it be," he asked himself, and often longed to ask her, as he saw only lilies where roses had been, and little hands trembling at breakfast time, "can it be

that this child of mine loved the poor boy Clayton, and is wasting away in sorrow for him? Is that the reason why she will not meet Craddock, nor Craddock meet her, and she trembles at his name? And then that book which Aunt Doxy made her throw on the kitchen fire—very cruel I now see it was of my good sister Eudoxia, though at first I did not think so—that book I know was poor Clayton's, for I have seen it in his hand. Well, if it truly is so, there is nothing to be done, except to be unusually kind to her, and trust to time for the cure, and give her plenty of black-currant jam."

These ideas he imparted to the good Aunt Doxy, who delivered some apophthegms (which John did not want to listen to), but undertook, whatever should happen, to be down upon Amy sharply. She knew all about her tonsils and her uvula, and all that stuff, and she did not want John's advice, though she had never had a family; and thank God heartily for it!

On Monday, when the funeral came to Nowelhurst churchyard, John Rosedew felt his heart give way, and could not undertake it. At the risk of deeply offending Sir Craddock, whose nerves that day were of iron, he passed the surplice to his curate, Mr. Pell, of Rushford; and begged him, with a sad slow smile, to do the duty for him. Sir Craddock Nowell frowned, and coloured, and then bowed low with an icy look, when he saw the change which had been made, and John Rosedew fall in as a mourner. People said that from that day the old friendship was dissevered.

John, for his part, could not keep his eyes from the nook of the church-yard, where among the yew-trees stood, in the bitterness of anguish, he who had not asked, nor been asked, to attend as mourner. Craddock bowed his head and wept, for now his tears came freely, and prayed the one Almighty Father, who alone has mercy, not to take his misery from him, but to take him from it.

When the mould was cast upon the coffin, black Wena came between people's legs, gave a cry, and jumped in after it,

thinking to retrieve her master, like a stick from the water. She made such a mournful noise in the grave, and whimpered, and put her head down, and wondered why no one said "Wena, dear," that all the school-girls burst out sobbing—having had apples from Clayton lately—and Octavius Pell, the great cricketer, wanted something soft for his throat.

That evening, when all was over, and the grave heaped snugly up, and it was time to think of other things and begin to wonder at sorrow, John Rosedew went to Sir Cradock Nowell, not only as a fellow-mourner and a friend of ancient days, but as a minister of Christ. It had cost John many struggles; and, what with his sense of worldly favours, school-day-friendship, delicacy, he could scarce tell what to make of it, till he just went down on his knees and prayed; then the learned man learned his duty.

Sir Cradock turned his head away, as if he did not want him. John held out his hand, and said nothing.

"Mr. Rosedew, I am surprised to see you. And yet, John, this is kind of you."

John hoped that he only said "Mr. Rosedew," because the footman was lingering, and he tried not to feel the difference.

"Cradock, you know what I am, as well as I know what you are. Fifty years, my dear fellow, fifty years of friendship."

"Yes, John, I remember when I was twelve years old, and you fought Sam Cockings for me."

"And, Cradock, I thrashed him fairly; you know I thrashed him fairly. They said I got his head under the form; but you know it was all a lie. How I do hate lies! I believe it began that day. If so, the dislike is subjective. Perhaps I ought to reconsider it."

"John, I know nothing in your life which you ought to reconsider, except what you are doing now."

Sir Cradock Nowell began the combat, because he felt that it must be waged; and perhaps he knew in that beginning that he had the weaker cause.

"Cradock, I am doing nothing which is not my simple duty. When I see those I love in the deepest distress, can I help siding with them?"

"Upon that principle, or want of it, you might espouse, as a duty, the cause of any murderer."

The old man shuddered, and his voice shook, as he whispered that last word. As yet he had not worked up himself, nor been worked up by others, to the black belief which made the living lost beyond the dead.

"I am sure I don't know what I might do," said John Rosedew simply, "but what I am doing now is right; and in your heart you know it. Come, Cradock, as an old man now, and one whom God has visited, forgive your poor, your noble son, who never will forgive himself."

But for one word in that speech, John Rosedew would perhaps have won his cause, and reconciled son and father.

"My noble son indeed, John! A very noble thing he has done. Shall I never hear the last of his nobility? And who ever called my Clayton noble? You have been unfair throughout, John Rosedew, most unfair and blind to the merits of my more loving, more simple-hearted, more truly noble boy, I tell you."

Mr. Rosedew, at such a time, could not of course contest the point, could not tell the bereaved old man that it was he himself who had been unfair.

"And when," asked Sir Cradock, getting warmer, "when did you know my poor boy Violet stick up for political opinions of his own at the age of twenty, want to drain tenants' cottages, and pretend to be better and wiser than his father?"

"And when have you known Cradock do, at any rate, the latter?"

"Ever since he got that scholarship, that Scotland thing at Oxford"—Sir Cradock knew the name well enough, as every Oxford man does—"he has been perfectly insufferable; such arrogance, such conceit, such airs! And he only got it by a trick. Poor Viley ought to have had it."

John Rosedew tried to control himself, but the gross untruth and injustice

of that last accusation were a little too much for him.

"Perhaps, Sir Cradock Nowell, you will allow that I am a competent judge of the relative powers of the two boys, who knew all they did know from me, and from no one else."

"Of course I know you are a competent judge, only blinded by partiality."

John allowed even that to go by.

"Without any question of preference, simply as a lover of literature, I say that Clayton had no chance with him in a Greek examination. In Latin he would have run him close. You know I always said so, even before they went to college. I was surprised, at the time, that they mentioned Clayton even as second to him."

"And grieved, I dare say, deeply grieved, if the truth were told!"

"It is below me to repel mean little accusations."

"Come, John Rosedew," said Sir Cradock, magnanimously and liberally, "I can forgive you for being quarrelsome, even at such a time as this. It always was so, and I suppose it always will be. To-day I am not fit for much, though perhaps you do not know it. Thinking so little of my dead boy, you are surprised that I should grieve for him."

"I should be surprised indeed if you did not. God knows even I have grieved deeply, as for a son of my own."

"Shake hands, John; you are a good fellow—the best fellow in the world. Forgive me for being petulant. You don't know how my heart aches."

After that it was impossible to return for the moment to Cradock Nowell. But the next day John renewed the subject, and at length obtained a request from the father that his son should come to him.

By this time Cradock hardly knew when he was doing anything, and when he was doing nothing. He seemed to have no regard for any one, no concern about anything, least of all for himself. Even his love for Amy Rosedew had a pall thrown over it, and lay upon the trestles. The only thing he cared at

all for was his father's forgiveness: let him get that, and then go away and be seen no more among them. He could not think, or feel surprise, or fear, or hope for anything; he could only tell himself all day long that if God were kind He would kill him. A young life wrecked, so utterly wrecked, and through no fault of its own; unless (as some begin to dream) we may not slay for luxury; unless we have but a limited right to destroy our Father's property.

Sir Cradock, it has been stated, cared a great deal more for his children than he did for his ancestors. He had not been wondering, through his sorrow, what the world would say of him, what it would think of the Nowells; he had a little too much self-respect to care a fig for fool's-tongue. Now he sat in his carved oak-chair, expecting his only son, and he tried to sit upright. But the flatness of his back was gone, never to return; and the shoulder-blades showed through his coat, like a spoon left under the table-cloth. Still he appeared a stately man, one not easily bowed by fortune, or at least not apt to acknowledge it.

Young Cradock entered his father's study, with a flush on his cheeks, which had been so pale, and his mind made up for endurance, but his wits going round like a swirl of leaves. He could not tell what he might say or do. He began to believe he had shot his father, and to wonder whether it hurt him much. Trying in vain to master his thoughts, he stood with his quivering hands clasped hard, and his chin upon his breast. So perhaps Adrastus stood, Adrastus son of Gordias, before the childless Cræsus; and the simple words are these:—"After this there came the Lydians carrying the corpse. And behind it followed the slayer. And standing there before the corpse, he gave himself over to Cræsus, stretching forth his hands, commanding to slay him upon the corpse, telling both his own former stress, and how upon the top of that he had destroyed his cleanser, nor was his life now liveable. Cræsus, having heard these things,

"though being in so great a trouble of the hearth, has compassion on Adrastus, and says to him—But Adrastus, son of Gordias, son of Midas, this man, I say, who had been the slayer of his womb-brother, and slayer of him that cleansed him, when there was around the grave a quietude from men, feeling that he was of all men whom he had ever seen the most weighed down with trouble, kills himself dead upon the tomb."

But the father now was not like Cræsus, the generous-hearted Lydian, although the man who stood before him was not a runagate from Phrygia, but the son of his own loins. The father did not look at him, but kept his eyes fixed on the window, as though he knew not any were near him. Then the son could wait no more, but spoke in a hollow, trembling voice—

"Father, I am come, as you ordered."

"Yes. I will not keep you long. Perhaps you want to go out" ("shoot-ing" he was about to say, but could not be quite so cruel). "I only wish so to settle matters that we may meet no more."

"Oh, father—my own father!—for God's sake!—if there be a God—don't speak to me like that!"

"Sir, I shall take it as a proof that you are still a gentleman, which at least you used to be, if you will henceforth address me as 'Sir Cradock Nowell,' a title which soon will be your own."

"Father, look me in the face, and ask me; then I will."

Sir Cradock Nowell still looked forth the heavily-tinted window. His son, his only, his grief-worn son, was kneeling at his side, unable to weep, too proud to sob, with the sense of deep wrong rising. If the father once had looked at him, nature must have conquered.

"Mr. Nowell, I have only admitted you that we might treat of business. Allow me to forget the face of a fratricide, perhaps *murderer*."

Cradock Nowell fell back heavily, for he had risen from his knees. The crown of his head crashed the glass of a picture, and blood showered down his

pale face. He never even put his hand up, to feel what was the matter. He said nothing, not a syllable; but stood there, and let the room go round. How his mother must have wept, if she was looking down from heaven!

The old man, having all the while a crude, dim sense of outrunning his heart, gave the youth time to recover himself, if it were a thing worth recovering.

"Now as to our arrangements—the subject I wished to speak about. I only require your consent to the terms I propose, until, in the natural course of events, you succeed to the family property."

"What family property, sir?" Cradock's head was dizzy still, though the bleeding had done him good.

"Why, of course, the Nowelhurst property; all these entailed estates, to which you are now sole heir."

"I will never touch one shilling, nor step upon one acre of it."

"Under your mother's—that is to say, under my marriage-settlement," continued Sir Cradock in the same tone, as if his son were only bantering, "you are at once entitled to the sum of 50,000*l.* invested in three per cent. Consols, which would have been—I mean, which was meant for younger children. This sum the trustees will be prepared——"

"Do you think I will touch it? Am I a thief as well as a murderer?"

"I shall also make arrangements for securing to you, until my death, an income of 5,000*l.* per annum. This you can draw for quarterly, and the cheques will be countersigned by my steward, Mr. Garnet."

"Of course, lest I should forge. Once for all hear me, Sir Cradock Nowell. So help me the God who has now forsaken me, who has turned my life to death, and made my own father curse me—every word of yours is a curse—I say so help me that God (if there be one to help, as well as to smite a man), till you crave my pardon upon your knees, as I have craved yours this day, I will never take one yard of your land, I will

never call myself 'Nowell,' or own you again as my father. God knows I am very unlucky and little, but you have shown yourself less. And some day you will know it."

In the full strength of his righteous pride, he walked for the first time like a man, since he leaped that deadly hedge. From that moment a change came over him. There was nothing to add to his happiness, but something to rouse his manhood. The sense of justice, the sense of honour—that flower and crown of justice—forbade him henceforth to sue, and be shy, and bemoan himself under hedges. From that day forth he was as a man visited of God, and humbled, but facing ever his fellow-men, and not ashamed of affliction.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WITH an even step, and no frown on his forehead, nor glimpse of a tear in his eyes, young Cradock walked to his own little room, his "nest," as he used to call it; where pipes, and books, and Oxford prints—no ballet-girls, however, and not so very many hunters—and whips, and foils, and boxing-gloves—*cum multis aliis quæ nunc describere longum est; et cui non dicta* long ago?—were handled more often than dusted. All these things, except one pet little pipe, which he was now come to look for, and which Viley had given him a year ago, when they swopped pipes on their birthday (like Diomed and the brave Lycian), all the rest were things of a by-gone age, to be thought of no more for the present, but dreamed of perhaps on a Christmas-eve, when the air is full of luxury.

Caring but little for any of them, although he had loved them well until they seemed to injure him, Cradock proceeded with great equanimity to do a very foolish thing, which augured badly for the success of a young man just preparing to start for himself in the world. He poured the entire contents of his purse into a little cedar tray, then packed all the money in paper rolls

with a neatness which rather astonished him, and sealed each roll with his amethyst ring. Then he put them into a little box of some rare and beautiful palm-wood, which had been his mother's, laid his cheque-book beside them (for he had been allowed a banking-account long before he was of age), and placed upon that his gold watch and chain, and trinkets, the amethyst ring itself, his diamond studs, and other jewellery, even a locket which had contained two little sheaves of hair, bound together with golden thread, but from which he first removed, and packed in silver paper, the fair hair of his mother. This last, with the pipe which Clayton had given him, and the empty purse made by Amy's fingers, were all he meant to carry away, besides the clothes he wore.

After locking the box he rang the bell, and begged the man who answered it to send old Hogstaff to him. That faithful servant, from whom he had learned so many lessons of infancy, came tottering along the passage, with his old eyes dull and heavy. For Job had gloried in those two brothers, and loved them both as the children of his elder days. And now one of them was gone for ever, in the height of his youth and beauty, and a whisper was in the household that the other would not stay. Of him, whom Job had always looked upon as his future master (for he meant to outlive the present Sir Cradock, as he had done the one before him) he had just been scoring upon his fingers all the things he had taught him—to whistle "Spankadillo," while he drummed it with his knuckles; to come to the pantry-door, and respond to the "Who's there?"—"A grenadier!" shouldering a broomstick; to play on the Jew's-harp, with variations, "An old friend, and a bottle to give him;" and then to uncork the fictitious bottle with the pop of his forefinger out of his mouth, and to decant it carefully with the pat of his gurgling cheeks! After all that, how could he believe Master Crad could ever forsake him?

Now Mr. Hogstaff's legs were getting like the ripe pods of a scarlet-runner

(although he did not run much); here they stuck in, and there they stuck out, abnormally in either case; his body began to come forward as if warped at the small of the back; and his honest face (though he drank but his duty) was Septembered with many a vintage. And yet, with the keenness of love and custom, he saw at once what the matter was, as he looked up at the young master.

"Oh, Master Crad, dear Master Crad, whatever are you going to do? Don't, for good now, don't, I beg on you. Hearken now; do 'ee hearken to an old man for a minute." And he caught him by both arms to stop him, with his tremulous, wrinkled hands.

"O Hoggy, dear, kind Hoggy! you are about the only one left to care about me now."

"No, don't you say that, Master Crad; don't you say that, whatever you do. Whoever tell you that, tell a lie, sir. It was only last night Mrs. Toaster, and cook, and Mrs. O'Gaghan the Irish-woman, was round the fire boiling, and they cried a deal more than they boiled, I do assure you they did, sir. And Mr. Stote, he come in with some rabbits, and he went on like mad. And the maids, so sorry every one of them, they can't be content with their mourning, sir; I do assure you they can't. Oh, don't 'ee do no harm to yourself, don't 'ee, Mr. Cradock, sir."

"No, Hoggy," said Cradock, taking his hands; "you need not fear that now of me. I have had very wicked thoughts, but God has helped me over them. Henceforth I am resolved to bear my trouble like a man. It is the part of a dog to run, when the hoot begins behind him. Now, take this little box, and this key, and give them yourself to Sir Cradock Nowell. It is the last favour I shall ask of you. I am going away, my dear old friend; don't keep me now, for I must go. Only give me your good wishes; and see that they mind poor Caldo; and, whatever they say of me behind my back, you won't believe it, Job Hogstaff, will you?"

Job Hogstaff had never been harder

put to it in all his seventy years. Then, as he stood at the open door to see the last of his favourite, he thought of the tall, dark woman's words so many years ago. "A bonnie pair ye have gat; but ye'll ha' no luck o' them. Tak' the word of threescore year, ye'll never get no luck o' 'em."

Cradock turned aside from his path, to say good-bye to Caldo. It would only take just a minute, he thought, and of course he should never see him again. So he went to that snug and sweetest of kennels, and in front of it sat the king of dogs.

The varieties of canine are as manifold and distinct as those of human nature. But the dog, be he saturnine or facetious, sociable or contemplative, mercurial or melancholic, is quite sure to be one thing—true and loyal ever. Can we, who are less than the dogs of the Infinite, say as much of ourselves to Him? Now Caldo, as has been implied, if not expressed before, was a setter of large philosophy and rare reflective power. I mean, of course, theoretical more than practical philosophy; as any dog would soon have discovered, who tried to snatch a bone from him. Moreover, he had some originality, and a turn for satire. He would sit sometimes by the hour, nodding his head impressively, and blinking first one eye and then the other, watching and considering the doings of his fellow-dogs. How fashionably they yawned and stretched, in a mode they had learned from a pointer, who was proud of his teeth and vertebrae; how they hooked up their tails for a couple of joints, and then let them fall at a right angle, having noticed that fashion in ladies' bustles, when they came on a Sunday to talk to them; how they crawled on their stomachs to get a pat, as a provincial mayor does for knighthood; how they sniffed at each other's door, with an eye to the rotten bones under the straw, as we all smell about for the wealthy; how their courtesy to one another flowed from their own convenience—these, and a thousand other dog-tricks, Caldo, dwelling apart, observed, but did not condemn, for he

felt that they were his own. Now he hushed his bark of joy, and looked up wistfully at his master, for he knew by the expression of that face all things were not as they ought to be. Why had Wena snapped at him so, and avoided his society, though he had always been so good to her, and even thought of an alliance. Why did his master order him home that dull night in the covert, when he was sure he had done no harm? Above all, what meant that moving blackness he had seen through the trees only yesterday, when the other dogs (muffs as they were) expected a regular battue, and came out strong at their kennel doors, and barked for young Clayton to fetch them?

So he looked up now in his master's face, and guessed that it meant a long farewell, perhaps a farewell for ever. He took a fond look into his eyes, and his own pupils told great volumes. Then he sat up, and begged for a minute or two, with a most beseeching glance, to share his master's fortunes, though he might have to steal his livelihood, and never get any shooting. Seeing that this could never be, he planted his fore-paws on Craddock's breast (though he felt that it was a liberty) and nestled his nose right under his cheek, and wanted to keep him ever so long. Then he howled with a low, enduring despair, as the footfall he loved grew fainter.

Looking back sadly, now and then, at the tranquil home of his childhood, whose wings, and gables, and depths of stone were grand in the autumn sunset, Craddock Nowell went his way toward the simple rectory: he would say good-bye there to Uncle John and the kind Aunt Doxy; Miss Rosedew the younger, of course, would avoid him, as she had done ever since. But suddenly he could not resist the strange desire to see once more that fatal, miserable spot, the bidental of his destiny. So he struck into a side-path leading to the deep and bosky covert. The long shadows fell from the pale birch stems, the hollies looked black in the sloping light, and the brown leaves fluttered down here and there as the cold wind

set the trees shivering. Only six days ago, only half an hour further into the dusk, he had slain his own twin brother. He crawled up the hedge through the very same gap, for he could not leap it now; his back ached with weakness, his heart with despair, as he stayed himself by the same hazel branch which had struck his gun at the muzzle. Then he shivered, as the trees did, and his hair, like the brown leaves, rustled, as he knelt and prayed that his brother's spirit might appear there and forgive him. Hoping and fearing to find it there, he sidled down into the dark wood, and with his heart knocking hard against his ribs, forced himself to go forward. All at once his heart stood still, and every nerve of his body went creeping—for he saw a tall, white figure kneeling where his brother's blood was—kneeling, never moving, the hands together as in prayer, the face as wan as immortality, the black hair—if it were hair—falling straight as a pall drawn back from an alabaster coffin-head. The power of the entire form was not of earth, nor heaven; but as of the intermediate state, when we know not we are dead yet.

Craddock could not think nor breathe. The whole of his existence was frozen up in awe. It showed him in the after time, when he could think about it, the ignorance, the insolence, of dreaming that any human state is quit of human fear. While he gazed, in dread to move (not knowing his limbs would refuse him), with his whole life swallowed up in gazing at the world beyond the grave, the tall, white figure threw its arms up to the darkening sky, rose, and vanished instantly.

What do you think Craddock Nowell did? We all know what he ought to have done. He ought to have walked up calmly, with measured yet rapid footsteps, and his eyes and wits well about him, and investigated everything. Instead of that he cut and ran, as hard as he could go; and I know I should have done the same, and I believe more than half of you would, unless you were too much frightened. He would never turn

back upon living man; but our knowledge of Hades is limited. We pray for angels around our bed; if they came, we should have nightmare.

Cradock, going at a desperate pace, with a handsome pair of legs, which had recovered their activity, kicked up something hard and bright from a little dollop of leaves, caught it in his hand like a tennis-ball, and leaped the hedge *uno impetu*. Away he went, without stopping to think, through the splashy sides of the spire-bed, almost as fast, and quite as much frightened, as Rufus Hutton's mare. When he got well out into the chace, he turned, and began to laugh at himself; but a great white owl flapped over a furze-bush, and away went Cradock again. The light had gone out very suddenly, as it often does in October, and Cradock (whose wind was uncommonly good) felt it his duty to keep good hours at the rectory. So, with the bright thing, whatever it was, poked anywhere into his pocket, he came up the drive at early tea-time, and got a glimpse through the window of Amy.

"Couldn't have been Amy, at any rate," he said to himself, in extinction of some very vague ideas; "I defy her to come at the pace I have done. No, no, it must have been in answer to my desperate prayer."

Amy was gone, though her cup was there, when Cradock entered the drawing-room. "Well," he thought, "how hard-hearted she is. But it cannot matter now, much. Though I never believed she would be so."

Being allowed by his kind entertainers to do exactly as he pleased, poor Cradock had led the life of a hermit more than that of a guest among them. He had taken what little food he required in the garret he had begged for, or carried it with him into the woods where most of his time was spent. Of course all this was very distressing to the hospitable heart of Miss Doxy, but her brother John would have it so, for so he had promised Cradock. He could understand the reluctance of one who feels himself under a ban to meet his

fellow-creatures hourly, and know that they all are thinking of him. So it came to pass that Miss Eudoxia, who now sat alone in the drawing room, was surprised as well as pleased at the entrance of their refugee. As he hesitated a moment, in doubt of his reception, she ran up at once, took both his hands, and kissed him on the forehead.

"Oh, Cradock, my dear boy, this is kind of you; most kind, indeed, to come and tell me at once of your success. I need not ask—I know by your face; the first bit of colour I have seen in your poor cheeks this many a day."

"That's because I have been running, Miss Rosedew."

"Miss Rosedew, indeed; and now, Cradock! Aunt Eudoxia, if you please, or Aunt Doxy, with all my heart, now." He used to call her so, to tease her, in the happy days gone by; and she loved to be teased by him, her pet and idol.

"Dear Aunt Eudoxia, tell me truly, do you think—I can hardly ask you."

"Think what, Cradock? My poor Cradock; oh, don't be like that!"

"Not that I did—I don't mean that—but that it was possible for me to have done it on purpose?"

"Done what on purpose, Cradock?"

"Why, of course, that horrible, horrible thing."

"*On purpose*, Cradock! My poor innocent! Only let me hear any one dream of it, and if I don't come down upon them."

An undignified sentence, that of Aunt Doxy's, as well as a most absurd one. How long has she been in the habit of hearing people dream?

"Some one not only dreams it, some one actually believes that I did it so."

"The low wretch—the despicable—who?"

"My own father."

I will not repeat what Miss Rosedew said, when she recovered from her gasp, because her language was stronger than becomes an elderly lady and the sister of a clergyman, not to mention the Countess of Driddledrum and Dromore, who must have been wholly forgotten.

"Then you don't think, dear Aunt

Eudoxia, that—that Uncle John would believe it ?”

“What, my brother John ! Surely you know better than that, my dear.”

“Nor—nor—perhaps not even cousin Amy ?”

“Amy indeed ! I do believe that child is perfectly mad. I can’t make her out at all, she is so contradictory. She cries half the night, I am sure of that ; and she does not care for her school, though she goes there ; and her flowers she won’t look at.”

Seeing that Craddock’s countenance fell more and more at all this, Miss Rosedew, who had long suspected where his heart was dwelling, told him a thing to cheer him up, which she had declared she would never tell.

“Darling Amy is, you know, a very odd girl indeed. Sometimes, when something happens very puzzling and perplexing, some great visitation of Providence, Amy becomes so dreadfully obstinate, I mean she has such delightful faith, that we are obliged to listen to her. And she is quite sure to be right in the end, though at the moment perhaps we laugh at her. And yet she is so shy, you can never get at her heart, except by forgetting what you are about. Well, we got at it somehow this afternoon ; and you should have heard what she said. Her beautiful great eyes flashed upon us, like the rock that was struck, and gushed like it, before she ended. ‘Can we dare to think,’ she cried, ‘that our God is asleep like Baal—that He knows not when he has chastened His children beyond what they can bear ? I know that he, who is now so trampled and crushed of Heaven, is not tried thus for nothing. He shall rise again more pure and large, and fresh from the hand of God, and do what lucky men rarely think of—the will of his Creator.’ And, when John and I looked at her, she fell away and cried terribly.”

Craddock was greatly astonished : it seemed so unlike young Amy to be carried away in that style. But her comfort and courage struck root in his heart, and her warm faith thawed his

despair. Still he saw very little chance, at present, of doing anything but starving.

“How wonderfully good you all are to me ! But I can’t talk about it, though I shall think of it as long as I live. I am going away to-night, Aunt Doxy, but I must first see Uncle John.”

Of course Miss Rosedew was very angry, and proved it to be quite impossible that Craddock should leave them so ; but, before very long, her good sense prevailed, and she saw that it was for the best. While he stayed there, he must either persist to shut himself up in solitude, or wander about in desert places, and never look with any comfort on the face of man. So she went with him to the door of the book-room, and left him with none but her brother. John Rosedew sat in his little room, with only one candle to light him, and the fire gone out as usual : his books lay all around him, even his best-loved treasures, but his heart was not among them. The grief of the old, though not wild and passionate as a young man’s anguish, is perhaps more pitiable, because more slow and hopeless. The young tree rings to the keen pruning-hook, the old tree groans to the grating saw ; but one will blossom and bear again, while the other gapes with canker. None of his people had heard the rector quote any Greek or Latin for a length of time unprecedented. When a sweet and playful mind, like his, has taken to mope and be earnest, the effect is far more sad and touching than a stern man’s melancholy. Ironworks out of blast are dreary, but the family hearth mossgrown is woeful.

Uncle John leaped up very lightly from his brooding (rather than reading), and shook Craddock Nowell by the hand, as if he never would let him go, all the time looking into his face by the light of a composite candle. It was only to know how he had fared, and John read his face too truly. Then, as Craddock turned away, not wanting to make much of it, John came before him

with sadness and love, and his blue eyes glistened softly.

"My boy, my boy!" was all he could say, or think, for a very long time. Then Cradock told him, without a tear, a sigh, or even a comment, but with his face as pale as could be, and his breath coming heavily, all that his father had said to him, and all that he meant to do through it.

"And so, Uncle John," he concluded, rising to start immediately, "here I go to seek my fortune, such as it will and must be. Good-bye, my best and only friend. I am ten times the man I was yesterday, and shall be grander still to-morrow." He tried to pop off, like a lively cork, but John Rosedew would not have it.

"Young man, don't be in a hurry. It strikes me that I want a pipe; and it also strikes me that you will smoke one with me."

Cradock was taken aback by the novelty of the situation. He had never dreamed that Uncle John could, under any possible circumstances, ask him to smoke a pipe. He knew well enough that the rector smoked a sacrificial pipe to Morpheus, in a room of his own upstairs; only one, while chewing the end of all he had read that day. But Mr. Rosedew had always discouraged, as elderly smokers do, any young aspirants to the mystic hierophancy. It is not a vow to be taken rashly, for the vow is irrevocable; except with men of no principle.

And now he was to smoke there—he, a mere bubble-blowing boy, to smoke in the middle of deepest books, to fumigate a manuscript containing a life's learning, which John could no more get on with; and—oh Miss Eudoxia!—to make the hall smell and the drawing-room! The oxymoron overcame him, and he took his pipe: John Rosedew had filled it judiciously, and quite as a matter of course; he filled his own in the self-same manner, with a digital skill worthy of an ancient fox trying on a foxglove. All the time, John was shyly wondering at his own great force of character.

"Now," said John Rosedew, still keeping it up, "I have a drop of very old Schiedam—Schnapps I think, or something—of which I want your opinion; Crad, my boy, I want your opinion, before we import any more. I am no judge of that sort of thing; it is so long since I was at Oxford." Without more ado, he went somewhither, after lighting Cradock's yard of clay—which the young man burnt his fingers about, for he wouldn't let the old man do it—and come back like a Bacchanal, with a square black-jack beneath his arm, and Jenny after him, wondering whether they had not prayed that morning enough against the devil. It was a good job Miss Amy was out of the way; the old cat was bewitched, that was certain, as well as her dear good master. Miss Doxy was happy in knowing not that she was called "the old cat" in the kitchen.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Now, Craddy, my dear, dear boy," said Uncle John, when things had been done with lemon and cold water, and all that wherein discussion so utterly beats description, "you know me too well to suppose that I wish to pass things lightly. I know well enough that you will look the hard world full in the face. And so should I do, in your case. All I wish is that you should do it, not with spite, or bile, or narrowness, but broadly as a Christian."

"It is hard to talk about that now," said Cradock, inhaling charity, and puffing away all acrimony; "Uncle John, I hope I may come to it as my better spirit returns to me."

"I hope it indeed, and believe it, Crad; I don't see how it can be otherwise, with a young man of your breadth of mind, and solid faith to help you. An empty lad, who snaps up stuff because he thinks it fine, and garbles it into garbage, would become an utter infidel, under what you have suffered. With you, I believe, it will be otherwise; I believe you will be enlarged and purified by sorrow—the night which

makes the guiding-star so much the clearer to us." John Rosedew was drinking no Schiedam—allow me to explain—though pretending rare enjoyment of it, and making Craddock drink a little, because his heart was down so.

After they had talked a pipeful longer, not great weighty sentiments, but a deal of kindly stuff, the young fellow got up quietly, and said, "Now, Uncle John, I must go."

"My boy, I can trust you anywhere, after what you have been telling me. Of human nature I know nothing, except"—for John thought he did know something—"from my own little experience. I find great thoughts in the Greek philosophers; but somehow they are too general, and too little genial. One thing I know, we far more often mistrust than trust unwisely. And now I can trust you, Craddock; in the main you will stand upright. Stop, my boy; you must have a scrip; I was saving it for your birthday."

"You don't despise me, I hope?" said Craddock; "you don't think me a coward for running away so? After what has happened to-day, I should go mad, if I stopped here. Not that that would matter much; only that, if it were so, I should be sure to *do it*."

John Rosedew had no need to ask what he meant by the last two words, for the hollow voice told him plainly. But for him, it is likely enough that it would have been done ere this; at any rate, in the first horror, his hand alone had prevented it. The parson trembled at the idea, but thought best not to dwell upon it.

"*'Reformidare mortem est animi pusillanimitas, but 'reformidare vitam' is ten times worse, because impious. Therefore in your case, my boy, it is utterly impossible, as well as ignoble towards us who love you so. Remember that you will break at least two old hearts you owe some duty to, if you allow your own to be broken. And now for your viaticum; see how you have relieved me. While you lived beneath Hymettian beams in the goods of Tyre and Cyprus, I, even I your*

godfather, knew not what to give you. The thought has been vexing me for months, and now what a simple solution! You shall have it in the original dross, to pay the toll on the Appian road, at least the South Western Railway. Figs to Athens, I thought it would be, or even as eels to Copais; and now '*serves iturum Cæsarem*.' I believe it is at the twenty-first page of my manuscript, such as it is, upon the Sabellian elements."

After searching in three or four drawers—for he was rather astray at the moment, though generally he could put his hand, even in the dark, upon any particular one of his ten thousand books—he came upon the Sabellian treatise, written on backs of letters, on posters, on puffing circulars, even on visiting cards, and cast-away tradesmen's tickets; and there at the twenty-first page or deltis, lay a 50*l.* Bank of England note, with some very tough roots arranged diamond-wise on the back, and arrows, and hyphens, and asterisks flying about thickly between them. These he copied off, in a moment, on a piece of old hat-lining, and then triumphantly waved the banknote in the air. It was not often poor Uncle John got hold of so much money; too bitterly knew Aunt Doxy how large was the mesh of his purse.

While Craddock gazed with great admiration, John Rosedew, with his fingers upon his lips, and looking half-ashamed of himself, went to a cupboard, whose doors, half open, gave a glimpse of countless sermons. From among them he drew a wide-mouthed bottle of leeches, and set it upon the table. Then he pulled out the stopper, unplugged it, and lo! from a hole in the cork fell out two sovereigns and a half one. As this money rolled on the table, John could not help chuckling a little.

"Ha, good sister Eudoxia, have I over-reached thee again? Double precaution there you see, Crad. She has a just horror of my sermons, and she runs at the sight of a leech. '*Non missura cutem*—be sure, not a word about it, Crad. That asylum is invio-

lable, and sempitern I hope. I shall put more there next week."

Cradock took the money at once, with the deepest gratitude, but no great fuss about it; for he saw how bitterly that good man would feel it, if he were small enough to refuse. I shall not dwell upon their good-bye, as we have had enough valediction; only Cradock promised to write from London, so soon as he could give an address there; then leaving sadness behind him, carried a deal of it with him. Only something must yet be recounted, which befell him in Nowellhurst. And this is the first act of it.

While he was in his garret packing a little bag of necessities, forced upon him by Miss Doxy from John's wardrobe and her own almost indiscriminately, and while she was pulling and struggling upstairs with John, and Jemima, and Jenny,—for she would have made Cradock, if she could, carry the entire house with him—he, stowing some things in his pocket, felt what he had caught up so hastily, while flying out of the wood. He examined it by the candlelight, and became at once intent upon it. It had lain beneath a drift of dead leaves backed by a scraggy branch, whence anything short of a great "skedaddle" would never have dislodged it.

And yet it was a great deal too pretty to be treated in that way. Cradock could not help admiring it, though he shuddered and felt some wild hopes vanish as he made out the meaning. It was a beautiful gold bracelet, light, and of first-rate workmanship, harmonious too with its purpose, and of elegant design. The lower half was a strong soft chain of the fabric of Trichinopoli, which bends like the skin of a snake; the front and face showed a strong right arm, gauntleted, yet entirely dependent upon the hand of a lady. No bezilling, no jewel whatever, except that a glorious rose-shaped pearl hung, as in contest, between them.

Cradock wondered for some little time what could be the meaning of it. Then he knew that it was Clayton's

offering to the beloved Amy. No doubt could remain any longer, when he saw in the hollow of the back the proposed inscription pencilled, "*Rosa debita*," for the dead gold of the lady's palm, "*Rosa dedita*" for the burnished gold of the cavalier's high pressure. With ingenious love to help him, he made it out in a moment. "*A rose due, now a rose true.*" That was what it came to, if you took it in punster fashion. Just one of poor Viley's conceits.

Cradock had no time to follow it out, for Miss Eudoxia then came in with a parcel as big as a feather-bed, of comforters, wrappers, and eatables. But, after he had left the house, he began to think about it, in the little path across the green to the village churchyard. He concluded that Amy must have been in the wood that fatal evening. She must have come to meet Clayton there; and yet it was not like her. Facts, however, are facts, as sure as eggs are eggs; though our knowledge makes no great advance through either of those aphorisms. But a growing sense of injury—though he had no right to feel injured, however it might be,—this sense had kept him from asking for Amy, or leaving the flirt a good-bye.

He entered the quiet churchyard, with the moon rising over the tombstones, a mass of shadow cast by the great tower, and some epitaphs pushing well into the light, like the names which get poked into history. The wavering glance of the diffident moon, uncertain yet what the clouds meant, slipped along the buttressed walls, and tried to hold on at the angles. The damp corner, where the tower stood forth, and the south porch ran out to look at it, drew back like a ghost who was curtseying, and declining all further inquiry. Green slime was about, like the sludge of a river; and a hundred sacred memories, growing weary and rheumatic, had stopped their ears with lichen.

Cradock came in at the rickety swing-stile, and, caring no shadow for ghost or ghostess, although he had run away so, took the straight course to the

old black doorway, and on to the heart of the churchyard; for he must say good-bye to Clayton. All Nowelhurst still admired that path; but those who had paved and admired it first were sleeping on either side of it. The pavement now was overlapped, undertucked, and crannied, full of holes where lob-worms lived and came out after a thunderstorm, and three cornered dips that looked glazed in wet weather, but scurfy and clammy in drought. And some of the flags stole away and gave under, as if they too wanted burial, while others jerked up, and asserted themselves as superior to some of the tombstones. There in the dark, no mortal with any respect for his grandfather, nor even a ghost with unbevilled soles, could go many steps without tripping.

Who will be astonished then when I say that the lightest and loveliest foot that ever tripped in the New Forest not only tripped but stumbled there? At the very corner where the side walk comes in, and the shade of the tower was deepest, smack from behind a hideous sarcophagus fell into Craddock's arms the most beautiful thing ever seen. If he had not caught her, she must have cut the very sweetest face in the world into great holes like the pavement. Stunned for a moment, and then so abroad, that she could not think, nor even speak—"speak nor think" I would have said, if Amy had been masculine—she lay in Craddock's trembling arms, and never wondered where she was. Craddock forgot all despair for the moment, and felt uncommonly lively. It was the sweetest piece of comfort sent to him yet from heaven. Afterwards he always thought that his luck turned from that moment. Perhaps it did; although most people would laugh who knew him afterwards.

Presently Amy recovered, and was wroth with herself and everybody. Ruddier than a Boursalt rose, she fell back against the tombstone.

"Oh Amy," said Craddock, retiring; "I have known it long. Even you are turned against me."

"I turned against you, Mr. Nowell! What right have you to say that of me?"

"No right to say anything, Amy; and scarcely a right to think anything. Only I have felt it."

"Then I wouldn't give much for your feelings. I mean—I beg your pardon—you know I can never express myself."

"Of course, I know that," said Craddock.

"Oh, can't I indeed?" said Amy; "I daresay you think so, Mr. Nowell. You have always thought so meanly of me. But, if I can't express my meaning, I am sure my father can. Perhaps you think you know more than he does."

"Amy," said Craddock, for all this was so unlike herself that, loving that self more than his own, he scarce knew what to do with it; "Amy dear, I see what it is. I suspected it all along."

"What, if you please, Mr. Nowell? I am not accustomed to be suspected. Suspected indeed!"

"Miss Rosedew, don't be angry with me. I know very well how good you are. It is the last time I shall ever see you, or I would not restore you this."

The moon, being on her way towards the south-east, looked over the counter-like gravestone, and Craddock placed on the level surface the bracelet found in the wood. Amy knew it in a moment; and she burst out crying.

"Oh poor Clayton! How proud he was of it! Mr. Nowell, I never could have thought this of you; never, never, never!"

"Thought what of me, Amy? Darling Amy, what on earth have I done to offend you?"

"Oh, nothing. I suppose it is nothing to remind me how cruel I have been to him. Oh no, nothing at all. And all this *from you*."

In a storm of sobs she fell upon Jeremy Wattle's tombstone, and Craddock put one arm around her, to prevent her being hurt.

"Amy, you drive me wild. I have brought it to you only because it is yours, and because I am going away."

"Cradock, it never was mine. I refused it months ago; and I believe he gave it—you know what he was, poor dear—I believe he transferred it, and something else—oh no, I can't express myself—to—just to somebody else."

"Oh, you darling! and who was that other? What a fool he must have been! Confound it, I never meant that."

"I don't know, Cradock. Oh, please keep away. But I think it was Pearl Garnet. Oh, Cradock, dear Cradock, how dare you? No, I won't. Yes, I will, Crad; considering all your misery."

She put up her pure lips in the moonlight—for Cradock had got her in both arms by this time, and was listening to no reason—her sweet lips, pledged once pledged for ever, she put them up in her love and pity, and let him do what he liked with them. And the moon, attesting a thousand seals hourly, never witnessed one more binding.

After all, Cradock Nowell, so tried of Heaven, so scourged with the bitterest rods of despair, your black web of life is inwoven now with one bright thread of gold. The purest, the sweetest, the loveliest girl that ever spun happiness out of sorrow, or smiled through the veil of affliction, the truest and dearest of all God's children, loving all things, hating none, pours into your heart for ever all that fount of love. Freed henceforth from doubt and wonder (except at her own happiness), enfranchised of another world, enriched beyond commercial thoughts, ennobled beyond self, she blushed as she spoke, and grew pale as she thought, and who shall say which was more beautiful? Cradock could tell, perhaps, if any one can; but he only knew that he worshipped her. And to see the way she cried with joy, and how her young bosom panted: it was enough to warm old Jeremy Wattle, dead and buried nigh fourscore years.

Cradock, all abroad himself, full of her existence, tasting, feeling, thinking nothing, except of her deliciousness, drew his own love round to the light to photograph her for ever. Poor Clayton was dead; else Crad would have thought that he deserved to be so, for going away

to Pearl Garnet: but then the grapes were sour. How he revelled in that reflection! And yet it was very wrong of him.

Amy stood up in the moonlight, not ashamed to show herself. She felt that Cradock was poring upon her, to stereotype every inch of her; and yet she was not one atom afraid. She knew that no man ever depreciates his own property, except in the joke which is brag. It is a most wonderful thing, what girls know and what they *won't* know. But who cares now for reflections?

Her thick hair had all fallen out of her hat, because she had been crying so; her delicate form, still so light and girlish, leaned forward in trust of the future, and the long dark lashes she raised for her lover glistened with the deep light under them. Shame was nestling in her cheeks, the shame of growing womanhood, the down on the yet ungathered fruit of love. Then she crept in closer to him, to stop him from looking so much at her.

"Darling Cradock, my own dear Cradock, don't you know me now? You see, I only love you so because you are so unlucky, and I am so dreadfully obstinate."

"Of course, I know all that, my pet; my beauty inexpressible. And, remember that I only love you so because you are such a darling."

Then Amy told him how sorry she was for having been so fractious lately; and that she would never be so again, only it was all his fault, because she wanted to comfort him, and he would not come and let her—here the slightest gleam fluttered through her tears, like the Mazarine Blue among dew-drops,—and that only for the veriest chance, and the saucer she had broken—but what of that, she would like to know; it was the surest sign of good luck to them, although it was the best service—only for that, her Crad would have gone—gone away for ever, and never known how she loved him; yes, with all her heart, every single atom of it, every delicious one, if he *must* know. And *she* would keep it for him for ever,

for ever; and be thinking of him always. Let him recollect that, poor darling, and think of his troubles no more.

Then he told her how Uncle John had behaved—how nobly, how magnanimously; and had given every bit of money he possessed in the world for Cradock to start in life with. John Rosedew's only child began to cry again at hearing it, and put her little hand into her pocket in the simplest way imaginable. "Yes you will, dear;" "No I won't;" went on for several minutes, till Amy nestled quite into his bosom, and put her sweet lips to his ear.

"If you don't, I will never believe that you love me truly. I am your little wife, you know; and all that I have is yours."

The marriage-portion in debate was no more than five and sixpence, for Amy could never keep money long; so Cradock accepted the sweet little purse, only he must have a bit of her hair in it. She pulled out her little sewing-case, which she always took to the day-school, and the small bright scissors flashed in the moonlight, and they made a great fuss over them. Two great snips were heard, I know; for exchange, after all, is no robbery.

Then hand in hand they went together to see poor Clayton's grave, and Cradock started as they approached, for something black was moving there.

"Little dear," said Amy, as the doggie looked mournfully up at them, "she would starve if it were not for me. And I could not coax her to eat a morsel until I said, 'Clayton, poor Clayton!' And then she licked my hand and whined, and took a bit to please me. She has had a very nice tea to-night; I told you I broke the saucer, but that was all my own clumsiness."

"And what has she got there? Oh God! I can't stand it; it is too melancholy."

Black Wena, when it was dark that evening, and Clayton must have done dinner, had stolen away to his dressing-room, and fetched, as she had been taught to do, his smoking-jacket and slippers. It took her a long time to

carry the jacket, for fear it should be wet for him. Then she came with a very important air, and put them down upon his grave, and wagged her tail for approval. She was lying there now, and wondering how much longer till he would be ready.

Cradock sobbed hysterically, and Amy led him softly away to the place where his travelling-bag was.

"Now, wait here one moment, my poor dear, and I will bring you your future companion."

Presently Amy came back, with Wena following the coat and the slippers. "Darling Cradock, take her with you. She is so true and faithful. She will die if she is left here. And she will be such a comfort to you. Take her, Cradock, *for my sake.*"

The last entreaty settled it. Cradock took the coat and slippers, and carried Wena a little way, while she looked back wistfully at the churchyard, and Amy coaxed and patted her. They agreed on the road that Amy Rosedew should call upon Miss Garnet to restore the bracelet, and should mark how she received it; for Amy had now a strong suspicion (especially after what Cradock had seen, which now became intelligible) that Pearl knew more of poor Clayton's death than had been confessed to any one.

"My own Cradock, only think," said Amy; "I have felt the strongest conviction, throughout, that you had nothing to do with it."

"Sweetest one," he replied, with a desperate longing to clasp her, but for Wena and the carpet-bag, "that is only because you love me. Never say it again, dear; suspense, or even doubt about it, would kill me like slow poison."

Amy shuddered at his tone, and thought how different men were: for a woman would live on the hope of it. But she remembered those words when the question arose, and rejoiced that he knew not the whole of it.

And now with the great drops in her eyes, she stood at her father's gate, to say good-bye to her love. She would

not let him know that she cried ; but Wena was welcome to know it, and Wena licked some tears off, and then quite felt for Amy.

"Good-bye, my own, my only," said Cradock, for the twentieth time ; even the latch of the gate was trembling ; "God loves us, after all, Amy. Or, at any rate, He loves you."

"And you, and you. Oh, Cradock ! if He loves one, He must love both of us."

"I believe He does," said Cradock ; "since I have seen you I am sure of it. Now I care not for the world, except my world in you."

"Dearest darling, life of my life, promise me not to fret again."

"Fret, indeed, with you to love me ! Give me just one more."

Cradock, with a braver heart than he ever thought to own again (and yet with a hole and a string in it, for, after all, he did not own it), being begged away at last by the one who then went down on her knees, only to beg him back again,—that hapless yet most blessed fellow strode away as hard as he could, for fear of running back again ; and the dusky trees closed round him, and he knew and loved every one of them. Then the latch of the gate for the last time clicked, when he was out of sight, and the laurustinus by the pier, beginning to bud for the winter, glistened in the moonlight with a silent storm of tears.

To be continued.

A NEGLECTED ART.

WE are told at the present day by prudent, experienced persons that, unless a young man can begin the world where his father left off as to income, it is mere folly for him to think of marriage : in a word, that "Home" has become too costly an institution to be maintained except by those who have reached the top of the hill. Thus, seeing that, spite of all improvements, we are yet a long way from discovering any honest means by which everybody may grow rich in a hurry, we must accustom ourselves to look upon the Temple of Hymen as a sort of Asylum for the aged, whither venerable bridegrooms will lead young brides ; and when, in the natural course of things, after a few years they sink into the grave, the young widows and the nurseries full of babies will be left to shift for themselves as best they may ; unless, indeed, marriage and babies go out of fashion altogether, except in those uppermost and lowermost strata of society where there is nothing to fear and nothing to hope pecuniarily.

It is, then, a question of grave importance whether these prudent people are right after all ; right, that is, not merely in recognising a present fact, but in complacently accepting that fact as an inseparable accompaniment of social development, instead of deprecating it as a transitory blunder, or failure of society wisely and skilfully to adjust its ways to that inevitable development. And it is a question that must practically be solved by women mainly, for they are the administrators of domestic expenditure. It is because their mode of regulating this, their habits of life, will not square with a small, though what but a few generations back was thought a competent, income, that the spur is so incessantly in the sides of the poor hack who keeps the family machine going. No wonder he too often breaks down in health, pocket, or conscience, and becomes an object of mingled pity and contempt to his unencumbered affluent bachelor brethren, who jeeringly suggest to him that he should "bring up his daughters as housemaids." Poor.

man! times have changed since he who reared in health, virtue, and intelligence a family of children was held in honour as a valuable member of the state. He is simply a shortsighted blockhead who has flung away his own ease and comfort to no purpose by taking on his shoulders the heavy burthen of family cares.

Happily, the human heart is often wiser than the human head, and leads us right in spite of foolish theories and foolish ambitions which buzz about the ears and perplex the brain. And so there is still a majority who adventure to climb the hill with another hand in theirs, rather than to make an easy unencumbered ascent alone. Why the ascent should be so arduous an one, and whether it need be so, are matters well worth discussion, even though they may lead us into some homely practical details.

A hundred years ago the income we now regard as constituting genteel poverty,—that income which during the first ten or fifteen years of a man's career is all he can hope to realize in England, whether by the professions, the civil service, or literature, and which the majority never get beyond,—was no poverty at all, genteel or ungentle, but a competence; and what is now mere competence was wealth. If the material progress of the time has enlarged the circle of men's wants it has also abundantly cheapened the supply of them: therefore on this score a balance with the past may be pretty evenly struck. The breaking down of class distinctions, and growing infatuation of each grade in vying with the grade immediately above it, is a more active cause of the embarrassment. This, however, is an old-fashioned folly as well as a new, and, it is to be feared, an ineradicable one. But there is a remnant more or less free from its base influence. And the worst peculiarity of our present case is, that this *inadequacy of ordinarily attainable means to the scale of ordinary wants* presses heavily even upon these: upon people who desire nothing less reasonable than a domestic

interior of quiet comfort and refinement as far removed from luxury and ostentation on the one hand as from sordid shifts and mean cares on the other. And here it is, if anywhere, that a remedy can be applied, a reform begin.

Successive generations seem as prone to run into contrary extremes as individual men and women during successive periods of life. Speaking generally, our excellent but illiterate grandmothers (all but a very small professedly intellectual and literary class, or rather clique) absorbed their whole time and thoughts in domestic affairs. Great in the culinary art, achieving miracles of patient labour with the needle, lynx-eyed in supervision of her servants, the lady of the old school thoroughly understood and thoroughly carried out the business of providing for the material wants of her husband. But then no doubt she tormented him not a little with her fussiness in small, and impracticableness in great matters; for these are the almost inevitable characteristics of a mind which dwells exclusively in a narrow sphere. Certainly, her want of education and of its resultant widening of sympathies and interests must have made her, when the vivacity and charm of youth and beauty were gone, but a tedious companion of his leisure hours, and were thus indirectly answerable for the unexemplary manner in which he too often spent them away from her, as depicted in Hogarth's "Modern Midnight Conversation." If we add that she physicked her children and scolded her servants somewhat superabundantly, we shall have faithfully enumerated the foibles and limitations, though we have done scant justice to the useful acquirements, the homely but inestimable virtues, of these ancient gentlewomen.

The woman of the present day seeks a larger life, and would fain be not only the best of wives but also the dearest of friends to her husband. She cannot return to mental stagnation. Having lifted up her head and opened her eyes upon a wider, fairer horizon, she can never again be content to keep them bent down and fixed exclusively upon

the narrow field of domestic economies. But then there are certain inexorable facts which will not suffer us human creatures to shape our lives wholly according to our own theory of what is best and most beautiful. And one of these inexorable facts is that, as but an insignificant fraction of mankind is born with a golden, or even a silver, spoon in its mouth, the great remainder must all, —even those upon whom Providence has laid also a high vocation, —fulfil with toil and struggle the lower one of bread-earning. Hence it is but right and fair that those who are the sharers of these earnings should, whatever else they have to achieve in fulfilment of the higher demands of their nature, at least not fail to master the art of how to make the best and the most of these toil-won earnings. This, surely, is bare justice; and it is mainly because women have quite lost the secret of this indispensable art that we witness, at the present day, the singular and unhappy phenomenon of a sort of snarling antagonism between those who were created for mutual help and comfort, the one sex tacitly saying, "A wife is too costly an incumbrance; I can get on better without her:" the other, bridding up in pardonable pride and resentment, and rejoicing, "Marriage is not the sole, or necessarily the highest lot for a woman; we have faculties like yours, and can provide for ourselves, and live a life worth living alone, if you do not unjustly shut us out from the business of the world." True it is, this independence on the one side, this resentment on the other, quickly vanish under the beams of Love. But then, too often, the sequel is such as almost justifies the croakers and sneerers, and the pair have to wade for long years through the mire of pecuniary difficulties. Yet a little sense, a little effort on the wife's part would triumphantly refute the prophets of evil, and enable her husband to reap the just fruit of his labours in a tranquil, well-ordered home.

But this is just the point at issue. Can sense and effort accomplish this important end? I suppose none in their senses would advocate or imagine pos-

sible a return to that engrossment in household duties which preceded the present complacent and entire ignoring of them. We might as well be asked to return to the habits and costume of the ancient British women at once. But whether, education having got us into the difficulty, it might not get us out of it again; whether, with the advantage of being able to see round and over these duties, we might not, instead of altogether overlooking, deal with them in a lighter and more masterly way, subordinating them within due limits; whether, finally, helplessness is inseparable from refinement, bodily indolence from mental culture; —these are questions which to answer truly and convincingly would be a thing worth the doing.

The basis of success in all occupations which involve the relations of employer and employed is, that the employer should have an accurate knowledge of the work to be done, what it consists in, how to do it, and how long it should take. A man of business who neglects this places his interests entirely in the keeping of irresponsible agents, and, human nature being what it is, arrives in due time at insolvency. This is why the self-made man, the man who has been sternly initiated into the whole mystery by having himself stood in the ranks of the employed, outstrips those who seem to start so fair from the vantage-ground of education and capital, and builds a fortune where these kick one down. And the mistress of a household who neither understands what a servant's duties are (except, perhaps, that those which, affecting her immediate comfort, force themselves upon her notice), still less how and when they may be best fulfilled, will certainly not get them fulfilled in the best manner, or by the smallest number of hands, and hence will manage, or rather mismanage, her income in a wasteful, ineffectual manner.

This is a certain, inevitable result. If you put water into a leaky vessel, a little and a little oozes away, and by the morning it is all gone, though there was but a hair's-breadth crack. And, if you put the control of your ex-

penditure into hands which are neither very capable nor very conscientious, your purse will empty itself surprisingly fast. That on the present system the entire control of domestic expenditure is virtually in the hands of servants no candid person can deny. Your yearly bills are—what your cook pleases, cheerfully assisted as she is by her fellow-servants in swelling them out to the handsomest dimensions. The number of servants you keep cannot even be said to be a matter of your own choosing; for, if you want those that lay claim to any degree of efficiency, you must take such a staff as they themselves prescribe. And all this because the word *Mistress* no longer means one who governs, but merely one who pays—because, as a great man has told us, we have invented the theory that our horse goes best with the reins upon his neck, and when we find that he entangles his feet in them, or gallops at a madcap pace, are indignant at the unaccountable result! But by what dexterous feat, then, might we snatch the reins again? Of the two only ways of governing—by superior knowledge, or by superior strength—happily the former alone (which in the long run, however, overtakes and swallows up the latter, though at the outset they often diverge) is open to us.

The perfect case with which a servant can find a new situation if she have any grievance, real or fancied, in her old one has, among several disadvantages, this serious advantage—that there is no possibility of a too harsh or arbitrary resumption of authority, but only of that mild rule which is emphatically “twice blessed;” for it mainly consists in clearing away all hindrance and obscurity from the right path in which, with vigilant eye and firm hand to guide those beneath its sway. Of course the kind of superior knowledge needed in this case is not to be attained by sitting with folded hands meditating about it.

Of the two parts into which Domestic Management naturally divides itself, the culinary is by far the more important for a mistress practically to acquaint herself with, desirable as is a thorough

insight into *every* branch of household work; for it is in this culinary department that the worst and most uncontrollable leakage in the expenditure takes place. Good cookery is so essential to health and comfort, yet so ill understood generally, that a servant who is but moderately proficient in the art rules her master's house with a rod of iron. Whatever price she puts on her skill, not directly in wages indeed, but indirectly in perquisites, in waste, in self-indulgence, in dishonest understandings with the tradesmen, so notorious, yet so hard to prove, must be paid. Dismiss her, and the chances are you exchange for the worse, and get the moral shortcomings without the skill. For servant-nature would be altogether above human nature, if it were otherwise under circumstances of such temptation and such impunity. Add to this, that, in nine cases out of ten, the bringing-up of these servants has been in the lap of grim Poverty (if that narrow, bony ledge may be called a lap), which, so far from engendering frugality, makes mere lavishness and waste seem, by force of bitter contrast, delightful for their own sakes. The first requisite for learning how to manage money well is that one should have some to manage; which can never be said to be the case with those who live from hand to mouth. Besides, supposing the *genus* Cook was peculiarly exempt from human infirmity, and prepared to take more care of your affairs than you are yourself, and miraculously to combine in one the directive and executive functions;—supposing this, the culinary art demands an amount of nicety and tact not commonly to be met with among those who have been so roughly and poorly brought up. Good cookery is far more difficult to achieve than bad pianoforte-playing, or even than school-girl drawing, or the most elaborate embroidery. And there are certain characteristics of the uneducated female mind specially adverse to steady, uniform success:—a contempt for the use of weights and measures, for instance, founded on the notion that guessing is a far quicker and cleverer way; a want of nicety

of observation, of method, of ingenuity in tracing the relations of cause and effect, resulting in an obstinate conviction that when the pudding turns out a failure it is purely a stroke of destiny. Hence, if moderately successful sometimes, there is always hanging over your head the chance of an "unlucky" day should you invite a few friends to dinner. But the question of complete success includes, not merely how the thing is done, but at what cost. Now, as to the present race of servants, we all know that their view of the case is, the more it costs the better—above all, the gentler—it is. Why, then, waste time and pains on the mean art of thrifty management for no other end than to rob "Master" of his chief prerogative as a gentleman—that of being regardless of expense.

I feel conscious of a storm of indignation gathering in the breasts of those fair readers who have honoured me thus far with their attention. "What! to cook our own dinners! To spend half our time in the kitchen getting red faces, coarse hands and sour tempers? To run about after our servants like an old-fashioned farmer's wife; and all to screw down expenditure a hundred or two a year? Existence itself, much less marriage, were it with an archangel, is not worth having on such terms!" Certainly not. But twelve years' experience emboldens me to assert that the price to be paid for a practical insight into these things is not so heavy, nay, is not heavy at all, and that the knowledge is worth having even for its own sake. As to the sacrifice of time and complexion, it must be borne in mind that, speaking generally, the part of cookery which chiefly demands skill and gives scope to clever management is not the tedious and fatiguing one of actually dressing the viands upon the fire, but the preparations of them for this final process. Not that the importance of the latter is to be underrated, still less the possibilities and probabilities of its being set about in the wrong way instead of the right. "Do you never have to cook anything

at home?" said an exasperated lady to her young servant. "O yes, mum." "Well, then, surely you know how long potatoes should be boiled?" "Why, we puts them in when we thinks of it, mum, and we takes them out when we wants them," was the naïve reply. Still there are certain simple rules which (though it may be worth while to go through, once for all, a week or two's rough experience to obtain a clear insight into them) will, duly explained and enforced, enable a servant of the most ordinary capacity to acquit herself satisfactorily in this department; leaving to her mistress only the lighter, though more difficult preliminary one, which is not extraordinarily fatiguing. Happily, too, it is the very reverse of needlework in this important respect: that, whereas the needle consumes an enormous amount of time in proportion to the result, and demands as good as no brains, these culinary achievements, on the other hand, take only a moderate portion of time, but *do* require head. A couple of hours a day on an average, say, never more, often less, will accomplish all that is ordinarily necessary. And let us sum up once more the advantages which would accrue from this small investment of industry and self-denial if, at the worst, it prove self-denial. The kitchen is the heart of the kingdom, the true seat of government in domestic economies; who rules there, rules supreme. A visit of ceremony for a few moments at a stated hour in the morning can confer no authority whatever. Neither on the other hand is it necessary to be meddling and muddling there perpetually, or to do anything contrary to the instincts of a lady in the way of espionage. It is simply this, that by being actually busied in the kitchen a short time daily, by taking into her own hands the management and execution of those arrangements which require the skill and involve the entire control of the housekeeping expenditure, a mistress effectually breaks the rod of power in her cook's hands, and can sweep away at once the "perquisite" system, the

waste, and the dishonest understandings with the tradesmen; because she is in a position to know within a little what is really and honestly needed and consumed, and to give her own orders.

Economy, however, is not the sole benefit to follow. There is an old, but not yet superannuated maxim—if you want a thing well done, do it yourself. The tangible results upon the dinner-table would be no less satisfactory than the reduced cost of their production. Nor is this a matter of slight importance. The best nourished body is, other things being equal, the most capable of sustaining mental work and resisting disease. Bad cookery is slow poison to those who work hard. To set before a man who returns exhausted in mind and body from his day's work, a messy, unappetizing dinner is, if it occur exceptionally, to spoil his temper, or, if that be unspoilable, his comfort for the evening. But, if it occur habitually, it is to knock ten or a dozen years off his lease of life. Then, too, it is no small satisfaction to be able, if hospitably inclined, to insure your friends a dinner which, if modest in its pretensions, is thoroughly excellent; not a specious display, such as a second or third rate "professed" cook, or the neighbouring confectioner, would set before them; everything looking like what it isn't and tasting of nothing in particular. Not to mention that there is a double zest in witnessing the comfort and enjoyment of your guests, with the consciousness that some time and pains on your part have contributed to the result.

The chief practical difficulty, as everybody will readily anticipate, arises from the unanimous and resolute manner in which the existing race of servants would set their faces against the unwelcome innovation. It must be confessed that a young mistress who should make her appearance one morning for the first time in the kitchen, prepared for business in real earnest (with white apron and tucked-up sleeves—not by any means an unbecoming costume, by the way) would be greeted by her cook, as soon as indignation and astonishment

subsided to the point of recovering voice, with the request to "suit herself by that day month." "Well, then," the young mistress must be prepared to reply mentally, "I *will* suit myself with one who if without your small qualifications is also without your gigantic *dis*qualifications for a faithful, efficient servant." And, to accomplish this, she must be prepared to take in hand the raw material,—the young girl, who, if she have not much to *un*learn, has almost everything to learn. She must expect for a time to go through some disagreeable and even arduous experiences. For, if her cook knew little, she probably knows less. But courage! A few failures will soon teach success, since these matters really do not transcend the ordinary range of human intellect, when they are investigated with a will. And there is no better apprenticeship for an inexperienced mistress, than that of having a thoroughly incompetent servant. It is something towards understanding how things ought to be when you are made painfully sensible of how they ought not to be. Besides, it saves the awkwardness of the less experienced having to direct the more experienced, and the risk of giving occasion by unsuccessful experiments to unseemly triumph on the part of those you seek to teach. It is not without its compensations as well as its drawbacks, this having to train young servants, provided they are taken from a humble situation, not from a subordinate place in some great establishment. The material is plastic then; open to good influences; the human not yet entirely swallowed up in the servant nature. And that is saying a great deal. For the specific set of circumstances which form the servant class into what it is, which give to it its distinctive and most unadmirable peculiarities, are,—to our shame be it spoken, who have had the chief shaping of these circumstances,—unwholesome and deteriorating. Servants are what their employers have made them. We take them from dense ignorance and poverty to place them in the midst of comparative luxury, without guidance and control, asking, in return for high pay and un-

limited means of self-indulgence, to be spared all trouble ourselves, all-consciousness of the life below stairs, save so far as it ministers to our comfort, as much as possible after the fashion of the hands in the Palace of the White Cat. But human nature does not work well on this plan. With every safeguard from harm, every stimulus to good, it has a knack of going wrong, of falling short of the mark. How, then, if instead of safeguards we substitute impunity; instead of stimulus to good, boundless opportunities for evil? We do but reap the natural and inevitable fruit when we find ourselves groaning under the tyranny of a race who dwell in our homes like a hostile tribe, preying ruthlessly on our resources, yielding in return a grudging eye-service; submitting where they must without respect or esteem, evading where they can; and finally quitting us without regret if the chance of a richer or more facile prey offer. But once let a mistress enter actively within their sphere; let there be, so to speak, a human relation established between them, and she will find it quite possible, by the sole magic of her influence and example, to subdue the hostile into a faithful, loyal, serviceable race. For happily there is nothing surer in this world than that excellence generates excellence, in whatever sphere it works. The proverb, "Like mistress like maid," has a double truth. If a negligent mistress makes a negligent servant, a painstaking, considerate one will not fail to be rewarded with a development of corresponding qualities in those she employs; always supposing she has had the judgment or the good fortune to choose fair average specimens of humanity, not the exceptionally untoward. Only it is clear that she must "stoop to conquer." Her influence, and that still more efficacious thing, her example, cannot reach her servants, but by bringing them to bear on matters which come home to their business and bosom. You may be a sublime instance of perfection in the drawing-room, and they not so much as discover the fact, far less be operated upon by it, if you

are always over their heads, morally and intellectually as well as physically. But, if you carry with you method, skill, and management, thoroughness, patience and ingenuity in coping with small difficulties, perfect fairness and kindness into those very concerns in which you demand the like qualities from them,—they could then understand, respect, and imitate you; all the more so because they would themselves reap large benefit from such a course on your part.

Of course, commonplace people will not be the first to undertake so bold a reform. It is *their* business in life to discover difficulties and invent obstructions; not to conquer, demolish, or circumvent the same. Neither is it reasonable to expect that those whose means are sufficiently easy to prevent any serious pecuniary inconvenience resulting from a lax system of management, should be among the first to put their shoulders to the wheel in removing evils of which they are but partially conscious. Though, probably, when a few of those energetic spirits to whom difficulties and impossibilities ("ce bête de mot") are but the stimulus to successful exertion, have smoothed the way and proved the feasibility and advantageousness of their course, a continually increasing number will follow them: the right and natural thing being that all whose wealth is not sufficient to enable them to have a housekeeper—a person, that is, superior in station and training to a servant—to be the responsible head of the establishment, should really and practically, instead of nominally, fill that office for themselves.

Meanwhile, for those whose footsteps are dogged by petty cares, who find that the money goes they know not how, yet brings them in a poor return of comfort, while at each year's end a deficit has to be faced, small in itself, perhaps, but which soon shows a snowball-like propensity for rolling up into unmanageable dimensions, here is a remedy wholly in a woman's own hands if they be but animated by a willing heart. And at the cost of what? Not of her habits and claims as a gentlewoman; for these

must be of a superficial, weakly kind indeed, if an hour or two daily of practical usefulness can prove detrimental to them. On the contrary, the substitution of a real for a merely nominal authority over her household, and the sense of adequacy—of the power of doing successfully what lies before her to be done—tend naturally to impress a simple dignity on the character and bearing, beside which the supercilious fine-ladyism, much cultivated at the present day, shows paltry enough. Not of her intellectual tastes and accomplishments; for a better prelude to exercising these with vigour and enjoyment could not be conceived than the bodily activity and the development of common sense involved in an efficient discharge of domestic duties. Health, cheerfulness, patience, wisdom, come of very homely operations. As to the time consumed, it will in the end be found a gain rather than a loss. For one hour with zest is worth half-a-dozen burthened with the consciousness of an affluence of leisure. Those who are not compelled to *make* time for their favourite pursuits, end by using them to kill time, which, like other good gifts, seems precious exactly in proportion to the difficulty of securing it. To a woman who has no special pursuits or mental activities, here is at least one occupation which will redeem her life from the charge of entire triviality and uselessness.

There are not a few to whom still graver and dearer interests are staked upon this question of whether or no it

be possible to make small means a success; to compass with them, that is, a home in which a man may live his best life, and find, not a fresh source of harass and difficulty to add to business cares, but a safe refuge from these. If this can be so, if it lies within a woman's power to realize so fair a result with the ordinary earnings of the first half of a professional or business career, then indeed has she an indefeasible right to marry a man for what he is, and not for what he has, and may prudently set at defiance the counsels of the prudent. For she is not rushing blindfold into an enterprise of which she has not counted and cannot meet the cost, and will not be a helpless burthen to drag her husband down into social defeat, while he has to swim against the tide. She may safely rely on her own right hand and stout heart to help in meeting the one, in breasting the other. It is but to do again what was done long ago; adding, indeed, a more beautiful superstructure upon that old, solid basis, as her present culture and standing-point so readily admit and demand. "*He who would be more than others must do more.*" There is the whole secret of success. Fortune cannot baffle ambition that has so sound a foothold. And in these days, when there is much eagerness to obtain as wide a scope as possible for the energies and talents of women, there certainly could not be a better starting-point than to begin by carrying a masculine efficiency and thoroughness into the regulation of this their special and inalienable domain.

EYRE, THE SOUTH-AUSTRALIAN EXPLORER.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

THE colony of South Australia, now the largest of the five colonies, was, about the year 1841, practically the smallest. The area available, either for cultivation or pasturage, seemed at that time to be extremely limited. North-

ward of the colony lay, or seemed to lie, the hideous, hopeless basin of Lake Torrens—a land of salt mud and shifting sand, from the description of Sturt and Eyre, in which human life was impossible, and the external aspects of

which were so horrible that the eye wearied with looking on them, and the sickened soul soon brooded itself into madness. North-westward nothing had as yet been discovered but grassless deserts, while westward no human foot had penetrated beyond Eyre's peninsula. But the coast line to the west, between Port Lincoln, in South Australia, and King George's Sound, in West Australia, a distance of thirteen hundred miles, had been surveyed by Flinders from the sea, and pronounced by him to be what it is.

That main part of the South Australian coast called the Australian Bight is a hideous anomaly, a blot on the face of nature, the sort of place one gets into in bad dreams. For seven hundred miles there is no harbour fit to shelter a mere boat from the furious south wind, which rushes up from the Antarctic ice to supply the vacuum caused by the burning, heated, waterless continent. But there is worse than this. For *eleven hundred* miles no rill of water, no, not the thickness of a baby's little finger, trickles over the cruel cliffs into the sailless, deserted sea. I cast my eye over the map of the world, and see that it is without parallel anywhere. A land which seems to have been formed not by the 'prentice hand of nature, but by nature in her dotage. A work badly conceived at first, and left crude and unfinished by the death of the artist. Old thoughts, old conceptions which produced good work, and made the earth glad cycles ago, attempted again with a failing hand. Conceive digging through a three-foot crust of pleiocene formation, filled with crude, almost imbecile, forms of the lowest animal life, millions of ages later than *Eozoon Canadense*, yet hardly higher; and then finding shifting sea-sand below! Horrible, most horrible!

This, the most awful part of the earth's crust, a thousand miles in length, has been crossed once, and once only. Not by a well-appointed expedition with camels, with horse-drays, preserved meats, and a fiddler; but by a solitary man on foot. A man irritated by disappointment; nigh worn-out by six

months' dread battle with nature in her cruelest form: a man who, having been commissioned to do something in the way of exploration, would not return home without results: a man in whose path lurked murder, foul, treacherous, unexpected—the murder of a well-tried friend. To such a man has hitherto been reserved the task of walking a thousand miles round the Australian Bight. Was there ever such a walk yet? I have never heard of such another.

Of this Mr. Eyre, who made this unparalleled journey, I know but little, save this:—He knew more about the aboriginal tribes, their habits, language, and so on, than any man before or since. He was appointed Black Protector for the Lower Murray, and did his work well. He seems to have been (*teste* Charles Sturt, from whom there is no appeal) a man eminently kind, generous, and just. No man concealed less than Eyre the vices of the natives, but no man stood more steadfastly in the breach between them and the squatters (the great pastoral aristocracy) at a time when to do so was social ostracism. The almost unexampled valour which led him safely through the hideous desert into which we have to follow him, served him well in a fight more wearing and more dangerous to his rules of right and wrong. He pleaded for the black, and tried to stop the war of extermination which was, is, and I suppose will be, carried on by the colonists against the natives in the unsettled districts beyond reach of the public eye. His task was hopeless. It was easier for him to find water in the desert than to find mercy for the savages. Honour to him for attempting it, however.

It is interesting to remember also, that this band of country of which we have been speaking practically divides the penal settlement of Western Australia from the civilized republics of the eastern coast, and must be crossed by any convict who should make his escape. The terror of the colonists which showed itself in such extreme

irritation the other day, when it was proposed to send more criminals to Perth, was not without foundation, however. There is very little doubt that a practicable route exists from the east to the west, in the centre of the continent, about a thousand miles to the north of the southern coast—probably, I have thought for a long time, by the Valley of the Murchison.

It was originally proposed to send out an expedition under the command of Mr. Eyre, to cross the bight to the westward; but his opinion was that although a light party might force their way, yet their success would be in the main useless, as it would be impossible ever to follow with stock in consequence of the badness of the country, and thus the main object of the expedition would be missed, and the expense incurred without adequate commercial results. The committee, therefore, yielding to his representations, commissioned him to go north, and attempt to explore the interior.

In this he was unsuccessful. Four hundred miles to the north of Adelaide he got into the miserable country, known then as the basin of Lake Torrens—now known as Lakes Gregory, Torrens, and Blanche—a flat depressed region of the interior, not far from equal to the basin of Lake Superior, of alternate mud, brackish water, and sand; after very wet seasons probably quite covered with water, but in more moderate ones intersected with bands of dry land varying in size. It is certain that in 1841 Eyre found a ring of water round him five hundred miles in extent, and that in 1860 MacKinlay crossed it, finding nothing but a desert fifty miles broad, without water visible on either hand,—came immediately into good country abounding with water, and crossed the continent from south to north.

Such an achievement was not for Eyre. To MacKinlay and others was left the task of showing the capabilities of Australia: to Eyre that of showing her deficiencies. Beaten back from the north at all points, he determined to follow out the first plan of the expe-

dition, and try the coast-line westward. He forced his way out of this horrid barren region, bounded (if the reader will kindly look at his Keith Johnston, plate 19, enlarged plate of Australia in the corner, or at any available map of Australia) by Lakes Torrens, Gregory, and Blanche—crossing the quasi-embouchure of Lake Torrens into the sea, and crossing that great peninsula which now bears his name, “Eyria;” and, after various difficulties and aggravations, he formed a *dépôt* of his party at Streaky Bay, just a thousand miles on the eastern or wrong side of King George’s Sound, the object of his journey.

Here weary months were past, in desperate fruitless efforts to find a better country to the westward or northward. No water was to be had except by digging, and that was generally brackish, sometimes salt. The country was treeless and desolate, of limestone and sand, the great oolite cliffs, which wall the ocean for so many hundred miles, just beginning to rise towards the surface. The heat was so fearful that, on one of the expeditions which Mr. Eyre made westward, a strong courageous man lay down, as uneducated men will do when things get to a certain stage of desperation. But Eyre got him up again, and got him down to the shore, where they found the shadow of a great rock in that weary land, and saved themselves by bathing the whole afternoon. This was the sort of country they had to contend with.

Eyre succeeded in rounding the head of the bight by taking a dray full of water with him, making a distance of 138 miles. The country, however, did not improve, and after seven months, he was back at his *dépôt* at Fowler’s Bay (lat. 32° S. long. 132° E.) with no better results than these.

The expedition had hitherto consisted of Mr. Eyre, Mr. Scott, Mr. Eyre’s overseer, two Englishmen, a corporal of engineers, and two natives. Moreover, a small ship had been at its command, and had more than once communicated with Adelaide. It had been Mr. Eyre’s later plan to take part of his party over-

land, and keep this vessel to co-operate with him; but the answer from Adelaide was inexorable, though polite: the vessel must not leave the limits of the colony—must not, that is to say, go further west than long. 130° E.; no further, indeed, than Eyre had been himself. This was a great disappointment and perplexity. What to do?—But home save by one route—never! After very little cogitation he came to the following desperate resolution,—to dismiss the whole of the expedition except one man, and with three natives to face the thing out himself.

Taking his young companion, Mr. Scott, to walk with him upon the shore, he unfolded his plan to him, and gently but firmly dismissed him. Scott pleaded hard to share the danger, but Eyre was immovable. He had selected another, a trusty, tried servant and comrade for years past, the man hitherto mentioned as his overseer.

This man Mr. Eyre took on one side, and spoke to most earnestly. He pointed the almost hopelessness of their task—the horror of the country before them, the perils of thirst, the perils of savages, the awful distance, nine hundred miles. Then he told him that he was free to return to Adelaide and civilization, and leave him alone; and then he asked him, Would he go now? And the answer was, “Yes, by heaven, to the very end!”

His name is worth recording—John Baxter. A good sound, solid English name. The man himself, too, seems to have been nobly worthy of his name, and to have possessed no small portion of the patient and steadfast temper of his great Shropshire namesake.

Baxter remaining firm, his plan required no more maturing. Although the Adelaide Government had refused to allow the schooner to co-operate with him, they had generously sent him everything else he had asked. With a view to his westward journey, he had asked them to send him large quantities of bran and oats, to put his horses—in sad, low condition in this almost grassless desert—into such strength as would

enable them to start with some wild hope of success. They had done so, and now Eyre, dismissing all his companions except Baxter and three natives, determined to remain encamped where he was, until the bran and oats were consumed, and then set out.

So in camp he remained for six weeks, his horses improving day by day. Baxter, the self-devoted hero, was a somewhat diligent and unromantic hero, and all this time worked like a galley-slave. A strange fellow this quiet Baxter. He could make shoes among other things, could shoe the horses, make pack-saddles, do a hundred and fifty things; all of which he did with steady, quiet diligence this lonely six weeks, as if a little voice was ever singing in his ear, “The night cometh in which no man can work.” I confess that I should have liked to know that man Baxter, but that is impossible; one can only say that once there was a very noble person whom men called so, and that not ten educated persons living ever heard of his name.

The six weeks passed; the horses and men got into good condition, as well fit for their hopeless journey as horses and men were ever likely to be. It became time to start, and they prepared to start; and here occurs one of those curious coincidences of time which do not startle us in a novel like “Aurora Floyd,” because we know that the author has command of time and space, and uses them with ability for our amusement, but which do startle us, and become highly dramatic, when we find them in a commonplace journal, like that of Eyre. Eyre and Baxter were engaged in burying such stores as they could not take with them, when they heard a shot from the bay. Thinking some whalers had come in, they hurriedly concealed their work, and went towards the shore. It was no whaler. It was their own cutter, the *Hero*, which had been to Adelaide, and had returned. The two men they met on the shore were the captain of the *Hero* and young Scott, who brought a message, and innumerable letters.

The message verbally delivered, nay,

enforced by Scott, and the gist of the innumerable letters, was all the same. "You have failed in your plans of invading our hopeless interior country. So did Sturt and others. But don't take it to heart. Come back to us. You have done and suffered enough to make the colony love and respect you. Come back to us, and we will give you a welcome, with three times three. But for God's sake give up this hopeless suicidal solitary expedition to the West. You yourself first pointed out the hopelessness of such an expedition, and we see from your reports how utterly hopeless it is; you were right. Come back, and make a fresh start. Don't in your noble obstinacy commit suicide."

Not a word said, if you will please to remark it (though *he* does not, never thought of it), of sending the cutter along the shore to co-operate with him. Rather singular, and rather, I think, disgraceful. "My dear fellow," said the Irish gentleman, "I'd share my last meal with you. If I had only a potato left, I'd give you the skin."

The answer to these letters was quietly, and possibly foolishly, decisive. "The money raised for this expedition was raised for exploring the West coast. I diverted these funds, and persuaded the committee to let me undertake a Northern expedition. I have failed in that. I decline to return home without result, and so—and so—will go westward, thank you, to such fate as God shall send. Will not at all events return an unsuccessful man; will leave my bones in the desert sooner than that. And so good-bye, young Scott; Baxter and I will pull through it somehow—or won't. Love to Adelaide friends, and many thanks for kind wishes (not a word about the twopenny-halfpenny business of refusing him the ship), and so we will start if you please. As for going home again, save by King George's Sound, once for all, No."

A most obstinate and wrongheaded man. Baxter it seems equally wrongheaded. Scott went back with his message, and Eyre and Baxter started, with three savages, on their journey.

No. 72.—VOL. XII.

One of these savages requires notice from us; his name was Wylie. A frizzly-haired, slab-sided, grinning, good-natured young rascal; with infinite powers of giggling on a full belly, and plaintively weeping on an empty one—at least so I should guess. But withal some feeling of a faithful doglike devotion in the darkened soul of him, as events proved—something more in the inside of the man than any marmoset or other monkey ever had got, or ever would get after any number of cycles, one cannot help thinking. This fellow Wylie was a *man* after all; as were, indeed, the other two natives, though bad enough specimens of the genus.

Having now brought my reader on to the real starting point of the great adventure, we may as well sum up the forces, by which this campaign against nature, in her very worst mood, was to be accomplished. The party which accompanied Mr. Eyre when he took a final farewell of Mr. Scott, on the morning of the 25th of February, 1841, consisted of—John Baxter, the useful hero; the black boy, Wylie, before spoken of; two other black boys; nine horses; a Timor pony (a small kind of fiend or devil, who has been allowed, for purposes, to assume the form of a diminutive horse, and in comparison with which Cruiser, or Mr. Gurney's grey colt, would show like Cotswold lambs who have joined the Band of Hope); a foal (the best part of one of your high-bred weedy Australian colts is a certain cut out of the flank; if you are lucky enough to happen upon a Clydesdale foal, try a steak out of the shoulder (but this is mere cannibalism); and six sheep—merinos (ten pounds to the quarter, at the outside). Along the shore Eyre had, in a previous expedition, buried flour enough to last the party, at the rate of six pounds a week, for nine weeks. With this army, and with these resources, Eyre formed a flying column, cut himself off from his base of operations, and entered on a march of eight hundred and fifty miles through a hopelessly hostile country. Hostile, not so much because the natives

he might meet on his march outnumbered him as fifty to one, but because Nature herself was in her cruel thirsty sleep of summer, and was saying to him, in every high floating yellow cloud which passed over his head southward, "Fool, desist; I am not to be troubled yet." Murder too was looking at him out of two pairs of shifting eyes; but he did not see her, and went on.

On the 26th of February, 1841, they made a place called by the few scattered natives Yeercumban Kowee, the furthest point they had hitherto reached in any of their excursions from the camp. It is so much less abominable than the country around that the natives have thought it worthy of a name. It is in fact a few hills of driving sand, where, by digging, one may obtain water; but, for all that, the best place in seven hundred miles of coast. It is the sort of place in which an untravelled reader would suppose a man would lie down and die in despair, merely from finding himself there: would suppose so until he found out how very little man can live with, and how very, very dear life gets in great solitude. Or, to correct myself once more, how very, very strong in such situations becomes the desire of seeing a loved face again; or, failing that, of seeing a face which will connect one, however distantly, with the civilization which is so far off, with the face of a man who will at all events tell those for whose applause we strive how we strove and how we died.

Here the terrible part of his adventure begins. From this he was 128 miles without water, toiling over the summit of those great unbroken cliffs which form the southern buttress of Australia. I must say half-a-dozen words about these cliffs, once and for all.

These cliffs make two great stretches; first from the 131st to the 129th parallel, east of Greenwich, 120 miles, and then again from the east of the 126th parallel to east of the 124th, a distance of 120 miles more. They range from 300 to 600 feet high—the height, let us say, of the ghastly chalk wall at Alum Bay, or the cliffs between Folkestone and Dover

—and are unbroken almost by a single ravine leading to the sea; and, where such ravines do occur, they are only waterless sandy vallies. Their geological formation is very fantastic. The strata are level, showing a gradual upheaval from a vastly distant centre. The upper half consists of a limestone—corresponding in some way, I guess, to the Maastricht beds of Europe, but infinitely harder,—the lower part of chalk, very soft and friable, with horizontal beds of flint. The lower half has succumbed to the sea and to the weather at a far quicker rate than the upper, leaving it overhanging. In many places, the upper strata have come crashing down, a million tons at a time, producing, in that land of hopeless horror, a specimen of coast scenery more weird and wild than one has ever seen, or, to tell the truth, wishes to see. One would rather read about such places among the rustling leaves of this English October.

Eyre judged that his first spell towards water would be a long one. He started first with two horses, a black young man, and the sheep, leaving Baxter and the two other blacks to follow with the rest of the horses. The black he took with him was, I think, Wylie, the good one, but I am not sure. It does not much matter. His royal laziness behaved much as they always do: insisted on riding the saddle horse, and making Eyre walk and lead the pack horse; Eyre also doing what civilized men always do on such occasions, submitting. And in this way they went for four days, with just enough water to keep them alive, but none for the horses or the poor creeping sheep. On the fourth day, rain threatened, but none fell; the sheep could get no further; so they made a yard of boughs, and left them for Baxter to pick up, and hurried on to find water, and if possible save the lives of the whole party, which even at this early stage seemed doomed.

At the 120th weary mile the cliffs broke for the first time, and there was a ravine to the sea. The blacks had told them of water hereabouts, to be got by digging, but their ideas of distance were

as vague as those of Melville's South Sea islander. "How ole I is? Berry ole. Thousand year. More." The question was, "Was *that* the place?" It is as useless to speculate what would have become of the expedition had there not happened a lucky accident, as it was for Mrs. Wilfer to calculate on what would have happened to her daughter Lavinia, if she, Mrs. Wilfer, had never got married. "With all due respect, Ma, I don't think you know either." A lucky accident did occur, however. Eyre passed this, the wrong valley, in the dark, and at daybreak found himself so far beyond it that he halted in an agony of doubt as to whether he should go back or not. He saw, however, miles ahead, that the cliff had receded from the sea, and that there was more promise of some drain of underground water ahead. He decided to go on, and, at the 135th mile, came upon sandhills, with a few holes which the natives had dug for water.

Try to realize this for yourselves. Fancy being alone in London, with the depopulated ruins of it all around, and having to lead a horse to the nearest available water at Gloucester, in burning weather, through deep sand. Who would do it for a bet? And this with a knowledge that there was worse to come. But why enlarge on it? This Eyre expedition is entirely without parallel; and so comfortably forgotten too!

They scraped away five feet of sand that night, and watered the horses, now *five days* without drink, and unable to feed on such miserable grass as there was for sheer choking drought. Please to notice this fact, you readers who are interested about horses. It strikes one as being curious, and somewhat new. There is no such insatiable drunkard as your horse, but see what he can do if he is pushed.

Eyre had nothing with which to dig out this five feet of sand, but shells left by the natives who rambled down here, at the risk of their lives, to get fish, a certain red berry which grew hereabouts, and which I cannot identify, sea anemones, winkles, and other along-

shore rubbish, which however were luxuries to them (the country behind must have been a bad one). These said shells I take it were the Australian type of those great Venus' Ears which one sees in the shell shops here, and which come from the Channel Islands. Their Latin name I have forgotten, and I have neither Turton nor Da Silva handy. A Civil Service examiner will tell you in a moment. However, he got the sand dug out with them and went to sleep: which makes pause the first.

He had now to go back, with water slung in kegs, to fetch up Baxter and the two natives, who were toiling along upon him, in that weary, waterless track of 135 miles along which he had come. He had just got back to the dry ravine first mentioned, when he saw Baxter and party winding down the opposite side towards him. He had got over that first weary spell as well as Eyre himself.

The sheep, which Eyre had left behind for Baxter to pick up and bring on, had been now six days without water, and the horses five. Baxter had left part of the luggage and of the pack-horses behind some miles. They sent back for these, and then prepared for another start.

The natives had told them of two watering places hereabouts, but they had found only one. They now moved westward; but, after forty miles, finding no water, Eyre had to send Baxter back for a supply, remaining alone with the sheep, and six days' supply for himself, until Baxter's return. In spite of the restlessness of the miserable thirsty sheep, he had time to look at his charts and calculate his chances. He was eight hundred miles from help, and might possibly hope, with all luck, to do it in twelve weeks. He was being choked with sand. He counted twenty blood-sucking flies, each leaving an irritating aching sting, in eight square inches of his legs at one time, and other things far too tedious to mention to us gentlemen of England who live at home at ease, and to whom quick Indian marches and thirsty bush-rides are but as

dreams. And the worst was by no means come to him yet; there was disaster waiting on his track still. We have just been sympathising deeply with Frederick's troubles in the Seven Years' war, but poor Eyre has put him out of our head altogether. Frederick got himself into a great mess—might have been left a mere duke, like Devonshire or Sutherland—but never into such a mess as this. Here we come to pause the second.

Baxter came up. They got the whole party together and went on. The cliffs had now receded from the shore, but were still there, inland some few miles, leaving a band of sand-hills between them and the sea.

When they were seventy miles (London to Bath, say) from the last water, their way was impeded by dense scrub (*Eucalyptus Dumosa*, I suppose, though the surveyors will make *Eucalyptus* masculine, and birch don't grow in Australia). Here they began, in despair of pulling through otherwise, to throw away their baggage. They then took to the shore, but found themselves turned out of their way, and their weary journey nearly doubled, by a strange new enemy. Vast lines of dry seaweed, too high for them to surmount, resembling stacked hay more than anything else, turned them right and left, across and across the vast ocean shore, until the tide rose and drove them against the impenetrable scrub; where the two younger blacks amused themselves by getting water from the roots of the scrub trees. These wretched boys, though but poor adepts at this sort of thing, got some pints of water in this way; and I should like to transcribe a passage from Mr. Eyre's journal at this place, which bears on their singular way of life, and is curious. They are a few of the words of a man who knew that doomed race better than any man has done before or since, and are entitled to respect on that account alone:—

“Natives who, from infancy, have been accustomed to travel through arid regions, can remain any length of time out in a country where there are no indications of water. The

circumstance of natives being seen, in travelling through an unknown district, is therefore no proof of the existence of water in their vicinity. I have myself observed, that no part of the country is so utterly worthless as not to have attractions sufficient occasionally to tempt the wandering savage into its recesses. In the arid, barren, naked plains of the north, with not a shrub to shelter him from the heat, not a stick to burn for his fire (except what he carried with him), the native is found; and where, as far as I could ascertain, the whole country around appeared equally devoid of either animal or vegetable life. In other cases, the very regions which, in the eyes of the European, are most barren and worthless, are to the native the most valuable and productive. Such are dense brushes or sandy tracts of country, covered with shrubs—for here the wallaby, the opossum, the kangaroo rat, the bandicoot, the leipoa, snakes, lizards, iguanas, and many other animals, reptiles, birds, &c. abound; whilst the kangaroo, the emu, and the native dog are found upon their borders, or in the vicinity of those small grassy plains which are occasionally met with amidst the closest brushes.”

The horses now, on which so much depended, began to fail. Five days of waterless misery had passed over their heads, and horse nature failed under the strain. The poor little Timor dropped at the 120th mile of this stage, the first of all. The others, whenever there was a halt, with dull eyes and drooping ears, followed Eyre and Baxter about like dogs, mutely praying for that water which they were unable to supply. They were as gods to the poor dumb helpless animals.

The tide once more drove them against the impenetrable scrub on the shore, and forced them to halt. Poor Baxter began to get very low spirited; nay, worse than that, began to set his mind on the hopeless task of going back to Fowler's Bay. Eyre beguiled him on, but agreed with him as to their nearly hopeless position, knowing that things would be much worse before they were better. During this halt it became evident that the horses must be hurried on to water. They buried all their loads in the sand, and pushed on with the barebacked horses; but they had tried them too far—two more dropped behind, and they were overtaken by night.

The cheerless morning found them among the fragments of some ancient

wreck. Some ship, years long ago, perhaps before the miserable coast had a name, had been blown on shore, and the crew either mercifully killed in the rollers, or left to wander a few days among the thirsty scrub before they lay down for the last time:—a dispiriting incident. They were now reduced to the dew on the leaves; Eyre collected it with a sponge, the natives with wisps of grass.

The miserable details are wearisome to write down. At the 160th mile from the last water, after seven days' drought for the horses and their one sheep, and two for themselves, Eyre and the overseer having gone on in desperation alone, digging in the first likely spot they had seen, found the sand moist and fresh, and soon came on an abundance of excellent water.

Among these sand-hills they stayed for twenty-eight days, Eyre going back alone with a boy to recover the baggage. On the occasion of this expedition they speared a sting ray, and ate him. This proved a somewhat valuable discovery, as it eked out their fast failing provisions. The weather became cold, but no rain fell, though there were occasionally heavy thunderstorms. The cliffs again approached the shore about fourteen miles to the westward; and Baxter went forward to examine them. His report was exceedingly unfavourable. Of course it was impossible for them to go any way but along the top of them, and the downs appeared to be grassless and waterless. Baxter was anxious to go back, but Eyre quietly determined to go on.

They killed one of their horses, and the natives feasted on it all day long, while they made some unsuccessful efforts to jerk it. The effect of this great feed of meat was exactly such as Mr. Bumble would have expected. The natives grew rebellious, announced their intention of shifting for themselves, and marched off. Even the gentle Wylie, the King George's Sound native, shared in the revolt. The younger of the two Port Lincoln blacks, however, was sufficiently under command to obey the

eye and voice of Mr. Eyre, and to remain behind.

Still they lingered here, unwilling to face the next 150 miles of cliff, where they knew there could be no water without rain. But the rain did not come; and, having killed their last sheep, they prepared to set forward. The night before they started, however, the two native deserters, beaten back by hunger and thirst, returned. Wylie was frankly penitent, and acknowledged that he had made a fool of himself; but the Port Lincoln blacks sat sulking by the fire, refusing to speak.

They now went on their weary way and ascended the cliffs. The downs were, as Baxter had reported, waterless and stony, with a dwarf tea-scrub (much like our chalk-down juniper). The first night, for the first time on the journey, the blacks were set to watch the horses.

Eyre had intended to travel the main part of the next night; but when it came on, Baxter urged him so strongly to remain that he yielded, the more easily as Baxter's reasons appeared good. Rain was threatening, and they were now in a place where water might be collected from the rock-pools, whereas, were they to advance, and the country to get sandy, the rain would be of no use to them. So they stayed where they were, and it was Baxter and Eyre's turn to watch the horses. Eyre, not being sleepy, took the first watch, and Baxter and the natives lay down to sleep.

The night was cold and wild, with scud driving across the moon, and a rushing wind which tossed the shrubs and sang loudly among the rocks. The place was very solitary—a high treeless down 400 feet above the vast Southern Ocean: a place not unlike the great down above Freshwater. The horses were very restless, keeping Eyre moving up and down, till at half-past ten he had lost sight of the camp fires. While he was looking round to catch a sight of them he saw a gun fired about a quarter of a mile off. Calling out, and receiving no answer, he ran towards the spot, and was met by Wylie, crying,

"Come here! Come here!" He ran in terror on to the camp fire, and there he found poor Baxter weltering in his blood inarticulate. How many minutes it was before he died, Eyre cannot say; but he did not speak or recognise him. The poor tortured body sank into quiescence, without one word having passed the lips; and the soul, still in its agony of torture, of indignation, of horror, with a burthen of explanations and messages to loved ones at home still struggling and struggling in vain to get sent by

its usual channel, went wandering away over the desolate down-lands to —

And poor Eyre was left alone in the waterless desert, 500 miles from help, with terror, unutterable grief, and despair for his companions. No others, unless it were the crawling sea, the thirsty down, and a crouching whining savage, who wrung his hands and whimpered! None other, indeed, except the God in whom he trusted, and who delivered him even out of this!

To be continued.

THE DOVE IN THE EAGLE'S NEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLIFFE."

CHAPTER XV.

THE RIVAL EYRIE.

EBBO trusted that his kinsman of Wildschloss was safe gone with the Court, and his temper smoothed and his spirits rose in proportion while preparations for a return to Adlerstein were being completed—preparations by which the burgher lady might hope to render the castle far more habitable, not to say baronial, than it had ever been.

The lady herself felt thankful that her stay at Ulm had turned out well beyond all anticipations in the excellent understanding between her uncle and her sons, and still more in Ebbo's full submission and personal loyalty towards the imperial family. The die was cast, and the first step had been taken towards rendering the Adlerstein family the peaceful, honourable nobles she had always longed to see them.

She was one afternoon assisting her aunt in some of the duties of her *wirtschaft*, when Master Gottfried entered the apartment with an air of such extreme complacency that both turned round amazed; the one exclaiming, "Surely funds have come in for finishing the spire!" the other, "Have they

appointed thee Provost for next year, House-father?"

"Neither the one nor the other," was the reply. "But heard you not the horse's feet? Here has the Lord of Adlerstein Wildschloss been with me in full state, to make formal proposals for the hand of our child, Christina."

"For Christina!" cried Hausfrau Johanna with delight; "truly that is well. Truly our maiden has done honour to her breeding. A second nobleman demanding her—and one who should be able richly to endow her!"

"And who will do so," said Master Gottfried. "For morning gift he promises the farms and lands of Grünau—rich both in forest and corn glebe. Likewise, her dower shall be upon Wildschloss—where the soil is of the richest pasture, and there are no less than three mills, whence the lord obtains large rights of multure. Moreover, the Castle was added to and furnished on his marriage with the late baroness, and might serve a Kurfurst; and though the jewels of Freiherrin Valeska must be inherited by her daughter, yet there are many of higher price which have descended from his own ancestresses, and which will all be hers."

"And what a wedding we will have!"

exclaimed Johanna; "it shall be truly baronial. I will take my hood and go at once to neighbour Sophie Lemsberg, who was wife to the Markgraf's Under Keller-Meister. She will tell me point device the ceremonies befitting the espousals of a baron's widow."

Poor Christina had sat all this time with drooping head and clasped hands, a tear stealing down as the formal terms of the treaty sent her spirit back to the urgent, pleading, imperious voice that had said, "Now, little one, thou wilt not shut me out;" and as she glanced at the ring that had lain on that broad palm, she felt as if her sixteen cheerful years had been an injury to her husband in his nameless bloody grave. But protection was so needful in those rude ages, and second marriages so frequent, that reluctance was counted as weakness. She knew her uncle and aunt would never believe that aught but compulsion had bound her to the rude outlaw, and her habit of submission was so strong that, only when her aunt was actually rising to go and consult her gossip, she found breath to falter,

"Hold, dear aunt—my sons——"

"Nay, child, it is the best thing thou couldst do for them. Wonders hast thou wrought, yet are they too old to be without fatherly authority. I speak not of Friedel; the lad is gentle and pious, though spirited, but for the baron. The very eye and temper of my poor brother Hugh—thy father, Stine—are alive again in him. Yea, I love the lad the better for it, while I fear. He minds me precisely of Hugh ere he was apprenticed to the weapon-smith, and all became bitterness."

"Ah, truly," said Christina, raising her eyes; "all would become bitterness with my Ebbo were I to give a father's power to one whom he would not love."

"Then were he sullen and unruly indeed!" said the old burgomaster with displeasure; "none have shown him more kindness, none could better aid him in court and empire. The lad has never had restraint enough. I blame thee not, child, but he needs it sorely, by thine own showing."

"Alas, uncle! mine be the blame, but it is over late. My boy will rule himself for the love of God and of his mother, but he will brook no hand over him—least of all, now he is a knight and thinks himself a man. Uncle, I should be deprived of both my sons, for Friedel's very soul is bound up with his brother's. I pray thee enjoin not this thing on me," she implored.

"Child!" exclaimed Master Gottfried, "thou thinkst not that such a contract as this can be declined for the sake of a wayward Junker!"

"Stay, housefather, the little one will doubtless hear reason and submit," put in the aunt. "Her sons were goodly and delightsome to her in their up-growth, but they are well nigh men. They will be away to court and camp, to love and marriage; and how will it be with her then, young and fair as she still is? Well will it be for her to have a stately lord of her own, and a new home of love and honour springing round her."

"True," continued Sorel; "and though she be too pious and wise to reck greatly of such trifles, yet it may please her dreamy brain to hear that Sir Kasimir loves her even like a paladin, and the love of a tried man of six-and-forty is better worth than a mere kindling of youthful fancy."

"Mine Eberhard loved me!" murmured Christina, almost to herself, but her aunt caught the word.

"And what was such love worth? To force thee into a stolen match, and leave thee alone and unowned to the consequences!"

"Peace!" exclaimed Christina, with crimson cheek and uplifted head. "Peace! My own dear lord loved me with true and generous love! None but myself knows how much. Not a word will I hear against that tender heart."

"Yes, peace," returned Gottfried in a conciliatory tone,—"peace to the brave Sir Eberhard. Thine aunt meant no ill of him. He truly would rejoice that the wisdom of his choice should receive such testimony, and that his sons should be thus well handled. Nay, little as I

heed such toys, it will doubtless please the lads that the baron will obtain of the Emperor letters of nobility for this house, which verily sprang of a good Walloon family, and so their shield will have no blank. The Romish king promises to give thee rank with any baroness, and hath fully owned what a pearl thou art, mine own sweet dove! Nay, Sir Kasimir is coming to-morrow in the train to make the first betrothal with Graf von Kaulwitz as a witness, and I thought of asking the Provost on the other hand."

"To-morrow!" exclaimed Johanna; "and how is she to be meetly clad? Look at this widow-garb; and how is time to be found for procuring other raiment? Housefather, a substantial man like you should better understand! The meal too! I must to gossip Sophie!"

"Verily, dear mother and father," said Christina, who had rallied a little, "have patience with me. I may not lightly or suddenly betroth myself; I know not that I can do so at all, assuredly not unless my sons were heartily willing. Have I your leave to retire?"

"Granted, my child, for meditation will show thee that this is too fair a lot for any but thee. Much had I longed to see thee wedded ere thy sons outgrew thy care, but I shunned proposing even one of our worthy guild-masters, lest my young Freiherr should take offence; but this knight, of his own blood, true and wise as a burgher, and faithful and God-fearing withal, is a better match than I durst hope, and is no doubt a special reward from thy patron saint."

"Let me entreat one favour more," implored Christina. "Speak of this to no one ere I have seen my sons."

She made her way to her own chamber, there to weep and flutter. Marriage was a matter of such high contract that between families the parties themselves had usually no choice, and only the widowed had any chance of a personal choice; nor was this always accorded in the case of females who remained at the disposal of their relatives. Good substantial wedded affection was not lacking, but romantic love was thought

an unnecessary preliminary, and found a vent in extravagant adoration, not always in reputable quarters. Obedience first to the father, then to the husband, was the first requisite; love might shift for itself; and the fair widow of Adlerstein, telling her beads in sheer perplexity, knew not whether her strong repugnance to this marriage and warm sympathy with her son Ebbo were not an act of rebellion. Yet each moment did her husband rise before her mind more vividly, with his rugged looks, his warm tender heart, his dawns of comprehension, his generous forbearance and reverential love—the love of her youth—to be equalled by no other. The accomplished courtier and polished man of the world might be his superior, but she loathed the superiority, since it was to her husband. Might not his one chosen dove keep heart whole for him to the last? She recollected that coarsest, cruellest reproach of all that her mother-in-law had been wont to fling at her,—that she, the recent widow, the new-made mother of Eberhard's babes, in her grief, her terror, and her weakness had sought to captivate this suitor by her blandishments. The taunt seemed justified, and her cheeks burnt with absolute shame: "My husband! my loving Eberhard! left with none but me to love thee, unknown to thine own sons! I cannot, I will not give my heart away from thee! Thy little bride shall be faithful to thee, whatever betide. When we meet beyond the grave I will have been thine only, nor have set any before thy sons. Heaven forgive me if I be undutiful to my uncle; but thou must be preferred before even him! Hark!" and she started as if at Eberhard's footstep; then smiled, recollecting that Ebbo had his father's tread. But her husband had been too much in awe of her to enter with that hasty agitated step and exclamation, "Mother, mother, what insolence is this!"

"Hush, Ebbo! I prayed mine uncle to let me speak to thee."

"It is true, then," said Ebbo, dashing his cap on the ground; "I had soundly beaten that grinning prentice for telling Heinz."

"Truly the house rings with the rumour, mother," said Friedel, "but we had not believed it."

"I believed Wildschloss assured enough for aught," said Ebbo, "but I thought he knew where to begin. Does he not know who is head of the house of Adlerstein since he must tamper with a mechanical craftsman, cap in hand to any sprig of nobility! I would have soon silenced his overtures!"

"Is it in sooth as we heard?" asked Friedel, blushing to the ears, for the boy was shy as a maiden. "Mother, we know what you would say," he added, throwing himself on his knees beside her, his arm round her waist, his cheek on her lap, and his eyes raised to hers.

She bent down to kiss him. "Thou knewst it, Friedel, and now must thou aid me to remain thy father's true widow, and to keep Ebbo from being violent."

Ebbo checked his hasty march to put his hand on her chair and kiss her brow. "Motherling, I will restrain myself, so you will give me your word not to desert us."

"Nay, Ebbo," said Friedel, "the motherling is too true and loving for us to bind her."

"Children," she answered, "hear me patiently. I have been communing with myself, and deeply do I feel that none other can I love save him who is to you a mere name, but to me a living presence. Nor would I put any|between you and me. Fear me not, Ebbo. I think the mothers and sons of this wider, fuller world do not prize one another as we do. But, my son, this is no matter for rage or ingratitude. Remember it is no small condescension in a noble to stoop to thy citizen mother."

"He knew what painted puppets noble ladies are," growled Ebbo.

"Moreover," continued Christina, "thine uncle is highly gratified, and cannot believe that I can refuse. He understands not my love for thy father, and sees many advantages for us all. I doubt me if he believes I have power to resist his will, and for thee, he would not count thine opposition valid. And

the more angry and vehement thou art, the more will he deem himself doing thee a service by overruling thee."

"Come home, mother. Let Hefnz lead our horses to the door in the dawn, and when we are back in free Adlerstein it will be plain who is master."

"Such a flitting would scarce prove our wisdom," said Christina, "to run away with thy mother like a lover in a ballad. Nay, let me first deal gently with thine uncle, and speak myself with Sir Kasimir, so that I may show him the vanity of his suit. Then will we back to Adlerstein without leaving wounds to requite kindness."

Ebbo was wrought on to promise not to attack the burgomaster on the subject, but he was moody and silent, and Master Gottfried let him alone, considering his gloom as another proof of his need of fatherly authority, and as a peace-lover forbearing to provoke his fiery spirit.

But when Sir Kasimir's visit was imminent, and Christina had refused to make the change in her dress by which a young widow was considered to lay herself open to another courtship, Master Gottfried called the twins apart.

"My young lords," he said, "I fear me ye are vexing your gentle mother by needless strife at what must take place."

"Pardon me, good uncle," said Ebbo, "I utterly decline the honour of Sir Kasimir's suit to my mother."

Master Gottfried smiled. "Sons are not wont to be the judges in such cases, Sir Eberhard."

"Perhaps not," he answered; "but my mother's will is to the nayward, nor shall she be coerced."

"It is merely because of you and your pride," said Master Gottfried.

"I think not so," rejoined the calmer Friedel; "my mother's love for my father is still fresh."

"Young knights," said Master Gottfried, "it would scarce become me to say, nor you to hear, how much matter of fancy such love must have been towards one whom she knew but for a few short months; though her pure sweet dreams, through these long years,

have moulded him into a hero. Boys, I verily believe ye love her truly. Would it be well for her still to mourn and cherish a dream while yet in her fresh age, capable of new happiness, fuller than she has ever enjoyed?"

"She is happy with us," rejoined Ebbo.

"And ye are good lads and loving sons, though less duteous in manner than I could wish. But look you, you may not ever be with her, and when ye are absent in camp or court, or contracting a wedlock of your own, would you leave her to her lonesome life in your solitary castle?"

Friedel's unselfishness might have been startled, but Ebbo boldly answered, "All mine is hers. No joy to me but shall be a joy to her. We can make her happier than could any stranger. Is it not so, Friedel?"

"It is," said Friedel, thoughtfully.

"Ah, rash bloods, promising beyond what ye can keep. Nature will be too strong for you. Love your mother as ye may, what will she be to you when a bride comes in your way? Fling not away in wrath, Sir Baron; it was so with your parents both before you; and what said the law of the good God at the first marriage? How can you withstand the nature He has given?"

"Belike I may wed," said Ebbo, bluntly; "but if it be not for my mother's happiness, call me mansworn knight."

"Not so," good-humouredly answered Gottfried, "but boy-sworn paladin, who talks of he knows not what. Speak knightly truth, Sir Baron, and own that this opposition is in verity from distaste to a step-father's rule."

"I own that I will not brook such rule," said Ebbo; "nor do I know what we have done to deserve that it should be thrust on us. You have never blamed Friedel, at least; and verily, uncle, my mother's eye will lead me where a stranger's hand shall never drive me. Did I even think she had for this man a quarter of the love she bears to my dead father I would strive for endurance; but in good sooth we found her in tears,

praying us to guard her from him. I may be a boy, but I am man enough to prevent her from being coerced."

"Was this so, Friedel?" asked Master Gottfried, moved more than by all that had gone before. "Ach, I thought ye all wiser. And spake she not of Sir Kasimir's offers?—Interest with the Romish king?—Yea, and a grant of nobility and arms to this house, so as to fill the blank in your scutcheon?"

"My father never asked if she were noble," said Ebbo. "Nor will I barter her for a cantle of a shield."

"There spake a manly spirit," cried his uncle, delighted. "Her worth hath taught thee how little to prize these gewgaws! Yet if ye look to mingling with your own proud kind, ye may fall among greater slights than ye can brook. It may matter less to you, Sir Baron, but Friedel here, ay, and your sons, will be ineligible to the choicest orders of knighthood, and the canonries and chapters that are honourable endowments."

Friedel looked as if he could bear it, and Eberhard said, "The order of the Dove of Adlerstein is enough for us."

"Headstrong all, headstrong all," sighed Master Gottfried. "One romantic marriage has turned all your heads."

The Baron of Adlerstein Wildschloss, unprepared for the opposition that awaited him, was riding down the street equipped point device, and with a goodly train of followers, in brilliant suits. Private wooing did not enter into the honest ideas of the burghers, and the suitor was ushered into the full family assembly, where Christina rose and came forward a few steps to meet him, curtsying as low as he bowed, as he said, "Lady, I have preferred my suit to you through your honour-worthy uncle, who is good enough to stand my friend."

"You are over good, sir. I feel the honour, but a second wedlock may not be mine."

"Now," murmured Ebbo to his brother, as the knight and lady seated themselves in full view, "now will the smooth-tongued fellow talk her out of her senses. Alack! that gipsy prophecy!"

Wildschloss did not talk like a young wooer; such days were over for both; but he spoke as a grave and honourable man, deeply penetrated with true esteem and affection. He said that at their first meeting he had been struck with her sweetness and discretion, and would soon after have endeavoured to release her from her durance, but that he was bound by the contract already made with the Trautbachs, who were dangerous neighbours to Wildschloss. He had delayed his distasteful marriage as long as possible, and it had caused him nothing but trouble and strife; his children would not live, and Thekla, the only survivor, was, as his sole heiress, a mark for the cupidity of her uncle, the Count of Trautbach, and his almost savage son Lassla; while the right to the Wildschloss barony would become so doubtful between her and Ebbo, as heir of the male line, that strife and bloodshed would be well-nigh inevitable. These causes made it almost imperative that he should marry, and his own strong preference and regard for little Thekla directed his wishes towards the Freiherrin von Adlerstein. He backed his suit with courtly compliments, as well as with representations of his child's need of a mother's training, and the twins' equal want of fatherly guidance, dilating on the benefits he could confer on them.

Christina felt his kindness, and had full trust in his intentions. "No" was a difficult syllable to her, but she had that within her which could not accept him; and she firmly told him that she was too much bound to both her Eberhards. But there was no daunting him, nor preventing her uncle and aunt from encouraging him. He professed that he would wait, and give her time to consider; and though she reiterated that consideration would not change her mind, Master Gottfried came forward to thank him, and express his confidence of bringing her to reason."

"While I, sir," said Ebbo, with flashing eyes, and low but resentful voice, "beg to decline the honour in the name of the elder house of Adlerstein."

He held himself upright as a dart,

but was infinitely annoyed by the little mocking bow and smile that he received in return, as Sir Kasimir, with his long mantle, swept out of the apartment, attended by Master Gottfried.

"Burgomaster Sorel," said the boy, standing in the middle of the floor as his uncle returned, "let me hear whether I am a person of any consideration in this family or not?"

"Nephew baron," quietly replied Master Gottfried, "it is not the use of us Germans to be dictated to by youths not yet arrived at years of discretion."

"Then, mother," said Ebbo, "we leave this place to-morrow morn." And at her nod of assent the housefather looked deeply grieved, the housemother began to clamour about ingratitude. "Not so," answered Ebbo, fiercely. "We quit the house as poor as we came, in homespun and with the old mare."

"Peace, Ebbo!" said his mother, rising; "peace, I entreat, housemother! pardon, uncle, I pray thee. O, why will not all who love me let me follow that which I believe to be best!"

"Child," said her uncle, "I cannot see thee domineered over by a youth whose whole conduct shows his need of restraint."

"Nor am I," said Christina. "It is I who am utterly averse to this offer. My sons and I are one in that; and, uncle, if I pray of you to consent to let us return to our castle, it is that I would not see the visit that has made us so happy stained with strife and dissension! Sure, sure, you cannot be angered with my son for his love for me."

"For the self-seeking of his love," said Master Gottfried. "It is to gratify his own pride that he first would prevent thee from being enriched and ennobled, and now would bear thee away to the scant—Nay, Freiherr, I will not seem to insult you, but resentment would make you cruel to your mother."

"Not cruel!" said Friedel, hastily. "My mother is willing. And, verily, good uncle, methinks that we all were best at home. We have benefited much and greatly by our stay; we have learnt

to love and reverence you ; but we are wild mountaineers at the best ; and, while our hearts are fretted by the fear of losing our sweet mother, we can scarce be as patient or submissive as if we had been bred up by a stern father. We have ever judged and acted for ourselves, and it is hard to us not to do so still, when our minds are chafed."

"Friedel," said Ebbo, sternly, "I will have no pardon asked for maintaining my mother's cause. Do not thou learn to be smooth-tongued."

"O thou wrong-headed boy!" half groaned Master Gottfried. "Why did not all this fall out ten years sooner, when thou wouldst have been amenable? Yet, after all, I do not know that any noble training has produced a more high-minded, loving youth," he added, half relenting as he looked at the gallant earnest face, full of defiance indeed, but with a certain wistful appealing glance at "the motherling," softening the liquid lustrous dark eye. "Get thee gone, boy, I would not quarrel with you ; and it may be, as Friedel says, that we are best out of one another's way. You are used to lord it, and I can scarce make excuses for you."

"Then," said Ebbo, scarce appeased, "I take home my mother, and you, sir, cease to favour Kasimir's suit."

"No, sir baron. I cease not to think that nothing would be so much for your good. It is because I believe that a return to your own old castle will best convince you all that I will not vex your mother by further opposing your departure. When you perceive your error may it only not be too late ! Such a protector is not to be found every day."

"My mother shall never need any protector save myself," said Ebbo ; "but, sir, she loves you and owes all to you. Therefore I will not be at strife with you, and there is my hand."

He said it as if he had been the Emperor reconciling himself to all the Hanse towns in one. Master Gottfried could scarce refrain from shrugging his shoulders, and Hausfrau Johanna was exceedingly angry with the petulant pride and insolence of the young noble ;

but, in effect, all were too much relieved to avoid an absolute quarrel with the fiery lad to take exception at minor matters. The old burgher was forbearing ; Christina, who knew how much her son must have swallowed to bring him to this concession for love of her, thought him a hero worthy of all sacrifices ; and peace-making Friedel, by his aunt's side, soon softened even her, by some of the persuasive arguments that old dames love from gracious, graceful, great-nephews.

And when, by-and-by, Master Gottfried went out to call on Sir Kasimir, and explain how he had thought it best to yield to the hot-tempered lad, and let the family learn how to be thankful for the goods they had rejected, he found affairs in a state that made him doubly anxious that the young barons should be safe on their mountain without knowing of them. The Trautbach family had heard of Wildschloss's designs, and they had set abroad such injurious reports respecting the Lady of Adlerstein, that Sir Kasimir was in the act of inditing a cartel to be sent by Count Kaulwitz, to demand an explanation—not merely as the lady's suitor, but as the only Adlerstein of full age. Now, if Ebbo had heard of the rumour, he would certainly have given the lie direct, and taken the whole defence on himself ; and it may be feared that, just as his cause might have been, Master Gottfried's faith did not stretch to believing that it would make his sixteen-year old arm equal to the brutal might of Lassla of Trautbach. So he heartily thanked the Baron of Wildschloss, agreed with him that the young knights were not as yet equal to the maintenance of the cause, and went home again to watch carefully that no report reached either of his nephews. Nor did he breathe freely till he had seen the little party ride safe off in the early morning, in much more lordly guise than when they had entered the city.

As to Wildschloss and his nephew of Trautbach, in spite of their relationship they had a sharp combat on the borders of their own estates, in which both were

severely wounded ; but Sir Kasimir, with the misericorde in his grasp, forced Lassla to retract whatever he had said in dispraise of the Lady of Adlerstein. Wily old Gottfried took care that the tidings should be sent in a form that might at once move Christina with pity and gratitude towards her champion, and convince her sons that the adversary was too much hurt for them to attempt a fresh challenge.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE EAGLE AND THE SNAKE.

THE reconciliation made Ebbo retract his hasty resolution of relinquishing all the benefits resulting from his connexion with the Sorel family, and his mother's fortune made it possible to carry out many changes that rendered the castle and its inmates far more prosperous in appearance than had ever been the case before. Christina had once again the appliances of a *wirthschaft*, such as she felt to be the suitable and becoming appurtenance of a right-minded Frau, gentle or simple, and she felt so much the happier and more respectable.

A chaplain had also been secured. The youths had insisted on his being capable of assisting their studies, and a good man had been found who was fearfully learned, having studied at all possible universities, but then failing as a teacher, because he was so dreamy and absent as to be incapable of keeping the unruly students in order. Jobst Schön was his proper name, but he was translated into Jodocus Pulcher. The chapel was duly adorned, the hall and other chambers were fitted up with some degree of comfort ; the castle court was cleansed, the cattle sheds removed to the rear, and the serfs were presented with seed, and offered payment in coin if they would give their labour in fencing and clearing the cornfield and vineyard which the barons were bent on forming on the sunny slope of the ravine. Poverty was over, thanks to the marriage portion, and yet Ebbo looked less happy than in the days when there was

but a bare subsistence ; and he seemed to miss the full tide of city life more than did his brother, who, though he had enjoyed Ulm more heartily at the time, seemed to have returned to all his mountain delights with greater zest than ever. At his favourite tarn, he revelled in the vast stillness with the greater awe for having heard the hum of men, and his minstrel dreams had derived fresh vigour from contact with the active world. But, as usual, he was his brother's chief stay in the vexations of a reformer. The serfs had much rather their lord had turned out a free-booter than an improver. Why should they sow new seeds, when the old had sufficed their fathers ? Work, beyond the regulated days when they scratched up the soil of his old enclosure, was abhorrent to them. As to his offered coin, they needed nothing it would buy, and had rather bask in the sun or sleep in the smoke. A vineyard had never been heard of on Adlerstein mountain : it was clean contrary to his forefathers' habits ; and all came of the bad drop of restless burgher blood, that could not let honest folk rest.

Ebbo stormed, not merely with words, but blows, became ashamed of his violence, tried to atone for it by gifts and kind words, and in return was sulkily told that he would bring more good to the village by rolling the fiery wheel straight down hill at the wake, than by all his new-fangled ways. Had not Koppel and a few younger men been more open to influence, his agricultural schemes could hardly have begun ; but Friedel's persuasions were not absolutely without success, and every rood that was dug was achieved by his patience and perseverance.

Next came home the Graf von Schlangenwald. He had of late inhabited his castle in Styria, but in a fierce quarrel with some of his neighbours he had lost his eldest son, and the pacification enforced by the King of the Romans had so galled and infuriated him that he had deserted that part of the country, and returned to Swabia more fierce and bitter than ever. Thenceforth began a petty border warfare such

as had existed when Christina first knew Adlerstein, but had of late died out. The shepherd lad came home weeping with wrath. Thrae mounted Schlangenwaldern had driven off his four best sheep, and beaten himself with their halberds, though he was safe on Adlerstein ground. Then a light thrown by a Schlangenwald reiter consumed all Jobst's pile of wood. The swine did not come home, and were found with spears sticking in them; the great broad-horned bull that Ebbo had brought from the pastures of Ulm vanished from the Alp below the Gemsbock's Pass, and was known to be salted for winter use at Schlangenwald.

Still Christina tried to persuade her sons that this might be only the retainers' violence, and induced Ebbo to write a letter, complaining of the outrages, but not blaming the count, only begging that his followers might be better restrained. The letter was conveyed by a lay brother—no other messenger being safe. Ebbo had protested from the first that it would be of no use, but he waited anxiously for the answer.

Thus it stood, when conveyed to him by a tenant of the Ruprecht cloister:—

"Wot you, Eberhard, Freiherr von Adlerstein, that your house have injured me by thought, word, and deed. Your great-grandfather usurped my lands at the ford. Your grandfather stole my cattle and burnt my mills. Then, in the war, he slew my brother Johann and lamed for life my cousin Matthias. Your father slew eight of my retainers and spoiled my crops. You yourself claim my land at the ford, and secure the spoil which is justly mine. Therefore do I declare war and feud against you. Therefore to you and all yours, to your helpers and helpers' helpers, am I a foe. And thereby shall I have maintained my honour against you and yours.

WOLFGANG, Graf von Schlangenwald.

HIEROM, Graf von Schlangenwald—his cousin.

&c., &c., &c.

And a long list of names, all connected with Schlangenwald, followed; and a large seal, bearing the snake of Schlangenwald, was appended thereto.

"The old miscreant!" burst out Ebbo; "it is a feud brief."

"A feud brief!" exclaimed Friedel; "they are no longer according to the law."

"Law!—what cares he for law or mercy either? Is this the way men act by the League? Did we not swear to send no more feud letters, nor have recourse to fist-right?"

"We must appeal to the Markgraf of Wurtemberg," said Friedel.

It was the only measure in their power, though Ebbo winced at it; but his oaths were recent, and his conscience would not allow him to transgress them by doing himself justice. Besides, neither party could take the castle of the other, and the only reprisals in his power would have been on the defenceless peasants of Schlangenwald. He must therefore lay the whole matter before the Markgraf, who was the head of the Swabian League, and bound to redress his wrongs. He made his arrangements without faltering, selecting the escort who were to accompany him, and insisting on leaving Friedel to guard his mother and the castle. He would not for the world have admitted the suggestion that the counsel and introduction of Adlerstein Wildschloss would have been exceedingly useful to him.

Poor Christina! It was a great deal too like that former departure, and her heart was heavy within her! Friedel was equally unhappy at letting his brother go without him, but it was quite necessary that he and the few armed men who remained should show themselves at all points open to the enemy in the course of the day, lest the Freiherr's absence should be remarked. He did his best to cheer his mother by reminding her that Ebbo was not likely to be taken at unawares as their father had been; and he shared the prayers and chapel services, in which she poured out her anxiety.

The blue banner came safe up the

pass again, but Ebbo was gloomy and indignant. The Markgraf of Wurtemberg had been formally civil to the young Freiherr; but he had laughed at the feud letter as a mere old-fashioned habit of Schlangenwald's that it was better not to notice, and he evidently regarded the stealing of a bull or the misusing of a serf as far too petty a matter for his attention. It was as if a judge had been called by a crying child to settle a nursery quarrel. He told Ebbo that, being a free baron of the empire, he must keep his bounds respected; he was free to take and hang any spoiler he could catch, but his bulls were his own affair: the League was not for such gear.

And a knight who had ridden out of Stuttgart with Ebbo had told him that it was no wonder that this had been his reception, for not only was Schlangenwald an old intimate of the Markgraf, but Swabia was claimed as a fief of Wurtemberg, so that Ebbo's direct homage to the Emperor, without the interposition of the Markgraf, had made him no object of favour. "What could be done?" asked Ebbo.

"Fire some Schlangenwald hamlet, and teach him to respect yours," said the knight.

"The poor serfs are guiltless."

"Ha! ha! as if they would not rob any of yours. Give and take, that's the way the empire wags, sir baron. Send him a feud letter in return, with a goodly file of names at its foot, and teach him to respect you."

"But I have sworn to abstain from fist-right."

"Much you gain by so abstaining. If the League will not take the trouble to right you, right yourself."

"I shall appeal to the Emperor, and tell him how his League is administered."

"Young sir, if the Emperor were to guard every cow in his domains he would have enough to do. You will never prosper with him without some one to back your cause better than that free tongue of yours. Hast no sister that thou couldst give in marriage to a stout

baron that could aid you with strong arm and prudent head?"

"I have only one twin brother."

"Ah! the twins of Adlerstein! I remember me. Was not the other Adlerstein seeking an alliance with your lady mother? Sure no better aid could be found. He is hand and glove with young King Max."

"That may never be," said Ebbo, haughtily. And, sure that he should receive the same advice, he decided against turning aside to consult his uncle at Ulm, and returned home in a mood that rejoiced Heinz and Hatto with hopes of the old days, while it filled his mother with dreary dismay and apprehension.

"Schlangenwald should suffer next time he transgressed," said Ebbo. "It should not again be said that he was a coward who appealed to the law because his hand could not keep his head."

The "next time" was when the first winter cold was setting in. A party of reitern came to harry an outlying field, where Ulrich had raised a scanty crop of rye. Tidings reached the castle in such good time that the two brothers, with Heinz, the two Ulm grooms, Koppel, and a troop of serfs, fell on the marauders before they had effected much damage, and while some remained to trample out the fire, the rest pursued the enemy even to the village of Schlangenwald.

"Burn it, Herr Freiherr," cried Heinz, hot with victory. "Let them learn how to make havoc of our corn."

But a host of half-naked beings rushed out and fell on their knees, shrieking about sick children, bedridden grandmothers, and crippled fathers, and falling on their knees with their hands stretched out to the young barons. Ebbo turned away his head with hot tears in his eyes; "Friedel, what can we do?"

"Not barbarous murder," said Friedel.

"But they brand us for cowards!"

"The cowardice were in striking here," and Friedel sprang to withhold Koppel, who had lighted a bundle of dried fern ready to thrust into the thatch.

"Peasants!" said Ebbo, with the same impulse, "I spare you. You did not this wrong. But bear word to your lord, that if he will meet me with lance and sword, he will learn the valour of Adlerstein."

The serfs flung themselves before him in transports of gratitude, but he turned hastily away, and strode up the mountain, his cheek glowing as he remembered, too late, that his defiance would be scoffed at as a boy's vaunt. By and by he arrived at the hamlet, where he found a prisoner, a scowling abject fellow, already well beaten, and now held by two serfs.

"The halter is ready, Herr Freiherr," said old Ulrich, "and yon rowan stump is still as stout as when your Herr grandsire hung three lanzknechts on it in one day. We only waited your bidding."

"Quick then, and let me hear no more," said Ebbo, about to descend the pass, as if hastening from the execution of a wolf taken in a gin.

"Has he seen the priest?" asked Friedel.

The peasants looked as if this were one of Sir Friedel's unaccountable fancies; Ebbo paused, frowned, and muttered, but seeing a move as if to drag the wretch towards the stunted bush overhanging an abyss, he shouted, "Hold, Ulrich! Little Hans, do thou run down to the castle, and bring Father Jodocus to do his office."

The serfs were much disgusted. "It never was so seen before, Herr Freiherr," remonstrated Heinz; "fang and hang was ever the word."

"What shrift had my lord's father, or mine?" added Koppel.

"Look you!" said Ebbo, turning sharply, "If Schlangenwald be a godless ruffian, pitiless alike to soul and body, is that a cause that I should stain myself too?"

"It were true vengeance," growled Koppel.

"And now," grumbled Ulrich, "will my lady hear, and there will be feeble pleadings for the vermin's life."

Like mutterings ensued, the purport

of which was caught by Friedel, and made him say to Ebbo, who would again have escaped the disagreeableness of the scene, "We had better tarry at hand. Unless we hold the folk in some check there will be no right execution. They will torture him to death ere the priest comes."

Ebbo yielded, and began to pace the scanty area of the flat rock where the need-fire was wont to blaze. After a time he exclaimed: "Friedel, how couldst ask me? Knowst not that it sickens me to see a mountain cat killed, save in full chase. And thou—why thou art white as the snow crags!"

"Better conquer the folly than that he there should be put to needless pain," said Friedel, but with labouring breath that showed how terrible was the prospect to his imaginative soul, not inured to death scenes like those of his fellows.

Just then a mocking laugh broke forth. "Ha!" cried Ebbo, looking keenly down, "what do ye there? Fang and hang may be fair, fang and torment is base! What was it, Lieschen?"

"Only, Herr Freiherr, the caitiff craved drink, and the fleischerinn gave him a cup from the stream behind the slaughter-house, where we killed the swine. Fit for the like of him!"

"By heavens, when I forbade torture!" cried Ebbo, leaping from the rock in time to see the disgusting draught held to the lips of the captive, whose hands were twisted back and bound with cruel tightness; for the German boor, once roused from his lazy good nature, was doubly savage from stolidity.

"Wretches!" cried Ebbo, striking right and left, with the back of his sword, among the serfs, and then cutting the thong that was eating into the prisoner's flesh, while Friedel caught up a wooden bowl, filled it with pure water, and offered it to the captive, who drank deeply.

"Now," said Ebbo, "hast ought to say for thyself?"

A low curse against things in general was the only answer.

"What brought thee here?" con-

tinued Ebbo, in hopes of extracting some excuse for pardon; but the prisoner only hung his head, as one stupefied, brutally indifferent, and hardened against the mere trouble of answering. Not another word could be extracted, and Ebbo's position was very uncomfortable, keeping guard over his condemned felon, with the sulky peasants herding round, in fear of being baulked of their prey; and the reluctance growing on him every moment to taking life in cold blood. Right of life and death was a heavy burthen to a youth under seventeen, unless he had been thoughtless and reckless, and from this Ebbo had been prevented by his peculiar life. The lion cub had never tasted blood.

The situation was prolonged beyond expectation.

Many a time had the brothers paced their platform of rock, the criminal had fallen into a doze, and women and boys were murmuring that they must call home their kine and goats, and it was a shame to debar them of the sight of the hanging, long before Hans came back between crying and stammering, to say that Father Jodocus had fallen into so deep a study over his book, that he only muttered "Coming," then went into another musing fit, whence no one could rouse him to do more than say "Coming! Let him wait."

"I must go and bring him, if the thing is to be done," said Friedel.

"And let it last all night!" was the answer. "No, if the man were to die, it should be at once, not by inches. Hark thee, rogue," stirring him with his foot.

"Well, sir," said the man, "is the hanging ready yet? You've been long enough about it for us to have twisted the necks of every Adlerstein of you all."

"Look thee, caitiff!" said Ebbo; "thou meritest the rope as well as any wolf on the mountain, but we have kept thee so long in suspense, that if thou canst say a word for thy life, or pledge thyself to meddle no more with my lands, I'll consider of thy doom."

"You have had plenty of time to consider it," growled the fellow.

No. 72.—VOL. XII.

A murmur, followed by a wrathful shout, rose among the villagers. "Letting off the villain! No! No! Out upon him! He dares not!"

"Dare!" thundered Ebbo, with flashing eyes. "Rascals as ye are, think ye to hinder me from daring? Your will to be mine? There, fellow; away with thee! Up to the Gemsbock's Pass! And whoso would follow him, let him do so at his peril!"

The prisoner was prompt to gather himself up and rush like a hunted animal to the path, at the entrance of which stood both twins, with drawn swords, to defend the escape. Of course no one ventured to follow; and surly discontented murmurs were the sole result as the peasants dispersed. Ebbo, sheathing his sword, and putting his arm into his brother's, said: "What, Friedel, turned stony-hearted? Hadst never a word for the poor caitiff?"

"I knew thou wouldst never do the deed," said Friedel, smiling.

"It was such wretched prey," said Ebbo. "Yet shall I be despised for this! Would that thou hadst let me string him up shriftless, as any other man had done, and there would have been an end of it!"

And even his mother's satisfaction did not greatly comfort Ebbo, for he was of the age to feel more ashamed of a solecism than a crime. Christina perceived that this was one of his most critical periods of life, baited as he was by the enemy of his race, and feeling all the disadvantages which heart and conscience gave him in dealing with a man who had neither, at a time when public opinion was always with the most masterful. The necessity of arming his retainers, and having fighting men, were additional temptations to hereditary habits of violence; and that so proud and fiery a nature as his should never become involved was almost beyond hope. Even present danger seemed more around than ever before. The estate was almost in a state of siege, and Christina never saw her sons quit the castle without thinking of their father's fate, and passing into the chapel to

M M

entreat for their return unscathed in body or soul. The snow, which she had so often hailed as a friend, was never more welcome than this winter; not merely as shutting the enemy out, and her sons in, but as cutting off all danger of a visit from her suitor, who would now come armed with his late sufferings in her behalf; and, moreover, with all the urgent need of a wise and respected head and protector for her sons. Yet the more evident the expediency became, the greater grew her distaste.

Still the lonely life weighed heavily on Ebbo. Light-hearted Friedel was ever busy and happy, were he chasing the grim winter game—the bear and wolf—with his brother, fencing in the hall, learning Greek with the chaplain, reading or singing to his mother, or carving graceful angel forms to adorn the chapel. Or he could at all times soar into a minstrel dream of pure chivalrous semi-allegorical romance, sometimes told over the glowing embers to his mother and brother. All that came to Friedel was joy, from battling with the bear on a frozen rock, to persuading rude little Hans to come to the Frau Freiherrin to learn his paternoster. But the elder twin might hunt, might fence, might smile or kindle at his brother's lay, but ever with a restless gloom on him, a doubt of the future which made him impatient of the present, and led to a sharpness and hastiness of manner that broke forth in anger at slight offences.

"The matron's coif succeeding the widow's veil," Friedel heard him muttering even in sleep, and more than once listened to it as Ebbo leant over the battlements—as he looked over the white world to the grey mist above the city of Ulm.

"Thou, who mockest my forebodings and fancies, to dwell on that gypsy augury!" argued Friedel. "As thou saidst at the time, Wildschloss's looks gave shrewd cause for it."

"The answer is in mine own heart," answered Ebbo. "Since our stay at Ulm, I have ever felt as though the sweet motherling were less my own! And the same with my house and lands.

Rule as I will, a mocking laugh comes back to me, saying: 'Thou art but a boy, sir baron, thou dost but play at lords and knights.' If I had hung yon rogue of a reiter, I wonder if I had felt my grasp more real?"

"Nay," said Friedel, glancing from the sparkling white slopes to the pure blue above, "our whole life is but a play at lords and knights, with the blessed saints as witnesses of our sport in the tilt yard."

"Were it merely that," said Ebbo, impatiently, "I were not so galled. Something hangs over us, Friedel! I long that these snows would melt, that I might at least know what it is!"

CHAPTER XVII.

BRIDGING THE FORD.

THE snow melted, the torrent became a flood, then contracted itself, but was still a broad stream, when one spring afternoon Ebbo showed his brother some wains making for the ford, adding, "It cannot be rightly passable. They will come to loss. I shall get the men together to aid them."

He blew a blast on his horn, and added, "The knaves will be alert enough if they hope to meddle with honest men's luggage."

"See," and Friedel pointed to the thicket to the westward of the meadow around the stream, where the beech trees were budding, but not yet forming a full mass of verdure, "Is not the snake in the wood? Methinks I spy the glitter of his scales."

"By heavens, the villains are lying in wait for the travellers at our landing-place," cried Ebbo, and again raising the bugle to his lips, he set forth three notes well known as a call to arms. Their echoes came back from the rocks, followed instantly by lusty jodels, and the brothers rushed into the hall to take down their light head-pieces and corselets, answering in haste their mother's startled questions, by telling of the endangered travellers, and the Schlangental ambush. She looked white and

trembled, but said no word to hinder them; only as she clasped Friedel's corslet, she entreated them to take fuller armour.

"We must speed the short way down the rock," said Ebbo, "and cannot be cumbered with heavy harness. Sweet motherling, fear not; but let a meal be spread for our rescued captives. Ho, Heinz, 'tis against the Schlangenwald rascals. Art too stiff to go down the rock path?"

"No; nor down the abyss, could I strike a good stroke against Schlangenwald at the bottom of it," quoth Heinz.

"Nor see vermin set free by the Freiherr," growled Koppel; but the words were lost in Ebbo's loud commands to the men as Friedel and Hatto handed down the weapons to them.

The convoy had by this time halted, evidently to try the ford. A horseman crossed, and found it practicable, for a waggon proceeded to make the attempt.

"Now is our time," said Ebbo, who was standing on the narrow ledge between the castle and the precipitous path leading to the meadow. "One waggon may get over, but the second or third will stick in the ruts that it leaves. Now will we drop from our crag, and if the Snake falls on them, why then for a pounce of the Eagle."

The two young knights, so goodly in their bright steel, knelt for their mother's blessing, and then sprang like chamois down the ivy-twined steep, followed by their men, and were lost to sight among the bushes and rocks. Yet even while her frame quivered with fear, her heart swelled at the thought what a gulf there was between these days and those when she had hidden her face in despair, while Ermentrude watched the Debateable Ford.

She watched now in suspense indeed, but with exultation instead of shame, as two waggons safely crossed, but the third stuck fast, and presently turned over in the stream, impelled sideways by the efforts of the struggling horses. Then amid endeavours to disentangle the animals and succour the

driver, the travellers were attacked by a party of armed men, who dashed out of the beech wood, and fell on the main body of the waggons which were waiting on the bit of bare shingly soil that lay between the new and old channels. A wild *melee* was all that Christina could see, weapons raised, horses starting, men rushing from the river, while the clang and the shout rose even to the castle.

Hark! Out rings the clear call, "The Eagle to the rescue!" There they speed over the meadow, the two slender forms with glancing helms! O overrun not the followers, rush not into needless danger! There is Koppel almost up with them with his big axe—Heinz's broad shoulders near. Heaven strike with them! Visit not their forefathers' sin on those pure spirits. Some are flying. Some one has fallen! O heavens! On which side? Ah! it is into the Schlangenwald woods that the fugitives direct their flight. Three—four—the whole troop pursued! Go not too far! Run not into needless risk! Your work is done and gallantly. Well done, young knights of Adlerstein! Which of you is it that stands pointing out safe standing-ground for the men that are raising the waggon? Which of you is it who stands in converse with a burgher form? Thanks and blessings! the lads are safe, and full knightly hath been their first emprise.

A quarter of an hour later, a gay step mounted the ascent, and Friedel's bright face laughed from his helmet, "There, mother, will you crown your knights? Could you see Ebbo bear down the chief squire? for the old Snake was not there himself. And whom do you think we rescued, besides a whole band of Venetian traders to whom he had joined himself? Why, my uncle's friend, the architect, of whom he used to speak—Master Moritz Schleiermacher."

"Moritz Schleiermacher! I knew him as a boy."

"He had been laying out a Lustgarten for the Romish king at Innspruck, and he is a stout man of his hands, and attempted defence; but he had such a

shrewd blow before we came up, that he lay like one dead, and when he was lifted up, he gazed at us like one moon-struck, and said, 'Are my eyes dazed, or are these the twins of Adlerstein, that are as like as face to mirror? Lads, lads, your uncle looked not to hear of you acting in this sort.' But soon we and his people let him know how it was, and that eagles do not have the manner of snakes."

"Poor Master Moritz! Is he much hurt? Is Ebbo bringing him up hither?"

"No, mother, he is but giddied and stunned, and now must you send down store of sausage, sourkraut, meat, wine, and beer, for the wains cannot all cross till daylight, and we must keep ward all night lest the Schlangenwalden should fall on them again. Plenty of good cheer, mother, to make a right merry watch."

"Take heed, Friedel mine; a merry watch is scarce a safe one."

"Even so, sweet motherling, and therefore must Ebbo and I share it. You must meet out your liquor wisely, you see, enough for the credit of Adlerstein, and enough to keep out the marsh fog, yet not enough to make us snore too soundly. I am going to take my lute; it would be using it ill not to let it enjoy such a chance as a midnight watch."

So away went the light-hearted boy, and by and by Christina saw the red watch-fire as she gazed from her turret window. She would have been pleased to see how, marshalled by a merchant who had crossed the desert from Egypt to Palestine, the waggons were ranged in a circle and the watches told off, while the food and drink were carefully portioned out.

Freiherr Ebbo, on his own ground, as champion and host, was far more at ease than in the city, and became very friendly with the merchants and architect as they sat round the bright fire, conversing or at times challenging the mountain echoes by songs to the sound of Friedel's lute. When the stars grew bright, most lay down to sleep in the

waggons, while others watched, pacing up and down till Karl's waggon should be over the mountain, and the vigil was relieved.

No disturbance took place, and at sunrise, a hasty meal was partaken of, and the work of crossing the river was set in hand.

"Pity," said Moritz, the architect, "that this ford were not spanned by a bridge, to the avoiding of danger and spoil."

"Who could build such a bridge?" asked Ebbo.

"Yourself, Herr Freiherr, in union with us burghers of Ulm. It were well worth your while to give land and stone, and ours to give labour and skill, provided we fixed a toll on the passage, willingly paid to save peril and delay."

The brothers caught at the idea, and the merchants agreed that such a bridge would be an inestimable boon to all traffickers between Constance, Ulm, and Augsburg, and would attract many travellers who were scared away by the evil fame of the Debateable Ford. Master Moritz looked at the stone of the mountain, pronounced it excellent material, and already sketched the span of the arches with a view to winter torrents. As to the site, the best was on the firm ground above the ford; but here only one side was Adlerstein, while on the other Ebbo claimed both banks, and it was probable that an equally sound foundation could be obtained, only with more cost and delay.

After this survey, the travellers took leave of the barons, promising to write when their fellow-citizens should have been sounded as to the bridge; and Ebbo remained in high spirits, with such brilliant purposes that he had quite forgotten his gloomy forebodings. "Peace instead of war at home," he said; "with the revenue it will bring, I will build a mill, and set our lads to work, so that they may become less dull and doltish than their parents. Then will we follow the Emperor with a train that none need despise! No one will talk now of Adlerstein not being able to take care of himself!"

Letters came from Ulm, saying that the guilds of mercers and wine merchants were delighted with the project, and invited the Baron of Adlerstein to a council at the Rathhaus. Master Sorel begged the mother to come with her sons to be his guest; but, fearing the neighbourhood of Sir Kasimir, she remained at home with Heinz for her seneschal, while her sons rode to the city. There Ebbo found that his late exploit and his future plan had made him a person of much greater consideration than on his last visit, and he demeaned himself with far more ease and affability in consequence. He had affairs on his hands too, and felt more than one year older.

The two guilds agreed to build the bridge, and share the toll with the baron in return for the ground and materials, but they preferred the plan that placed one pier on the Schlangenwald bank, and proposed to write to the Count an offer to include him in the scheme, awarding him a share of the profits in proportion to his contribution. However vexed at the turn affairs had taken, Ebbo could offer no valid objection, and was obliged to affix his signature to the letter in company with the guildmasters.

It was despatched by the city pursuivants—

“The only men who safe might ride
Their errands on the border side;”

and a meeting was appointed in the Rathhaus for the day of their expected return. The higher burghers sat on their carved chairs in the grand old hall, the lesser magnates on benches, and Ebbo, in an elbowed seat far too spacious for his slender proportions, met a glance from Friedel, that told him his merry brother was thinking of the frog and the ox. The pursuivants entered—hardy, shrewd-looking men, with the city arms decking them wherever there was room for them.

“Honor-worthy sirs,” they said, “no letter did the Graf von Schlangenwald return.”

“Sent he no message?” demanded Moritz Schleiermacher.

“Yea, worthy sir, but scarce befitting this reverend assembly.” On being pressed, however, it was repeated, “The Lord Count was pleased to swear at what he termed the insolence of the city in sending him heralds, ‘as if,’ said he, ‘the dogs,’ your worships, ‘were his equals.’ Then having cursed your worships, he reviled the crooked writing of Herr Clerk Diedrichson, and called his chaplain to read it to him. Herr Priest could scarce read three lines for his foul language about the ford. ‘Never,’ said he, ‘would he consent to raising a bridge—a mean trick,’ so said he, ‘for defrauding him of his rights to what the ford sent him.’”

“But,” asked Ebbo, “took he no note of our explanation that if he give not the upper bank, we will build lower where both sides are my own?”

“He passed it not entirely over,” replied the messenger.

“What said he—the very words?” demanded Ebbo, with the paling cheek and low voice, that made his passion often seem like patience.

“He said—the Herr Freiherr will pardon me for repeating the words—he said, ‘Tell the misproud mongrel of Adlerstein that he had best sit firm in his own saddle ere meddling with his betters, and if he touch one pebble of the Braunwasser he will rue it. And before your city-folk take up with him or his, they had best learn whether he have any right at all in the case.’”

“His right is plain,” said Master Gottfried; “full proofs were given in, and his investiture by the Kaisar forms a title in itself. It is mere bravado, and an endeavour to make mischief between the Baron and the city.”

“Even so did I explain, Herr Guildmaster,” said the pursuivant; “but, pardon me, the Count laughed me to scorn,” and quoth he, “Asked the Kaisar for proof of his father’s death?”

“Mere mischief-making as before,” said Master Gottfried, while his nephews started with amaze. “His father’s death was proved by an eye-witness, whom you still have in your train, have you not, Herr Freiherr?”

"Yea," replied Ebbo, "he is at Adlerstein now, Heinrich Bauermann, called the Schneiderlein, a lanzknecht, who alone escaped the slaughter, and from whom we have often heard how my father died, choked in his own blood, from a deep breast-wound, immediately after he had sent home his last greetings to my lady mother."

"Was the corpse restored?" asked the able Rathsherr Ulrich.

"No," said Ebbo. "Almost all our retainers had perished, and when a friar was sent to the hostel to bring home the remains, it appeared that the treacherous foe had borne them off—nay, my grandfather's head was sent to the Diet!"

The whole assembly agreed that the Count could only mean to make the absence of direct evidence about a murder committed eighteen years ago tell in sowing distrust between the allies. The suggestion was not worth a thought, and it was plain that no site would be available except the Debateable Strand. To this, however, Ebbo's title was assailable both on account of his minority, as well as his father's unproved death, and of the disputed claim to the ground. The Rathsherr, Master Gottfried, and others, therefore recommended deferring the work till the Baron should be of age, when, on again tendering his allegiance, he might obtain a distinct recognition of his marches. But this policy did not consort with the quick spirit of Moritz Schleiermacher, or with the convenience of the mercers and wine-merchants who were constant sufferers by the want of a bridge, and afraid of waiting four years, in which a lad like the Baron might return to the normal instincts of his class, or the Braunwasser might take back the land it had given; whilst Ebbo himself was urgent, with all the defiant fire of youth, to begin building at once in spite of all gainsayers.

"Strife and blood will it cost," said Master Sorel, gravely.

"What can be had worth the having save at cost of strife and blood?" said Ebbo, with a glance of fire.

"Youth speaks of counting the cost. Little knows it what it saith," sighed Master Gottfried.

"Nay," returned the Rathsherr, "were it otherwise, who would have the heart for enterprise?"

So the young knights mounted, and had ridden about half the way in silence, when Ebbo exclaimed, "Friedel"—and as his brother started, "What art musing on?"

"What thou art thinking of," said Friedel, turning on him an eye that had not only something of the brightness but of the penetration of a sunbeam.

"I do not think thereon at all," said Ebbo, gloomily. "It is a figment of the old serpent to hinder us from snatching his prey from him."

"Nevertheless," said Friedel, "I cannot but remember that the Genoese merchant of old told us of a German noble sold by his foes to the Moors."

"Folly! That tale was too recent to concern my father."

"I did not think it did," said Friedel; "but mayhap that noble's family rest equally certain of his death."

"Pfui!" said Ebbo, hotly; "hast not heard fifty times how he died even in speaking, and how Heinz crossed his hands on his breast? What wouldst have more?"

"Hardly even that," said Friedel, slightly smiling.

"Tush!" hastily returned his brother, "I meant only by way of proof. Would an honest old fellow like Heinz be a deceiver?"

"Not wittingly. Yet I would fain ride to that hostel and make inquiries!"

"The traitor host met his deserts, and was broken on the wheel for murdering a pedlar a year ago," said Ebbo. "I would I knew where my father was buried, for then would I bring his corpse honourably back; but as to his being a living man, I will not have it spoken of to trouble my mother."

"To trouble her?" exclaimed Friedel.

"To trouble her," repeated Ebbo. "Long since hath past the pang of his loss, and there is reason in what old Sorel says, that he must have been a

rugged, untaught savage, with little in common with the gentle one, and that tender memory hath decked him out as he never could have been. Nay, Friedel, it is but sense. What could a man have been under the granddame's breeding?"

"It becomes not thee to say so!" returned Friedel. "Nay, he could learn to love our mother!"

"One sign of grace, but doubtless she loved him the better for their having been so little together. Her heart is at peace, believing him in his grave; but let her imagine him in Schlangenwald's dungeon, or some Moorish galley, if thou likest it better, and how will her mild spirit be rent!"

"It might be so," said Friedel, thoughtfully. "It may be best to keep this secret from her till we have fuller certainty."

"Agreed, then," said Ebbo, "unless the Wildschloss fellow should again molest us, when his answer is ready."

"Is this just towards my mother?" said Friedel.

"Just! What mean'st thou? Is it not our office and our dearest right to shield our mother from care? And is not her chief wish to be rid of the Wildschloss suit?"

Nevertheless Ebbo was moody all the way home, but when there he devoted himself in his most eager and winning way to his mother, telling her of Master Gottfried's woodcuts, and Hausfrau Johanna's rheumatism, and of all the news of the country, in especial that the Kaiser was at Lintz, very ill with a gangrene in his leg, and that his doctors thought of amputation, a horrible idea in the fifteenth century. The young baron was evidently bent on proving that no one could make his mother so happy as he could; and he was not far wrong there.

Friedel, however, could not rest till he had followed Heinz to the stable, and, speaking over the back of the old white mare, the only other survivor of the massacre, had asked him once more for the particulars, a tale he was never loth to tell; but, when Friedel further

demanding whether he were certain of having seen the death of his younger lord, he replied, as if hurt: "What, think you I would have quitted him while life was yet in him?"

"No, certainly, good Heinz, yet I would fain know by what tokens thou knewest his death."

"Ah! Sir Friedel; when you have seen a stricken field or two, you will not ask how I know death from life."

"Is a swoon so utterly unlike death?"

"I say not but that an inexperienced youth might be mistaken," said Heinz; "but for one who had learnt the bloody trade, it were impossible. Why ask, sir?"

"Because," said Friedel, low and mysteriously—"my brother would not have my mother know it, but—Count Schlangenwald demanded whether we could prove my father's death."

"Prove! He could not choose but die with three such wounds, as the old ruffian knows. I shall bless the day, Sir Friedmund, when I see you or your brother give back those strokes! A heavy reckoning be his."

"We all deem that he only meant to vex our designs," said Friedel. "Yet, Heinz, I would I knew how to find out what passed when thou wast gone. Is there no servant at the inn—no retainer of Schlangenwald that ought could be learnt from?"

"By St. Gertrude," roughly answered the Schneiderlein, "if you cannot be satisfied with the oath of a man like me, who would have given his life to save your father, I know not what will please you."

Friedel, with his wonted good-nature, set himself to pacify the warrior with assurances of his trust; yet, while Ebbo plunged more eagerly into plans for the bridge-building, Friedel drew more and more into his old world of musings; and many a summer afternoon was spent by him at the Ptarmigan's Mere, in deep communings with himself, as one revolving a purpose.

Christina could not but observe, with a strange sense of foreboding, that, while one son was more than ever in the

lonely mountain heights, the other was far more at its base. Master Moritz Schleiermacher was a constant guest at the castle, and Ebbo was much taken up with his companionship. He was a strong, shrewd man, still young, but with much experience, and he knew how to adapt himself to intercourse with the proud nobility, preserving an independent bearing, while avoiding all that haughtiness could take umbrage at; and thus he was acquiring a greater

influence over Ebbo, than was perceived by any save the watchful mother, who began to fear lest her son was acquiring an infusion of worldly wisdom and eagerness for gain that would indeed be a severance between him and his brother.

If she had known the real difference that unconsciously kept her sons apart, her heart would have ached yet more.

To be continued.

THE MATTERHORN SACRIFICE.

To do what none
Before had done
They braved the ice-field's trackless way;
They courted Fame,
They sought a name;
The bubble burst—and where are they?

The deed is done,
The prize is won;
They sleep where none have slept before;
For ever hurled
From out the world;
One slip, one plunge—and all is o'er!

No living soul
May now unroll
That page of horror, woe, and strife,
By terror wrought
On conscious thought
With the whole being's storied life.

By wild despair
Fire-written there—
In one brief moment felt and seen,
The evil done,
The good forgone—
Whate'er they are, were, might have been.

We mourn the waste
Of their rich past—
Love, talents, learning, power, and worth;—
The ruin mourn
Of hopes upturned
And plighted service on God's earth.

Yon granite dome
All time to come
A grief-stained monument shall tower

Where nature stern
Bids man discern
His feebleness before her power.

Why may we not
Keep one bright spot
Pure from man's tread in desert snows,
Where peace may dwell
In light, and tell
The world-tired heart of Heaven's repose ?

No Jungfrau now
With crystal brow
In stainless vestal robe can rise ;
No Alpine crest
In quiet rest
May wait beneath the Sabbath skies.

The butterfly
Might mount as high—
To man what can such goal avail ?
Oh, labour vain !
Oh, fearful gain !
A ghastly grave, a country's wail !

S. H. F.

ESSAYS AT ODD TIMES.

VIII. OF A LITTLE CHILD.

It has been a lovely spring day, the first of the season. But yesterday the horizon was girdled with snow storms, great billows of low, purple cloud, which rolled grandly along before a shrill east wind, and broke in sheets of white foam-spray upon the earth. To day the wind has shifted to the south, the spring sun has put forth all his power, gathering up his might, as it were, to give the death-blow to departing winter ; and bird, and bee, and all the insect tribe, stirred with the sweet short joy of life, have joined together for the first time seemingly this year in their orisons to the Creator. It has been a heavenly day, bridal of earth and sky, blending of sapphire and emerald ; a sabbath of days ; for there are days given to us, few and far between, of which it may be most truly said that they are sabbaths, seasons of

peace for mind and body, in which the soul awakes to a quicker and keener life, and enjoys, I will not say by anticipation—but *enjoys* its eternal active rest of love and praise. At such rare times we do not care to think, or talk, or do. It is enough for us to listen. It is enough for us *to be*.

Waking in the grey dawn of the morning, I had looked out upon the lawn before my house, and the trees which shut it closely in, which were then but shadows of trees, dim and misty and dank with dew ; the whole landscape, as it were, blurred with tears ; the rooks still silent in their high nests, or here and there one stirring with a sleepy caw. It was a little bird that first began the matin concert, with a few notes in a high, chirping treble. Then a blackbird fluted her clear sweet song—a thrill of melody—from a rosebush close by. All was again silent for a while, the silence of death ;

till the pure white light of day broadened out from the east, and, the little bird beginning its matin chirp again, all the singers of the wood seemed gradually to waken into life and song; and the rooks began to flap and caw, chiming in as basses to the melodious trebles of the smaller fowl. A cock crew from a farmyard near; then a lamb might be heard to bleat in the turnip field, the cattle to low in the meadows. The ploughman's whistle rang clear in the morning air, the jingle of his horses' harness sounded sharply in the road beneath; then came the barking of the shepherd's dog, a voice or two calling, the noise and stir of man going forth to his work and to his labour till the evening.

It was at this hour, almost at this time last year, with these sounds coming to my ears, that I had sat and watched by the bedside of a dying child. Awakening from a troubled sleep at dawn, I had heard a little bird singing sweetly, and had looked out. The sky then was pale and fair, the air calm, not a leaf stirring; and I felt, as I had never felt before, the awful stillness and repose of Nature, a passionless witness of man's passionate grief.

And to-day another child, an infant, sleeps its last sleep beneath my roof. It has been a strange, weird day—a day of dreams, yet of dreams which are realities I would not part with for all that the world can give. Methought—for fact and fancy have been so strangely blended, that I cannot now separate the two—methought that an angel came into the room where the little sufferer was lying, with a message from the King, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise," and, touching its lips, they faintly trembled into a smile, as the harp-string trembles into music beneath the touch of a human hand. It was at that moment, doubtless, that the departing soul bade us a long farewell through the eyes of the dying child. There was a shiver of the body—a sigh, and the death-pang was over. Then methought that the spirit of the little infant, leaving the body it had taber-

nacled in for so short a time, was received by the hands of the angel, and given into the bosom of a spirit who should care for it and tend it; and that she—for it was a woman who had left little children of her own on earth—took it with a tender smile, and cherished it in remembrance. And in this strange dream—in which the phantoms of the earth we dwell in disappeared, and were replaced by the things of which they are shadows; for methought that not an atom once created could be ever wholly lost, but that all things were simply changed and renewed, forming a new heaven and a new earth;—in this strange dream it seemed to me that the spirits of the dead who thronged the new earth (which is as it were the type of the old, and underlies it), saw not the earth which I, as a mortal, saw, nor the trees and habitations amidst which, to my seeming, they moved to and fro; but only the renovated earth, adapted, as it was, to their habitation; nor did they see the human creatures still living, their friends and kin, as I did, as corporeal forms, for as such they could only be corporeally discerned; but they saw them as spiritual beings, and thus still held communion with them, though the one were living, and the others, as we term it, dead.

And methought that thus there was a constant sympathy and intercommunion of soul with soul between the clothed in human flesh and the unclothed, which we who still tabernacle in the body little reck of. So that our thoughts are not hid from the happy dead, in so far as they are thoughts into which pure spiritual existences can enter. For as every living man is compound of body, soul, and spirit, the *σωμα*, *ψυχη*, and *πνευμα*; and as the spirits of the just, having gradually conquered the *ψυχη* or animal soul, cannot therefore enter into its thoughts or desires, so it seemed to me that by this merciful provision, the spirits of those who had left beloved ones on earth, could not be pained or grieved by the thoughts or deeds of the animal soul in

those they loved and had left, because from their very nature they could not discern them. They saw in their loved ones only that which was pneumatic or spiritual, and therefore correspondent with their own essence. On the other hand, methought that those spirits who whilst sojourning on earth had suffered the psychical or animal soul to overpower the spiritual soul, could not afterwards rise to the understanding of what was best and purest in their friends on earth; though they were dimly conscious that that best was there, and regarded it with a dumb vague wonder, as a dog might look up to the soul of his master speaking to his lower intelligencethrough that master's eye. And this, methought, was their punishment and their pain: that, whilst they dimly yearned to share with the living a full communion of spirit with spirit, yet their faculties, dwarfed by themselves, could respond only to the lower faculties in men, faculties which men share with other animals—affection, memory, fear. And yet it seemed to me in these vague dreams of mine, that even through such lower faculties there might be an element of recovery for all; that through fear they might rise to awe, through affection to love, through memory to repentance.

These were strange dreams, were they not, to visit one in the midday blaze of a bright April sun? But they came to me, with others stranger still which I will not attempt to note, whilst I sat to-day by the corpse of a little child, a still, cold effigy of clay, beautiful in its serenity—the clay from which the soul that was shaping it had just escaped.

What a rebuke to all the petty anxieties of feverish life that inexpressible Calm, that awful Peace! Methinks it would be well if our dead could ever be with us in the house, as a touchstone by which to test the common sorrows and anxieties of life. I fancy that, brought to that test, these would almost in every case vanish, in a sigh for our own folly at being easily provoked. For as we all know, it is

the little anxieties and petty worries of life which put the strain upon our philosophy—the loss of a five pound note rather than of five hundred a year, some mean action on the part of a man we thought well of (alas, for the lack of magnanimity in your average men!), ingratitude from one we had benefited petty malice or trickery on the part of people we are thrown amongst. These are the things that especially vex and weary us, because they lower our standard of human life, libel human nature, and cause us to deem ill of our kind. But I think, in sight of a Peace such as this, no disdain, no heat of anger could long remain with any soul however vexed; but only a calm pity for the offender, and for ourselves a power of passing by the offence as though it touched us not.

But I must leave this shadow of a little life—see, a loving hand has already laid white violets upon its breast—and go down to the churchyard that I may have a resting-place prepared for it. There the child will sleep well, *before* life's fitful fever, by his sister's grave; in the still solemn country churchyard, by the old flint-built church, full as it is of memories and traces of olden time. There it will soon be laid, and we shall have looked upon that sweet face for the last time.

But the evening is come at last, "the breeze of the day," as the Hebrews termed it. The brief spring sun has set, yet the after-glow lingers with us still; that after-glow which in England as in Egypt burns redly upon human faces, even in the midst of circumambient gloom; as the light still glows in the diamond when it is taken from the sunshine into darkness. The branches of the churchyard elms are interlaced sharply and blackly against the pure pale amber of the West, which is luminous still, though the horizon darkens about us. All objects in the distance become, first purple, then dimly black. But with the last fading light of day, the thrush flutes her mellow notes in the still air, whilst the sounds of man's presence upon earth become fainter and

fainter. . . . Yet at this very moment who can say what moans, shrieks, cries, what curses, and what prayers to the great Father of all, go up to heaven through that pure æther, golden-coloured as it is to us with sunset rays—from women, children, men, in America, Poland, where not? Who can say what griefs, what wrongs? Well, the evening star shines pure and clear above us, like a living eye in the tremulous evening air.

I lock the churchyard gates, and leave it to the silence of the night.

IX. OF MODERN PREACHING.

THERE has of late been a great outcry, or, rather, an under-current of little outcries, about the badness of modern preaching, and the usual amount of folly has been uttered by common non-sense upon the subject. Yet one cannot but allow that there is very much ground for complaint in the matter, though unfortunately the complainants have as usual occupied just the wrong ground. In crying out against bad preaching, they have been blaming the men when in truth they ought to have blamed the system.

A certain great Truth, or, rather, System of Truth, has to be revealed from God to man, so momentous and important as to require no less than the God-Man for its ambassador. He, coming upon earth, chooses to Himself a number of men, to whom He communicates his system, and whom He sends forth to declare it to their fellows. They in turn send forth others; and these go throughout the ends of the earth to preach the system they have been taught. As soon as they come to a place which has not yet received the Truth, they stand forth and communicate it, as it only could then be communicated to others, by word of mouth. They preach, because they have a message to deliver, the Gospel, the goodspell, or good news. And good news it is, indeed, to those first hearers; good, because it frees them from a galling and terrible slavery; and

news, because the message falls upon ears which have never listened to such a message before. They point—these missionary preachers—to the cross, and the dying God-Man, the Christus Redemptor; and, whilst the fervid discourse flows on, and the chains seem to fall away from the captive, the useless crutch from the cripple's hand, the scales from the eyes of the blind, He stands forth revealed among them as still living for evermore—the Christus Consolator.

But in course of time this message, which the early preachers had carried abroad into all lands at the risk of their lives, is embodied in books, and becomes the religion of civilization. It is taught amongst civilized people from their earliest childhood. And preaching, which had been a reality, the delivery of a message which it concerned mankind to know, became simply an oft-recurring reiteration to them of what they knew already. The old preacher's work—the delivery of a message, of news that was good—was finished. His place was to be thenceforth taken by poorly-paid governesses in nursery schoolrooms, by poorly-paid curates in parish schoolrooms, by mothers teaching their lisping children the catechism of their sect. For I assume that every form of religion has its catechism, or compendium of Christianity, whether oral or written. But, at any rate, the preacher's work as a messenger was done. He had come to men with a message which was new to them, and which they were glad to receive; but, when they got to know by heart the message that he brought, they naturally began only to care for the method of its delivery, if delivered it was still to be. And thus preaching, which had been to the world a matter of vital necessity, became a mere matter of luxury; an ornamental fringe and border to religion rather than a part of the web of life. In fact, disguise it from ourselves how we may, it is simply good oratory or eloquence that we ask for from the modern preacher. And good oratory, for the most part, we do not get.

How could we expect to get it? Great orators are rare. I suppose you may tell upon your five fingers, in this or any other generation, the names of those who are the orators of the age. You cannot breed your geniuses to order, as you can your mutton; of which agriculturists declare that, if the world were to cry out for bigger saddles, no doubt a breed of sheep would be produced in a few years which should run all to saddle. Even with what little genius there is in the world, you cannot direct it into certain channels, according to your own sweet will. You cannot develop it into orators, actors, or poets of the first class, just as your fancy may run for the time upon sermons, or stage plays, or poetry.

I say, of the first class; for there is undoubtedly a second class of poets, orators, painters, and writers, whom you can get to order. You can, in fact, breed them, as you would your saddle-of-mutton sheep. Of this class of men there will always be a certain supply answering to the demand. We may call them clever, talented men, as opposed to the men of genius; "men of the age," as opposed to the men of all ages. In truth, what is most of the current literature of the day—with the exception of a few great names, the Thinkers (whom you may also count upon your ten fingers)—but spin-text literature, the literature of clever men merely? Take up essay, Quarterly Review, magazine article, and question it. What do you know? What fact have you to communicate? What one grain of corn in all this chaff of verbiage? Alas! as Mr. Alexander Smith says of the modern soul, "no revelations come from it; it is majestically dumb!" The chaff may be good chaff of its kind, well cut and filling; but do not let us call it wheat.

Nor let it be supposed that I have any wish to disparage this second class of writers or talkers. I have no suicidal mania. They have their use; nay, they are at times even ornamental. Their calling is, in fact, a high one. It is their business to teach the world, as it is the business of the thinker to teach *them*. For the world, remember, as a rule, does

not understand its great men, and cannot, therefore, directly learn from them. It takes up an antagonistic attitude towards them. It reviles them, for the most part, because their teaching is strange to it, and unaccountable. Our great thinker gives us hard granite rock for food, when all the time it is beef we want, and beef only that we can assimilate. "My good sir," we, the public, say to our genius, "you give us a stone when we ask for bread. No doubt there is excellent nourishment in this rock, but it must crumble into dust, and be taken up by the plant, and that again be converted into beef by the stomach of the ox, or ever our stomachs can assimilate it." And thus we stone him with the stone which he has dug for us out of the quarry, and hewn with much sweat of his brow. All great work can only be understood and appreciated by minds which are to some extent *en rapport* with the mind that produced it. It is caviare to the million. And, therefore, we do need a second class of writers and thinkers, who shall be as interpreters to us. And these, I repeat, the literature of the day supplies. The demand for them is great, and the supply follows, perhaps rather overruns, the demand.

But, it may be asked, if we can create this useful class of writers, second-rate, indeed, but still as much above their fellow-men as the writers of the first rank are above them; how is it that we cannot create a similar class of preachers, of men who shall at any rate be able to say out the thought that is in them clearly and lucidly, with something of dignity and grace, nay, even perhaps with something akin to that eloquence which is the prerogative of genius? For this reason? That we have made no demand for them!

Unwilling to open our eyes to the fact that it is oratory pure and simple which we want from the pulpit, we have been calling upon a large mass of overworked professional men to preach to us, as a *parergon*, as a something which they may, or may not, do well, over and above their other labours. In the Church of England we have made our clergyman

a tax-gatherer. We have made him a schoolmaster ; and all this in addition to his proper work as parish priest, or soul-doctor ; and yet we expect him to be an orator too ! Truly, syncretism, or the mingling of things which should be kept separate, is bad. If I use my razor to cut up my mutton with withal, I can scarcely expect it to keep a keen and *vif* edge for my beard. And yet this is just what we have been doing with our preachers, simply, I believe, through puzzle-headedness, through confounding two things which have no connexion whatever with one another. It may be said, indeed, that what men want from the pulpit is the Truth, the pure and simple Gospel. But I answer that this we have already in our Bibles. We have Moses and the prophets, let us hear them. Let the preacher, if it be "Truth only that we want," instead of a sermon read a chapter out of St. Paul. And I fancy, if this were tried, St. Paul would soon be preaching in an empty church. Of the attitude of the average English-

man towards the sermons which are preached over him every Sunday, I do not pretend to be able to judge. As a rule, I do not think he listens to them, but that, like Southey's rustic, he puts up his legs, and just thinks of nothing at all. But, at the same time, he does not seem violently to object to them. I fancy he regards the average sermon as a something which produces a thermal religious atmosphere about him. He *takes* it, subcutaneously.

Why must all clergymen and ministers of religion be preachers too ? There are, I believe, some 20,000 of the former in England alone. Now of these are there even 100 who would take rank with what I have called the second class of writers and thinkers ? The supply, even of writers and thinkers of the second class, though it is large, is not unlimited. It is evident that there is an abuse of the pulpit, by which some souls are sorely tried. It remains for the common sense of mankind to find a remedy.

THE LITERARY LIFE OF ISAAC TAYLOR.

BY PROFESSOR FRASER, OF EDINBURGH.

OUR greatest English lay theologian since Coleridge has been taken away. A brief paragraph lately announced the death of Isaac Taylor, at the age of seventy-seven, in the secluded retreat of Stanford Rivers, where he has meditated for forty years, and from which he has given to three generations words of thoughtful wisdom, expressing deeply-fixed beliefs. The announcement must, in an unwonted manner, have touched the feelings and imagination of those amongst its readers who appreciated his literary work, and the way he did it, in the last forty years of English religious life. His long term of unbroken mental activity was marked by a rare and curious individuality of taste, feeling, and thinking, which is of great price in the conven-

tional uniformity of these generations. It was passed in a spirit, with intentions, and amidst circumstances which may be called unique, and even romantic, in an age much devoted to the worship of useful knowledge and free trade. Although the silence still sacred to a recent sorrow might rather suit the feeling of one who loved him, a brief utterance may be acceptable to some, in this and other countries, who desire to ponder, when it is closed for ever, what we all held in having a literary life like his so lately lived amongst us.

The strong individuality of Isaac Taylor is shown in his behaviour amidst the traditions of his birth and his early social environment. His father was in the early years of this century the

evangelical pastor of dissenting congregations at Colchester and Ongar, and the benignant head of a family already not undistinguished in art and literature. Both father and mother wrote books full of mild domestic wisdom, and the young of a now risen generation were made happy by a small library, written for their instruction and amusement at the leisure hours of the good pastor at Ongar. One of two uncles was an eminent publisher, and the other was the learned editor of *Calmet*. Two sisters have cheered and enlightened many a juvenile family group by their hymns. And it can now be added that his eldest son, the fourth Isaac in direct succession, is the known author of "Words and Places," and one of the rising hopes of the Anglican Church.

A busy, genial home life, first at Lavenham, in Suffolk, where he was born, and afterwards at Colchester and Ongar, was the soil which nourished the growth of the author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm." But his inherent tastes, sympathies, and antipathies, were much too strong to be moulded by any section of domestic or ecclesiastical society with which his antecedents might happen to connect him; his intellect and imagination were too active to allow him to accept beliefs as an easy inheritance. The family life at Ongar warmed his heart, and helped to keep it pure. His eye, imagination, and reason were in his own keeping; no public school or theological academy shared that duty with him. His youthful taste may have yearned for the grand old Church Universities from which his ancestors had separated; nevertheless neither Oxford or Cambridge can point to his name on their matriculation lists. A theological contemplatist from his first years, having his conscience and his meditative tendencies nourished in self-education by the historic disclosures of inspired books with regard to the origin, destiny, and hopes of man, his was not a nature to brook the bondage of a pastorate in the meeting-house, or to find its ideal and full satisfaction for its religious cravings in the stern isolation of Puritanical

Dissent. An independent expression of profoundly-seated convictions was more agreeable to a mind of this order than the profession of the Christian ministry, in this modern age of ecclesiastical schism, and narrow controversies about systematized theological doctrine. His refined and pensive genius at first sought exercise in the family love of art; but literature was soon found to be a form of expression for his mental pictures more fit and convenient than the pencil or the canvas. The *Eclectic Review*, a periodical which could boast of some of the best writings of Foster and Hall, then the intellectual pillars of Dissent, about 1818 received the first published writings of Isaac Taylor. Ten succeeding years of experimental exercise with his pen produced more than one volume still associated with his name. This initial series commenced in 1822 with "Elements of Thought," and ended characteristically, about 1828, with disquisitions on the "Process of Historical Proof," and on the mode of the "Transmission of Ancient Books to Modern Times," which suggest the uniformly concrete and historical character of his early as of his later religious musings.

It was about 1828, when fairly settled in domestic life in his old-fashioned cottage at Stanford Rivers, that he addressed himself to the literary enterprise which gives unity to his life, and in which he appears most truly as he was. With this literary enterprise his characteristic feelings and fancies, as well as his deep and peculiar insight of humanity, are so obtrusively blended, that when we want to rescue any of the subjects on which he touches from the pale colours reflected by the surrounding atmosphere of ordinary opinion, there are few more effectual resources than to watch its transmutations as it here passes through the alembic of his richly imaginative sentiment.

On the well-filled book shelf that is occupied by nearly thirty volumes produced by Isaac Taylor, six stand out prominently to the eye of the reader who looks for the key to the inner meaning

of his literary life. First of these in chronological order is the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," published in 1829, and the last is "Home Education," which appeared in 1838. "Fanaticism," "Spiritual Despotism," "Saturday Evening," and the "Physical Theory of another Life," were issued in the interval. They all belong to the fifth decade of their author's life. Their history explains at once the strength and the weakness of his position as an educator of the modern English mind, as well as the inadequacy of the contemporary recognition which his endeavours have received in proportion to the genius which they display.

Let us try to put ourselves at the point of view he occupied when commencing the literary enterprise of which at least three of those books are the exponents. In doing so we seem to see one of fastidious taste and active imagination, with acutely sensitive moral and religious sensibilities, who has been long in daily intercourse, through canonical "books transmitted" from ancient time, with minds inspired by the Supreme Mind to shed light upon the origin and issue of this mysterious life, and to warm our hearts with heavenly hopes. His faith has been fed by a history of supernatural events transacted on earth, in the framework as it were of the terrestrial economy,—these transactions, and not systematized doctrines, being to him the very substance of religious truth. His conscience and moral emotions are sustained by this record of human and divine doings, which seem to him in a sensible manner to connect the visible with the invisible. Through these biblical records, in England in this nineteenth century, he has learned to sustain and regulate religious feelings, simply by belief in events centuries old, in which God was sensibly revealed as the Moral Governor of men. His devout emotions thus depend on no mere abstractions; they are attached to the firm rock of the historic past. He believes that "every particle of the German infidelity must be scattered to the winds, when it is proved

"that Jesus rose from the dead." Christianity is with him religious emotion evoked by historical belief in a series of real events, and not by an abstract theological science. It is not assisted by metaphysical theories about the facts, nor suggested by them. It is no more dependent on abstractions and generalizations than the pains and pleasures of animal life are. Indeed, its objects are not of a kind to be generalized by us at all, for "in divinity many things must be left abrupt," and whatever Calvinism or any other *ism* may say, he believes with Bacon, that "perfection or completeness in Divinity is not to be sought." We may be morally influenced by its unsystematizable facts or transactions—we cannot translate them into a consistent abstract system without spoiling them. The rudiments of all religious life so cohere, in his view, to the grand historic transactions recorded in these biblical records, that neither can be separated from the other. On them, and only on them, he feels that he can plant his foot firmly, and ascend, on the basis of our common-sense faith in good history, from the abyss of doubt and anxiety to which earnestly continued meditation had at first reduced him. Historic testimony to a miraculous economy, once unfolded on this planet in a series of events which occupied ages, is to this theory of religious life what his famous abstract maxim was to Descartes. Unlike that of Descartes and the abstract philosophers, this resting-place is in the concrete of history, on good and sure historic proof. "The function and range of the human mind," our English lay theologian would probably say, "makes no veritable commencement, either in theological science or in abstract philosophy, in the rear of the line where the concrete makes its appearance. Christian faith is in its very substance historical. It becomes vague sentiment if it be at all loosened off from the events recorded in the sacred books transmitted from ancient times; or a web of illusory metaphysics spun by theological sophists and sys-

"tem-mongers when the anomalies and "eccentricities of its historical evolution "are sought to be accommodated to "deductive theological systems; or a "maddening frenzy, when the genuine "effects of its facts are perverted by "the imagination, divorced from good "sense, and brought into alliance with "inhuman or malignant feelings; or "an intolerable yoke, when the tremendous power with which its constituent "events are charged is turned aside "for purposes of civil or ecclesiastical "tyranny."

But is not the history of Christianity, as actually professed among men, for the most part a history of these very perversions of its Historic Substance? If the writings commonly called canonical brought the recluse student of History at Ongar and Stanford Rivers face to face with events which—looked at across the gulf of more than eighteen centuries,—were the daily aliment of his own fresh and pure life, other historical books—Patristic and Mediæval—which he diligently studied, and the patent phenomena of modern English Christianity, revealed the dark and troubled story of the Christian Church. If he found the historic transactions of the supernatural economy fitted to evoke liberal and comprehensive thought, and to sustain humble and tender feelings, ready to solve practically the perplexing moral and social problems of humanity, and apt to inaugurate a reign of universal peace, the story of their professed belief revealed a long course of narrow-mindedness and cruelty. The living communities which most loudly proclaimed their Christian faith, were mutually repellent under the influence of sectarian hate. The large conceptions which unite men who are animated by a common belief in eternal truths, were exchanged for the pettiness and bigotry, which have perverted the history in which he found peace into an occasion of malice and all uncharitableness. The glory of the real religion of feelings generated and regulated by faith in grand historical transactions, was lost in the vain disputes

No. 72.—VOL. XII.

of a verbal one; and the sentiment of its divine grandeur was concealed in dreary symbols and technicalities, from which living meaning had subsided by long-continued professional usage.

The characteristic literary enterprise of Isaac Taylor's life seems to have been the issue of a brooding sense of the affecting contrast between the feelings and sympathies generated in him on the one hand by the *biblical* story of a supernatural restorative intercourse, and on the other by the *Church* history of the abuse by the intellect, the imagination, and the feelings of men, of these same Divine Revelations transacted upon this planet. It expresses the recoil of highly-wrought meditative sentiment, in sympathy with the vision Divine, from painful contact with the vulgar work and tone of modern English ecclesiastical life, as well as from the more corrupt, if more splendid hierarchies of the past or the distant; and which finds the nearest approach to congeniality with itself in the records of those historic crises, led by Apostles or Reformers, when the human mind, over a wide area, was anew brought for a time into real intercourse with the supernatural facts that had been transacted in ancient history.

Might not such brooding rather have induced despair?—a taking for granted that the contrast between the ideal of the historically-excited religious life and the actual condition of the communities called Christian must maintain itself in the future as in the past—a standing mystery to try the faith of the few? It might well seem so. But this literary enterprise was undertaken at a time when "the belief that a bright era of renovation, union, and extension" presently awaited the Christian Church was widely entertained by devout persons in England. The author of the "*Natural History of Enthusiasm*" announced "his own participation in this cheering hope," as what impelled him "to undertake the difficult task of describing, under various forms, that fictitious piety which has hitherto never

N N

"failed to appear in times of unusual excitement, and which may be anticipated as the probable attendant of a new development of the powers of Christianity." Perhaps with most this belief was then the result of an uncritical study of prophetic books. With him it was the issue of a philosophical survey of the relative social strength of Christianity and the other religions of the world. Amid an otherwise increased religious imbecility and dotage, the Christian beliefs alone, notwithstanding the dark shades which rest upon the history of their profession, retained in his eye the signs of youthful vigour. These beliefs, in their nearest approach to purity, had their centre in the Anglo-Saxon nations, at the motive-springs of modern energy, wealth, enterprise, and enlightenment, and were actually in the one place to command an ultimate and not distant succession to universal empire. The time in which he engaged in his literary undertaking was to him the "Saturday morning" of the world's eventful history, and the Sabbath of its redemption was near at hand. It was the time to inaugurate an "Instauratio Magna" for the Church.

More than two centuries before, the prophetic eye of Bacon had discovered signs of the intellectual revolution which he has heralded in the great labour of his life—his unfinished "Instauratio Magna Scientiarum," where, in six successive books, he proposed to spread before the imagination the deficiencies, errors, and corruptions of the human understanding, and to prescribe appropriate remedies—the chief of these being an exposure of the causes of error, and the abatement of their influence, which once accomplished, the mind will spontaneously recognise what is true. A design in much akin to this "Instauratio" of Bacon, and animated by much of the large comprehension of Baconian imagination, but confined to the world of moral and religious experience, suggested the six volumes of which the "Natural History of Enthusiasm" was meant to be the first. And this "Instauratio" was also to take the form

of six books, but concerning itself only with ecclesiastical *idola*. It was a religious philosophy offered to meet the wants of an age enfeebled by religious divisions. It proposed to display in one view "the principal forms of spurious religion"—Enthusiasm, in which the imagination modifies feelings and beliefs, which the actual evolution of the historical events which constitute the divine revelation ought alone to regulate; Fanaticism, in which malignant passion conspires to a like effect with imagination; Spiritual Despotism, under which beliefs and feelings, as professed, are the mere creatures of ecclesiastical authority, and not the intelligent result of historical research; Credulity, which is ready to substitute any belief and correlative feeling for those imposed by the real historical evidence; Scepticism, which, discarding the history, believes nothing; and Corruption of Morals, which practically illustrates the operations of the five preceding substitutes for pure biblical faith.

The first instalment of this "Instauratio" was greeted with general applause. Each section of the ecclesiastical commonwealth exulted in the blows which fell upon its neighbour and rival. But, as they fell in turn impartially upon all, their author began to be looked upon as an ecclesiastical Ishmael. The gloomy shades which darken some of their pictures of sentiment in the past, have been actually reproduced in the history of their own collision with the life which they criticised. Only the three first of the six proposed books made their appearance, though what are virtually fragments of the others may be found in the more discursive productions of their author's later life. But the reader will find in the finished and fragmentary volumes more original study of the moral phenomena of man in his relations to the Unseen and Eternal, more massive and even picturesque delineation of the broad principles in human nature which underlie religious history, viewed in their operation on a great scale, as well as richer contributions to the facts of moral science, than in any other English theo-

logical writings of the years in which they appeared. No Englishman since Coleridge has done more to conquer room for the intellect to employ itself, and for the heart to expand itself, while continuing to maintain a sympathetic faith in historic records of a supernatural part of the history of our planet and our race.

But the forty years which have well nigh elapsed since this enterprise was launched abounded in social currents and eddies of opinion, which left it stranded in its disturbed course through the mazes of Puritanism, and of Low Church, High Church, and Broad Church Anglicanism. An unusual interest belongs to the theological history of this same forty years in England. Its early stage carries fancy back to years when a spring freshness still marked the rise within its own social circle of the type of religious life that is associated with Thomas Scott and William Wilberforce, in the Establishment, and, more intellectually, with Foster and Hall in the world of Puritanical Dissent; when a halo of romance surrounded the then novel undertaking in England of Protestant missionary incursions on Heathendom; and when emotional ardour, divided between petty controversies at home and crudely concocted assaults upon the kingdom of darkness abroad, vexed the soul of the student secluded at Stanford Rivers in the morning of his appointed work. The noon of his busy life recalls to those now in middle age the fervid heat that followed the introduction within the Anglican Church of elements latent indeed in its constitution, but which the devout and learned enthusiasts of Oxford had recalled from ancient Christianity to restrain modern worldliness and growing anarchy in the crisis of our political reformation, when venerable Church institutions and traditions were becoming imperilled by the modern heresy of religious equality. Oxford in those days raised the ecclesiastical temperature of society to a degree which, about 1840, induced even the sage of Stanford Rivers to exchange his meditations upon the past religious

phenomena of human nature for a place in the strife as author of "Ancient Christianity." And then at a third stage in this same forty years we find him, in the evening of his working-day, overtaken by a current of sympathy, emanating from the same Oxford, and having springs in the constitution and history of the same Church, but which was colouring the atmosphere of all Western Europe with neither the merely biblical nor the merely ecclesiastical religion of the past, but with an ideal Christianity of the future, which—as he viewed it,—was to relax the tie by which he had all his life essentially connected spiritual religion with the historic records of a supernatural economy.

The literary life of Isaac Taylor is surely not to be credited exclusively to any one of these three phases of Anglican Christianity—inherent in the Anglican as in every comprehensive religious system, and which have reproduced themselves in turns, as often as Anglicanism has been moved into spiritual, ecclesiastical, and intellectual activity. Some of the elements which form his individuality repelled him from each, whilst others attracted him to each in turn, and might draw liberal representatives of all the three to him. The professed Biblicism of the first harmonized with the groundwork of his own religion, but was presented in its repulsive exclusiveness in the narrow, unreflective, schismatical religion, in which "the individual Christian, with his Bible in his hand" thinks that he "need fix his eyes upon nothing but the little eddy of his personal emotions," and was for him spoiled in abstract doctrinal systems whose authors have forgotten that "truth in religion is always something that has been acted and transacted." The Ecclesiastical religion which rose around him in his middle life seemed at first to carry in its constitution seeds of dismal maladies, with which his studies of ancient Church life and literature had long made him familiar. But then it was congenial to him as something embodied in persons and societies, and it also appealed to his broad historic sympathies

with the variations of form and hue which absolute Christianity, subsequent to its original historical evolutions, must bear, when reflected with various effect from age to age "from distorted and discoloured human nature," in the types presented in the religious lives of Prophets and Apostles, of Nicene and post-Nicene Fathers, of Hildebrand and Loyola, or in the Modern Church organizations,—Eastern and Western, Anglican and Dissenting. As life advanced he seems to have felt as if his exposure of ancient Christianity was one-sided, and that it unduly darkened phases of religious life already too little recognised in the creed of the self-satisfied Low Churchman or Dissenter, but which claimed recognition all the more as he observed the strength of Anglican Christianity intensified, or its elevating spirit diffused, by the powerful influence emanating from Keble and Newman. The more Ideal phase of Christianity which began to be accepted in his later years probably seemed to him more subversive of faith, hope, and charity than either the popular Evangelicalism of his youth, or the revived Ecclesiasticism by which he was surrounded in middle life. In the religious philosophy which he offered to his age Christianity is steadily regarded as an emotional life sustained by belief in supernatural events attested by history. Either this or atheism was his uniform alternative to himself. But the tendency of the theory of Christianity now becoming current is to secure for the substance of religious life an independence of perennial controversies about historic facts and scientific doctrines, to conquer unlimited space for historical and scientific discovery, in consistency with a continued conscious possession of all that is essential in Spiritual Christianity. His antagonism to this tendency, in what he believed to be its results, was condensed in his "Restoration of Belief," as "Ancient Christianity" was his weapon in the warfare with Anglicanism.

We cannot claim for the religious philosophy contained in this unfinished "Instauratio" resources for an encoun-

ter with evils probably attendant upon this latest and now present phase of English Christianity equal to those which it possesses, as a corrective of evils which attend the two other phases. Perhaps, with the habits of Isaac Taylor's life, notwithstanding the fresh intellectual vitality which he so remarkably retained to the last, he could less readily accommodate himself to the new point of view. Let us try for a moment to compare that point with his. Truth in religion is, according to his habits of thought, something that has been miraculously acted and transacted. It is something that has been supernaturally embodied in persons and societies. But then religion itself is a manner of feeling and acting in relation to God. The realization of the Christian manner of feeling and acting is the *end* towards which the extraordinary events and transactions that constitute religious truth, on this philosophy, are the *means*. But is this Christian manner of feeling and acting,—to which our moral and spiritual experience responds, now that it has been realized and embodied in modern institutions,—is it to be exposed to the accidents of the endless controversies that are going on about what has happened in long past ages? This Christianity of the Inner Life is a treasure which has *somehow* come to us—whatever its historic origin, or however it may have at first become assimilated with the evolutions of human affairs. Must we refrain from *living it* in our daily feelings towards God, until we shall have settled the controverted questions about the manner of its introduction in the past of human history? There is something in us which responds to it, and with which it blends congenially in good men. Shall we disregard this, and peril the moral and spiritual treasure upon historical disputes, which,—as still maintained among learned and candid persons,—must relate to matters of opinion, and not to truth absolute and eternal? With the inner treasure already in our possession, and ready for universal use, Christians may, some begin to think, now and henceforward hold themselves

free to pursue any researches, historical or scientific, confident that no iconoclast of ancient historic documents, canonical or non-canonical, no physical discovery of what has happened or may hereafter happen in the wide realms of nature, can alter a manner of feeling and acting in relation to God which—whatever its historic origin—has now found its warrant in the depths of our being, and in all modern experience of it as the supreme motive power in human affairs. In this faith, all history as well as the biblical and ecclesiastical—the history of nature and the scientific interpretation of the same, together with the history of man and the interpretation of the moral experience of the human race—is virtually Divine Revelation, contributing to nourish and expand those feelings towards God and men which, however the historical and scientific questions to which they give rise may be settled, the scriptural books and the institutions of Christianity have developed and maintained, and must develop and maintain in yet richer harmony, when free from the bondage of the letter, and from the risk of interference with our intellectual growth.

The religious philosophy of the stage through which English Christianity is now passing has thus to address itself to persons at whose point of view it seems necessary, for the very sake of the spiritual treasure itself, that that treasure should be finally extricated from the entanglements of historical and scientific controversy—raised aloft in view of all possible discoveries about books or nature—and thus saved and secured for the race which it is blessing, while indefinite room is left for the free interpretation of nature and books in a spirit of philosophic candour. This is not the place to consider on what conditions may be attained this result, so congenial to many whose religious manner of feeling and acting towards God and men is made known to others by its good fruits in their lives, if not by the orthodoxy of their abstract doctrines.

We ought perhaps to read the

somewhat discursive and miscellaneous writings of Isaac Taylor in the last quarter of a century of his literary life as if they were produced in discouragement consequent upon the partial abandonment of his chief literary enterprise. The volumes on "Loyola and Jesuitism" (1849), and on "Wesley and Methodism" (1851), as well as *Essays in the North British Review* on Chalmers and Scotch theology, present in diversified aspects his favourite view of Christianity as something continuously embodied in persons and social transactions, as well as his sympathy with a variety of form in its embodiment—provided that each form expresses in its own fashion a profound sense of human guilt and divine deliverance. The essays on Scotch theology especially indicate his abiding conviction that Christian truth consists of a series of historical events, not of logical deductions from dogmatically assumed definitions; and that a religious community which in these times perverts Christianity into a despotic human system of such deductions must inevitably lose its own hold over educated minds. His "Restoration of Belief" (1855), is the nucleus of subsequent periodical essays in defence and illustration of his own resting-place of religious belief and feeling in the records of history, as against the disintegrating influences of modern criticism.

But the undertones of another and more speculative question reach us from the volumes of this lay theology, asking whether, after all, even in its best state, there is not something in the circumstances of our earthly environment which must make human life in this animal body a field in which the powers, whether of good or evil, can be only imperfectly developed, and in which all must be more or less the prey of prejudices and perversions? It invites us to consider the limitation and imperfection which are inherent in a consciousness sustained under the conditions of this animal body. The earthly experience of each man presents only a few of the infinite changes of which the

sensible universe is the theatre, and yet these few are inextricably linked with all the others. Then our human experience of what we call the material world is here limited to five senses, and yet there may be qualities of matter to which millions of senses are inadequate. The memory of man on earth retains but a little of this little which he has experienced, and the little so retained is ever tending to release itself from our keeping, and at the best can only be reproduced in consciousness by instalments. How dim and narrow in its results is our reproductive power itself, when it evolves its images of what is past or of what is possible. Unable to comprehend the universe and its relations in a single intuitive grasp, we must have recourse to verbal reasonings as a substitute, and try thus to solve bit by bit, with the help of words, a small part of the vast problem which we cannot entertain as a whole. Reasoning is carried on by arbitrary signs, which are the medium of our reflective intercourse with ourselves, and of all our intercourse with other minds. But what an instrument is a system of arbitrary signs which carries in it the seeds of constant misunderstanding, and in which, from its very nature, the relation between words and their meanings tends to perpetual change and dissolution. Then how great a withdrawal from the service of our higher nature is occasioned by the daily wants of the animal economy and our organic welfare. How under a physical system such as this can we expect to reach the high ideal of a Renovated Church, or escape the din of controversy and the passions of contending sects? Can any events, natural or supernatural, in past history or in present, rescue us from these consequences, so long as we are subject to the restraints and limitations of this present sensible world and animal economy?

Without quitting, for transcendental abstractions, the economy of historic events in the sensible world in which we now find ourselves, and with which our inner religious life is indissolubly connected, Isaac Taylor sought to find,

in this same economy itself, grounds for previsive inference, or at least for conjecture, in regard to the historic evolution of events which are to happen in our conscious experience, subsequently to the dissolution of human nature—in the death of this present animal body which retards the full growth of the seeds of good and evil. To the contemplation of this grander ideal than that of any possible millennium upon earth, the author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm" turned from amid the disjecta membra of his "Instauratio," as to "the favourite and peaceful themes" of still earlier meditations and studies, in which "he is most happy to find himself in a region not exposed to storms." A "Physical Theory of another Life" took the place of those historical analyses of the religious and moral nature of man, when it presents the phenomena of Credulity or of Scepticism, or when it is morally vitiated by any of the forms of spurious religion which he had proposed to delineate in the latter part of his "Instauratio." Perfect knowledge, and the perfect Ecclesiastical and other Social harmony which implies perfect knowledge, are not consistent with the very conditions of life in this animal economy. But "there is a spiritual body," in which consciousness may hold new physiological relations to what we call Matter.

This excursion into mental physiology is made in one of the six books already reckoned characteristic of its author's literary life,—and that not merely because it may be regarded as a portion of the design of the "Instauratio" transferred to a now invisible system of things, but also because it presents his characteristic manner of meditating about the "world of mind" in its present and future physiological relations in man and other animals.

The phenomena of human nature, in its use and abuse of that supernatural economy whose history fed his own religious feelings, formed only a part of the possible evolutions in the "world of mind" which Isaac Taylor cogitated for

more than sixty years. The shadow of the "Unseen and Eternal" converted his daily pilgrimage through this strange life into a daily scene of literally supernatural interest. Slightly as the great mystery in which it all terminates usually excites the imagination of the average "religious world," his was not an eye that could withdraw itself from that which to the meditative envelops this transient sense-experience, in every part of it, with awe and sublimity. If biblical history, which seemed to him to convey religion embodied in the wonders of the past, has shed no distinct light on that more wonderful future which is to follow the dissolution of the animal body, can prevasive physical science, which has unlocked so many secrets of our earth and heavens, not discover, from what now is in this sensible world, what shall be hereafter in larger fields of sense-experience? In the study of our now embodied mind may we not have suggested to us at least some plausible representation of the spiritual embodiment which, in the natural course of events, as they historically evolve themselves in the new earth and heavens, is to be substituted for this animal one? Our death as animals is indeed an event unique in the personal history of each, and our conjectures cannot be tested by adequate inductive verification. Yet this analogical exercise of the imagination is akin to its exercise in all fruitful observation of nature.

By far the most elaborately conceived and executed work of this whole literary life is the one in which its author—under the designation of a "Physical Theory" of continued life under supposed conditions of a spiritual body,—employs analogy to lift the veil now guarded by Death, and to unfold to our view the splendid possibilities of a conscious history maintained under new relations to a new experience of matter. Through analogy man has long been supposed capable of having his belief confirmed in the nature and attributes of God; through analogy he was now invited, for the confirmation of his faith, to

anticipate in imagination his own embodied immortality.

Physical metaphysics was congenial to the historical and inductive tastes of this author. The series of which the "Natural History of Enthusiasm" was the first instalment is a piece of work in the study of mind, but it is mind related to and influenced by the facts of its external, physical history. And when its author tries to follow 'mind as it passes beyond this earthly scene of facts, natural and supernatural, it is human nature, somehow embodied and somehow connected with the physical system, that he is still pursuing. For philosophy, as something in its very conception to be distinguished from mere science, concrete and physical, he had little appreciation; in metaphysics, as distinguished from this mental physics, he could see nothing beyond the adjustment of a dozen abstract phrases.

In this connexion it is not to be forgotten that this recluse literary life at Stanford Rivers was, some thirty years ago, all but exchanged for one which would have demanded an exclusive professional attention to questions of mental philosophy. In 1836 the chair of Logic and Metaphysics, in the University of Edinburgh, became vacant, and the author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm" was induced to drop the vizor which had so long concealed him from a curious public,—as a candidate for this department of the public service of philosophy. Sir William Hamilton, the greatest living master of the philosophical literature of the world, the acutest reasoner about the "dozen abstract phrases" who had been in this age drawn to a recognition of their import and significance, was met by a rival whose acquaintance with that literature was comparatively scanty, who put small value on the "dozen abstract phrases," whose studies of human nature were all directed to its actions and transactions in its embodied manifestations, who esteemed Bacon more than Aristotle, but who could not touch any subject without shedding on it the distinctly marked colours of his own capacious

imagination, or investing it with the rich "glow of humanity." Hamilton ascended the Edinburgh chair to expound and guide the now dominant philosophical movement of Europe. His English rival returned from "the grey metropolis" to the employment, more congenial to him—amidst the simple country life in which he guided the education of his own children—of watching the phenomena in the ecclesiastical heavens, or anticipating in thought his own future spiritual embodiment in a purer and more exalted heaven.

"Home Education" is a charming fragment, redolent of its author's own heart and rural home. It stands among the books which best express the inner meaning of his life. The sadness with which his search into the story of the "great Family of the Church" tinged his mind, the doubt and darkness, which no "theory," however ingenious, and however associated with observed physical facts, can remove from that future which Death veils, is dissipated on the pages which describe the loving father's contrivances for enlarging the capacities and the intellectual stores of the group under training in a domestic atmosphere of daily happiness—"in the insulated country house, with its internal comfort and frugal elegance, its garden of sweet gay, perennial enjoyments, and its verdant, silent vicinage of arable and pasture, of woodland and riverside meadow."

The spot of this material world on which Isaac Taylor's literary life was passed is, alike in itself and in its previous associations, in true harmony with his life. The fragrance of the rural nature which he loved, the stillness of the leafy lanes of Essex in which he daily studied, is diffused through his writings. His old insulated country house, in its old-fashioned garden, with the sluggish stream winding through the valley behind, has become one of the places, now so numerous in rural England, that are associated with those who, with devout hearts, simple tastes, and a love for nature, have helped to improve mankind by the high exercises of reason

and imagination. Those who look with affectionate recollection to Bemerton, or Olney, or Rydal, or Herstmonceux, and Pevensey Level, will not now forget Stanford Rivers and the vale of Ongar. Less than twenty miles east of London, in the triangle of which the sides are formed by the Cambridge railway which passes Harlow, and by the Colchester line which passes Romford, the woodland and meadow of the green undulating expanse of England which lies between maintained its seclusion in all the past years of this century, undisturbed by the sounds of traffic or locomotion—a corner reserved for meditative quiet near the great metropolis, protected from its sights and sounds by the remains of the ancient forest of Hainault and the glades of Epping in the intervening distance. It has more than one association with those devoted to the world of mind. On the northern part of this green undulating country, John Locke spent the last years of his life, in the now ruined manor house of Oates, the guest of the good Lady Masham, attracted to this part of Essex by the relief which its air never failed to afford to the ailments of his old age. The great English philosopher of the seventeenth century and the sensitive religious contemplatist of the nineteenth were thus lodged on neighbouring parts of the same rural expanse. Within an easy morning walk, the mortal remains of the one now rest at High Laver, and of the other at his own Stanford Rivers. Widely different in many of their qualities and sympathies, the father of English philosophy and this last departed member of his variously-featured family were both nurtured in the vigorous but hard soil of English Puritanism, and both at last, as life advanced, while preserving community with all who inherit the charity of the Gospel, by whatever name they are called, found the religious home most congenial to their hearts in the venerable service of the English ritual, and the freedom which they loved within the broad shadow of the Church of Hooker and Cudworth.

